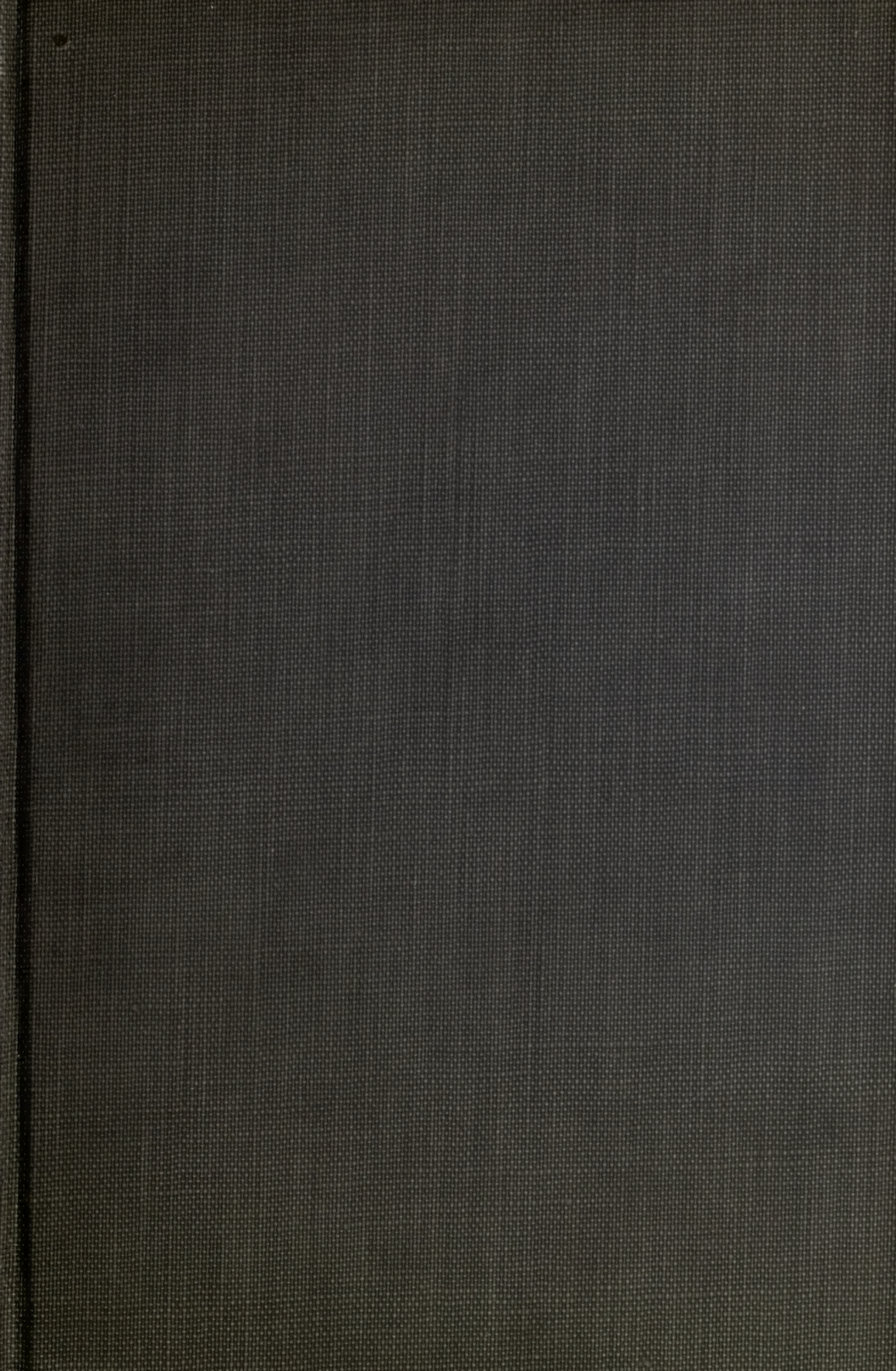


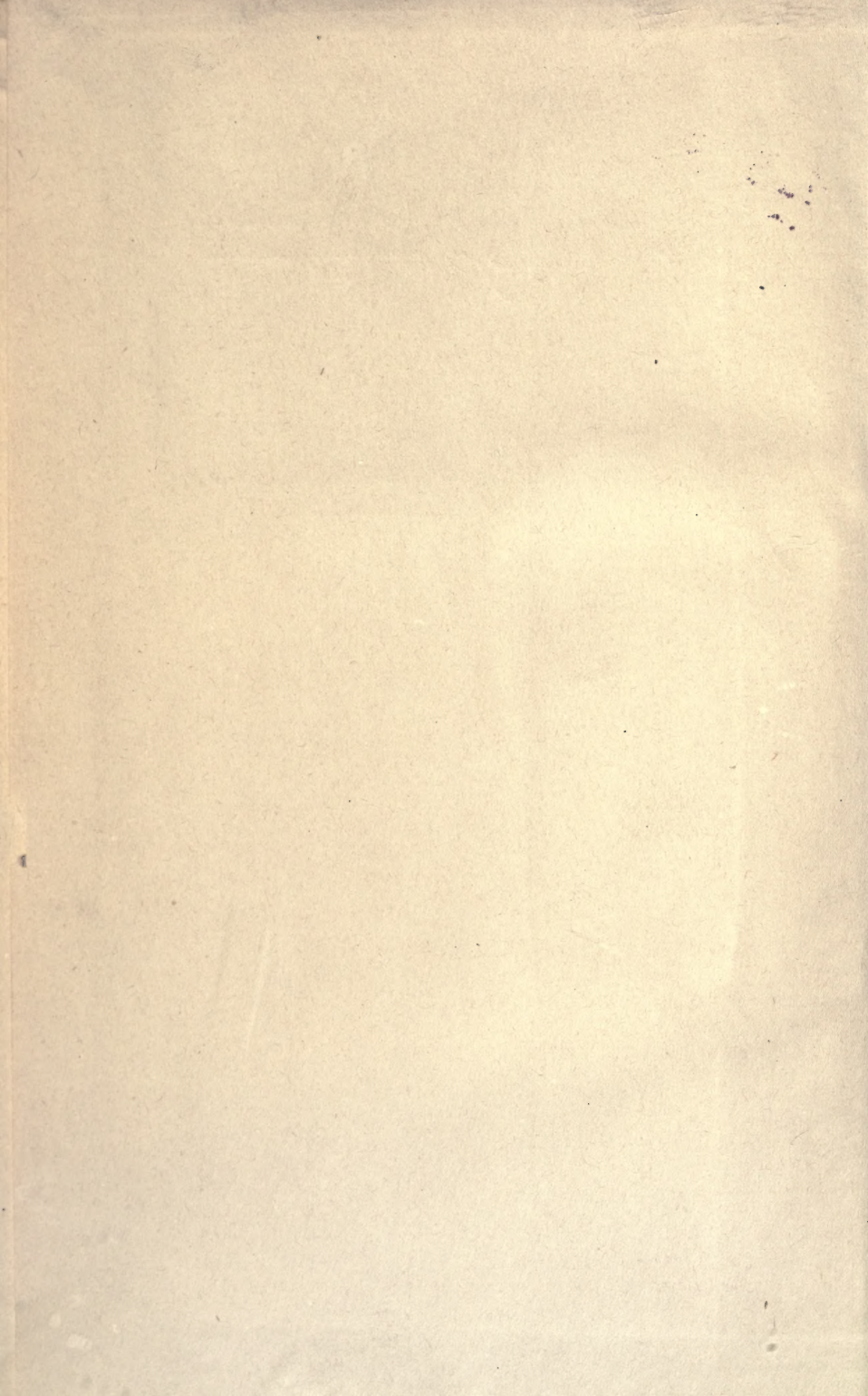




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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

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FRENCH CIVIL AND MILITARY AVIATION IN 1913.

BY T. F. FARMAN.

I.

BIDER has flown across the Alps several times; Brindejone des Moulinais has travelled by the aerial highway from Paris to St Petersburg and back to Paris; Daucourt, accompanied by M. Roux, has made an aerial voyage across the whole of Europe and Asia Minor in the hope of reaching Cairo in Africa; both Fourny and Hellen have covered 10,000 miles or more, flying on consecutive days, in all weathers, round a cross-country circuit of about 66 miles; Séguin has made a non-stop flight from Paris to Bordeaux and back, a total distance as the crow flies of over 645 miles; Garros has crossed the Mediterranean from St Raphael to Bizerta, a distance of about 485 miles; Provost, competing in the annual Gordon-Bennett Aviation Cup Race, has travelled

in the air at the speed of 124 miles an hour; Chévallard, Pégoud, Chanteloup, Garros, and many other French aviators, have dived from altitudes varying between 5000 and 4000 feet to the ground, and at other times descending from similar altitudes have turned somersaults in the air, tumbling and twisting about in a far more bewildering fashion than a tumbler pigeon; Vicomte Guy de Lynes d'Auteroche has demonstrated that it is comparatively easy and not dangerous to allow an aeroplane to flutter down to a few feet above the ground from any altitude; Lieutenant Stœffler has made an aerial raid of 1376 miles in less than twenty-four hours, &c. If further evidence of the marvellous rapidity with which aerial navigation is developing in France were required, it would

be easy to enumerate hundreds of other achievements, to say nothing of the week-end outings so often indulged in by some dozen French amateur aviators, who use their aeroplanes like motor-cars for excursions.

It is not the place to go into technical details, but it is necessary to point out that though the general aspect of the various types of aeroplanes has not been greatly altered, their stability in the air has been increased, the carrying capacity of many of them considerably augmented by the curve given to the bearing surfaces, and that greater speed has been obtained by flattening out and shortening the wings so as to offer less resistance to the air. Weak parts of the framework have been strengthened, the landing gear improved, and yet the total weight of most aeroplanes compared with the load they can carry has been considerably diminished. The motors, without which all the improvements in the flying machines would be useless, have also been made more reliable. Not long ago there existed no more than two types of fairly reliable aviation engines: now several others compete with them.

A few explanations concerning the most remarkable exploits accomplished in 1913 are necessary to show their respective importance from the point of view of the progress of aerial navigation. In crossing the Alps Bider showed confidence in his motor, which did not fail him. The only real danger attending the enterprise was

the possibility of being obliged by a breakdown of his engine to descend on a glacier or on the top of a mountain, or again in some deep precipice where a landing would spell catastrophe. In rising to the altitude of 2000 or 3000 metres (9840 or 13,120 feet) he did not accomplish any very unusual exploit, as the world's record of altitude attained by an aeroplane belongs to Perreyon, who reached the height of 5880 metres (19,287 feet).

Daucourt's aerial voyage appealed strongly to the imagination of the general public, because it was projected to extend over three continents, Europe, Asia, and Africa. In reality it was a formidable undertaking, chiefly, and it may be said almost solely, on account of the preparations it necessitated. Depots of essence and oil had to be established throughout Asia Minor, and as it was indispensable to be able to effect repairs in case of accident, spare parts of the aeroplane and of the motor had to be sent to numerous places along the whole course of the voyage. The only important natural obstacle the aviator had to surmount was the Taurus range of mountains, the highest peak of which is, however, only 10,000 feet above sea-level. When they left Paris, both Daucourt and his passenger M. Roux regarded the enterprise in the light of an aerial trip, which they calculated would occupy about a fortnight, as they proposed to stop on the way to visit places of interest. However, Daucourt was unfortu-

nate from the very outset. Minor accidents delayed him considerably, and when at length he reached the southern slope of the Taurus mountains he, in landing, damaged his machine beyond repair. Nevertheless he had accomplished more than three-quarters of his voyage. Brindejone des Moulinais' aerial raid of close on 3000 miles across Europe to St Petersburg and back to Paris, *via* Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, was more remarkable on account of the imposing natural obstacles which had to be surmounted. The aviator had to fly over high mountains, vast plains and forests, and to cross the Baltic Sea and the Cattegat.

The achievements of Fourny and Hellen, undertaken with the object of capturing the Michelin Aviation Cup, were of a very different character from those of Bider, Daucourt, and Brindejone des Moulinais. The regulations of the competition imposed on them the necessity of flying every day without exception, whatever the atmospheric conditions might be. In those daily flights round a cross-country circuit of about 66 miles, they had to cover each day on an average 50 kilometres (31 miles) per hour between sunrise and sunset. Their aeroplanes were taken out of their hands at sunset every evening, and were locked up in a shed by the Aero Club officials, who only opened the door at sunrise the following day to permit the aviators to continue their "hard labour," as it was called.

They could therefore only effect repairs to their flying machines or motors in the day, when they had to maintain the average speed of flight of at least 31 miles an hour during the whole time the sun remained above the horizon. In the course of those daily flights both Fourny and Hellen met with extremely rough weather. They had to contend against storms of wind, torrents of rain, and, what was worse, on several occasions, with fog. Those performances were probably the most remarkable proof of the strength and satisfactory construction of the aeroplanes and of the reliability of their motors that has ever been given, especially as, to comply with the conditions of the competition, Fourny and Hellen had to descend to earth to sign the register at the end of each round of the 66-mile circuit. Séguin's non-stop flight from Buc, near Versailles, to Bordeaux and back to Buc, was a striking demonstration of the reliability of his motor; but the distance of 645 miles covered was not much superior to that of Fourny's non-stop flight of 630 miles made in September 1912.

With regard to Garros' non-stop flight across the Mediterranean, in which he covered about 485 miles in a trifle less than eight hours, the best that can be said of it is that it showed the aviator had confidence both in his flying machine and the motor propelling it. Though M. Barthou, the Prime Minister, telegraphed his congratulations immediately he learned the successful issue of

the perilous undertaking, and subsequently bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honour on the bold aviator, the fact remains that the only exceptional feature of the performance was that the non-stop flight was accomplished under conditions which must have almost inevitably transformed an accident to either the flying apparatus or the motor into a terrible disaster. Non-stop flights of eight hours, while not common, have been made over and over again, therefore, from that point of view, Garros did nothing very extraordinary, and he is scarcely pardonable for risking his life simply to make a sensation. On reaching Marseilles on his way back to Paris after the exploit, he admitted he at more than one moment during the crossing considered he had but little chance of avoiding a fatal plunge into the sea. He had not yet reached Corsica when a reacting spring of an exhaust valve flew off. Fortunately the centrifugal force of the rotary motor sufficed to keep the valve working, but the accident seriously disturbed the equilibrium of the engine, thus causing an extremely disagreeable and dangerous vibration of the aeroplane, and diminishing its speed. When still at a distance of 70 or 75 miles from Bizerta, he discovered his tank no longer contained more than 20 litres of essence. He admits his anguish at that time was intense, especially as he was twice the victim of mirage. He saw what he believed to be land, and steered

towards it, only to see it vanish. He had pretty nearly lost all hope when he descried three black spots on the wide expanse of water. They were the torpedo-boats the Minister of the Marine had ordered to put to sea to meet him. He was saved, but when he landed on African soil his essence tank was as good as empty. Though Garros' exploit was foolhardy and useless, it is probable that within a shorter delay than most people imagine the crossing of the Mediterranean on hydro-aeroplanes will become a common, if not daily, occurrence. Already the flying apparatus is sufficiently perfect to inspire confidence in its strength to weather almost any storm, and its stability and the improved skill of the aerial pilots have reduced the danger of an accident, due to the condition of the atmosphere, to a minimum. The only really great risk run by the pilot of an aerial craft heavier than air while navigating over the sea consists in the still too great unreliability of the aviation motors. Non-stop flights of thirteen hours have been made with certain aviation engines, but the same motors sometimes break down after working a very short time. When the aviation motors can be relied on to work as continuously as a steam-engine, the aerial pilot who may undertake a cross-sea voyage, such as that made by Garros, will not run any much greater risk than the aviator travelling over land, on the condition, however, that he carry sufficient essence on

his machine to enable him to reach his destination.

At the annual Gordon-Bennett Aviation Cup Race held at Betheny (Rheims), the winning monoplane covered the 124 miles in 59 m. 45 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.—that is to say, it travelled at an average speed of 124 $\frac{5}{16}$ miles an hour. Though sensational, the performances of the competitors in that race cannot be said to have greatly furthered the cause of aviation, because the flying apparatuses with which such high speed was attained were universally recognised to be utterly useless for all practical purposes. It was consequently decided to modify the conditions of the annual aerial Derby. A preliminary test of comparatively slow flight will be imposed on all the machines entered to compete in the race. If that be done, the Gordon-Bennett Aviation Cup Race will not, as heretofore, encourage the creation of "freak" machines, but stimulate constructors to build aeroplanes capable of attaining high speed—perhaps not 124 miles an hour—and at the same time of maintaining themselves in the air at a sufficiently low speed to deprive the landing of any special danger. Though speed is undoubtedly a very desirable quality, the machine which possesses it cannot be regarded as constituting a useful progress if no one but a most expert aviator can pilot it, and even he at the risk of his life. To attempt to land with the monoplanes used at

Betheny this year on anything like rough ground would inevitably spell disaster.

When Chévallard commenced his twists in the air, and plunging descents, they were qualified as "acrobatic tricks," and condemned by many people who saw nothing in them but the means of gaining popularity with its consequent pecuniary advantages. However, if Chévallard was or was not inspired with the desire to make a little fortune, even at the risk of his life, it is now recognised his "acrobatic" performances did much to give confidence to aviators in general, because his eccentricities of flight showed that it is possible for an aerial pilot, if he preserves his presence of mind, to right his machine even from positions which were previously regarded as inevitably leading to catastrophe. The lessons he thus taught were soon learned. Pégoud, Chévallard himself, Garros, Chanteloup, and numerous other aviators, outdoing Chévallard's first exploits, purposely upset their machines in the air, looped the loop, flew with their head downwards, replaced their respective aeroplanes in the normal horizontal position, reascended to giddy heights from which they dived down perpendicularly, or nearly so, and landed safely.

Vicomte Guy de Lynes d'Auteroche, who unfortunately lost his life while attempting to loop the loop in the air, was nevertheless a very skilful military aviator.

He distinguished himself at the autumn manoeuvres, and at the same time rendered signal service to military aviation. He was ordered to fly over a certain place, on which he was to drop imaginary bombs. Not having practised bomb-dropping, he was conscious that if, in the case of real hostilities, he tried to throw bombs from his aeroplane travelling at a speed of 50 or 60 miles an hour, he would almost certainly miss his aim, but that if he could make his machine remain stationary over the spot he wished to hit, his task would be easy. He therefore decided to attempt to make a perpendicular descent over the place which he had been ordered to destroy with imaginary bombs. He effected the manoeuvre by placing his aeroplane head to the wind, which at the time was blowing at the speed of about 35 miles an hour, and then, slackening his motor till the flying machine remained stationary in the air, he allowed it to flutter down comparatively slowly while constantly preserving its horizontal position. When within about 200 or 300 feet of the ground he set his motor going full speed, and effected a landing in the usual manner. Later on Vicomte d'Auteroche repeated the experiment many times at the Buc Aerodrome, with passengers accompanying him on his aeroplane. The vertical descent, the utility of which is self-evident, is devoid of any special danger when

effected in that manner, and it can be made without difficulty by any ordinarily skilful pilot. It is almost needless to add that, instead of landing after such a descent, the aviator can, if he chooses, continue flight.

Lieutenant Stœffler's aerial raid of 1376 miles in less than twenty-four hours is noteworthy, not simply because it far surpassed the world's record of 869 miles in one day, established by Brindejone des Moulinais in the month of June last, but because about a third of the voyage was effected during the hours of darkness. That German aviator's very remarkable feat was a disagreeable surprise to the French, who had too long indulged in the fallacious idea that the stolid German could never become a good aviator. Their national *amour propre* was so wounded by the performance that some journals tried to find consolation in the fact that Stœffler is an Alsatian, and consequently only German by right of conquest. However, almost at the same time the German aviator Hirth vanquished a strong team of French aviators at the hydro-aeroplane race over the Italian lakes and rivers. Piloting an all-German machine, he covered the 370-kilometre (229½-mile) course in 3 h. 31 m. 50½ s.; whereas Garros and Fischer, each piloting an all-French hydro-aeroplane, occupied respectively 3 h. 41 m. 52½ s. and 4 h. 14 m. 54½ s. in reaching their destination.

Though Hirth was ultimately disqualified, because he failed to perform the altitude test, the French aviators, of whom there were half a dozen in the race, all piloting French machines, were beaten by the only German aviator participating in the contest. Stœffler's exploit of travelling by night showed undeniable courage and skill, but it cannot be said to have demonstrated any particular progress in aerial navigation any more than Hirth's victory in the Italian lakes hydro-aeroplane race. But those performances show that the French must continue to exert themselves if they wish to preserve the considerable advance they still possess in aviation over all other nations.

If the foregoing deductions are as correct as the writer believes them to be, it would seem undeniable that as a demonstration of the progress made in the construction of aeroplanes and in aerial navigation during 1913, the performances of Fourny and Hellen and the "acrobatic" flights of Chévallard, Pégoud, Garros, Chanteloup, &c., are the most convincing. Fourny and Hellen by their daily long cross-country aerial voyages in all weathers, and often in storms of wind, of which the velocity was sometimes almost, if not quite, equal to the speed of their respective aeroplanes, showed that well-constructed biplanes and monoplanes can be depended on to perform service in almost every condition of the atmosphere. The

exploits of Chévallard, Pégoud, Garros, Chanteloup, &c., leave no doubt concerning the incorrectness of the assertions of the theorists who formerly gave scientific proof on paper that when once the air pressure is transferred from the lower to the upper side of the bearing surfaces of an aeroplane it cannot possibly be re-transferred back to the lower side, and that consequently the machine must come to the ground.

Every means of locomotion entails risk, and unfortunately in the whole world between 330 and 350 persons have lost their lives in aeroplane accidents. The number is considerable, but it is consoling to know that compared with the distance flown fatalities are becoming less frequent. Though the statistics compiled in various countries do not absolutely coincide, they all prove that flight is becoming much less dangerous, if it cannot yet be called safe. The English periodical, 'Popular Mechanics,' has published statistics, according to which, in 1910 one fatal accident occurred for every 20,000 miles flown, in 1911 one fatal accident for every 30,000 miles flown, and in 1912 one fatal accident for every 107,000 miles flown. In 1913 the number of miles flown was at least double that covered in the air in 1912, yet the fatal accidents have not been of more frequent occurrence. When reliable statistics are published, they will perhaps show a larger number of persons have

lost their lives in aeroplane accidents, but that will be accounted for by the more frequent presence of two or more persons on aerial craft, and the consequent loss of more than one life in one single accident. In any case, it is no exaggeration to say that at the end of 1913 flight had been made twice, if not three times, safer than it was in 1912. With the now existing more perfect flying apparatus and the greatly improved skill of aerial pilots in general, accidents in the air are becoming very rare. The risks attending aerial navigation are not so much in flight itself as in landing after flight. Nevertheless the landing chassis have been so immensely improved that an experienced pilot can now bring his machine to the ground safely almost anywhere, if he is not piloting a purely racing aeroplane like the monoplanes used at the Gordon-Bennett Cup contest. Only the other day, Irat, a French aviator, renowned for the number and length of his aerial raids while performing his military service, was liberated from the active army. He affirms that during his two years' service he effected safely, on all descriptions of ground, at the lowest estimate, as many as 3000 landings without ever damaging his flying machine.

The aerial science has already reached a point which defies attack. Its further progress towards perfection is as inevitable as the diffusion of light by the rising sun. Yet

its development may be assisted or delayed. Unfortunately, the measures the Governments of the great European Powers have taken with the object of insuring their national defence are calculated to hinder most seriously the continuation of the rapid advancement of aviation. Certainly no one could for a moment entertain the idea of accusing any State of seeking to suppress flight; but the number and extent of zones round fortified positions, military camps, naval ports, arsenals, &c., over which flight is prohibited, constitutes a grievous impediment for aviators. On certain frontiers those interdicted zones form a veritable barrier, or leave nothing but a narrow channel through which the aerial pilot can with difficulty thread his way. And as fortifications are for the most part raised to prevent the easy access of hostile troops into the country by valleys and plains—which are, of course, most propitious for flight—the aviator, to avoid passing over interdicted zones, is frequently obliged to ascend and fly over mountainous regions, entailing additional risk of accident. The regulations concerning the descent of aerial pilots within interdicted zones are not only severe against aerial travellers coming from a foreign country, but also against native pilots. In the case of an aerial vessel—steerable balloon or aeroplane—landing either intentionally or unintentionally, or again in compliance with signals from

the earth, it is seized by the authorities and not allowed to leave before a number of vexatious formalities have been accomplished. It goes without saying that in the case of any attempt at spying having been discovered, the airship is confiscated and the guilty persons arrested.

No true patriot can object to the punishment of a spy; and since it is believed by most people that really important secrets of national defence can be surprised by flight over fortified places, the enactment of even most exceptionally severe penalties against all persons convicted of aerial spying would be received with satisfaction in the aviation world. But the pilot who comes to the ground within the limits of an interdicted zone should not, without proof of guilt, be treated as a criminal.

In spite of their severity, the regulations are not likely to prove an effectual safeguard against aerial spying. Admitting that secrets of national defence can be surprised by flight over certain places—which, however, is contestable—it is most improbable a spy would willingly come to earth within an interdicted zone; and if he descended beyond its limits no one would have the right to molest him, unless it were proved he had in reality flown over the prohibited land. Only in the case of the machine and pilot coming from abroad could they be detained for an inquiry. In most cases it would be

very difficult to prove the violation of the regulations concerning flight over an interdicted zone, because the spy would certainly not descend to earth, unless constrained to do so by the break-down of his motor, within sight of the place where he had committed his crime. Already aeroplanes can be relied on to remain in the air for many hours, travelling at the speed of 65 or 70 miles an hour. The record of the duration of flight is over thirteen hours, and that of the distance covered without stopping over 625 miles. It is therefore evident a spy could come from a very long distance and escape far beyond the reach of the persons who might have witnessed the perpetration of his spying. He might have come from a foreign country, and he could return to it. As for the danger he would run from rifle or other fire while flying over an interdicted zone, it would not be very serious, firstly because the persons within the zone would not be prepared for recourse to that extreme measure, and, secondly, even supposing they were prepared, the rapidity of flight of an aeroplane makes it a difficult target to hit. And to bring it down the pilot himself must be killed or wounded, or some vital part of the machine seriously injured. The wings of an aeroplane may be riddled with bullets without preventing the continuation of flight. Moreover, if an aerial pilot undertook a spying expedition, he would probably

use an armour-plated machine, in which both he and his motor would be protected effectually against rifle-fire from the earth beneath him. For these and other reasons the present severe restrictions placed on flight over fortified places do not seem likely to prove effectual against any really determined attempt at spying. Their utility, if it be admitted they have any, would, however, be considerably increased by every aerial craft being, like every automobile, provided with a number which should be painted under its wings in figures a yard or more long. To succeed in his perfidious task a spy would be constrained to descend sufficiently low to render the figures legible for persons on the ground.

Many competent judges declare interdicted zones have been created in all countries over numerous places where their utility is most problematical, and that in almost every case the extent of the zone is unnecessarily large. For instance, the 10-kilometre ($6\frac{1}{4}$ miles) radius round fortresses cannot be regarded as anything but exaggeratedly excessive. A 5-kilometre radius would be more than sufficient. Supposing an aeroplane rose on the outskirts of that radius to the height of 2500 metres—that is to say, to half the distance separating it from the fort—the angle of vision of its pilot would be sufficiently acute to prevent him from discovering anything of interest, even if his sight could penetrate so far. And if the height

were increased, though the angle of vision would become less and less acute, the greater altitude would render all useful observations impossible. That is the opinion, based on experience, of the French civil aviation authorities, and it is shared by French military men. Indeed, General Baillaud goes so far as to affirm there is no secret in a fort which can be surprised by an aviator flying over it. In any case, the severity of the restrictions put on flight are deemed in France so detrimental to the progress of the aerial science, that both the Aero Club of France and the French National Aerial League have appealed to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, urging him to take the initiative of summoning an International Conference or Commission to examine the question of interdicted zones. By requesting the foreign Governments to appoint delegates to participate in the labours of the Conference or Commission, the French authorities would indicate their willingness to set the example of suppressing useless zones, and of reducing the extent of those zones over which it may deem it prudent to maintain the interdiction to the dimensions strictly necessary for the safety of national defence. At the same time, the Aero Club of France has written to Prince Roland Bonaparte, President of the International Aeronautic Federation, informing him officially of the painful sensation caused by the creation of the exaggeratedly extensive interdicted zones, and requesting

him to call the attention of all the federated clubs to the matter, with the object of "giving the movement of opinion which manifests itself that amplitude and unanimity which will secure success and safeguard the vital interests of aerial navigation, without in any way wounding the susceptibilities of any nation or compromising its national safety."

In connection with the projected International Conference or Commission for the study of the question of interdicted zones, it is important to note that the British Government was responsible for the break-up of the International Conference of Aerial Navigation held in Paris between 18th May and 29th June 1910. At its last sitting Rear-Admiral Gamble, the chief of the British delegation, read the following declaration: "By the order of its Government the British delegation has the honour to propose the adjournment of the Conference. That proposal is made because the British Government considers the great importance of the questions treated by the Commission renders it necessary for the Government itself to examine those questions exhaustively before the draft convention be approved." The Conference then adjourned, nominally till the 29th November 1910, but it never reassembled. However, awaiting the conclusion of a comprehensive international treaty regulating international aerial navigation, France and Germany found

it necessary, after the landing of a great Zeppelin at Lunéville, to conclude an arrangement regulating aerial traffic between the two countries. It was based on the work done by the Commissions of the 1910 International Conference. The identical note establishing the *modus vivendi* was signed last August in Berlin by M. de Jagow, German Foreign Minister, and M. Jules Cambon, French Ambassador in the German capital. It gives all flying machines (dirigibles, aeroplanes, and ordinary balloons) belonging to private individuals the right to navigate the air over the territories of the two contracting States. The pilots and passengers must be provided with papers establishing their identity. If a military airship (dirigible or aeroplane) should cross the frontier inadvertently, by stress of weather or by any other unavoidable circumstance, it should immediately descend to earth. In the case of the military authorities recognising the good faith of the pilot and passengers of the foreign airship, the crew will enjoy the advantages of ex-territoriality—that is to say, the crew cannot be arrested. However, a French civil aviator, who may wish to make a voyage to Germany, should obtain the written permission of the German Ambassador in Paris, or of a German Consul, to penetrate over German territory, and a German pilot coming to France should apply to the French Ambassador in Berlin,

or to a French Consul, for permission to cross the frontier. It goes without saying that each of the contracting Governments reserved for itself the right to interdict flight over such places as it might judge necessary in the interest of national defence. It was what was regarded as the abusive use of that right by both France and Germany which led to the present campaign for the summoning of an international Conference or Commission to examine the question of the possibility of restricting the number and extent of the interdicted zones. The Franco-German *modus*

vivendi stipulates equal treatment for native and foreign aerial pilots who may descend within an interdicted zone. No airship (dirigible or aeroplane) which may come to the ground within such a zone can leave it without the permission of the military authorities. The consequence has been that in France the native civil pilots have been the first to feel the inconvenience of the arrangement. For instance Vedrines, having flown from Paris to Nancy, was detained there several days because at first he refused to demand the necessary permission to leave that interdicted zone.

II.

It is no longer a figure of speech to call military avions the "Fifth Arm." At the French autumn manoeuvres held last September they did not constitute a simple volunteer corps, but occupied the position of an arm in the same way as the infantry, the cavalry, the artillery, and the engineering corps. Three squadrons, each composed of six avions, were attached to each of the conflicting armies. The forces commanded by General Pau possessed 1 squadron of Bleriot monoplanes, 1 squadron of Henry Farman biplanes, and 1 squadron of Maurice Farman biplanes. The army commanded by General Chomer had 1 squadron of Deperdussin monoplanes, 1 squadron of Voisin biplanes, and 1 squadron of Bréguet biplanes.

Each of those squadrons was naturally provided with its convoy, composed of 6 tractors, 1 automobile van, 2 motor-cars, and 1 automobile workshop van.

As some 60 avions were employed in the autumn manoeuvres of 1912, considerable surprise was created among the general public by only 36 figuring in the sham fighting of 1913. That reduction was, however, the consecration of the avion as a regular arm. Indeed, the corps engaged in the manoeuvres comprised the regular number of avions attached to them and no more, in the same way as they possessed a definite number of batteries of artillery, &c. The limitation of the number of avions was the palpable proof of the

definitive militarisation of aviation. It was acting in accord with that fact that the pilots were not picked men, as they had been on previous occasions, but simply the military aviators of the squadrons forming part of the army corps which participated in the manoeuvres. Though the general public had never heard the names of the greater number of those officers, non-commissioned officers, and common soldiers, those military pilots did the work confided to them as well, if not better, than the renowned picked aviators employed in last year's sham fighting. They thus proved the French military authorities were right in already applying the principle that all military aviators, without exception, should be capable of rendering the services their chiefs may require of them. It was the same with the mechanics and military workmen accompanying them, whereas last year the aeroplane constructors and motor builders supplied special gangs of expert mechanics and workmen to assist the military aviators on the sham battlefield.

It would be idle to describe all the evolutions of the military avions; but it may be worth while to note that they all, without any exception, effected their concentration in the south-western region of France by the aerial highway. Agen having been the point of concentration fixed for the avions of General Pau's army, and Toulouse for those of

General Chomer's aerial forces, they had to fly to those places from Lyons, Epinal, Villacoublay, Douai, Mourmelon, &c., thus traversing the greater portion of France. The staff officers trained as military observers on avions were all men capable of appreciating the value and importance of the information they collected, and in each of the two conflicting armies a superior officer served as intermediary between the commander-in-chief and the aviation department. He indicated clearly to the pilots and military observers the precise nature of the problems they were required to solve. There was a question of using the wireless telegraph on the avions, with a receiving-station at headquarters; but it was recognised that for scouting and exploring within a distance not exceeding 100 kilometres (62 miles) the speed of the avions was such that the message could be brought by the aviator as quickly as it could be transmitted, received, translated, and written out.

That calculation was doubtlessly correct, because on 14th September, after reviewing the three squadrons attached to his army, General Pau, addressing the military pilots and observers, said: "I congratulate you each individually, but I must thank you all as a body, for your devotion and the services you have rendered us—I mean the services you have rendered the army of which I am the chief. Thanks

to you, we from early morning knew hour by hour what the enemy was doing. You brought the information rapidly, and, what is more, it was always precise and correct. I confess that though I used it at once, I later on had it controlled. It was always confirmed. That is the greatest praise I can give you. I knew in good time all that diligent, skilful tactician, General Chomer, attempted. That fact speaks for itself. And I believe your comrades of General Chomer's army rendered the same useful services, because it seemed to me our adversaries were not unaware of any thing which we on our side attempted. That is a splendid result in a region like this, crossed by rivers and deep valleys, where landings are difficult and dangerous." Though General Pau thus declared the military pilots and observers had carried out most successfully all the instructions given them, he was not altogether satisfied with those instructions. He considered they were incomplete, because, as he remarked, "in a country where communications by land are so difficult and occupy so long a time, it was perhaps natural that what we call the *service de liaison* should prove to be the weak point. Whether I was in the rear or van of my troops, there were times when I was without any sufficiently prompt and precise information concerning the carrying out of the orders I had given, and of the result of which I was ignorant. Had it been

possible to execute them? and how? That inconvenience is especially great for night marches. Troops are ordered to go and take up such and such positions. One knows they start, but one is not sure they reach their destination. Sometimes twelve hours elapse before one knows whether it has been possible to effect the manœuvre, and one may consequently act wrongly during twelve hours! Thanks to you, pilots and observers, we are often better informed of the enemy's doings than we are concerning our own movements. It is indispensable this last weakness should disappear. You must start with the double mission to go and see what the enemy is doing, and also to ascertain whether what we sought to do has been done."

The aeroplanes which have been already incorporated in the French army being destined exclusively for scouting and exploring, no surprise need be felt that they were not used in the last manœuvres for directing artillery fire or as instruments of combat. It may be regrettable that after so many proofs of the capacity of observers on aeroplanes to correct the aim of artillerymen who are firing at a spot hidden from their sight, no steps have yet been taken to provide batteries of artillery with that most useful auxiliary. It seems, however, pretty certain that General Bernard, the director of the aviation department quite recently created at the French War

Ministry, is determined not only to give the artillery the avions it requires, but also to create squadrons of avions to assist each division of cavalry. The cavalry manoeuvres held last autumn between Rethel and Sissonne, at which avions were used, furnished convincing evidence in favour of the employment of the aeroplane as an auxiliary for cavalry in scouting. It was clearly demonstrated that, for instance in the case of cavalry wishing to come into contact with the enemy, the observer on an aeroplane would in a very short time be able to furnish reliable information concerning the positions occupied by the enemy which could not otherwise be obtained without long and perilous expeditions.

At the German Imperial military manoeuvres held in Silesia during the month of September, each of the conflicting armies had 1 dirigible and 18 avions at its disposal. The 2 dirigibles do not seem to have distinguished themselves any more than the 2 French dirigibles did at the French autumn manoeuvres, but the services rendered by the German avions were described as having been most useful to the commanders, who based the movements of their forces on the information furnished by the aviators. Of the 18 monoplanes (Rumpler, Albatros, and Jeanin, "pigeons") and the 18 biplanes (Albatros, Aviatik, and L.V.G., all having the propeller in front), 8 L.V.G. biplanes were held in reserve. Each of the other

28 machines had at its disposal a four-wheeled vehicle constructed for the transport of the avion, an automobile tractor carrying a tent to shelter the aeroplane when camping out, essence, oil, spare parts, &c. In addition to that rolling stock, each of the 5 squadrons of avions was accompanied by an automobile workshop van.

A material change has taken place during the last twelve months in the respective positions of the great European States in so far as aviation is concerned. Great Britain has commenced the acquisition of an aerial fleet, destined not only for military scouting and exploring expeditions, but for the defence of her coasts and her fleet; Germany, in addition to the many millions lavished on aerial Dreadnoughts, has spent more money in the purchase and construction of aerial craft heavier than air than any other country; Russia, recognising the inestimable services aeroplanes can render in war, has undertaken the creation of important aerial forces; Italy has continued to increase her aerial fleet; Austria, though lagging behind, is occupied with the study of the questions relative to the organisation of a Fifth Arm; Spain has purchased a certain number of military avions; and Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Roumania, as well as Turkey, already possess aerial forces, to say nothing of the two neutral European States — Belgium and Switzerland, the former of which is taking a promi-

ment part in the development of aviation, or of Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, that are one and all following the example of the great Powers by adopting aeroplanes as a Fifth Arm. However, France still keeps the lead. She does not only possess a greater number of military avions than any other State, but she has proceeded with marked success with the organisation of her Fifth Arm. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that she has since the end of 1912 lost some of the great advance she then had in aviation over all other countries. It was on 1st January 1913 possible to compute with something like accuracy the number of avions she and her chief continental rival, Germany, possessed. Now such an operation would be very difficult, and even if reliable statistics of the avions belonging respectively to the two Powers could be obtained they would be misleading, because the data required for estimating the military values of the machines would be wanting. It is certain the French military aeroplane sheds contain a number of old avions of obsolete types, which could not be utilised in case of war, and it may be taken for granted that among the aeroplanes made in Germany the number of military flying machines unfit for service is also very large. However, aeroplane constructors, who are perhaps in a better position than most people to know, affirm that while the French military

authorities have in recent months been taking delivery, on an average, of one avion per day, the German army has been receiving two. If that proportion were to be maintained the German fleet of avions would soon be, at least numerically, more imposing than that of France.

In addition to the regular aerial forces incorporated in the French active army, an aerial militia is likely to be created ere long. The idea was started by M. Alfred Leblanc and the Friendly Association of Civil Aviators, of which he is the President. The project, elaborated by the Aviators Syndicate and a sub-commission of the General Staff of the French Army, consists in the grouping of some 200 civil aviators in an aerial militia force. Those civil aviators may be divided into three categories: first, the pilots possessing aeroplanes; second, those in the service of aeroplane constructors; and third, those not possessing aeroplanes. At the present time there are not more than 50 or 60 civil aviators possessing aeroplanes, but a greater number are employed by aeroplane constructors who could place machines at their disposal. However, the large majority are men who, having learned to pilot aerial craft, have been unable for want of money to pursue the calling of aviator. As none but men possessing the superior military aviation certificate are to be admitted into the ranks of the proposed aerial militia, the Government would

facilitate matters by paying a lump sum of £60 to the proprietors of aviation schools who should, by the instruction given, and the loan of aeroplanes, enable a volunteer for the aerial militia to pass the examination for the necessary superior military aviation certificate. After being admitted into the aerial militia, every member of the corps would be called out for a period of eight or ten days' exercise every three months, in addition to the periods corresponding with the training of the military reserves. In remuneration of his services each pilot of the aerial militia would receive £144 per annum.

In spite of the fact that, as stated above, a German officer piloting an all-German avion of the military type last October beat the world's record of distance covered in the air in one day, and that a civil German aviator, piloting an all-German hydro-aeroplane, surpassed the performances of half a dozen of the best French aviators piloting all-French machines at the Italian Lakes competition, there can be little doubt of the German avions being less perfect than those built in France. Indeed, in the construction of aeroplanes the French have maintained their superiority.

It would be useless for any Power to possess the best and most perfect fleet of avions if it had not a sufficient number of expert pilots to man the aerial craft. At the present moment the French Aero Club has issued 1550 aviation pilot's certificates, but the list comprises many foreigners. Of the

licensed French pilots about 250 have also obtained the superior military aviation certificate, and are consequently most expert and experienced aviators. Whether Germany can boast of possessing an equal or a superior number of aviation pilots may be questioned; but it is undeniable that the German military aviation authorities are pushing forward as fast as possible the instruction of pilots regardless of expense, and also, it would seem, from the frequency of serious and often fatal accidents, regardless of cost in human life. The writer of this article does not pretend to be acquainted with, or to be able to appreciate all, the details of the organisation of the military aerial forces of Great Britain, Germany, or France, but it may be useful to call attention to the state of transition which existed in France during the last six months of 1913. After the appointment of General Roques to the command of a division, Colonel Hirschauer, promoted to the grade of general, was named Permanent Inspector-General of Aviation. He made no important innovation, but contented himself with the continuation of the work of organising the aerial troops commenced by General Roques. He in his turn was removed from his post at the head of the French military aviation services and given the command of a brigade. In the meantime M. Etienne, the War Minister, had created a special aviation department at the

War Ministry, and General Bernard was placed at its head. That superior officer is not a specialist of the aerial science, but great hopes are founded on his common-sense and organising capacities. It is said he is determined not only to generalise the use of scouting and exploring avions, but also to give the artillery and cavalry the aeroplanes which are destined to render those two arms most useful services. Also, he considers the moment has come to create a force of armour-plated fighting aeroplanes.

By the creation of the new aeronautic department at the French War Ministry, French military aviation has been relieved of the dual control of the artillery and engineering departments, which led to so much confusion. Now, enjoying the advantages of an autonomous existence, like the other arms, it is divided into two sections—the aeronautic branch (steerable balloons and ordinary balloons) and the aviation branch (all flying machines heavier than air). The officers at the head of those two branches are naturally under the orders of the Director-General of Military Aeronautics, who is alone responsible to the War Minister. The former organisation of the aerial forces is also being modified. At the present moment the avions and their pilots are dispersed among very numerous small aviation stations, many of which are to be suppressed. They will be replaced by a certain limited

number of great aviation centres or aviation camps, each having a vast aerodrome for the evolutions of the aerial craft and for the instruction of apprentice military aviation pilots. It is believed no serious inconvenience will result from that arrangement, because with their rapidity of flight the avions will always be able to reach in useful time the places where their services may be required. Moreover, amongst the other advantages offered by the system are the reduction of the general expenses, and above all the possibility of enforcing discipline. Grouped in veritable regiments, the aviation troops will for the future be subject to the general rules of military discipline, and administered in the same manner as the units of the other arms by a special personnel. The workshops annexed to those great aviation centres are to be provided with all the machinery, tools, and raw materials required for the rapid execution of the repair of avions and also of their motors.

Considerable feeling, not to say alarm, was created some weeks ago among the aeroplane constructors by the report that the War Department had decided to unify its avions and to build them itself. If the Government really undertook that task the French Fifth Arm would very quickly lose the place it still holds at the head of the aerial fleets of European States. The aeroplane has not yet been brought to such perfection that it is possible for

any Government to adopt one type of avion to the exclusion of all others. Moreover, the Fifth Arm must always comprise one, two, three, four, and perhaps five types of machines, each better suited than the others for the particular service it will be destined to perform. To deprive the French aeroplane constructors of the State orders on which the vast majority of them depend for their existence would, at least, most seriously impede the progress of aerial science. The improbability of there being much truth in the report is therefore evident, though it is known the War Department favours the idea of considerably reducing the number of types of avions it will employ. The advisability of doing so cannot be contested, because the State has at various times purchased aeroplanes which are so defective that they cannot be utilised. With the alleged object of reducing the number of military types of avions to a minimum, the War Department has adopted a new type of aeroplane recently invented by a military officer, who is to construct ten trial machines. It is believed that in the case of their proving as efficient as the inventor says they will be, the State will purchase the invention and build the machines.

However, that would not entail the suppression of Government orders to civil aeroplane constructors, who, in compliance with the wish expressed several months ago, have already built or are building sample armour-plated

avions. Those armour-plated machines may be divided into three categories:—

- 1st. Armour-plated monoplanes, or small portable biplanes, for artillery or cavalry scouting, and for short exploring expeditions, having a speed of about 75 miles an hour.
- 2nd. Armour-plated biplanes, for Staff scouting, with a minimum speed of 62 miles an hour.
- 3rd. Armour-plated fighting avions, armed with quick-firing guns, or capable of carrying large quantities of explosives. The speed of those destined to pursue hostile avions and steerable balloons should be 75 miles an hour, whereas that of the heavier description might be reduced to 62 miles an hour.

The reason for this projected armour plating of all military avions is that the experiments made at Toulon, and the experience of the employment of aeroplanes during the Balkan wars, prove that at a lower altitude than 1000 or 1200 metres (3280 or 3936 feet) the flying machine and its occupants are dangerously exposed to rifle and artillery fire from the earth, and that for a military observer to make correct and precise observations with the naked eye the altitude must not exceed 600 or 800 metres (1986 or 2625 feet). The military observer using strong field-glasses can,

however, do useful work at a much greater altitude, where he would be beyond the range of rifle and artillery fire from the land below.

The first real trials with a fighting aeroplane were made at Camp de Chalons last September. The Henry Farman biplane used on that occasion was armed with a Hotchkiss quick-firing gun, having a useful range of 4000 metres. It carried into the air 1000 ball-cartridges. For these trials the wings of an old Antoinette monoplane had been placed at 45 degrees on the top of an embankment thrown up behind the targets of a shooting range. The firing with isolated shots commenced at a distance of 4000 metres, but when the attacking aeroplane had come within 2000 metres of its target the firing was made automatic. To be able to aim effectually the aeroplane had to be kept at no greater height than about 32 feet above the ground. The monoplane was literally riddled with bullets. In fact it was calculated that 80 per cent of the projectiles fired took effect. The fact that the Antoinette monoplane was stationary does not deprive those trials of any of their importance, because in the case of an armed aeroplane pursuing an avion, flying in front of it, at about the same speed, the target offered by the fleeing aeroplane would be virtually stationary in relation to the pursuing avion. Further trials are to be made with targets suspended from balloons or hung from kites.

The experiments of bomb-dropping were not less successful. In the competition for the Michelin Aero-target prizes controlled by the military authorities, Lieutenant Varcin, piloting a Maurice Farman military biplane, gained the £2000 prize for bomb-dropping from the height of 200 metres (656 feet). Having in accord with the regulations carried into the air 15 bombs, each weighing 7 kilogrammes 100 grammes (about 15½ lb.), he dropped 13 of them on the target of 20 metres (65 feet) diameter. The first prize of £600 for dropping bombs from the altitude of 1000 metres (3280 feet) on a circular target having a diameter of 25 metres (82 feet), was won by the civil pilot Fourny, accompanied by Lieutenant Desmoulin on a Maurice Farman biplane of the military type. Being permitted by the regulations to carry on his machine only 5 bombs, each, however, weighing 22 kilogrammes (about 48½ lb.), he succeeded in dropping two of them on the target. The second prize of £200 was awarded to Gaubert, another civil aviator, who, also piloting a Maurice Farman biplane, hit the target once. It is important to note that, though the other bombs dropped by Fourny and Gaubert failed to hit the target, the greatest distance between the spots on which they fell and its circumference was only 5 metres (16 feet 5 inches).

In presence of the activity with which aerial armaments are being pursued in all

European States, and especially in Germany, the *entente cordiale* with France acquires considerably increased value for Great Britain. In a comparatively short time the German Government, backed by the whole of the German nation, will have created a formidable fleet of aerial Dreadnoughts and sufficiently numerous squadrons of aeroplanes and hydro-avions to play a most active part in case of war. It is needless to repeat what has been already said in 'Maga' on more than one previous occasion concerning the danger which must result for England from the existence of a powerful aerial fleet in Germany. Nevertheless it is permissible to point out once

more the necessity of providing adequate aerial forces to repel the attack of hostile aerial forces, because, if not effectually opposed, the damage they could do to the British ports, arsenals, towns, cities, shipping, &c., would be incalculable. In that case the assistance France could lend in the shape of aerial craft would be at least of as great importance for England as the aid Great Britain could furnish the Republic by despatching an army corps to co-operate with the French in repelling a German invasion. In any case, there is no longer any doubt that Great Britain must not count exclusively on her superiority at sea to preserve the advantages of her insular position.

THE LADY IN THE BLUE VEIL.

SHE was the very first person that we noticed among the crowd of passengers who with their friends filled the promenade-deck of s.s. *Bussorah*.

It was our first voyage together, for Marjorie and I were newly married then, in the early eighties, and we had gone straight below directly we came on board and settled our belongings in our cabin, as becomes experienced travellers. At least I was that, and Marjorie was still in the submissive stage of married life, when she followed my lead willingly. That business being well over, we were free to look about us, and take notes of our future companions. Rather an important matter that, for in the days of which I write a voyage to India lasted a good month,—and among them all, the first who attracted us both was the lady in the blue veil.

She stood leaning on the rail of the ship, isolated from every one, not looking at the crowd on the wharf, and apparently quite unmoved by the leave-takings which were going on all round her. Apart from it all, she was gazing, with a curious air of expectancy, in the direction in which we should so soon be moving. There were other women as solitary (there always must be at the beginning of a voyage), but none who looked so extraordinarily aloof and alone.

There was something distinctive also in her appearance. She was small and slightly made, very neat in dress and figure, with fair hair closely coiled on a well-shaped head, and a hat securely fastened on. She wore suitable clothes, too, and without being what you would describe as fashionable, she looked just right, unmistakably a lady, and surely a pretty one. I don't know why I should have expected that from only seeing her back, and yet I did. Perhaps the thick blue gauze veil which was wound round her hat, covering her face and completely enveloping her head, had something to do with it. I thought, I suppose, that she was protecting a lovely complexion from the sea-air. Anyhow, the idea that her whole personality conveyed to me was: firstly, that here was a very pretty woman; and secondly, that she was waiting—waiting for some one, or something. Marjorie thought so too, for she murmured in my ear, "I wonder who she is waiting for, Dick? Isn't she nice and pretty,—I am sure we shall like her. I wish she would look round."

As she spoke the woman we were watching turned, and we saw why she wore a veil. It came almost as a shock, the reality was such a blow to our expectations, and so contrary to the

impression her general appearance had given us; for the face we had thought would be beautiful was marked from brow to chin with the disfiguring signs of smallpox. The perfect oval remained, but the lines of the features were blurred, the nose thickened, the complexion faded, the whole effect as of a picture over which some careless hand had rubbed a cloth before the paint had dried. From this ruin a pair of the bluest eyes I have ever seen met mine for a moment, with a look that said as plainly as words, "I know that I am a horrid sight, but oh, don't let me see that you think so." It was only a look, and then she passed quickly by us and was gone, —leaving us only trusting that our expressions had not betrayed our feelings.

"Oh, Dick, how awful! The poor thing," gasped my wife in my ear. "And I was sure she was pretty. What can have happened to her?"

"She's had smallpox badly, poor lady," I answered, for in my wanderings I had seen the result of bad cases before.

"She's got the cabin opposite to us. I think I saw her there," went on Marjorie presently. "I shall try to make friends with her. Did you notice, Dick, she looked at us as if she thought we'd *hate* to see her? No one could be so brutal as to let her see that, could they?"

"I hope not," I said; but looking down at Marjorie's pretty face as she lifted it to me then, with her fair English

rosiness, pureness of outline, and look of healthy cleanness, I could not help realising what the loss of all that must mean to the other woman. "I am afraid it must make a difference, but no decent fellow would let her see it," I answered.

"I wonder if she's married?" said Marjorie thoughtfully. "The poor thing."

There was a world of pity in her voice, and I knew my kind-hearted wife was planning how best she could help without showing too plainly the pity she felt,—for we both knew instinctively that this was one of those cases where to be of any use considerable tact would be needed.

But after all, some days passed before we made the acquaintance of the woman who had enlisted our sympathies; for no sooner did we reach the open sea than we came in for one of the worst storms it has been my lot to encounter. The *Bussorah* was not a good boat, and she pitched and rolled and wallowed all through the Bay and well on into the Mediterranean. The weather, in fact, was so bad that very few of the men even showed up on deck, and no women. The stewardesses had orders from the captain to keep the ladies in their cabins as long as possible, and they, for the most part, were only too thankful to obey. Certainly the deck was no place for women-folk, for there was not a dry spot anywhere, and the bitter winds drove even the hardiest of the men into the shelter of the smoking-

room, where the hours dragged slowly by, with the help of whist and small-talk. I knew some of the other passengers, and it was from one of them, Lindsay, a captain in the Gunners, that I learnt that the lady in the blue veil was a Mrs Carthew, wife of a Major Carthew in a Bengal Cavalry regiment. Lindsay had noticed her too, but he was a chivalrous sort of a fellow, and naturally neither he nor I made any reference to her looks, though I am sure that we each knew what was in the mind of the other. He had met Carthew, and though he did not say that either, I knew, as well as if he had told me, that he didn't think much of him.

Well, the bad weather ended at last, and one by one the victims of sea-sickness crept up on deck, and before many days had passed we had all forgotten the miseries of the storm, and settled down to enjoy the rest of the voyage. My wife, who was always a most popular young person, soon made friends in all directions; but still, as is always the case in a crowded ship, people formed their own little sets, with whom they sat at table, promenaded the deck, and generally passed their days. Our particular set was composed chiefly of old friends of mine: there was Mrs Raymond (the wife of my colonel, who was going out to rejoin her husband after a year at home with her children, a real good sort, and I was very glad that she and Marjorie had taken so kindly to each other), a cap-

tain and Mrs Clark (he was in the Gunners), various unattached men who came and went, and Lindsay. He was a cousin of Mrs Raymond's, otherwise we should not have seen so much of him, for he was a reserved, shy man, a great sportsman, and not at all given to ladies' society, but I fancy they liked him all the better for that. We had a very good time together, and the days passed quickly, in a pleasant kind of monotony.

You must not think, though, that we had forgotten Mrs Carthew. It really was her own fault that she was still so solitary, for I am sure Mrs Raymond, Mrs Clark, and my wife had all done their best to draw her into our circle. It was not that she was shy, or that she rebuffed them pointedly; they all knew her, to the extent, that is, of exchanging a few words with her morning or evening, and my wife, who was the most persistent in her endeavour to make friends, used occasionally to sit talking to her for a few minutes; but they never got any further, and as for Lindsay and myself, we were ready and willing to get her chair into a comfortable corner, to fetch and carry for her, as one always does for lonely women on a voyage, to be friendly if she would only have allowed us; but she wouldn't. You cannot talk to a woman who has her chair arranged right against the rails, and whose sunshade completely blocks out the rest of the world—especially when she

makes it very plain that she wishes to be let alone. So, in spite of all our efforts, we had failed, and Mrs Carthew remained as apart from the life of the rest of us as if she were on another planet, and through it all she maintained that curious air of waiting—of frightened expectancy—for what? She really hardly seemed to be living in the present at all, only in the future, and as though she had no mind to spare for anything else; but all this was in the first ten days of our voyage, and in a month many things may happen; and in this case they did.

We were sitting chatting one morning in our usual group, and the talk had turned on courage—I don't remember how. We had given instances of various forms of courage, and my wife was arguing that it would be far braver for her to display courage than for Lindsay, for instance; because she said that she was naturally a coward, and he wasn't; and he was becoming very embarrassed, when our captain—Meade was his name—came rolling along on his morning rounds, and stopped to listen to the chaff.

We all liked the captain, because, though he was captain of his ship, and no mistake about it, he gave himself no airs, and was a capital fellow, and very good company besides. There were some very big-wigs of civilians on the ship, and we were quite small fry, but the captain's father had been in the army, and he

had a soft spot for soldiers, not to say for soldiers' wives, especially when they were good-looking. Another thing we had noticed and liked was, that whoever he spoke to, or didn't speak to—and the attentions of a captain are considered of some value—he never passed Mrs Carthew without a cheery word or two, and on this particular morning he had been sitting with her for quite a long time. He stood listening to us now, smiling good-naturedly, but apparently not attending very much, for his eye wandered back to Mrs Carthew, though she was sitting a long way off—and then suddenly he seemed to make his mind up, and pulled in another chair, and said, in answer to a laughing appeal from Mrs Clark about woman's courage—

"I could tell you a yarn about that—about one of the bravest things *I've* ever seen done—but I can't tell you now if the woman is really a brave woman, or if she only acted from some sort of instinct." He spoke doubtfully, but of course we all encouraged him to go on, and so he filled up his pipe and began:

"It all happened only a year ago when I was captain of the *Selma*. We had a crowded ship, and from the moment we left Bombay I felt it in my bones that we were going to have an unlucky voyage. It wasn't the weather, that was settled and good, so I knew it would be with either the passengers or the crew that there would be

trouble. I was new to the job too, having only had the one voyage out in command; and of course I was particularly anxious that everything should go smoothly, and that made me all the more nervous. Nothing, however, went wrong at the beginning, only a good deal of squabbling among the ladies, and at first that only amused me. I couldn't look upon it as serious. If you'll excuse me for saying so, passengers are cranky folk, and I'd had a fair experience of 'em as first officer.

"In this case there was one woman who made all the trouble—I was sure of it from the beginning—a Mrs Delorme. She was a beautiful woman too, but right-down disagreeable; a regular cat the other women called her, though I should not be saying that now the poor thing's dead.

"The trouble began because she couldn't get a cabin to herself. No one could, but there was no use telling her that. I fancy she had generally had her own way, because she was both well off and, as I said before, remarkably handsome. Her husband was a big civilian, and we didn't envy him when we found out the kind of temper she had. Poor woman, though," said the captain remorsefully, "I get so angry when I think of it all that I keep on forgetting that she's dead. Well, to go on. Her cabin companion was Mrs Carthew there," and he nodded in her direction, while

some one murmured, "The lady in the blue veil," and we all grew more interested.

"Yes," he went on, "Mrs Carthew, but a very different woman to the one you know now." ("We don't know her, she won't let us," interpolated Mrs Raymond, but the captain continued without noticing her.)

"I wish I could make you see her as she was then," he said earnestly. "She was as pretty—as pretty a woman as ever I've seen, and full of fun, and wild as a hawk—quite a charming woman. She had a colour like Mrs Adair there," his eye falling on my wife's glowing face (she was sitting gazing at him, listening with all her ears), "and such blue eyes, and a way with her. She was all over the ship in no time, and friends with every one. I won't say that she hadn't her faults, though. I expect, for all her good nature, she had a bit of a temper; and when she found out, as she couldn't help doing, how very disagreeable Mrs Delorme could be, she didn't exactly lie down under it. And Mrs Delorme hated her from the first, God only knows why. Possibly she was jealous, for in all the rows that followed Mrs Carthew had the majority on her side. I am afraid she did not try to get on with Mrs Delorme. She was very untidy in their joint cabin, for one thing, and the other woman was a regular old maid for neatness; and there were other things too—lots of things. In the end it

got so bad, and I was so sick of it, that when two of the officers offered to double up, to give Mrs Carthew a cabin to herself, I was only too thankful to consent. It was after that that the climax happened. Mrs Delorme came to me one day and reported formally that she had lost a valuable diamond brooch, and she insinuated that Mrs Carthew had taken it; and then Mrs Carthew was at me in a great state, of course, and naturally very angry. Well, you can imagine it made no end of a fuss. Both their cabins were searched thoroughly, but there was no sign of the brooch; and personally I didn't believe that Mrs Delorme had ever had it, but I had to make just as thorough an investigation; and the stewardesses were 'upset,' and everything was most uncomfortable.

"The passengers took different sides, though how any one in their senses could imagine Mrs Carthew capable of such a thing passes me. Mrs Delorme 'cut' her, and everything was as unpleasant as it could be. Things went on like that for several days, only getting worse instead of better; and then one morning my man told me that Mrs Carthew wanted to speak to me, and there she was with that damned brooch in her hand, and with a face like a ghost. She had found it all knotted up in the fringe of a shawl she'd been wearing on deck in the evening. I wished she'd thrown it over-

board when she found it,—if I hadn't been captain of the ship I'd have done it myself. As it was, there was nothing for it but to send for Mrs Delorme, give her the brooch, and tell her the story,—which she didn't believe, or *said* she didn't believe, which was just as bad. It was a dreadful scene, and poor little Mrs Carthew was horribly upset. Of course I stood by her afterwards, but I fancy that she hadn't a pleasant time with some of Mrs Delorme's friends. This story's getting too long," said the captain, breaking off to look at his watch; but he yielded to the persuasions of the whole lot of us, and went on again, only saying that he must "cut it short."

"The next thing that happened," he continued, "was that Mrs Delorme developed smallpox—and smallpox of a very bad type, too. You can imagine what a bad thing that was on a crowded ship, crowded just like this, only a smaller ship, so that we really couldn't possibly isolate the case properly. The doctor was very serious about it, but even if he hadn't been, I had my orders from the Company about what I was to do in such a case, and they were to 'land the patient as soon as possible.' It seemed cruel, but even if I had not had orders, I'm not sure I wouldn't have done just the same. We were in the Canal when this happened, in the hottest, most stagnant kind of weather you can well imagine, and glad I was, for the sake of my passen-

gers, that we were so near Port Said. The doctor and I were sad, though, for the poor lady, knowing it was small chance she'd have in a place like that — but he declared she was in such a bad way that it wouldn't make much difference in the long-run. In the meantime, by threats and bribes, we induced one of the stewardesses to look after her—and hoped for the best.

"Naturally all this made a great stir among the rest of the passengers. They were all concerned, even those who hadn't liked Mrs Delorme,—but the most upset of all was Mrs Carthew. She is a very sympathetic woman, and most kind-hearted—one of those women who find nothing too hard to do for any one who is ill; and I suppose she had besides been pretty well hating Mrs Delorme, and *this* threw her right into the other extreme. She volunteered at once to nurse her, but naturally I was not going to hear of that, and there was no need for it either, as there was the stewardess.

"When we reached Port Said I signalled for a doctor, and it wasn't long before he came on board, and I felt worse than ever about leaving Mrs Delorme. Not that he was a bad sort of little fellow—indeed, from what I hear of him now, I believe that he was most kind, but he was what we call a Dago—half Portuguese, you know, and he owned that the hospital was not up to date, or really fit for an Englishwoman. However, there was nothing else for it, so the ship's

doctor went to get his patient ready for the move. I pitied him most sincerely, poor fellow, especially when the stewardess absolutely refused to be left at Port Said. She had seen the little Dago doctor, and that settled her, and of course we couldn't make her stay against her will; indeed, I had strained a point when I proposed it, and was wondering what the owners would say.

"We were at our wits' end, the two doctors and I, and it was pitiful to hear poor Mrs Delorme sobbing, and alternately imploring me not to send her on shore, or the stewardess to stay with her. It was then that Mrs Carthew came on the scene. She walked up to me with her hat and coat on, and a little bag in her hand, and said, quite as though it was an everyday affair to take charge of a woman dying of smallpox in a place like Port Said, that *she* was going to stay with Mrs Delorme. I was really very short with her at first, and the doctors and I assured her that she couldn't be allowed to do such a thing, and that if she were allowed, it would be a useless risk, as Mrs Delorme was most unlikely to recover. But she only said it wasn't a question of being 'allowed.' No one had any right to stop her. And then she asked what did we propose to do if we did stop her; and she had us there, for indeed we did not know what to do. I was called away for a moment, and then she took the matter into her own

hands. She ran to Mrs Delorme's cabin, dropped on her knees beside the poor sick crying thing, and putting her arms round her, said, 'Don't cry, I'm coming with you. I'll take care of you, I promise you.'

"I stood at the door and saw it all," said the Captain. "Oh, but she was a pretty creature then——" He stopped, evidently thinking of the change.

"And she went, and she caught it?" said my wife breathlessly.

"Yes, we left her with Mrs Delorme at Port Said. I don't remember ever feeling worse in my life than when I watched the tug going off with those two young women, and only the little half-caste doctor in charge, —and yet I don't know now what else we could have done. . . . I was due for leave when the ship reached England, and so I didn't come this way for some months, and though I'd written both to Mrs Carthew and the doctor, I'd heard nothing of her. Next time I called in he told me that Mrs Delorme died soon after we left her, and that Mrs Carthew caught smallpox and had the horrible complaint very badly, but that she had recovered and gone home. He said she was marked, but I had no idea it was as bad as this. I had not seen her from the day I watched her go off with Mrs Delorme until she came on board the other day, and then I hardly recognised her. Well, perhaps that's rather an exaggeration,

but she is certainly terribly changed."

We sat silent a little, thinking over what we had heard, and fitting in the facts with what we had seen for ourselves of Mrs Carthew. No one said how brave we thought she had been. It was one of the things which go without saying, — but presently Mrs Raymond said thoughtfully:

"What strikes me as curious is that a woman who could show such courage should be apparently really rather morbid now? You know," she added, addressing herself more directly to the captain, "she is not really a bit disagreeable to look at—at least I don't think so, especially since I've heard her story, and it spoils the whole thing that she should be so overwhelmed, as it were, by her appearance. I don't want to seem hard, but that's the way it strikes me."

The captain shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "She's *new* to it, you see—and you may say what you like, but looks do make a great difference to a woman, especially when she is among strangers. All the same, it's not *that* she feels so much. It's meeting her husband again that she's breaking her heart over. Her mother brought her on board, and she told me that they'd only been married six months, and that she'd put off, and put off, going back to him, hoping that she'd get more like herself. It isn't as though they were old married people, you see,—it was a hurried marriage, a case of 'love at

first sight'; and then at the end of six months he was ordered on to the Frontier—one of those places where women are not allowed, and he had to send her home. She hasn't much to go upon; but if among you you can buck her up a bit, it'll be a great thing. If you had only seen her before, you'd understand better."

I suppose that night that every young married woman on the ship wanted her husband to assure her that whatever happened to her looks, *nothing* could make him love her less. At least, Marjorie awoke me in the middle of the night to make me vow that I was that impossibility—a man incapable of change. "It all depends," she murmured, as, reassured, she settled herself comfortably to sleep again, "on what kind of a man Major Carthew is."

Lindsay said the same thing again as we paced the wet decks together the next morning. He had listened in silence to the captain's story, and had wandered off without making any comment, leaving the rest of us to talk it over; and now, being a man of few words, he said but little,—indeed, I doubt if he would have mentioned the subject at all if I had not started it.

"I can't believe that any man would go back on a woman who had acted as Mrs Carthew acted," he said slowly. "He should be proud of her. And what do 'looks' matter? No man worth call-

ing a man would let it make any difference."

"Perhaps not let her *see* that it did," I amended. "But if he feels different, she will know it,"—and Lindsay answered nothing.

It began from that day, in small ways, gradually, slowly, little by little—the recovery of Mrs Carthew; and it was Lindsay who did it all. We all tried: we refused to be rebuffed by her shyness; we refused to notice that she shrank from us, that she wanted to be left alone,—we insisted that she should join in the deck-quoits and other games. We made much of her, but it was Lindsay who succeeded best. He was a shy man, too, and I do not know how it was done, how he became so intimate with her; or when it was that she began to rely on him, to turn to him naturally for all the little services which some one must give to the woman who is travelling alone.

I can remember now the day when I first heard her laugh. She soon learnt to smile again; but that morning something that he had said made her laugh—a real merry, spontaneous, amused laugh—like a girl. Lindsay looked at her curiously, I thought, in a puzzled, half-satisfied way, and I wondered what it was that he had said to amuse her so much. Presently he got up and walked away, and I heard her laugh again quite five minutes later.

You cannot imagine the difference there was in Mrs

Carthew after that; no one could help being surprised who had seen her at the beginning of the voyage; and now, when we were only a few days from Bombay, she really was like another woman. What Marjorie called "the waiting look" was very rarely seen now,—human intercourse, and knowing that her changed looks, her poor marred face, made no difference to all of us, who after all were only the chance companions of a voyage, had worked the change. No doubt she argued that surely her husband would be no harder to please. And happiness had really improved her appearance. She had thrown the blue veil aside long ago—and I am sure she thought less and less of her disfigurement, especially during the long hours when she talked or walked with Lindsay. Watching them, I wondered sometimes if he were overdoing the thing; and then, remembering the good fellow he was, and knowing the motives of his chivalrous attentions, I cursed myself for a suspicious cynic.

Mrs Carthew only once spoke of her dread of the meeting with her husband, and that was when she was low and depressed, after a day spent nursing a bad headache in the seclusion of her cabin. To Marjorie, sitting on the edge of her berth, she told something of her fears.

"Fred," she said, "is one of those men who can't bear plain women. I remember hearing him say that all ugly women

should be drowned." She shivered a little as she spoke, and Marjorie put an arm round her, I know. "I wrote to him," she went on, "that people couldn't *bear* to look at me now—I thought I'd better prepare him for the worst,—but that's hardly true, is it? —I'm not so bad as that," she asked humbly—and you may be certain that Marjorie gave her the asked-for assurance.

"She showed me his portrait, too," said my indignant wife, when she described this interview to me later. "And I don't think him good-looking a bit! The cheek of saying that 'plain women' should be drowned! I'd drown him. Why shouldn't women be plain as well as men, if they choose?" she demanded indignantly, and then added, "But what can you expect of a man called Frederick? I'm thankful I didn't marry a Frederick, anyway."

"It wasn't his fault, poor chap," I said, in a smothered voice—for Marjorie, who was really upset, had thrown herself into my arms. "It was his godfathers and his godmothers. It might have happened to me,"—but Marjorie only said it couldn't, and kissed me again.

And in due time we came to the last evening, the end of our first voyage—and in the kind half-light Marjorie and I sat very close, talking of the life we were to lead in this wonderful land, which was all strange and new to her, and thinking too how good it was that we should be always together, when all these people by whom

we were surrounded, and with whom we had become so intimate, would have scattered far and wide, each to play their part on the great Anglo-Indian stage. The end of a voyage always makes one think somehow; but most of all we thought of Mrs Carthew, and of the meeting with her husband, which was now so near.

"She must be feeling very anxious—I hope she'll sleep well, and wear her black hat, it suits her best," murmured Marjorie inconsequently, answering part of my thought—"but I wish it had been Captain Lindsay." What things women will say, even the best of them. I had thought so too, but I would never have said it, and I told her so.

It seemed to me that the coolies came on board clamouring for baggage before we'd had half a night's rest, and even for that half-night the cranes working, bringing up things from the hold, had troubled our slumbers. What with helping Marjorie to cram our swollen belongings into our cabin-trunks, collecting the rest of our boxes, filling in Customs papers, tipping stewards, and all the fuss of disembarkation, I had been so busy that I had almost forgotten Mrs Carthew and her affairs; and it was only when everything was finished and, hot and tired, I made my way on deck for a breath of fresh air, that I remembered her, and wondered if her husband had come on board. Passing her cabin, I heard the murmur of voices, and a woman's

strange voice speaking in pitying accents. It struck me as curious.

Surely Carthew must have come? He could not have failed her on such an occasion. And then, while a suggestion of something wrong, wrought by the chance sound of a woman's voice, was fresh in my mind, my wife met me.

"Dick," she whispered in awe-struck tones, "Major Carthew is dead. . . . He died of enteric a week ago. Mrs Carthew's sister is with her now—she came to meet her, to break the news to her. Oh, Dick—isn't it awful?"

It certainly seemed so, but even then, when the news was bewildering in its suddenness—remembering the scraps of information that I had gathered about the poor fellow—I wondered?

My wife reported to me later that Mrs Carthew seemed half-stunned, and sat bewildered, saying again and again, "He will never see me now, he will never know;" and sorry though I was for her, I could not help speculating whether to her, too, this final solution of her problem might not hold some hint of relief.

I did not see her again then, or for some years after, for her sister took her on shore at once (there was nothing to wait for any more), and they left by that night's mail for Delhi—while Marjorie and I went south the same evening.

Twelve months and more passed before the sequel to Mrs Carthew's story could be written. I remember the date

well, for our eldest son was just two months old, and Marjorie was celebrating his birthday—for at that time she counted his birthdays by the month. It was a very hot day in April, and when I came back from barracks I was astonished to see her in the veranda waiting for me, too impatient even to remain quietly under the punka. She was evidently in a great state of excitement too, for she began to speak before I was half-way up the steps.

"Dick," she said, seizing me by the arm and shaking me in her eagerness. "Something really splendid has happened! Guess."

"Some one going to be married, I suppose," I hazarded, feeling safe to be right, for I knew nothing else interested her so much.

"How did you know?" she asked, rather crestfallen. And then, "But you'll never guess who. Just listen to this," and she read from the '*Pioneer*':

"'At Delhi, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Charles Mattison, Captain Guy Lindsay, Royal Horse Artillery, to Mary Car-

thew, widow of Major Carthew—Bengal Cavalry, and second daughter of the late Colonel Harris, Royal Engineers, and of Mrs Harris, The Holme, Buckinghamshire.'"

We met the Lindsays some years later, when we were on leave in Kashmir. They had settled down, like ourselves, into sober married people, with children to educate and not too much to do it on, which gives plenty to think of without worrying about looks, and I must say I never knew a happier couple. It is true that Mrs Lindsay's placid face could never again be fair to see—but then she was a picture of contentment, and that carries a charm of its own, and the "waiting look" we had known so well was gone for ever. As for Lindsay, he was just the same good fellow, sparing in speech, kind in deed as before, and, as was only right and proper, kindest of all to her who had once been "*The Lady in the Blue Veil*."

"I told you so," said my irrepressible wife. "I always said it should be Major Lindsay."

A. M. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

BEATEN TRACKS.

OUTSIDE, there is a dazzle of blinding sunshine on the white gravel of the station platform, and on the purple clusters of the *bougainvillea* that forms the invariable adornment of all Indian railway stations. Three or four brother officers, clad in the white raiment of the tropics, are standing by the door of the carriage in which we are seated. Behind them is gathered a group of Indian gentlemen, attired in all the colours of the rainbow. In the background is a large concourse of friends and dependents in the humbler walks of life. All are assembled to do the last honours to the departing, according to the prescribed ritual. Inside the carriage is a whirring of electric fans, a sensation of heat and dustiness, and an intolerable smell of marigolds, arising from the garlands which, upon such occasions, are cast about the necks of the victims. A vague feeling of tension is in the air. I feel somehow that I am looking a fool. The idea is not dispelled by a glimpse of myself reflected in the carriage looking-glass, and strengthens to conviction when I turn my eyes to the well-loved figure of my wife, about whose neck clings a wreath of horticultural horrors only less appalling than that with which my own is adorned.

A feeble joke or two is cracked, and we all laugh with unnatural heartiness. The guard comes to say that time

is up, and the portly station-master bids us farewell. The flag waves, and the whistle blows. The lumbering train begins to move. A more natural expression steals over the faces of the official mourners upon the platform and the groups begin to disperse. A hand or two is waved in natural kindly farewell, and we sink back into our seats with a sigh of relief—not unmingled with regret.

So this is the end of it all—of thirty years' exile and toil, failure and success, sweet and bitter,—a long vista of labour enlivened with much good sport in good company, and the making of many pleasant friendships with many men of many races, professions, and creeds. My mind harks back to the earlier years of my service and their promise, when, for a space, it seemed that all official citadels were to fall before the blasts of my trumpets, and the seats of the mighty were speedily to be mine. Well, well—

Amphora coepit

Institui, currente rota cur urceus exit?

Better men than I ere now have had perforce to slake the thirst of their ambition from a pint-pot, and amid many recollections of things that might perhaps well have been otherwise, there remains some satisfaction in duty done, and in honest endeavour which, one may hope, cannot be altogether wasted.

Le roi est mort, vive le roi! Another Commissioner reigns in my stead, and will soon, no doubt, after the manner of new brooms, be busy correcting the mistakes of his predecessor. Like the well bullock released from toil, I sniff the air, and begin dimly to realise my own freedom. So this is the end of it all—and, but for some of those friendships above mentioned, for the thought of one small grave beneath a tall tamarind-tree by a wayside rest-house, the familiar breath of the dawn breeze blowing across the broad river through the open doors of what we still naturally think of as “our house,” and a vision of one or two familiar and well-loved jungle camping-grounds, I am not sorry to bid farewell to the scenes where my life’s work, such as it is, has been done.

The Indian Civil Service, to which I have the honour to belong,—like every other service that ever I heard of,—is, of course, steadily going to the dogs. But there are still some of the right stamp to be found among the younger generation, and so long as that can be said, so long as the politicians at home are not too flagrantly foolish or too rampantly dishonest, I suppose the much-enduring Empire of British India will continue to hang together somehow. At all events it is no business of mine now.

The days of the Nabobs have departed, and though we have much to draw us homewards, the early spring is a poor time of year to arrive

in England and set up house amid the many discomforts which narrow means there entail. So before we start on our final voyage we have decided to hasten slowly and see once again some of those wonders which travellers come to India from all the world to look upon, and which we of the Imperial working class have so often to leave unvisited.

A breath of morning air, keener than any we have tasted for many a long day, a glimpse of an unfamiliar landscape of endless plains, with the dew glistening upon miles of tiny fields, smiling with green crops beneath the orient sun, and our leisurely mail train has come to a halt at a wayside station. A knock on the carriage door tells that Futteh Khan, the invaluable, the last of our retainers, thinks it is time for us to be getting up, and has brought hot tea to convince us of the fact. A curious character is Futteh Khan, the undisputed master of our household: a Pathan by race, and nearly as much of a stranger amongst our simple peasantry as we are ourselves, alien from them in faith and habits of life, he has always known how to make himself respected, and to exercise the Pathan’s gift of getting work done—preferably by some one else. For years he has followed my fortunes. My affairs are, I am sure, well known to him; but he and his are scarcely less inscrutable to me than when we first foregathered.

A wife he has, I know, and I have seen two of his children. But he keeps his family away up in the north, somewhere near Peshawar, I believe, and visits them only for two months in the year, when he takes his annual holiday, leaving us with a host of injunctions about household matters, and returning, generally before his time is up, with the air of one who has done his duty. He is always respectful, and has never shown the mistress of the house how utterly superfluous he considers her directions. My orders he receives with deference, and he calls himself my servant. But upon more than one occasion he has proved himself my friend, and in all matters of domestic routine we know him to be our master. So his present injunction not to dawdle, lest Delhi find us unprepared, is promptly and cheerfully obeyed, and by the time that the train thunders on to the mile-long bridge over the shrunken waters of the Jumna, we are ready and at leisure to regard the outside world.

A wonderful prospect meets our eyes. North and south the river stretches—a bar of silver between banks of white sand, dotted here and there with clumps of green trees. Beyond, on one side can be discerned the long, low line of the historic ridge, on the other are the clustered houses and close-packed tenements of the great city. In the foreground are the grim bastions of Salimgarh, and the cyclopean walls of Shah Jahan's great

red sandstone fort, with their fairy bordering of marble pavilions. Behind these can be seen the round domes and soaring minarets of the huge mosque built by the same king, and towering high above everything, modern, utilitarian, and unsightly, are the six gigantic masts which support the wireless installation. Here and there still hangs a swathe of morning mist, and as we draw nearer the city the air is pervaded with the faint, unmistakable, not unpleasant aroma that marks all Indian habitations—a blend of wood-smoke, spices, burnt cow-dung, tobacco, grain, cattle, and humanity. Before we are well aware, our train is off the bridge, through a concealed aperture in the walls of Salimgarh, and drawing up in the station, where we descend amid the seething turmoil of the arrival platform.

The question where the new capital was to be located was at the time of our visit still unsettled, and the Government of India was for the time being in temporary quarters near the circuit-house, occupied by the Viceroy, on the eastern slopes of the ridge. Of the drive from the station, of the kindly welcome that awaited us, and of the joys of bath and breakfast after a night in the train, there is no occasion to speak here. We were not idle during our stay in Delhi, and I would tell only of matters of general interest. We had hired a motor-car for the period of our visit, and when, about eleven

o'clock, its arrival was announced, we were all ready to start, and felt that if our age had as yet produced no sights worth going to see in Delhi, it had anyhow invented a means of conveyance to the noble remnants of antiquity, which the Great Moghul himself might have envied.

Even the least careful of drivers—and ours seemed to have no excessive bump of caution—must swing his car slowly round the curve of the road that passes beneath the battered Kashmir Gate, and even the most heedless of tourists cannot fail to see the tablet there erected to the memory of the brave men who fell there. What a scene it must have been in the steamy dawn of that historic 14th September, when the explosion party had done its work, and the bugles rang for the assault! But in a moment we are through the gate and alighting at the doors of a treasure-house (one of the most notable shops in the world), where the wonders displayed put even the Mutiny out of mind. Persian carpets, ivories, lacquer, carvings, swords, armour, curios from all the lands of all the East, are courteously displayed for our inspection, and very soon we begin to feel as Bilkis, Queen of Sheba, felt in the house of King Solomon. By the way, there is a curious little story in the Koran about that famous visit. As may be discerned by a careful reader of our more meagre biblical narrative, it was a case of love at first sight between Bilkis and her royal host. So the

King feasted her and displayed the wonders of his house to her, and, manlike, rejoiced to show off his wisdom before her. All was going merry as a marriage bell, when some nameless backbiter in the suite of one or other monarch, who perhaps had reasons of his own for disliking the intending alliance, put about a rumour, which, of course, as it was meant to do, speedily reached the ears of King Solomon. It caused no small anxiety to the King, as well it might. The Queen's loveliness, so ran this shameless story, was marred by a hideous growth of goat's hair, which grew upon her shapely legs. The tale seemed to emanate from credible sources, and to test its veracity was a delicate matter. But to marry a lady with goat's hair—Bah! the idea was intolerable! What was a gentleman to do? The King passed an uneasy night, and the royal temper suffered. So, next day, did the royal entourage. But that was of little consequence. A second night's reflection proved more fruitful, and very early in the morning the King had recourse to his mighty ministers—the Jinns. When that day the Queen entered the hall of audience by her accustomed door, lo! all the chivalry of Israel was assembled, and the King was seated on his throne of state upon the royal dais. But to-day, between the door and the dais, where yesterday there had been only the polished marble floor, there ran, or seemed to run, a crystal limpid stream. Bilkis was non-

plussed, but this was no place to show it. So overcoming her natural feminine dislike for wet feet, and resolving at the same time that at any rate her best petticoat should not suffer, she stepped briskly forward. She reached the stream's margin, and there, like Lizzy Lindsay in the Highland song, "she kilted her petticoat up to the knee," and put her best foot foremost. To her surprise she walked on dry footed. For the stream was not of real water, but of glass, *divinum opus*, the work of Solomon's Jinns. Before she had recovered from her amazement, the King had solved his dilemma, and rumour was once more discovered to be a lying jade. They were married without delay, and thereafter, we read, Solomon was accustomed to visit her in her own country for three days in each month. This may not sound an ideal of wedded bliss perhaps. But if the scriptural scribe's account of the King's harem and the number of its inmates is to be trusted, Bilkis at any rate had more than her share of his company.

I could not but regret that no representation of this picturesque incident was to be found among the water-colour paintings by Persian artists which we saw in the treasure-house. The merits of Persian poetry have long been recognised in Europe, but I have never come across any critic bold enough to speak in praise of Persian paintings. The collection in the treasure-house, which numbered about twenty specimens, might perhaps con-

vince the sceptical. The artists' names have not been placed upon record, but we were told that the pictures were between two and three hundred years old. Each picture was about as large as a cabinet photograph, and they were painted with great strength of conception and surprising delicacy of execution. The perspective, no doubt, to Western eyes seemed queer; but the figures were in all cases well designed and drawn, and for all the marvellous elaboration of detail, each picture was a finished and balanced composition. For the most part the paintings were illustrative of incidents recounted in the 'Bo'stan' and 'Gulistan' of Sa'adi. One scene in particular lives clearly in my memory. The picture presents a clear stream of blue water rising from a distant range of hills and running over a shingly bed in bold sweeps and turns. Every ripple on the surface, every boulder in the river-bed, and every pebble on its banks is daintily portrayed. In the foreground, on the right bank, a gaily-clad cavalier, mounted upon a white horse with a jewelled saddle-cloth, and attended by running footmen in rich liveries, is watching two fishermen at work upon the opposite shore, where lies a garden full of trees laden with golden oranges and scarlet pomegranates. Each fisherman holds one end of a large net, which has been cast into the river and is bellied out below the surface by the force of the

current. In the net struggles a gigantic fish with gleaming scales and fierce red eyes. In the distance, behind the garden, stands a white building of handsome aspect with latticed zenana windows. What the story may have been I do not know. But surely no very lively imagination is needed to build an Eastern tale of such material.

But the treasure-house is no place for a poor man to linger in. Let him come away as I did, thanks to my wife, no poorer than he entered. And when he has done so, let him console himself, as I did, by the thought that even had he indulged his fancy, he must still have had cause for regret in that he left the remainder of the shop unpurchased.

A word to the chauffeur—a cheery if apparently somewhat homicidal soul—and the car glides on, past John Skinner's church, and past the building that once was the library of the gifted Prince Dara Shikoh, the Moghul Marcellus. Later it became the British Residency, and is now a school for the training of teachers. A few paces farther on stands the telegraph office, with an obelisk in front of it, on one side of which is an inscription recording the fact that in 1857 "the electric telegraph saved India." Those who have seen or felt the paralysing effect of continual telegraphic instructions will be glad to know that space has been left

on the reverse for a companion inscription which may hereafter come to be engraven, to the effect that India was subsequently lost by the same agency! Beyond the telegraph office stands the gateway of the old powder magazine, preserved as a memorial to "the nine resolute Englishmen" who in May 1857, after defending the magazine to the last, blew it up and themselves with it, lest its contents should fall into the hands of the enemy. All this is familiar ground and needs no re-description. The car dives beneath the railway bridge and we turn sharp to the right towards the station, out through the gardens on our left, and in a moment are entering, near the town hall, the Chandni Chouk, or Street of Silver, the main bazaar of the city.

The throng of traffic and foot-passengers walking in the roadway, none of whom can apparently see the car unless they also hear its horn, or hear its horn unless they also see the car, three or four narrow escapes of disaster and my earnest adjurations to the driver have their effect, and that joyous creature is content to move less recklessly.

On this side is the spot where in September 1857, in the face of a threatening crowd, not one of whom dared lift a finger against him, Lieutenant Hodson, attended only by a few Indian troopers, tried, sentenced, and executed the Delhi princes.¹ Within a

¹ That is, if Hodson's version of the incident is to be accepted. It is not contended that the action was justified, but simply that it was done.

stone's-throw of it stands the house from which, in December 1912, in the presence of an enthusiastic concourse of loyal citizens, and all the might, majesty, dominion, and power of the British Empire, a bomb was thrown at Lord Hardinge, with wellnigh fatal effect, by the hand of an assassin who was not arrested at the time, and is not likely to be so now. But before we have time to pursue to its probably erroneous conclusion the train of thought suggested by these two incidents, an opening in the traffic gives our irrepressible driver his chance. Away we go once more at top speed. By the grace of God we reach the steps leading up to the Jama Masjid without accident, and there alight. "Surely you are favoured of Heaven," say I to the driver, "else had the stain of innocent blood been upon your hands." "Nay, sahib," he replies with a pleasant smile, "innocent blood in all this city there is none—save that of little children, of whom I am ever careful. Be pleased also to reflect that to-day is Friday, and the hour lacks a quarter of one. Now shall the sahibs see a sight worthy of seeing, and I too shall be in time for the prayers."

Futteh Khan, who has been adorning the front seat beside the driver, attired in a coat of an outrageous check, which he always wears when travelling, and has been brought with us partly for the good of his soul and partly to look after our

luncheon, at this seeks permission of me, by a glance, to break silence. He takes his religion very seriously, does Futteh Khan. "Since when hast thou learnt the Kalama?"¹ says he to the driver, a trifle contemptuously. I find the question echoed in my own thoughts. For the man has all the appearance of a low-caste Hindu of the upper Gangetic plain. His smile becomes a little sheepish at this, and he gives no answer to Futteh Khan. But as we mount the great steps I find occasion to hang back a little, foreseeing a confidence. My expectation is rewarded, and I learn that our driver's conversion dates from a fairly recent accident. That he was then in the service of a Hindu *Raja*, and that the victim was a sacred cow, appeared to be not wholly irrelevant details.

Marvelling at the adaptability of the human intellect, I hasten to catch up my wife, and we pause beneath the great gateway at the top of the staircase, and gaze into the dazzling brightness of the huge courtyard of red sandstone. Scores of worshippers are entering as we stand there, and passing to the tank in the centre of the court, there to perform ceremonial ablutions. Futteh Khan and the convert take leave of us and hurry off with the throng. The covered portion of the mosque is already crowded with the faithful, and the later comers have perforce to be content with places in the

court, in the full glare of the sun. More keep pouring in every minute, but for all their numbers the great court seems still wellnigh empty. A soft-spoken Khadim¹ steals up to us. He suggests that we shall see better and more comfortably from an upper chamber in the tower over the gateway, and thither we follow him. As we go I question him about the numbers of those attending service, and he tells us that last Friday between twelve and thirteen thousand persons had been present, and that to-day there will be still more. The war in the Balkans, it seems, has had a very reviving effect on the followers of the prophet in Delhi, and many come eagerly to pray for the success of the Turkish arms who seem heedless about their own salvation. With that he leaves us ensconced in a niche over the gateway, whence we can see, ourselves unseen. We are comfortably seated and in the shade, but in the open air and well away from the worshippers. So there is no need to keep silence. We agree that the Khadim's estimate must be grossly exaggerated, but a brief reckoning of the crowds that still continue to pour in makes us very soon mentally beg his pardon. Time passes. A Muezzin raises his voice, intoning the well-known call to prayer, and the service begins. Faith, as I take it, is a thing to be respected, wherever it is found, and I admit that the sight

of that magnificent building of red sandstone and white marble, packed with that vast multitude clad in all the colours of the rainbow, and all moving as one man through the prescribed office, was to me very impressive. I find myself too murmuring the formula: "Allahu akbar. La ilaha ilillah, wa Muhammad ur rasul ul illah." "God is greatest. There is no god but God, and Muhammad is the prophet of God." Was there after all nothing but imposture in the wily old camel-driver of Medina? "*Magna est veritas, et praevalerebit,*" we cry, with a touching belief in the ultimate discernment of oft-deceived humanity. But it must be admitted that the process is very slow and the triumph of truth tardy. If imposture be such perishable stuff, how comes it that thousands still go gladly to their death on the strength of the deceiver's word, and thousands more have suffered agonies sooner than break the commandments of which he professed and perhaps believed himself to be the mouthpiece?

My dear wife, Heaven bless her, has her faults like the rest of us. But at the arrangement of a picnic luncheon she is unrivalled. Within half an hour of our departure from the great mosque, as dainty a meal as the heart of hungry traveller could desire was laid out in the shade of a cool green mango-tree at a convenient dis-

¹ One who does Khidmat or service—i.e., in a specialised sense, one who attends visitors to a sacred building.

tance from the *Mattrā* road, and the heat, dust, flies, and discomforts of the great city were speedily forgotten.

There are, I believe, in the plain where modern Delhi, the city of Shah Jahan, stands, the remains of thirteen or fourteen separate cities, not counting the new Jerusalem which the Government of India is at present contriving. And, apart from the ruins of great citadels, for miles the ground is covered with the remnants of dwellings and mosques and tombs and temples, and all the wreckage of former civilisations, where, though lions are wanting, the contemplative wanderer may see many lizards as he ponders over the glories of the past. Were I to essay but the briefest mention only of all the buildings of the first importance, I should certainly exhaust all patience both in myself and my readers. So I will attempt no connected account of all that we saw in those golden days at Delhi, nor of the much more that we did not see but have read about. Let us merely pick a bit here and there as the kaleidoscope of memory presents them.

Not far from the spot which we had chosen for our meal a turning on the left hand leaves the main road at a sharp angle. Round this the homicide, his soul refreshed by prayer, lightly swings the car, and points to a great dome of white marble appearing in the distance over some nearer stone buildings, themselves stately in decay. The dome is that which crowns the tomb of the Moghul Emperor Humayun. The road

skirts a lofty stone wall, and at its end turns sharply to the right. We find ourselves in face of a handsome portico of red sandstone, flanked on either hand by a wall of the same material, with a turret at each corner. Behind us, too, is another noble gateway that leads into the building by which we have been passing. It is known as the Arab Serai, and in old days the Emperor's Arab bodyguard was there accommodated. Our predecessors in India may have had faulty notions about sanitation: but their barracks were certainly more imposing than ours. We alight from the car, and mounting a short flight of broad steps pass towards the tomb through the sandstone portico. It gives access to a peaceful garden of green grass, soft trees, and rectangular red-earth paths, with a red sandstone fountain in the middle. The little grey squirrels frisk and twitter to and fro, while all the air is filled with the gentle coo of doves. At the far end of the garden stands the great tomb. A gigantic platform of red sandstone, its near side adorned with a row of white marble arches, raises the whole edifice well above its surroundings. In the middle of the platform, and built of the same material, stands the mausoleum itself, strong, square, but with the corners smoothed off. In the centre of the side turned towards us is a great pointed arch, set into a rectangular façade, and embellished with pale fawn-coloured stone, and lavish decoration of grey and

white marble. On either side of this is a similar but smaller arch, giving access to the domed apartments which surround the central chamber, and are fenced from it and from one another by latticed screens of white marble. The flat roof is adorned with red sandstone cupolas surrounding the great white central dome. A small minaret of grey and white marble marks each angle of the outer wall. There is a great strength and nobility about the whole building, which make it rank high even amongst the tombs of the Moghuls.

I have never come across any memoirs of the Emperor Humayun, such as were kept by his father and grandson and render them such outstanding figures across the gulf of years. But the Fates were kind enough to pour a wholesome portion of misfortune into Humayun's cup, and his life was perhaps the most interesting of them all. Even before the death of his father he had commanded armies with success, and had added more than one province to the empire. A brief reign of less than nine years, and he was an exile, fleeing before the Afghan usurper, the great Sher Shah. It was early in this period, while the fugitive emperor was in a desert camp beside the Indus, that a son, Akbar, the greatest of the Moghuls, was born to him, the issue of a Hindu queen. For sixteen years Humayun remained in Persia before he dared again to invade India. Then he returned, and at

the battle of Sirhind, largely through the youthful prowess of his son, won back his empire. After the victory he came straight to Delhi, took up his quarters in what is now known as the Purana Kila (the Old Fort), a massive agglomeration of buildings—fort, palace, and citadel—about a mile to the north of where his tomb now stands. This stronghold he had himself designed, and its foundations were laid before his departure into exile. But, though courtly historians have recorded otherwise, it was no doubt completed during his absence under the direction of the usurper, whose great mosque still stands there as an enduring monument of his short reign. Humayun must have found it very pleasant on his return to go round the place, marking how his designs had been modified or completed by his rival, and planning further improvements.

But no long triumph was to be his. He had scarce rested from the fatigues of his campaign, when Ramazan, the month of fasting, during which no good Mussulman takes bite or sup between sunrise and sunset, drew round again. The old king, perhaps as a thank-offering for his restoration, observed the fast rigorously. But like the rest of his co-religionists he had small taste for works of supererogation, and watched eagerly for the new moon that should bring the term of his penance. In his joy at seeing it, he slipped in descending from the high place whither he had

gone up to look for it,—the roof of the royal library,—fell, and broke his neck, and was taken up dead. The place still stands much as it must have been then, and is clearly visible even from the high-road, towering above the walls of the Purana Kila. So King Humayun rested with his fathers, and Akbar his son reigned in his stead. The tomb was built by Humayun's widow, who herself occupies a small and inconspicuous grave in one corner of the building, still waiting upon her lord and master in death as in life.

But, as elsewhere in Delhi, in the tomb of Humayun that which speaks most eloquently to the discerning is a relic of the Mutiny. The circular apartments which surround the central chamber are, as we have said, rounded off by marble screens of lattice-work. In the turmoil that followed the fall of the city in September 1857, Bahadur Shah, the last King of Delhi, made his escape with his sons and a small band of attendants, and took refuge in the tomb of Humayun. He was introduced by some secret way into a small cupboard-like *cul-de-sac* behind one of these screens, and there concealed. Information of his flight was, however, speedily given to the conquerors, and Hodson, with one other British officer and a troop of Indian cavalry, was at once in pursuit. Opposition was overawed by the cool daring of the pursuers. The attendants were disarmed and the King's hiding-place was disclosed. The screen was

broken for the hasty removal of the poor old fugitive, and the break remains visible to perpetuate within one building the fall as well as the rise of the Moghul dynasty.

Over against Humayun's tomb, on the other side of the highway from Delhi to Mattra, is the shrine and tomb of the famous Muhammadan saint Nizam-ud-Din, Aulia. It is one of the chief resorts of Muhammadan pilgrimage in all India, and, as it dates from the fourteenth century, was already of a respectable antiquity ere Baber laid siege to Delhi and planted the foundations of the Moghul empire. Its architecture is of the style known to experts as the Middle Pathan. Fine, stern, strong, vigorous men were these early Pathan invaders of India, who passed their days in warring with the infidel and spread a network of Muhammadan kingdoms over all the land of the idolaters. And their buildings are like unto them, so that, amid many differences, we of the West, when we look upon them, feel ourselves yet somehow in the presence of a spirit that is vaguely familiar. What is in our minds is, I suppose, our recollection of Norman buildings in our own country, with their incomparable strength and simplicity. If architecture be the expression in stone of the souls of men, such likeness as exists between the Norman and the Pathan may perhaps be ascribed to the similarity of the circumstances in which

these two warrior races were cast. And though the loftier ideals and purer morality of the Norsemen impart to their work a grandeur which the Pathan buildings lack—at least in our eyes—the latter have yet a source of interest that is wanting to the Norman. For the Pathan mosques and tombs, while expressing in their nobility of conception and unity of design the stern monotheism of the minds that created them, were in point of fact actually built by the hands of subject Hindus. And it is curious to note how the exuberant fancy and lavish ornament of the subjects—a people of a riotously polytheistic imagination—everywhere in the execution of all details, modify, mar, and yet embellish the simple conceptions of their conquerors.

All this can be better seen at other places than in the buildings of Nizam-ud-Din's shrine, which the piety of successive ages has adorned with some very tawdry decoration. The chief interest of the place, apart from the story of the founder, of which more anon, centres in the number of graves tenanted by later scions of the Moghul dynasty who there lie buried. Even if the history of the later Moghuls were lost to us, we could surely read in this a sure indication of decline and fall. For when princes seek protection of this nature for their bones, it seems clear that the sceptre of earthly dominion must have been slip-

ping from their grasp. On all alike the epitaph,

“Badshah-i-alam
Az Dehli ta Palam,”¹

might have been inscribed. Of all these now almost nameless sepulchres huddled together to enjoy the sanctity of the saint's proximity, like travellers about a fire, one makes a special appeal. This is the last resting-place of the princess Jahanara Begam, the unwedded daughter of Shah Jahan, and the companion of the nine years' captivity which he endured at the hands of his son. The grave consists of a marble block hollowed out so as to form a receptacle for earth in which grass is planted. At the north side (and so out of the direct line towards Mecca) stands a handsome headstone, on which are engraved Persian verses of the princess's own composition—

“Let green grass only conceal my
grave,
For grass is the best covering for the
grave of the meek.”

It is a pretty idea, and curiously enough finds expression not only over the grave of Jahanara, but also at the tomb of her sister Roshanara, who lies buried in a beautiful garden a few miles west of Delhi, and again at the burial-place of her brother, the emperor Aurangzeb, the last of the great Moghuls, who lies sleeping his last sleep in a nameless village near Aurangabad, eight hundred miles or more away to

¹ “King of the world—from Delhi to Palam,” a village about ten miles from the capital.

the southward, on the marches of the empire whose disruption he so greatly hastened. The two sisters and their brother were divided in their lives, but in death they are thus strangely united. Their ancestors of the preceding five generations lie in state in mausoleums whose magnificence the world cannot surpass. These three seem, as it were, with one accord to have departed from the family tradition. Perhaps it is not too fanciful to picture them in the early days, ere bitterness had come between them, debating the matter in a nursery parliament, such as children love to hold, and deciding, in the phrase long after used by Aurangzeb, that for their resting-places the handiwork of the Almighty was preferable to any canopy which mortal hands could put over them.

From the shrine of Nizamud-Din a cross-road leads straight westwards and joins the route from the Ajmer Gate of the city to the Kutab Minar, opposite the tomb of Safdar Jang, a nobleman of the early eighteenth century, and the ancestor of the Nawabs of Oudh. As we came out upon the road we saw the sun nearing the horizon. The roadside trees were casting longer shadows, and the smoke of unseen cooking-fires was here and there hanging low in the cooler air of evening. A peacock with two or three attendant hens came out from some ruins and began to scratch for supper in an adjoining field. We were glad of hot tea from

a Thermos flask, and of warm coats as the car began to move. A solemn stillness was over all the earth, and a pearly grey light stole over the sky. Down the road between the tall trees the crescent moon was shining to remind us of Humayun, and overhead first one star and then another peeped forth, as they did before ever there were kings in Delhi.

It was too late for us to attempt more that day, but our adventures were not yet over. Those who travel in hired motor-cars must not expect too much. We had reached the main road to the Kutab and were gliding merrily homewards, when with loud reports the inner tyres on two wheels of the car, those on the right side, burst almost simultaneously. For once the homicide slowed down and stopped of his own accord. We alighted to examine damages. Both tyres were badly rent, and the perished condition of the rubber gave scant prospect of repair. For the hind wheel the Stepney was available. But there remained the other. What was to be done for it? We speculated gloomily on our chances of picking up a horse-drawn vehicle, or begging a lift should any other motorists pass by. But our driver was nothing daunted. While we were doubting, he took action. He stopped a passing bullock-cart, and begged from the occupants a bag of chopped straw, such as these carts carry for the bullocks to feed upon. I had no idea what he wanted it for, but for the sake

of British justice gave the owner of the straw a trifle in exchange. Meanwhile our driver had scrambled up a roadside tree, and from its branches he proceeded to strip twigs and leaves until he had gathered two or three large armfuls, which he threw down into the road. He descended, then removed the shattered inner tube, and in its place he stuffed the outer tyre with straw, twigs, and branches, as full as it would hold. When it would take no more, he forced it back into place, and announced that all things were now ready. So we resumed our journey, delighted with the man's resourcefulness, and pitying the owner of the tyre. The repair served its purpose pretty well, as long as we went slowly, and this we were nothing loth to do.

We drew near Delhi. Traffic increased, and unsightly little hovels appeared on both sides of the road. At a little distance on the right-hand side the Jeypore observatory—the Jantar Mantar—loomed up through the darkness against the sky, like a ruined Coliseum, and in a trice we had skirted the city wall, and were crossing the railway bridge outside the now dismantled Mori Gate, and trundling, as well as the disabled state of the car would permit, towards our journey's end.

Long ago, before I was married, in a moment of rashness I confided to my wife that I always woke at dawn and usually rode abroad before breakfast. The statement was,

I believe, when it was made, approximately true, and, till I left India, was a sufficiently accurate description of my habits. I think it caused her some misgivings at the time; but these, she says, have abated since she learned the real facts. The result is that she takes advantage of her position to taunt me when I do lie abed of a morning, and to complain of disturbance when I get up. Anyhow, I maintain it was not my fault that next morning I was a little late, and our host, who had promised to take me for an early ride, had to wait some minutes before I was ready. We were consequently not able to go far afield, and had to be content with a ramble round the area of the great Durbar camp. But for the polo-ground, which has been carefully kept up, it seemed impossible to recognise in this mouldering wilderness of weed-grown paths, decaying gate-pillars, and disused absorption pits, the site of that vast, well-ordered city of white canvas, in which but a twelve-month before we had been so royally housed and entertained. The Durbar amphitheatre itself was perhaps the saddest sight of all. Gone were the gay pavilions, and gone the stately building in which on that memorable day we had all been seated. The trim lawns had turned into unkempt patches of brown jungle grass, from which we put up a covey of grey partridge. The roads were a mass of ruts, and even the great mound, heaped high for the accommodation of the multitude, was in every direc-

tion carved and riven by the torrential rains of the monsoon. Tadmor itself could not be more melancholy, and Bloomsbury is cheerful by comparison.

After breakfast, our motor, fitted with new tyres and in the charge of a different driver, was again in attendance, and we made ready to start for the exploration of Tughlakabad and the Kutab. Our host lamented that he was too busy to come with us, and marched off to his office, where I saw his table fenced about by the usual rampart of files. A little streak of envy, I must admit, mingled with the contentment with which I saw him set to work. It is not all pleasure for a man to lay aside his harness while he still feels himself fit for duty.

An hour's run through the keen air under the bright sun served to dispel these cobwebs. We passed through the city, between the great mosque and the fort, and out by the Delhi Gate—so called because the present city was at first known as Shah Jahanabad, after its founder, the name Delhi still clinging to the older cities to the south to which the gate gives access. As far as Humayun's tomb our road was the same as on the previous day. Beyond this we still continued for some miles down the Mattra road, the rocky uplands on our right growing ever higher as we advanced. Near the twelfth milestone from the city gate stands the village of Badarpur, where, as usual at stage-posts

on Moghul highroads, there are the remains of a fortified *serai*. Just beyond this, a side road turns sharply to the east and leads under an avenue of tall trees through a gap between the hills. As the road progresses the gap rapidly narrows. About two miles from Badarpur there is a short steep descent, followed by a sudden turn in the road, which at this point cuts through a gigantic rampart. A hundred yards or so farther on is the point where every good traveller should halt and look round him. On the right, to the north of the road and not many score paces removed from it, the low rocky hill comes to an abrupt termination. From end to end its face is crowned with a massive wall of colossal masonry. Here and there a circular bastion stands forth comparatively intact. Elsewhere the lapse of time and the *sterilis mala robora fici* have had their way, and the wall is in ruins. The foot of the cliff is littered with a scree of gigantic *débris*. At intervals a gate, now gaping open in decay, gives a glimpse of the interior of the fortress. Mr Finch, who visited Delhi in the seventeenth century, while modern Delhi was yet a - building, speaks of it as "the carkase of that ancient building called the castle, that had to the number of fifty and two gates, a thing of surprising glory and stateliness in its time, but now worn out and disfigured to the last degree."

On the south side of the

road, and about the same distance from it, stands another smaller rocky hill, fortified in the same massive style. The great fort and its outlier are connected by the rampart through which we have just passed. Besides connecting the fortresses, this also served as a dam to hold back the waters of the rainy season, and converted into an extensive lake the low-lying ground on which we are now standing. It is beside the old sluice gate, cut in the solid rock, that the modern road has been brought through the rampart. Near what must have been the middle of the lake, and connected with the high ground to the north of it by a stone causeway, rises an irregularly circular fortress. The walls are of red sandstone, with huge bastions. In its centre is a square tomb of the same material, sparingly decorated with white marble, and surmounted by a semi-globular white dome. The walls of the tomb slope steeply inwards, and are of an Egyptian solidity.

The great fort to the north is Tughlakabad, the third of the Muhammadan cities of Delhi. It was built between the years 1320 and 1325 A.D. by Sultan Tughlak, a man of Turki extraction, who on the extinction of the Khilji family was elected to the vacant throne by the unanimous consent of his peers. The smaller fortress and the tomb are the work of his son Muhammad Shah Tughlak, by whom also the lake and the great ram-

part were contrived. The tomb indeed he had a special reason for building. For he began his career by the murder of his father, and by that act and a host of other crimes earned the title of "Khuni," or the "Man of Blood." The tomb is a resting-place fit for any king, and by its erection the murderer seems to have expiated his crime to his own satisfaction. For he caused himself to be buried in the central chamber beside the grave of his victim. No doubt he had done it only to help his father to a better kingdom, and saved his conscience that way. Within the circle of the outer wall several nobles of the kingdom lie in attendance upon this strange pair, and in one far corner a small monument has been placed over the resting-place of the older king's favourite hound.

It was with Muhammad Shah, the Man of Blood, that Nizam-ud-Din, the saint, fell out—not, indeed, over this murder or any of his other crimes. For to the murder of Sultan Tughlak the saint was in all probability a party. It was a question of privilege that occasioned the quarrel. The saint was engaged in digging the well and tank by which his shrine now stands. The king, who was anxious to hasten the completion of his fortress, impressed the saint's workmen. Nizam-ud-Din then induced them to work for him by night, after their daily labours for the king were over, and

provided each man with an oil lamp to illumine his task. The king forbade the sale of oil to the saint, who had recourse to prayer, and was miraculously enabled to burn the water of the tank in his workmen's lamps. In his wrath the king cursed the water of the tank, which became bitter, as it still remains. The saint responded by cursing the king, his fortress, and the fortress of his father, saying of Tughlakabad—

“Ya wase Gujar,¹
Ya rahe ujar.”

(“Either let the Gujar dwell there, or let it remain desolate.”)

As he said, so it is. And the desolation of Tughlakabad is now broken only by the huts of a few miserable Gujars.

Apart from his buildings, Muhammad Shah is now remembered only for his insane attempts to regulate prices, for the debasement of his currency, and for the inhuman cruelties which he perpetrated. Apropos of these I cannot forbear quoting from the inscription of his cousin and successor, Firoz Shah, Tughlak. This inscription is engraven on Firoz Shah's mosque at Firuzabad, whither he removed the capital, a few miles to the north of Tughlakabad. The remains of Firuzabad still rise conspicuous just outside the Delhi gate of the modern city.

“Under the guidance of the Almighty,” writes Firoz Shah, “I arranged that the heirs of those persons who had been

slain in the reign of my late lord and patron, Sultan Muhammad Shah, and those who had been deprived of a limb, nose, eye, hand, or foot, should be reconciled to the late Sultan, and be appeased with gifts, so that they executed deeds declaring their satisfaction, duly attested by witnesses. These deeds were put into a chest, which was placed at the head of the grave of the late Sultan, in the hope that God in His infinite clemency would show mercy to my late friend and patron, and make those persons to be reconciled to him.”

Those who are familiar with the East will appreciate the vision of Muhammad Shah arising on the Day of Judgment, in the company of his murdered father, and presenting these “chits,” collected by the piety of his successor, for the perusal of the Almighty!

We had intended to ramble through the ruins of Tughlakabad, but, reading in the guide-book—Mr Fanshawe's admirable work—that those who do so may well happen upon a leopard, we decided otherwise, and took our luncheon in the shade of a roadside tree. The way stretched empty before us, and the car made short work of the five miles which lay between us and the wonderful group of earlier Muhammadan buildings that lies clustered about the famous Kutab Minar. Of these I can attempt no detailed description, “Quien no ha visto Sevilla, No ha visto maravilla.” Let it

¹ A pastoral tribe, often of nomadic habits.

suffice to say that every acre of ground here is of historic interest. The mosque, which lies to the north-west of the great tower, began life as a Jain temple, and the pillars of its central courtyard still stand *in situ* as a marvellous monument of Hindu architecture. Across the west end stands a noble screen of yellow sandstone, set in by the hands of the conquerors. The whole building is a striking example of inspired adaptation, while the adjoining tombs and porticoes illustrate perfectly how the Muhammadans made use of the skill of their Hindu masons to embellish the severe conceptions inspired by their own creed.

The great tower, called the Kutab Minar after the king who completed it, stands over all like a sentinel. It is, almost beyond question, of purely Muhammadan origin, as those may see for themselves who can read the ornate Arabic lettering with which it is decorated. Those who cannot may prefer to believe the more picturesque, if less historical, tradition that it was begun by the Hindus to commemorate their defeat of the Muhammadan invaders, and finished by the Muhammadans to commemorate their defeat of the Hindus!

Of the buildings more remote from the tower none repays a visit better than the tomb of Adham Khan, the conqueror of Mandu. Of this warrior and his doings we were destined to hear more later on. For the present we need say no more than that this was the building

which inspired Bishop Heber's famous sentence—"These Pathans built like giants and finished like jewellers."

Even civilians are not altogether exempt, upon occasion, from the vice of talking shop. Our host, who is a member of my own service, and I had a great talk that evening after dinner about men and matters and old remembrances. But since we were not a Royal Commission, and for the most part talked sense, there seems to be no point in recording our conversation. There was no early ride next morning, and my wife and I spent the day wandering through the fort and poking about in some jewellers' shops in the Chandni Chouk. The Moghul buildings in the fort bear somewhat the same resemblance to the Pathan architecture of Tughlakabad and the Kutab as, for example, King's College Chapel at Cambridge does to the Norman nave of Ely Cathedral. But the fort is as much above description as the jewellery was below it, so I will not attempt to enlarge upon either experience. Next day there was a meet of the Delhi Tent Club at Okhla, and, having borrowed a mount, I went, as becomes an old fogey, rather to watch than to take part in my last day's pig-sticking. It was a small meet and a pleasant day. We got five bear, three of respectable size.

So we came to the morning of our last day in Delhi. This we had determined to devote to the Mutiny,—the siege and storm of the city in September

1857. We spent a long day, visiting the sites of the besiegers' batteries, the routes along which the attacking columns advanced, the gates of the city that were their objectives, and the spot where Nicholson fell. In the cool of the evening we went up to the flagstaff tower upon the ridge, and there at last we were able to piece together the knowledge which we had been so assiduously collecting all day. From here the whole position is visible, and the course of events can be clearly traced. There is the city, about two miles down-stream from us, and here at our feet, on the slope of the ridge remote from the river, stood the old cantonment. You can see the rows of queer little round buildings, like Martello towers, that were the old bells of arms, and mark where the old regimental lines were. In the city was enacted the first scene. Where the railway bridge now spans the river stood then the old bridge of boats, over which in May 1857 the mutineers from Meerut came to restore the Moghul empire. The regiments in the cantonment were ripe for mischief. They responded to the call, murdered their officers, massacred such English women and children as they found, looted the bells of arms, and marched to join their comrades in the city. For three weeks the cantonment lay deserted, and the ridge was in the hands of the insurgents. Then the tide began to turn. The ridge was re-occupied, and for the next three months city and camp were face to face and at grips together. From the camp more than one attack on the city was projected and abandoned—for sheer lack of numbers. Assaults upon the camp from the city were of almost daily occurrence. From the eastward neither side had much to look for. All eyes were turned towards the Punjab. Thence to both sides reinforcements came in along the same road. You can see the point where, by a clump of tall trees, the Grand Trunk Road divides. One arm leads thence to the site of the old cantonment, the other straight to the Kabul Gate of the city. Surely both sides as they lay in the sweltering heat of that fatal summer must have cast many a longing glance along the road for the help that it was bringing. Both sides alike had cause for hope and fear from the Punjab. There, on the one hand, was gathered the main strength of the British garrison. But even there the British troops, invincible no doubt in the cold season, were few and far between, and in that month of June, sundered one from another by miles of furnace-flats, heated and hateful as the gates of hell, to all save the sons of the soil. And for every British unit—horse, foot, and guns—there was at least one Indian equivalent,—all aflame with legitimate grievances, swayed by the gusts of rumour and ripe for revolt, if not in actual mutiny. Nor was this all. Behind the regiments were the people of the Punjab, a warlike race. Who was to say which side they would take? They

had been but newly subjugated. Had the process been so thorough that the Sikh swords were already beaten into ploughshares, or the desire for vengeance departed? And beyond the Punjab, could the fanaticism and cupidity of the Pathan tribes upon the frontier possibly withstand the temptation? Would not the Amir of Kabul recall his ancient wrongs rather than his promise of yesterday? When did an Afghan ever keep his word save to his own advantage? Indeed the rebels had more cause for hope than fear.

It is an old story now how, upon the one side, scarce anywhere did the hour strike but the man was found ready to deal with it. On the other, Hindu and Mussulman for a while, like

"Water and fire in ruin reconciled,"

failed utterly to find a leader, or to evolve anything like a constructive policy.

So it came to pass that of all the help for which the sepoys looked, there reached them but little down the cityward branch of the great road. Down the other, in the face of every imaginable obstacle, rolled ever a steadily rising tide, and ever the British force established itself more firmly astride the ridge, and pushed its outposts eastwards to the banks of the river, and southwards nearer to the gates of the city. Yet even so every advantage of position and numbers remained with the mutineers, and, for all their successes, the British position was scarcely less desperate in

August than it had been in June.

Then came John Nicholson, himself the very Jan-i-Jang—the Soul of War. With him came the flying column, flushed with achievement. Behind him came the siege train, for whose approach he cleared the way by his victory at Najafgarh. Within one month of his arrival the city had fallen. It was stormed on the 14th September. The lesson for that day is taken from the third chapter of the book of the prophet Nahum. "Woe to the bloody city!" it runs, . . . "the horseman lifteth up both the bright sword and the glittering spear: and there is a multitude of slain, and a great number of carcases; and there is none end of their corpses; they stumble upon their corpses. . . . Behold, I am against thee, saith the Lord of hosts. . . . All thy strong holds shall be like fig-trees with the first-ripe figs; if they be shaken, they shall even fall into the mouth of the eater. Behold, thy people in the midst of thee are women; the gates of thy land shall be set wide open unto thine enemies; the fire shall devour thy bars."

This strange coincidence was first pointed out by the Rev. Mr Rotton, Senior Chaplain with the Force before Delhi. But if the reverend gentleman made this discovery by reading the lesson on the morning of the assault, I fear he must have had but a small and distracted congregation to enjoy it with him.

So the sun set while we

were still at gaze, and the flag which flies all day long from the tower upon the ridge was lowered for the night. There was just time for us to drive along the crest of the ridge, past the amphitheatre in which, in December 1911, an address of welcome was presented to King George on his arrival in Delhi; past Hindu Rao's house; past the Chaurji mosque; past King Asoka's pillar, a memorial of departed greatness, to the place where in a garden between the ridge and the city lies the body of John Nicholson, Brigadier-General at the age of thirty-five, and conqueror of Delhi. The cemetery, like all English graveyards in India, is filled with the graves of children. As we passed in the twilight between the rows of little mounds, some bearing record of the sorrow of the bereaved parents, others nameless, yet all alike eloquent of the cruel price of empire, I suddenly found my wife's hand thrust into mine. With one accord our thoughts had turned to the garden of the Sesowli rest-house, and before our eyes was enacted once more that same scene which, sleeping and waking, I have so often lived through again since it happened. A night of agony and unavailing effort; a dawn of despair, and the passing of the little

life so dearly loved, so suddenly demanded; a smell of newly-turned earth, and a narrow, short, deep trench beneath the boughs of the tamarind-tree, where now there is but another of these same little green mounds, with a carved stone at one end and at the other a little cross. Maybe we were not marking very carefully how we went, when of a sudden we found across our path in the dim light a little monument somewhat more exalted than the rest. On one side of it, away from particulars of names and dates, some heart-broken parent, long years ago, had caused to be inscribed, in pathetic memory of a three-year-old daughter, these words—

"POOR LITTLE BUNNOO."¹

Poor little Bunnoo! Poor little lady! God rest your soul, my dear,—ay, and the souls of your parents too, who, I suppose, must themselves have long ere this been laid to rest elsewhere to await that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and shall appear together before the Judgment Seat. Poor little Bunnoo! For us your little inscription proved altogether too much; and leaving you in your simplicity and John Nicholson in his glory, side by side, we fled out into the kindly darkness.

¹ Bunnoo, more correctly "banu," means "lady." Peri-Banu, the "Fairy Lady," is probably familiar to readers of the Arabian Nights. Bunnoo, the frontier town, with which John Nicholson's name is inseparably connected, has the same meaning, and several fantastic stories have been invented to account for the name.

THE NEW ROAD.

A ROMANCE.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXIII.—NIGHT-LADS.

As they were making down the burn for Bunchrew, Forbes withdrawn into himself, and to a mood less free and confidential by that heathen burst which showed how great the difference between himself and that rough spirit only varnished with decorum, they were, at a point well down, among blown timber, brought to a standstill by a whistle. It mocked the curlew's call that is a voice tuned to the wilderness, a plaint from days gone by, but Forbes, who was a hunter, missed some cadence; Ninian knew it in a moment for a signal. It came from edges of a thicket to their left, in which the mist of frost seemed tangled with the branches.

"Mark whaup, my lord!" said Ninian, like a beater.

Forbes, with the impulse of a sportsman, raised his gun, then smiling at himself, restored it to his elbow.

"What bairns," said he, "we are of custom. That's no wheeple of the whaup. What is it, Ninian?"

"I'll soon can tell ye that!" the other said. "Lend me the gun a minute."

He fired it in the air; the

gorge roared with the sound that echoed, and re-echoed, clanging back from cliffs like waves from off a headland. "I'll give them every chance," said he; "I never yet shot hare a-sitting," and throwing down the gun left Forbes and dashed up to the thicket.

"Come back! Come back!" cried Forbes.

"Devil the back!" he shouted furious, and climbed the brae. "Come you up with the gun behind, and see it's loaded."

He disappeared into the wood.

Forbes charged his gun afresh and followed. He had not reached the trees when Ninian came out, his dirk drawn in his hand. "They're off!" said he as he sheathed it. "I got but the one wee glimpse of them."

"Put that away, sir, on the moment!" said the other, panting. "Who were they?"

"Who were they but the mischief's own!" said Ninian dryly. "Three men running like the wind, as if their hour was after them. It's good we had our lady friend the musket. That's three, my lord, that have been tracking me since I left Inverness last night. I saw

them on the bridge; I heard them in the dark behind me; I saw them on the moor again this morning. I'm thinking now it's time that I was out of Bunchrew. To the Worst Place wi' MacShimi! That arrant rascal needs a scaffolding. . . . But nothing to my daughter, sir, about this business! It would put her much about to know that I was followed."

They hurried down the brae as fast as they could walk, and all the way down Ninian revealed his mind upon the meaning of events whereof the other had part knowledge only.

"It's all against my friend," said he. "I thought at first I was the cause of it, but now I see I'm only in't because I'm in his company, and maybe ken too much. The whole thing's centred in a desk in Inveraray."

"Every mischief nowadays is farrowed in a desk," said Forbes. "But what is this one?"

Ninian told him all about Macmaster's tutoring; the sudden end to it; the wrath of Duncanson; the charge of theft; the part of Margaret; and last of all the strange complexion given to these things by their discovery that Duncanson for fourteen years had kept the truth of Paul Macmaster's end a secret.

"It's nigh beyond belief!" cried Forbes.

"Beyond belief!" said Ninian bitterly. "The only quirk in life beyond belief is that a man could take the breeks off him by pulling them over his head.

I'm too long at the *beachdair* business to be amazed at anything else. Your lordship's right about the letters to Lord Lovat; it was the one he got from Inveraray put him to his tricks. There was that in Sandy's desk, whatever it was, that made old Simon partner in some left-hand business both of them would wish kept dark. They think that Æneas saw it, but he didna."

"I'm more convinced than ever that the place for you is Inveraray," Forbes said warmly.

"I'll go when I get the lad," said Ninian. "But not an hour before, if it was till Nevermas!"

"I have twenty men at search to-day," said Forbes. "I doubted all along he was at Dounie."

"Since Jennet made sure of that I know now where he is," said Ninian; and took from his pouch a piece of cord, quite fresh, that smelled of tar. "The three birds that I flushed up there had a bit of a nest among the breckan, and left this piece of marling. They meant to tie up Ninian, and they're men that use the sea."

"Ah-ha!" said Forbes.

"The thing is now as plain to me as print. They had a boat to bring them up the town; they had a net——"

"I know about the net," said Forbes. "It was lifted from a barking-house at Kessock, and found next morning on the beach with your bit out of it."

"*Sin thu fhéin, a bhalach!* — Well done yourself, my lord!" cried Ninian. "That

shows they weren't fishers. Between the pair of us and God we'll get him yet! The ship escaped my mind till I got this bit marling. And now I see that the time they left me lying on the bank in trammel was just time for them to reach the *Wayward Lass* behind two oars, and ship my friend, and hurry back for Ninian."

"There's much to be said for your interpretation," Forbes said quickly, "and for once I have forestalled you. I got the sheriff to send out an officer to search the brig to-day more carefully. The men I sent out yesterday assured themselves she had no guns, except a handful kept in the skipper's cabin for his private use, and these the fools distrained as if he had been pointed. We'll have to send them back and eat the leek. The papers of Captain Grant were all in order, and he had a quite good tale. He frankly said he had shipped some arms from Holland; they were on his manifest, consigned to a man in Leith."

"But they were landed at Blackness!" cried Ninian.

"Just so! Of course the man is lying, but his story's quite complete, coiled up and flemished down, as he would say himself in his tarry way. The man at Leith, he says, paid extra freight to send them farther up the frith. . . . No, no, Mr Campbell, we may have got the guns, but we're not going to find it easy to get poulder in the way of proof that Lovat shipped them. No loophole of discovery's been overlooked."

"I don't give a docken, my

lord, about the guns at present; for that affair more proofs can be got at leisure. What bothers me is young Macmaster. Did your men not see a sign of him?"

"No," said Forbes, "but then they were not seeking him. It only occurred to me to-day when I heard of the net at Kessock that he might be on the brig that's lying off it, so I got the officer sent out to see, and he's coming to Bunchrew later on to tell me how he fares."

"Capital!" said Ninian, and hurried on.

They were in Bunchrew House two hours before he saw his daughter, though. Worn out by travel and distress of mind, and dashed exceedingly by what had been disclosed at Castle Dounie, she had gone to rest on the imperative command of Forbes's sister.

"The lass is fair foundered," said that lady to the father, looking at him through great horn-rimmed specs; "ye've made a bonny hash of it, my man!"

"What way?" said Ninian.

"What way!" she snapped indignantly. "What way, but losing a fine young man? Good kens there's no' that many in the country, and it's me that knows! Trailing an honest lad through all the ruffian parts of Scotland on your dirty errands—fie shame on ye!"

Ninian shrugged, and turned his bonnet in his hand like an errant boy. He looked at Forbes, and Forbes with a mouth pursed up took snuff,

with a helpless kind of pawky smile for both of them.

"Come, come, Mary!" said he, "you're very hard on Mr Campbell."

"Deed no!" said Ninian heartily. "She's just capital! Dirty work is the word for it, though it wasna me that made the dirt, Miss Forbes; I'm just a scafenger that must be there when the king whistles. And there's every word of truth in what ye say, me'm; Æneas was better had he never met me."

"At any rate," said she, less tart, "I'll not have your lass disturbed till she is rested. . . . Ye'll take a bite?"

"Not one morsel, me'm!" said Ninian. "I thank ye."

"Dear me!" said she. "What do the Macgregors live on?"

"On anything that's going, me'm. They're like the her-ring of the sea that can live on the foam of their own tails."

"Poor feeding for a girl! I canna get that lass of yours to pick a decent meal. Oh me! but ye've made the mess of it! . . . Duncan, give the man a dram."

And away she sailed, all rustling, and left them to themselves. To Ninian it seemed eternity before she came to cry him up the stair.

"There's she's wakened now," said she; "and for good sake, man, be gentle wi' her!"

It was a daughter woebe-gone for Primrose Campbell, and sharing all his rage with Lovat, Ninian found. She made him sit before her and tell everything afresh that bore, or seemed to bear,

in the flimsiest degree on Æneas's disappearance; sifted the smallest meal of facts himself had thrashed and ground; the strange transforming power of some new passion made her shrewder than himself.

"You're all astray!" she said at last to him. "My dear old father! my dear old father! you're all astray—you and your bits of string!"

"I'm not so very old as that," said he with some vexation. "What way am I astray?"

"Because you chase two deer instead of, wise-like, one. A two-deer dog will never bring down either. First it's Lovat with you, then it's Duncanson; finish off with the one before you chase the other."

He looked delighted at her; patted her on the shoulder.

"Ye're a clever lass," said he. "I'm proud of ye! Indeed, a two-deer dog is not much good at hunting, and I was the two-deer dog too long, but I couldna help it. But that's all by wi'—Sim's affair is settled and off my mind, and now I'm on the race for Duncanson."

"It's from the start you should have thought of that," said she. "Lovat's but his tool."

"How ken ye that?" he asked her.

"How do I ken?" she cried. "A woman's kenning. If a man has a wall to scale he must go up a ladder—a woman jumps."

"I would like to see ye at

the jumping, Jennet," said her father.

"I mean a wall of the wits," said she. "You are hanging on your ladder rungs and I'm already over—Duncanson is meaning Æneas's destruction."

"Ach!" said he, "ye never had a madder notion. For what should he destroy him?"

"I feel it!" she said; "I know it! Duncanson will stop at nothing."

She spoke like one who knew things that presaged disaster.

"He will stop at that at any rate," said her father. "I'll get the lad before the morn's morning."

"Where?" she asked, a flush across her face.

He told her what led Forbes and him to their belief that Æneas was on the brig.

"What could they want with him there?" said she.

"Ship him off abroad," said Ninian; "the thing's quite common."

"Abroad?" she stammered. "Where?"

"Where, but to Virginia—to the plantations! Many a body Sim sent there. Ye see, my lass, he's like a king in this regality. He has the power of pit and gallows, and to sell a lad to slavery would bother Sim no more than selling heifers at a fair. He doesna keep them now in vault and salt; he gets so much a head for them upon the hoof. The thing's against the law, of course; he hasna got the right of transportation, but he drives a bargain—either

transportation or the tree, and who would choose the tree? In this case Duncan Forbes will have a word to say; I'm looking every minute for a man he sent to search."

She trod the floor like a creature caged; again he felt some secret in her, and he scanned her sleeves, but nothing was to see there that accounted for a spirit so unusual in Janet.

The night was drawing in with suddenness: it dimmed the room. He walked up to the window and looked out. Below him was a garden bounded to the east and west by tall old trees; ahead were shallow terraces, with paths between, which ended at a wall, beyond which lay a great wide stretch of sand, whereon, far off, the tide was breaking. Big clouds were piling on the distant hills; the frith was black; the sands were so immense and desolate they gave a dowie aspect to the scene, that further saddened when a gust of wind shook through the garden and filled all the air with leaves.

He turned away from it, to find her standing at his elbow looking out too at the prospect.

"My grief!" said he, "it looks like the start of winter."

"Winter?" she said, and shivered. She leaned against the wall, her head upon her wrists, and burst in tears.

"Good God!" cried he in Gaelic, "what is wrong?"

"Winter!" she said, sobbing. "It will make things different. I hate to think of winter."

"What!—God's own winter!" he cried out, astonished. "Beloved Scotland of the winter and the hills! 'Tis little that thou'lt get from them, but they will make thee hard and brave!"

He was all aback at these strange gusts in her; about her waist he put an awkward arm and soothed her. "Poor lass!" said he, "poor lass! Indeed it is a bleak night and a bleak land; I wish that we were yont the Spey again, and all was well with Æneas Macmaster."

As if she could no more contain herself, she struggled free and darted from the room.

To him the house was quite unknown; it was not very large but rambled oddly upon different levels, with confusing passages and narrow stairs that now the dusk made ill to navigate; he went to follow her, and down a stair as narrow as a ship's he found himself in kitchen quarters at an open door. The air blew chilly through it; he looked out on leeks and kail and berry-bushes. No servant was about to guide him, so he walked out round a gable-end to reach the entrance whence he better knew his bearings.

Away out on the ebb were mallards quacking; teals that feed in dark were screaming; there was no other sound round Bunchrew but the pattering of leaves from trees that had their feet already in the pools of night quick-coming like a tide. A bird with a cry of "skaith!" came whirring from

them, low above his head with curious twists and twinings; he looked towards whence it came and listened with his hands behind his ears. Beyond the trees a slim young moon was setting.

There was a snap of brushwood, and he moved a little nearer to the door.

A man burst suddenly from underneath the trees and ran to him—a stout-built fellow with a cane, who looked across his shoulder once or twice as if he had been followed.

"Ye're in a hurry, lad," said Ninian. "Are ye from the *Wayward Lass*?"

"Yes," said the officer, "and three men through the wood in chase of me."

"They're friends of mine who took ye for myself," said Ninian. "Silly fellows! Say not a word of that inside among the women. Come you away: his lordship's waiting."

He went in with the man, who, in a sentence, shattered all their hopes. Æneas was not on board the ship!

"Are you sure of it?" said Forbes, incredulous.

"Not one hair of him is there, my lord!" declared the officer. "We searched her high and low. The skipper's ashore and half his crew. I came on a drunken man—a Fraser from Strathglass."

"A man of Lovat's?" queried Forbes.

The officer, who had a broad and honest face, with eyes of darting penetration, smiled at the question slyly. "I think indeed, my lord, he was. At least he was no willing pas-

senger, for he was clapped in irons. A poor young fellow he had stabbed was bedded groaning in a fever."

"Had the man in bed a ruddy whisker?" rapped out Ninian.

"As red's a rasp! Ye could gather a clan wi' him for flambeau."

"Tach!" said Ninian, "that settles it! I'll wager he keeps mind of wee Grey Colin!"

Miss Forbes, with trembling hands, put on her spees and looked across at Janet. Ninian looked too, and saw his daughter's face most pitiful. He was himself far more concerned than he displayed, at this last failure of his judgment; Forbes could not hide that he was mortified, and stood without a word, his face beclouded; the girl could not but feel that they were baffled worse than ever.

"A word wi' ye, my lord," said Ninian at last, and left the room.

The President came after him; they stood out in the lobby.

"That's a bad twist, my lord!" said Ninian.

"Indeed it is!" said Forbes. "We're where we were, and I'm getting really anxious. I can't conceal from myself that things look far more gloomy for your friend than I at first imagined. No wonder that your girl's in such an anguish."

"Can ye tell me, my lord, what ails her? There's nothing of her there I seem to know."

Forbes cleared his throat. "It's very plain," said he, "that the *beachdair* business

spoils a man for seeing anything but mischief. It might occur to you, Mr Campbell, that your daughter has a tender interest in young Macmaster."

"Is it Jennet?" said Ninian, amazed. "Good lord! she's but a child!"

"She'll never be anything else to you, my man; that's one of the jokes of nature. But other folk have eyes. I'm wae to see her prostrate this way, Mr Campbell."

"Whatever o't, she's in the dods wi' me," said Ninian sadly.

"No wonder, when she thinks you let them kill him."

"Na, na, my lord!" said Ninian, with conviction. "He's no' dead; not one bit of him! They have him planted no' far off, in cleft or cranny, and I'll get him."

"If you're not to sleep in bed nor loose a lace till you find him, Mr Campbell, you'll have to be gey and slippy."

Ninian buttoned up his coat. "I know the way to get him, my lord," said he. "It came to me in a flash in there. There's nothing in your notion about Jennet and the lad, but still-and-on"—

He moved to the outer door and opened it; dead leaves were whirled into the lobby by an eddy of the wind, and Forbes gave a shiver of cold; he had come from a roaring fire.

"—I like the look of your officer, my lord," said Ninian, "he has a clever eye. It's in the eye of a man ye'll see if he has *yoin* in him, and this one has it.

To look at the wood ye would think there was nothing in't but crows, and still it's throng wi' mischief. The men I flushed on the hill are there; they're not done yet wi' Ninian."

"What!" said Forbes, "do you see them?" and came to the doorstep.

"No," said Ninian, "but they're there, as your man can tell ye. Now this is the way it will be with me—I'll take a daunder."

"Not one step!" said Forbes, alarmed.

"There's no other way, my lord, and not much risk in it. I'll let them seize me, and your man has but to keep well out of sight and follow."

"It's not a bad idea," Forbes admitted, "but the risk——"

"The only risk, my lord, is that they'll weary waiting on me, or the moon will hide, and that might spoil it all, so here's furth fortune wi't and fill the fetters."

CHAPTER XXIV.—AT THE EBB-TIDE.

Without another word he left the door, and Forbes confounded on its threshold; gave a turn to the virgin nut in the bottom of his sporran, and plucked tight his kilt.

Though he had spoken bravely of the winter to his girl, and truly felt, for ordinary, some sting in winter that called forth in him the best of manhood, quicker pulses, keener zests, this end to autumn, earlier than usual, found him now experiencing that droop of spirits which had sent his daughter crying. He had not left the door a moment when he felt as she (he thought) must feel—an eeriness to think of Æneas amissing in that great cold country. So long as grass was green, while still the hills were blue, their passes open, and while yet the birds were blithe, the lad's condition had not seemed so desperate, nor his own research so hopeless.

And now a hint of winter altered all!

It was as if a door had clashed on Æneas and left him out from light and warmth till spring, perhaps for ever. So much had happened since they left their home, that home seemed all at once unreal—the woods of Inveraray, pleasant gardens, streets well-kent and folk one knew. At least it seemed an age since they were there and heard the reaper's song on Cairnbaan. And now, he wondered, where was Æneas? In what hold or hollow of this dreary land? or looking on it through what chink? in what sad stress?

Already had his scheme begun to look ridiculous.

When, having left the President irresolute on his doorstep, he went crunching through the gravel round the lawn and reached the avenue, he turned and looked behind him at the house in which were lights now gleaming. Already the place seemed quite indifferent to his quest, and yet behind these

black high walls he knew were fear and speculation. He seemed, himself, shut out; if Æneas was lost for ever like his father, who could face the lasting blame of Janet?

The thin moon, slicing through the mirk of clouds, lit wanly things about him but to make their shapes uncanny. An acre to the westward of the house was laid out trimly, level as a pond, with here and there some knots of evergreen, the myrtle and the holly, under them black shades that had a look of ambush. More solemn shadows, wider spread, more likely to be harbouring the men who sought him, lay below the thick groins of the trees, and spilled at intervals an inky pool half-way across the broad path of the avenue that stretched before him like a nightmare passage. Not life nor living dangers in these glooms compelled him to stand still a moment, half-inclined to turn, but something very old and rediscovered in himself; forgotten dreads of boyhood in wild winter wastes of midnight, and his people breaking from some thicket under moon to see before them spread unfriendly straths and hear the wind in perished heather. The mist it was they cherished—not the moon that made their progress visible; too often had she brought calamity to old Clan Alpine trailing through the snow, a broken and a hunted band, with children whimpering.

The silliest of these old alarms, the ripple of the skin upon his back, this unco even-

ing now brought back to him; he felt like one awakened from a desperate dream, aware that nothing is about him but what man can combat, yet bringing from his dream unreasonable terrors all intractable to sense.

He had the worst ill of his race, the oldest—*dubhachas*: he was forlorn, and feared his own forlornness as an omen.

"Tach!" said he to himself at last, and struck out boldly down the avenue, like a man not apprehending anything, yet all the way were his shoulders shrugged, and his eyes on either side of him expectant of a sally from the dark.

Nothing happened. He reached the gate that was of iron; opened it, passed through and made it swing. It had a balance, shutting of itself upon a latch that loudly clanged at every swing before it settled. A bell could not more noisily attract attention.

A while he hung about it, peering round and listening. He now had cleared the wood; before him lay the fields, their boundaries vaguely visible, and farther south the rising ground with rocks encumbered, murmuring with the passage of the burn. No other house was near than Bunchrew, not even shed nor sheep-fold. Outside the trees a bitter wind was blowing; ice glittered in the ditches. His eyes searched every airt for movement; nothing moved. Nor was there any sound to show the wood was tenanted by other than its birds; he gave out once the howlet call, so natural an owl

cried back, but then its grove relapsed to silence deeper than before. Only the breeze in beeches, high in the branches, harsh and dry, continuous, neither hum nor hiss, but a babbling about old things forgotten of the world, remembered by the great community of woods; the creak of boles, the tinkle of dead leaves.

He was surprised, uneasy. When he had entered on this project, driven to it by the blank despondency of Janet, each nerve of him was strung for something instant and decisive. But this unlooked-for absence of the men confounded him: they might be gone for good, so spoiling every chance of his manœuvre leading him to Æneas, and the moon was sinking.

A clamour of birds out on the ebb gave him a notion that men walked there—they were on the sands and watching Bunchrew from the back; he turned down to the shore.

The tide should now be flooding, but the sea was still far out, and in the bay of Bunchrew every waukrife bird that haunts the shore at night was screaming. He heard the grey goose call; peewits, too late of leaving, ducks and whaups were in a multitude that dinned astoundingly; somewhere an otter whistled.

A more melancholy place for ruffian engagements Ninian, who liked a wood or rock, had never seen, and the moon made worse its dreariness. The bay, for all its birds, was like a desert, and the breeze swept through it like a knife. Far

off, disconsolate, the frith was moaning.

On a horn of the bay the burn came down, well-filled, and bordered with rough scrub of thorn and willow on the knolls of sand. Its channel thrust through the sands a bit, then branched in rivulets that rambled awkwardly in Ninian's way, too deep to wade with comfort and too wide for jumping, and he found himself entangled. It vexed him most that nothing had been gained so far by his adventure; wherever the men were gone they were not visible; the wide stretch of the bay was empty save of birds. He peered, he listened uselessly, and then he sniffed, and, on the sniffing, started.

Green sticks were burning! The wind had brought on it the smell of fire.

Without a pause he waded through a pool and sought the channel of the burn, and followed it through stones. He stole across salt grass with caution, parted sauch-tree branches, and looked down into a linn, the last stand of the Bunchrew ere submitting to the sea.

And there he saw what instantly commanded flight.

He had never thought about a boat!

He knew that they were seamen who pursued him, who had followed him for hours the day before and found his covert in the *eas* that morning, but always he had thought of them as severed from their vessel, instruments of Lovat and his vaults. One glance at the

linn corrected him—a boat was there in waiting for the tide, and four men round a fire were supping.

They heard him in the bushes, saw his face a moment in the firelight, and jumped. He turned to fly, his plan immediately abandoned in the face of dangers unforeseen, but slipped on the frosted grass, and, falling, rolled to their very feet.

They were on him in a swarm; he struggled only for a moment, then gave in.

"*Their thairis!*" said he. "Give over! Ninian's done for." He had not even time to draw the dirk that now was always down his back; he was got without a blow.

When they had done with him, "Well, lads," said he, "this is a warm end to a cold day, whatever," and started whistling a tune with unconcern.

It was a singular company in which he found himself so suddenly—three little men as black in the face as peat with weather, one of them a hunchback; the fourth a man gigantic, shouldered like an ox, with sleepy eyes and an open mouth that gave him a look of helpless laziness. The big one plainly had stood by the boat all day; the others were the hounds. This nook of the burn they occupied was well devised for hiding. The rocks and scrub about it screened it from the land, and even from the frith it was invisible; a fire might burn in it in blackest night and not betray a glimmer. But for the scent of Ninian

he had never found out where they lay.

What struck him as most curious was that they should fall on him and master him without one spoken word. The small men hung on him like leeches, and the big one brought his wrists together like a child's, for all his struggling, and held them with one hand while he lashed a cord about them with the other, but all without a voice. Not even when he was settled with and helpless in their midst was speech from them; they sat them down on boulders and resumed their meat.

The giant had been cook as well as butcher; he it was who stirred and fed the fire and turned the flesh on it; the carcass of a lamb, half-skinned, was lying near; its in-meat, dragged out on the stones, was reeking still, and the knife, yet red, was at the giant's waist.

He was gnawing a mutton-bone; a tooth more brisk about a bone had Ninian never witnessed, and it made him hungry just to see: the last food he had tasted was the fish he shared with Forbes. A lamb at roasting never smelled more savoury.

"If I was in the company of gentlemen," said he, with impudence, "and they at meat, the first salute for me were 'stretch thy hand!'"

The black lads never said a word, nor even looked at him, but lifted cinders from the fire and lighted pipes; the big one never answered, either, for a while, but finished with his bone, and then picked up a rib

and held it out to Ninian, and for the first time showed himself not dumb.

"Oh, men and love!" said he in island Gaelic, "but Peter-the-son-of-James is sick of this pursuing! A silly, small man like this to keep us from our sleep two nights, and spoil our sailing!"

At this the other three looked at their friend surprised and disapproving; to Ninian they were like creatures of the tales wherein queer figures not of earth come to a house at night and sit about the gathering-peat, with mould upon their faces and their hair bedewed, so that the children cry. Sailors they were for certain, for their clothes smelled of the pitch, and the hunchback's hair was pleated, but an odder crew, thought Ninian, was never shipped in Scotland.

"How can I eat," said he, "and my hands in bonds? It's not a hen I am."

At that the big one laughed, and loosed the prisoner's wrists, but first he tied his feet.

Ninian drew closer to the fire, for he was shivering, took out the *sgian-achlais*, the arm-pit knife, and started eating, with a look about him. The boat, a broad-beamed craft of shallow draught, was floating in the pool, with canvas boomed out on an oar for shelter aft. Reeds fringed the water's edge below them; through them went the night breeze, swish-ing mournful. The burn itself had many voices where it broke on stones, and the sauch-tree switches sometimes gave a little shivering pipe. The pallor of

the moon came through them sifting.

Peter-son-of-James, when he had given him the meat, and tied him freshly, sat again and propped against a root, and shut his eyes for sleep, with no attention to the questions Ninian poured on him. The brothers sucked their pipes and fidgeted themselves, or they had seemed like granite. He coaxed them and he twitted; tried them with a joke or two, and even crooned a song; he might have been a merman they had found, without a knowledge of his language; nothing would they say to him, and by-and-by the hunchback took a stocking from his breast, half-made, and started knitting.

At last the moon was gone; the wind went round a point to east; it grew more chilly, and one of the men put driftwood on the fire. He was the oldest of the three, if rime upon his beard was proof, and having sat again, he said, offhand, "It's cold."

He spoke to no one in particular, and no one answered.

An hour went past. Except that every move of Ninian roused attention, he might not have been there for them, so he picked a bit of wood half-charred, and started whittling with the small black knife. He made it like a boat, with clever fingers, stuck two skelfs of mast in it, and had it finished when the hunchback broke the silence.

"Were ye speaking?" said he.

He was turning the heel of his stocking, and it looked as

if the first man's speech had only reached his understanding.

There was no answer, though; the first man smoked his pipe, and the big man snored, and Ninian industriously whitted, whistling to himself. He knew they waited for the tide.

Another hour was gone when the third man tapped his pipe on his boot-toe, got to his feet, and looked at the other two with some impatience.

"Far too much of chattering!" said he, and started down the burn.

Ninian burst out laughing. "Oh, Peter!" said he to the big man, who had started up, "it's often I've heard of the men of Boreray in the Isles that keep their speech for courting, but I never heard them gossiping before. *Mo chreach!* aren't they the merry ones! No wonder that you're fat, man, sailing with such lads to give you laughter."

The big man gave a grin of

comprehension, but said nothing in reply, and looked at the other's feet. The cord, though still about the ankles, had been out an hour ago!

"I thought better of it," said Ninian, no way aback to be discovered. "I'll go like the lamb with you if you will tell me where's my friend."

"He's on the ship," said the sailor; whereupon the whole night's *dubhachas*, a load of apprehension, fell from Ninian's mind; he could have danced for pleasure.

They did not trouble to tie him up again, but put him in the boat. The tide was now well up; they drowned the fire and pushed down-water, shipped four oars and started pulling. A heavy sea was running into Bunchrew Bay; the night was dark as ink, with only one light visible in all the world, and Ninian knew it for a ship's at anchor in the deep off Kessock.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE WAYWARD LASS.

From the gut of the frith a wind was belching. They came through jabbled water to the ship that strained upon her cable, heading to the narrows, heaving so that she was all a-rattle. The big man gave a bellowing hail as they went round her stern; a rope was thrown to them, and in the feeble light of a lantern brought to the bulwarks Ninian saw that she was neither a sloop, as the big-jowled man had called her at Lord Lovat's party, nor a brig, as Forbes

had classed her, but a top-sail schooner. Plainly she was in ballast; her sides stood very high above the water.

"My goodness! but the tide's far out on her!" he said with great simplicity, and the sailors laughed.

"It's not much that you know of boats," said Peter in broken English.

"Nothing at all," said Ninian readily, "except that they lie but poorly on my stomach. Where's the door?"

They got him clumsily on

board; he stood for a while with some perplexity in the vessel's waist while the boat that had brought him off was being led astern; then groped about the deck, gear-hampered, lit in spots by the lantern that had been left upon the hatch, and by a glow that came from somewhere at the poop. Now that he was shipped his captors seemed prepared to leave him to his own devices, and the two men who had come on deck on their arrival gave but a squint at him and followed the others aft. Had the wind not hummed in cordage, and the blocks been jerking, and a creak gone through her timbers every time she rolled, the greatest peace would have prevailed; she might have been a ship asleep.

He picked the lantern up and stumbled round with a shrewd eye cast on everything about him—battened hatches lumbered up with ropes, a boat on chocks, a coop with hens in it, and a harness cask without a lid, in which salt beef was steeping. The wan glow at the poop, he found, came from the companion of the cabin; looking down he saw a table and a lamp above it swinging, but the place would seem to have no tenant. It reeked with the smell of balsam. He was bending down to look into the cabin when he heard a step behind him; straightened up at once with some confusion to be found so curious, and walked in its direction, to find himself faced by Æneas.

"Oh *ille!*" he said, with a grab at his coat, "is't you

that's in it? And I was thinking of you all this hour back clapped in shackles!"

Æneas for a moment could not speak. He looked at the other, stunned and unbelieving. "In all the earth how came you here?" he said at last. "Is it Grant that's got you?"

"Has Grant been on the prowling too?" said Ninian.

"Since morning. He went off with half his hands. 'Ye'll need them all,' I said to him, 'and sharper wits than I suspect ye of.' I could have staked my life he would not get you, and here you are. Oh, Ninian! Ninian!"

He spoke with great distress.

"It wasna him at all," said Ninian, and cocked an ear for the men abaft. "I came with a burly lad called Peter and three dreary men of the poorest conversation; there they're aft at tying."

"I thought it was Grant who hailed," said Æneas, more surprised than ever. "It mortifies the worse to think you should be caught by fools."

"In a way I wasna caught at all," said Ninian; "I let them take me. It was the only way if I'm to get my boots off or to sleep in bed; I couldna find ye otherwise."

He was standing by a mast, with the lantern held up so that he could see the young man's face. He saw it very pale and weary, first, and then of a sudden flushed with feeling. It was as if the morn came to the young man's brow; he seemed transported.

"Tell me this, Mr Campbell," he said, with a shaken voice, "did you of your own purpose submit yourself to these men only that you might join me?"

"What else?" said Ninian. "You may be sure it wasna for a crack wi' Captain Grant."

Æneas caught his arms. "Oh man!" said he, "you make me happy! I could sing! I may be lost to Scotland, but I've found myself again. You canna guess what joy is in my breast to find life better than I thought. I was in a black mood all this day, reflecting on the wickedness of humankind, and sure the world was evil——"

"So it is!" said Ninian cheerfully, "but, man, there's blinks!"

"Blinks!" said Æneas; "you found me like a devil, and you make me like a god! Never again can I think ill of humankind. You came to me—you came to me——"

He could not finish, broken down with feeling.

"Tach!" said Ninian, "there's nothing in't! Ye surely didna think I was going to leave ye with those blackguards. If you had seen me no' an hour ago on Bunchrew sands, it's there ye would see the sick and sorry gentleman, as frightened as a child because I didna ken what happened to ye. But now I'm here wi' ye I'm quite joco; what is the best of life but strife and two companions?"

"And yet," said Æneas, rueful now, "I'm wrong to feel

like this; you should not have come here. You have—you have a daughter. You'll never get off this ship. She's sailing for America."

"Fair wind to her, then," said Ninian; "but one thing's certain—you and me's no sailing wi' her. There's far too much for us to do in Scotland. Two good heads on us to a lot of tarry sailors—it were shame to us if we couldna quirk them! Ye're better off than I expected; the hold was where I thought to find ye, snapped in links."

"In that particular," said Æneas, "I have no complaint. But for an hour that I was yesterday shut up in the beak of the boat with rats and cables, I've only been a prisoner to the ship and free to take the air on her. And not all the time a prisoner to the ship either; to-day I was ashore for hours with a crew on some pretence of getting water, which I cannot fathom, since our casks are full and we took none back with us."

"Just that!" said Ninian. "I see! They knew there would be search, and cleared ye out till it was over. Oh yes! I'm thinking Pat's a clever, clever fellow! Where were ye yesterday when Duncan's lads were searching for the guns?"

"That's when I was in the bows a prisoner. Grant ordered me below when he saw a boat approaching; I had not seen the boat myself, and did not know the searchers were on board till they were gone."

"Whist!" said Ninian, "here they're coming."

The men at the stern came forward, looked into the cabin through the skylight grating, then made for the fo'c'sle. The big man took the lantern from Ninian's hand and blew it out through a hole that was in its horn. "It's warmer down below," said he, and gave them a little push, but quite good-naturedly. They all went down together, Ninian stumbling in the dark and knocking his head resoundingly against the scuttle coamings.

Two men were in the fo'c'sle, one of them patching trousers and the other fast asleep with his back to a deal partition that cut the place in two, a doorway showing the narrower part beyond. A cruse that stank of coalfish oil was smoking on a nail and gave a pauper light, but did not altogether drown the smell of bilge. Ninian looked about him for a place to sit.

"In here," said Æneas, and ducking his head passed through to the inner den, with Ninian following. The only light it had came through the doorway from the cruse, but enough to show a man well up in years, in breeches, with a coat all tattered, stretched upon a chest.

"My fellow-prisoner," said Æneas. "There's no doubt left with him as to where he's meant for. Can you guess?"

"Fine!" said Ninian, and

sat upon a keg. "For the plantations." He started speaking to the man, in English first, but found he had no word of it except a phrase of "mich obliged," which he used for everything, most laughably. Of his own tongue he was just as sparing, with a voice like buttered brose; he had been drinking.

"I think he's safe," said Ninian. "I never can trust a Fraser, but he hasna got the English and he'll no' can understand us. . . . Oh, Æneas! Alan-Iain-Alain Og, your uncle, little thinks his man-o'-business is in a place like this! Stop you, though! we'll get out o't. What happened ye at the inn?"

On either hand of them, quite close, were bunks, and one of them, it seemed, was Æneas's; he lay on his side in it and set forth all that happened.

When he had leaped from the window of the inn, he had, like Ninian, plunged for the close and landed in the net, but had escaped the cudgelling. He fell with a jar that shook his senses; before he could grip what happened, he was picked out from the trammel, whipped into the inn, and thrust down in a cellar. He lay there quarter of an hour, locked up in darkness; then was taken out to find that Ninian was in the net, lashed up, with his head split open.

"I thought that you were dead," said Æneas with earnestness. "I'll never see a man more like it."

"No, nor dead!" said Ninian; "Macgregors are as ill to kill as Tulla trout. Go you on with your story, *loachain!*"

They had all gone to the water-side, Ninian carried in the net, and Æneas walking, stupefied at this disastrous end to a night of terrors. The wounded man walked too; he was the vessel's mate, a relative of Grant's, and on the water-side he swooned. There was a boat; when Æneas saw it, he came to his senses, shouted an alarm and roused some people in a land of houses close at hand which looked out on the water. Windows opened, whereupon, in consternation, he and the mate were bundled in the boat, but Ninian proved too much for her, and he was left behind.

"That's just what I was thinking to myself," said Ninian. "Dead or living I would be a handful!"

The boat was hurried off down-stream, her men in a frenzy for escape. They reached the ship and found a furious skipper, who ordered them back at once for Ninian: in leaving him he swore they had bungled all; he was sure to follow.

"I knew he was a clever fellow, Pat!" said Ninian. "And they nearly had me too, but for a brisk wee laddie and a lantern."

Four men went back; the ship made ready for immediate sailing. She had ballast only, and was meant to lift a cargo farther up the coast. Grant whipped his crew about their duties like a thong—a fiery

swearing man with a scorching tongue, but luckily his rage with Ninian who had stabbed his mate was not directed upon Æneas, whom he treated rather with disdain than rudeness. On his ship he was feared by his crew, but not detested like his mate, in whose misfortune all the crew rejoiced, so much that they felt friendly to their prisoner.

"I thought he was a dog!" said Ninian. "Where is he?"

"Aft in the cabin there," said Æneas. "It's nothing very serious by the way he blows his whistle. A hundred times a day he pipes for something. . . . Harken to him, there he goes!"

A whistle shrilly sounded through the ship.

The sailors, chattering forward, stopped to curse with fervour, and one of them went up on deck. A minute later he cried down the scuttle for four others.

"How many men's wi' Grant?" asked Ninian, whispering.

"Seven or eight," said Æneas, and the other's jaw went down.

"Good lord!" said he. "No wonder that ye're downed! This boat's a barracks. And when is he coming back?"

"I thought you had been he," said Æneas, "when I heard you hailing. He may come at any moment now."

Ninian was more concerned than ever: he drummed on his keg with nervous fingers.

"I wish we were out of this," said he.

"You should never have

come," said Æneas. "The more I think of that the more I'm vexed. At least you should not have come alone. Did any one know your purpose?"

"That's the bit," said Ninian. "We're on a boat that has been jerqued and nothing found on her. When I made up my mind that seeing I couldna find ye I must let them take me where ye were, I thought ye were on land, and on the land I aye can work a passage. When I saw the boat in Bunchrew burn I got a fright, I'm telling ye! That didna suit my plan at all. It's this way, Æneas—I was with his lordship, and I knew that I was chased. We were at Bunchrew House. I thought to take a walk out in the grounds and let myself be seized that they might take me where ye were. Forbes knew what I was meaning. A man he had—the officer who searched this ship—was going to follow me and watch. Whatever happened, that man made a bungle of the business! Wherever I went I saw no signs of him, and that of itself looked curious. I was sitting there with Peter and the rest for hours and waiting for the tide, and he made no appearance. I doubt—I doubt he lost me. I did the best I could and cut a wee bit boat for a diversion, fitting her with masts, and stuck a rag of my kilt through one of them, and left it by the fire. Unless they're natural idiots they'll know what that means when they come on't in the morning, for they'll look for me, I ken."

"But the thing is this," said Æneas, "we may be off by morning. Grant will sail whenever he comes back and finds that you're on board."

"That's just what I was thinking to myself," said Ninian, and bit his nails. And then of a sudden he got up.

He went forward where the sailor patched his clothes, and Peter-son-of-James with great minuteness span a tale of his exploits ashore. A third man in a scarlet shirt, and with a high bald cliff of forehead, hunched below the light and read a bible like a man apart in body as in spirit. The rest were still on deck. Peter, noway checked by Ninian's entrance, kept his story going for the tailor, and Ninian himself must laugh to hear his seizure at the last put on a droll complexion. He had popped of his own accord into their hands when they had given up all hope of getting him, and did not greatly care.

"What kind of warlock bodies had ye yonder, Peter?" Ninian asked. "I thought that they were dumb."

The big man roared and slapped himself, his white teeth glistening.

"I thought that that would bother ye!" said he. "Three of the silliest creatures ever shipped. They're brothers with a quarrel, and for years they have not split one word between them. But, man, they're ready with the stick; if you have a head at all you'll mind the humped one."

Ninian screwed his face. "My grief!" said he, "was't

he that lounded me? The little deil! Man of my heart! but he put dirling in the thickest head in Albyn! and all for a ploy of old MacShimi's!"

"Better for us," said Peter, "if MacShimi's ploys were all on shore; this one of his has spoiled a mate on us, and, what is worse, has lost us two days' friendly wind."

Æneas joined them; all in the cheeriest key, but for the salt who pored upon his book, they might be a company of friends, and the seamen proved not ill-conditioned, dull, nor ruffianly,—just vagrom men prepared to pull on any rope the skipper bade them.

"Where will I get a drink?" said Ninian of a sudden, stopping short in a banter of the tailor.

"At the scuttle-butt on deck," the tailor said, and Ninian, with a look at Æneas, made for the ladder.

The night was dark as pitch when he got on deck, and the wind had risen freshly from the north, so that the schooner, swung thwart-tide, rolled wildly. Aloft the tackle sang, and the ship was full of noises; not all of her own complaining, for aft the men were speaking loudly in the cabin; he could hear them plainly though the door was slid. No watch was on the deck; he hung for a moment to a shroud and swung to the vessel's heaving, looking ardently at lights along the shore at less than a half-mile's distance—Clachnaharry.

In another moment he had whipped his shoes off; found

the scuttle-butt with ease, though a man unused to ships might search for it an hour, dipped in the pannikin and took a drink, and sought again the hatch.

"What was it ye called the thing?" he shouted down.

"The scuttle-butt," bawled back the tailor.

"I'm none the wiser," Ninian cried; "come you up, Æneas, and show me where it is. It's dark's a dungeon."

Æneas came up the ladder. As soon as he stood on deck the other caught him, led him to the side, and whispered, "Kick your shoes off, *loachain*; now is the hour for us if we are the men. There's not a soul on deck of all these swabs that surely have come in by hawse-holes; the boat we came with's lying at our stern. Hie forward!"

Through the truck of the deck he picked his way to the poop as if his eyes were cat's, and Æneas after him in stocking-soles, with not a scrap of faith in a scheme so suddenly contrived.

The wind was lulled a bit, and the sound of speech came plainly from the cabin. On land was some one playing on a fiddle. In the utter dark of the stern, where the tiller strained its lashings, they went stumbling over coils, and felt about the rail for fastenings.

They came on nothing but empty cleats—the boat was gone!

"My grief, we're done!" said Ninian.

He crept to the cabin sky-

light and looked through the grating, then came back with a great chagrin. "No wonder," said he, "they're at their ease about us. There's only two down there with the mate; the other three are off for Grant, and I was a fool that did not think of that!"

"Indeed, it seemed too simple altogether," Æneas said, and his heart went like a drum. "They know we're here as safe as in a Tol-booth."

"There's no' another boat?" said Ninian.

"There's two on shore with Grant, and the only one is that one on the deck," said Æneas.

"On chocks! She might as well be on Ben Lomond. And just you look at Clachnaharry! Ye could throw a stone! But I'm no' done:

I'll have my soles on it before Pat Grant comes back. Come here!"

He caught him by the sleeve and hurried him along the ship to the very bows beside the windlass, with a loud clash of the pannikin as they passed the butt. The cable, like a bar, stretched to the hawse-hole, where it was served with rags to check its galling: some bights of it on the bitts and some fathoms ranged behind.

"Stand back!" said he, with a fumbling at his armpit—"stand back, or it may brain ye!"

With the knife he cut the cable at the serving, strand by strand, all but the very last.

"Now on wi' our boots," said he, "and back to that ill-smelled hole; she'll do the rest hersel'."

(To be continued.)

CHATHAM.

"THE life of Chatham," Lord Rosebery has said, "is extremely difficult to write, and, strictly speaking, never can be written at all." It is pleasant accordingly to congratulate Mr Basil Williams upon having achieved the impossible. His biography of the elder Pitt¹ is in all respects an admirable performance. To say that it surpasses Dr von Ruville's is indeed to say little; for that voluminous work, if a monument of industry, is not less a monument of all that is pedantic and perverse. Mr Williams also has been industrious. He has excavated in the rich strata of material which are contained in the British Museum and other repositories, both public and private — material which, we rejoice to think, is at last beginning to be worked in real earnest. But to his zeal in research he has added discrimination, a sense of perspective, and a thorough familiarity with British habits of political thought. He has forborne to unload the whole contents of his note-book upon the public, and has kept steadily in view that the test of the good, as distinguished from the mediocre, historian or biographer is, not how much of what has been painfully extracted and transcribed he can communi-

cate, but, how much he has the fortitude to suppress. And, while there is nothing irrelevant in these volumes, we welcome with peculiar satisfaction the old familiar anecdotes, so much more illuminating than reams of disquisition. We have no notion of either history or biography being written with the pearls left out, nor are our sensibilities wounded should a few mock pearls happen to creep in.

Mr Williams is master of an excellent English style. He will not be offended if we say that he writes like a scholar and a gentleman. There is consequently no "fine writing," and there are no heroics. His narrative is animated, and occasionally soars to an appropriate enthusiasm; but the note is never strained: there is neither partisanship nor exaggeration. Upon the preparation of a text of many of Chatham's most famous oratorical passages Mr Williams has bestowed an anxious care, which has been rewarded with the largest possible measure of success. It is no small compliment to his efforts to be able to affirm that, in reading Pitt in his pages, we see that Charles Butler was speaking the simple truth when he said that to the hearer the man always appeared to be greater

¹ The Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. By Basil Williams. 2 vols. Longmans: 1913.

even than the orator. The author has further been at the pains to draw up a table of all his hero's speeches of which we possess any record—some 170 in number—with a column specifying the sources from which our knowledge of them is drawn. Lastly, an ample bibliography, an elaborate index of over fifty closely printed double-column pages, and a few clear and not overcrowded maps, complete a work which is likely neither to be superseded in point of authority nor equalled in point of literary accomplishment for many years to come.

When, early in 1735, William Pitt entered the House of Commons, as member for the family borough of Old Sarum, the power of Walpole had received a staggering shock. It is true that he had weathered the stormy election of 1734, thanks to the unwearied exertions of the Duke of Newcastle. It is also true that he had rid himself of a batch of colleagues—Lord Chesterfield among them—whose disloyalty was beyond doubt. But he never recovered the loss of prestige consequent upon his abandonment of the Excise Bill in deference to an extraordinary outburst of popular displeasure. His motive for this step had been entirely laudable—a desire to avoid the bloodshed which, he believed, the effective execution of his measure would inevitably have entailed. But, though the bill had gone, the unpopu-

larity remained, and added fresh energy to the attacks which rained upon him from innumerable quarters. Lord Stair assured Queen Caroline that, “in no age, in no reign, in no country, was ever any Minister so universally odious as the man you support.”¹

In these circumstances, the inducements to an ambitious and promising young man to join the Opposition were even stronger than they usually are. Pitt was indeed no Tory. His grandfather, “the first of the Nabobs,” had been elected as a staunch Whig to the Convention, and he himself professed an ardent devotion to the principles of the Revolution. The Tory party in the House of Commons numbered scarce more than the round hundred. It consisted, according to Macaulay, of “rows of ponderous foxhunters, fat with Staffordshire or Devonshire ale, men who drank to the King over the water, and believed that all the fundholders were Jews, men whose religion consisted in hating the dissenters, and whose political researches had led them to fear, like Squire Western, that their land might be sent over to Hanover to be put in the sinking fund.”² It consisted, according to Shelburne, of “the landed interest of England who desired to see an honourable dignified Government, conducted with order and due economy and due subordination, in opposition to the Whigs, who courted the

¹ Lord Hervey, *Memoirs*, i. 166.

² *Essays*, one vol. ed., p. 291.

mob in the first instance, and in the next the commercial interest."¹ So different is the mental vision of different men. At any rate, we have Mr Lecky's authority for holding that the Tories were "in general superior to their allies in rectitude of purpose and sincerity of conviction."² They served under the leadership of Sir William Wyndham, who for many years discharged an ungrateful and depressing task in such a way as to earn the respect and sympathy of all men. Wyndham, according to Speaker Onslow, a staunch Whig, "was the most made for a great man of any one that I have known in this age. Everything about him seemed great."³ Such a leader was worth a hundred of "that tawdry fellow," Bolingbroke, as Lord Cobham termed him. But, however honest their purpose, and however respectable their chief, the prospects of a party proscribed on suspicion of disloyalty to the House of Brunswick were not of the sort which makes converts.⁴ Pitt, in point of fact, joined a body of youthful politicians acting under Lord Cobham, and co-operating with the group of recalcitrant Whigs of whom Walpole had made mortal enemies. Private animosity was the mainspring of their action, and their object was

to compass the downfall of the Minister with all possible speed.

Pitt's first speech was delivered in April 1736, on a proposed vote of congratulation to the King upon the marriage of that most despicable of heirs-apparent, Frederick, Prince of Wales. From start to finish it was an elaborate and transparent essay in sarcasm at the expense of the royal parents, and even at the age of twenty-eight Pitt's sarcasm was a formidable weapon. This speech by itself was sufficient to create in the King's mind that hostility to Pitt which was subsequently inflamed, not merely by his persistent attacks upon Hanover and the Hanoverians, but also, by a wholly unwarrantable aspersion upon the King's personal bravery at Dettingen. It was there that George had dismounted from his fleeing charger, because he knew that his legs could be trusted not to run away with him, and the sneer was the less excusable that the position of the Sovereign necessarily precluded him from demanding that satisfaction which must have been accorded to a private individual in the like circumstances. The immediate consequence of Pitt's maiden effort was the loss of his commission in the K.D.G.'s, for

¹ Fitzmaurice's *Shelburne*, i. 38. Readers of "Sir Launcelot Greaves" will remember that, in the spirited election scene, the Whig candidate is a certain Mr Isaac Vanderpelft, a stock-jobber and contractor, of foreign extract, immensely rich, and not without a tincture of Hebrew blood.

² *Hist. Eng.*, i. 445.

³ *I.* 52.

⁴ Walpole's advice to the Pelhams in 1743 will be remembered: "Whig it with all opponents that will parley, but 'ware Tory!"

Walpole was a firm believer in a rigid system of political discipline, enforced by rewards and punishments. He would be a most pitiful Minister, so he declared, who should be afraid to advise the cashiering of an officer in constant opposition to the Government.¹ The offending cornet was consoled next year by being made a groom of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, and likewise by being celebrated in a poem from the pen of George Lyttelton, one of the "cousinhood," which in the art of sinking outrivals even Pope's famous couplet on William Murray.²

Matters went from bad to worse with Walpole as time went on. The nation was straining at the leash, and eager to be slipped at the throat of Spain. Captain Robert Jenkins had given his evidence and produced his ear at the bar of the House of Commons in 1738, though Beckford frequently assured Shelburne that if any member had lifted up Jenkins's wig they would have found his ears as whole as their own.³ In the following year the House proceeded to discuss the Convention of Pardo, which had been concluded with the Spanish Court in the interval. Pitt, in an eloquent and stirring harangue, contended for "our right of sailing unmolested by Spanish searchers," and denounced the Convention as

"nothing but a stipulation for national ignominy; an illusory expedient to baffle the resentment of the nation, a truce without a suspension of hostilities on the part of Spain; on the part of England a suspension . . . a surrender of the rights and trade of England to the mercy of plenipotentiaries."⁴ The remarkable point about the speech, as Mr Williams points out, lies "in its direct appeal to the people from the Ministry and the House of Commons."⁵ Pitt was beginning the course of instruction which was to convince the King in the long run that he must look for the sense of his subjects in another place than in the House of Commons.⁶ The keen interest taken by all classes in foreign affairs during the eighteenth century is one of the most instructive phenomena in our political history. Addison's *Political Upholsterer* in the 'Tatler' bears witness to it. For various reasons the country was much more closely implicated in the tangle of Continental politics than it has been since Waterloo, or, at least, since the accession of Queen Victoria. The fear of invasion, if not ever present, recurred at not infrequent intervals. The House of Bourbon, to the great mass of Englishmen, stood for the two chief bugbears from which they hoped that the Revolution Settlement and the acces-

¹ Pol. Hist. Eng., ix. 348.

² Poetical Works, Globe ed., p. 301.

³ Fitzmaurice's Shelburne, i. 35.

⁴ I. 77.

⁵ *Ib.*, 78.

⁶ *Ib.*, 309.

sion of the Elector of Hanover had once for all delivered them—popery and arbitrary government. Lastly, there was the latent desire for commercial expansion and supremacy, the half-formed and half-conscious resolve to secure for England the command of the trade-routes and markets of the world. Never was a war so popular—never was a war entered on with so light a heart—as that which was proclaimed with Spain in October 1739.

And never, even in the history of England, was a war conducted in so flabby and spiritless a fashion. The period of more than twenty years' unbroken peace found us ill-equipped and ill-prepared, nor, apart altogether from his disapproval of the war, was Walpole the man to make up by tardy vigour and belated exertion for all that was amiss. "We have no great plan in view, or *système suivi*," his brother, old Horace, confessed; "we act by fits and starts."¹ Pitt was relentless in his attacks upon the conduct of operations and upon the foreign policy of the Minister in the past. The "atrocious crime of being a young man" speech belongs to this period. So also does Sir Robert's sardonic undertaking, in retort to the assaults of "Cobham's chickens," to raise fifty patriots within the four-and-twenty hours. "I have raised many of them," he declared, "in one night. It is but refusing to

gratify an unreasonable or insolent demand, and up starts a patriot."² But the General Election of 1741 tolled the knell of the Ministry, and Walpole resigned early in 1742. The motion for an inquiry into his past administration received Pitt's vehement support. "We are called the Grand Inquest of the nation," he contended, "and as such it is our duty to inquire into every step of public management either abroad or at home."³ It was all very well for Pulteney to disclaim being a man of blood, and to protest that, when he had talked of pursuing Walpole to destruction, he had meant only the destruction of his *power*, not of his person. But Pitt had the unfortunate habit of meaning what he said, and impeachment and the scaffold were never far absent from his mind as the ultimate sanction of ministerial responsibility. Moreover, he may well have entertained the suspicion that, unless he could be hounded from public life, the influence of Orford with the Sovereign would not be appreciably less powerful than that of Walpole had been. The proceedings against the ex-Minister were ultimately burked, but Pulteney had doubtless been well advised to refuse him a guarantee of indemnity. "The heads of parties," he dryly observed, "were like the heads of snakes, carried on by their tails."

Pitt's next victim was Lord Carteret, who had become

¹ I. 97.² Ib., 83.³ Ib., 90.

Secretary of State in Lord Wilmington's Administration. Carteret conceived "that he slept in the bosom of the king,"¹ and his policy was well calculated to win the favour of the Elector of Hanover. On his own initiative he took 16,000 Hanoverian troops into English pay for service in the Netherlands. This stroke was intensely unpopular, and gave Pitt a great opportunity. Why should the Elector of Hanover exert his liberality at the expense of Great Britain? It was now too apparent that "this great, this powerful, this formidable kingdom is considered only as a province to a despicable electorate."² Waldegrave was right when he averred that "being thought an enemy to Hanover was the solid foundation of Pitt's popularity."³ Unfortunately, Carteret could not meet his great opponent face to face in the House of Commons. That would indeed have been a contest of gladiators. There the only foeman worthy of Pitt's steel was William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, who spoke with perspicuity and elegance, though he never quite succeeded in throwing off the lawyer. Only a few words, however, such as "soleester" for "solicitor," or "attaichment" for "attachment," survived to betray the fair city of Parth as the place of his nativity.

The King reluctantly parted with Carteret, yielding to the

pressure of the Pelhams, in November 1744, and with that event it may be said that the apprentice stage of Pitt's career was over. What had it brought him? In the first place, a welcome legacy of £10,000 from Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Next, the foremost position as a combatant in the eye of the House of Commons, and a sufficiently conspicuous one in the eye of the nation. Thirdly, some kind of understanding with Mr Pelham, now First Lord of the Treasury. For all these advantages a price had to be paid. If he had overthrown Walpole, he yet lived to glory in the reflection that Walpole, "a truly English Minister, thought well of me, and died at peace with me."⁴ If he had brought Carteret low, denouncing him as infamous, as forgetful that he was an Englishman, as "a Hanover troop minister, a flagitious taskmaster, whose only party are the 16,000 Hanoverians, the placemen by whose means he has conquered the Cabinet,"⁵ he yet lived to acknowledge that, "in the upper department of government, Lord Granville had not his equal," and to declare with pride that "to his patronage, to his friendship and instruction, I owe whatever I am."⁶ Finally, if he "flew in" the King's face" of set purpose, he yet lived to pronounce (though undoubtedly by way of a fling at his successor) that he "possessed justice, truth,

¹ Fitzmaurice's *Shelburne*, i. 37.

² Waldegrave, p. 130.

³ I. 93.

⁴ I. 106.

⁵ *Ib.*, 114.

⁶ *Ib.*, 52.

and sincerity in an eminent degree."¹ The extravagances of youth are assuredly not to be for ever brought up in judgment against statesmen whose subsequent life more than redeems them, and we have no particular liking for old heads upon young shoulders. But we cannot help wondering whether palinodes are an agreeable form of intellectual exercise in middle age, and whether fame and power may not occasionally be purchased at a somewhat less exorbitant cost in discretion and self-respect than seemed necessary to the elder Pitt and the younger Disraeli.

When the "Broadbottom" was formed by the Pelhams after Carteret was gone, Pitt was left out in the cold. Yet he gave that administration his support. The active alliance of the Dutch had been secured on the Continent, while the problem of the Hanoverian troops had been solved by the simple expedient of transferring them to the service of the Queen of Hungary, and giving her the money to pay them with. It was not until after the great crisis of 1746 that Pitt obtained office, and his first duty was to carry through a proposal to engage a force not of 16,000, but of 18,000, Hanoverians to co-operate with the Dutch. So well did he acquit himself that he was presently sworn of the Privy Council, and promoted from the Vice-Treasurership of Ireland to

the Pay Office, where he remained for the best part of nine years. His refusal to touch any of the perquisites or commissions which immemorial custom had practically rendered part of his emoluments, or to employ the office balances for judicious "investment" on his own account, probably seemed quixotic to his colleagues, but enormously strengthened his hold upon the regard of his countrymen.

The last eight years of Pelham's ministry were a period of political stagnation, which the death of the Prince of Wales only rendered more stagnant. The House of Commons, according to Horace Walpole, became like a meeting of Quarter Sessions, "where nothing was transacted but turnpikes and poor-rates."² In the Lords a debate on a Turnpike Bill espoused by the Duke of Bedford, brought together the biggest House of the Session in 1750.³ During these years Pitt maintained an almost unbroken silence. His acceptance of a seat at Seaford from the Duke of Newcastle, at the election of 1747, marks his reconciliation for the time being with the main body of the Whigs, and his opposition to a project of Pelham's in 1751 for reducing the naval establishment to 8000 men is apparently the solitary symptom of insubordination. But with the death of Pelham the stress and rivalry recommenced. Pitt's plan of cam-

¹ II. 58.² *Apud*, Pol. Hist. Eng., ix. 429.³ Dodington, Diary, 32.

paign, as disclosed to Temple, was "to profess and to resolve *bond fide* to act like public men in a dangerous conjuncture for our country."¹ But he was bitterly mortified when the lead in the Commons was given to Robinson, and he did not scruple to unbosom himself to the Duke.² To be passed over for Fox would have been bad enough, but to be passed over for Robinson! Newcastle was not long in recognising his blunder. He found that, in order to carry on, he must attach to himself either Fox or Pitt. He chose the former, "as being thought more practicable, less disagreeable to the King, and more a man of business."³ Fox was accordingly admitted to the Cabinet in the spring of 1755, and appointed Secretary of State, with "the conduct of the House of Commons," several months later. Pitt was dismissed from the Paymastership for the speech in which he celebrated this amalgamation by the famous simile of the junction of the Rhone and the Saône. In less than a twelvemonth, during which Pitt had resolutely declined to come into measures with the Duke, Fox threw up the sponge, and the Duke of Newcastle made room for the Duke of Devonshire. The new ministry lasted long enough for

Mr Secretary Pitt to launch his Militia Bill, to raise a couple of Highland regiments from presumably rebel clans (greatly to Hardwicke's dismay), and to put affairs otherwise in train for the vigorous prosecution of the war with France. In these measures he had the support of the commercial interest, which he commanded through Beckford and Ralph Allen, and also of the Tories, who, to their credit, "deserted their hounds and their horses," and rallied round the Ministry, "merely to keep the ship from sinking."⁴ But the life of the administration was cut short in April 1757, by the dismissal of Pitt at the instigation of the Duke of Cumberland. An interregnum of close on three months followed, during which the shower of gold boxes, which had started in the previous summer, recommenced. The King was at his wits' end. Finally he was induced by Mansfield to give Hardwicke *carte blanche*. The result was the formation of the most successful administration that ever held the reins of government in England. Pitt held the seals for the Southern province, to inspire and direct the conduct of the war. Newcastle presided at the Treasury Board, to dispose of patronage. And Fox returned to the Pay Office, to "sit in the dark

¹ I. 224. Yorke's Hardwicke, ii. 204. Through a mistake induced by the intrusion of a superfluous comma into Mr Yorke's text, it was stated in 'Maga,' vol. cxciv. p. 492, that Pitt was "fishing in troubled waters and troubling them in order to fish the better." But this is evidently what he disclaimed the intention of doing.

² I. 228.

³ Waldegrave, p. 32.

⁴ Yorke's Hardwicke, ii. 377.

making money.”¹ Such a combination was irresistible.

Mr Williams refuses to accept von Ruville’s ingenious theory that, after the accession of George III., the King and Bute were eager for Pitt to remain in office, and that it was his own wilfulness which made him go. Pitt was indeed no friend to government by party, but they must have been well aware that his presence in the Cabinet would thwart the realisation of the young King’s ideals. Their desire to break up the Whig oligarchy was forwarded by a seasonable change in public opinion with regard to the war. Mauduit’s ‘Considerations on the German War’ at once expressed and stimulated the revival of the old feeling against German alliances, cemented by subsidies of men and money. Pitt was ill-fitted by temperament at any time to conduct negotiations for peace, and the triumphs of the last few years had in no wise abated his imperious habit. In the closet he would seem to have been a curious mixture of exaggerated deference and grandiloquent persistency. He and his brother-in-law, Temple, who had achieved the garter and was in full cry after a Dukedom, had endeavoured to guide the passions and to convince the judgment of George II. according to the rules of rhetoric.² The same method

was no doubt applied to the grandson, as it was applied a century later by another rhetorician to that grandson’s grand-daughter. But at the Council Board Pitt would tolerate no contradiction. “Mr Pitt’s way of talking,” complained Lord Hardwicke to Newcastle, “is such as I believe was never before known between fellow-Ministers acting in the same service.”³ At his last Cabinet he held forth in his loftiest strain.

“Without having ever asked one single employment in my life,” he boldly proclaimed, “I was called by my Sovereign and by the voice of the people to assist the State when others had abdicated the service of it. That being so, no one can be surprised that I will go on no longer, since my advice is not taken. Being responsible, I *will* direct, and will be responsible for nothing that I do not direct.”⁴

To whom Carteret in reply, vindicating the modern doctrine of the Constitution:—

“If he be resolved to assume the right of advising His Majesty and directing the operations of the war, to what purpose are we called to this Council? The King might indeed take a foreign measure with his Secretary of State only; but, since the King has referred the matter to his Council, the opinion of the majority becomes the measure, the rest is only execution. When therefore the gentleman talks of being responsible to the people, he talks the language of the House of Commons, and forgets that at this Board he is only responsible to the King.”⁵

Pitt resigned on the 5th October 1761, accepting a

¹ Fitzmaurice’s *Shelburne*, i. 70.

² 18th April 1761, *Yorke’s Hardwicke*, iii. 317.

⁴ *II.* 112.

² *Waldegrave*, p. 90.

⁵ *Ib.*, 113.

peerage for his wife and for himself a pension of £3000 a year for three lives.

How often, at what precise conjunctures, and by whom, in the course of the next five years, Pitt was approached on behalf of the King with a view to his coming into administration, the most diligent student may well be pardoned if he forgets. More than once negotiations trembled on the verge of success, but Pitt insisted upon excluding the Bloomsbury gang, or declined to take office without Temple, or some other hitch occurred which proved fatal. Scarcely less numerous were the overtures made to him, after Newcastle's resignation in 1762, to join and lead the Whigs in opposition. Hardwicke, who had no mind to go into systematic opposition himself, always pleads the impossibility of securing Pitt by way of excuse for his own lukewarmness. Whether the invitations to take office or the invitations to take the lead in opposing Ministers are the more flattering, the reader may determine for himself. Perhaps the former bear the more conclusive testimony to his administrative and parliamentary genius, the latter to his incomparable influence in the country. As Charles Butler sagaciously observes: "A regular opposition to government can only be successfully made by professing liberal principles, and appealing in the

language of them to the great body of the people."¹

But the truth is that both the Ins and the Outs had mistaken their man. Pitt's situation upon quitting the Ministry was one of splendid isolation. "Out-Toried by Bute, and out-Whigged by the Duke of Newcastle," as he sighed to Thomas Walpole, "he had nobody to converse with but the Clerk of the House of Commons."² He saw the tide of party rising as high as ever—he who was resolved to "think it better for government to act with a whole nation than with only a party."³ He could not, and would not, work with the advocates for a peace. If there was any subject on which he felt strongly, it was that. And yet, after speaking in the House for three hours and a half against the Preliminaries, he walked out without waiting for the division. On many grounds it might be thought that his natural and congenial allies would be the Rockingham Whigs. But Pitt repudiated the essential article of their creed. While he was thinking of measures, they were thinking of men, and Burke speaks savagely of "the cant of, not men but measures, by which many people get rid of every honourable engagement."⁴ Pitt assured the Duke of Cumberland that he was determined "to have regard to a set of gentlemen who are called Tories, and had acted with him upon Revolution principles, and had

¹ Reminiscences, ii. 94.

² Yorke's Hardwicke, iii. 430.

³ II. 62.

⁴ Thoughts, &c., 1770. Quoted *apud*, ii. 265.

supported his administration.”¹ This attitude would of itself have proved a serious obstacle in the way of cordial co-operation; and, down to the end of Pitt’s life, it invariably happened that, just when a *rap-prochement* seemed about to take place, some specific cause of offence emerged which placed the contracting parties at arm’s length once again.

Unfortunately for his reputation, and unfortunately for his country, the opportunity was presented to Pitt in 1766 of subjecting his principles to the test of practice. The experiment proved disastrous. Hoping to construct a ministry from the best men of every party, he only succeeded in forming one of which Burke’s description is too familiar to need repetition.² As if that were not enough, the ministry made an uncommonly bad start. Its formation was accompanied by a lavish distribution of pensions and reversions. One of its earliest acts—the laying of an embargo upon the exportation of corn by means of an Order in Council—was plainly unconstitutional. Worst of all, Pitt had taken a peerage. The outburst of obloquy which followed this step is, as Mr Williams points out, “one of the greatest tributes to the hold which the great Commoner had gained over the imagination of the people.”³ But while that

storm, like other storms, subsided into an angry rumbling, the tangible result was there—Charles Townshend, the incarnation of irresponsibility, led the House of Commons.

The drawbacks to even this ill-omened arrangement might have been overcome had Pitt retained his pristine vigour of mind and body. But he had been a life-long martyr to the gout, though some of his contemporaries professed to be sceptical of the genuineness of his ailment, and to look upon the invalid’s apparatus of crutches, flannel bandages, and big boots as so many theatrical properties. Now hereditary gout *plus* Dr Addington’s amazing regimen⁴ would play havoc with the strongest constitution, and the constant exhibition of the waters of Prince Bladud brought no permanent relief to Pitt. Complete physical and mental prostration ensued; and, between leaving Bath in February 1767, and relinquishing the Privy Seal in October 1768, he demitted his ministerial functions altogether. It was during that interval that Charles Townshend conceived the happy thought of applying a light to the pile of combustibles which had for long been accumulating on the other side of the Atlantic. Yet why should Townshend bear the sole blame? Pitt, as we have

¹ II. 152. Cf. Yorke’s Hardwicke, iii. 431.

² *Apud*, ii. 218.

³ II. 213.

⁴ No exercise; and, every day at dinner, two glasses of old hock and two glasses of red port, besides madeira unmixed with water and port taken in sago. II. 243.

seen, was *ab agendo* for the time. But of his other colleagues in the Cabinet, those who disapproved contented themselves, like the egregious Camden, with hanging their heads: not a man of them resigned. Nor can the immaculate Rockinghams be wholly acquitted of complicity in the fatal deed. Had they not, in the true spirit of faction, assisted in carrying the reduction of the land tax from four shillings to three, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not have been compelled to cast a roving eye over the Empire in search of new sources of taxation.

We have no inclination to linger on the train of events which culminated in the recognition of the independence of the American colonies. No chapter in our history makes such melancholy reading as that which unfolds the tale of the American revolution, nor in any other do we seem to have so definite a consciousness of the presence behind the curtain of a malignant Nemesis, directing all things to one predestined end. The gloom of the story thickens when we permit ourselves to speculate upon what might have happened if only the King had been tolerably served by his naval and military forces, and by those charged with their equipment, commissariat, and direction. It is never lightened

save by a few fitful gleams, of which the brightest is the passing of the Quebec Act in 1774. Pitt and the Rockingham Whigs opposed it bitterly: to them it seemed merely to provide the rebels with a fresh and well-founded grievance. But it is scarcely more certain that we owe the acquisition of Canada to Pitt than that we owe its retention to Lord North and his royal master. One change in the attitude of historical writers may be hailed with unqualified satisfaction. It is no longer fashionable to find all the good men and high motives on the Colonial side, and all the wicked men and base motives on the British. The evil tradition has been dropped, and American historians were the first to drop it. Only two or three "old stagers" on this side of the water, obstinately loyal to the worst traditions of their party, continue to hug themselves as they gleefully recall defeat to British arms and disaster to British honour.¹ We have learned to make allowances, we try to understand different points of view. But the hackneyed old war-cries *hinc inde*, the endless wranglings round and round the constitutional question, the elaborate discussions of the "right" of Parliament to tax the Colonies, though they must ever retain their dusty place in the museum of political thought, seem to-

¹ This tune was, of course, set by Mr Fox, who spoke of Howe's victory in 1776 as "the terrible news from Long Island," and declared that "no public event, not excepting Saratoga and Yorktown, ever happened that gave me so much delight" as the battle of Valmy. See Lord North, by R. Lucas. I. 368.

day the idlest and most barren of logomachies. Pitt's view throughout was that Parliament was not entitled to impose direct taxation on the Colonial subjects of the King for the sake of raising revenue, but *was* entitled to impose indirect taxation for the sake of regulating trade. The distinction appears to correspond to no substantial difference in principle or practice, and was ultimately abandoned by the Colonists who once accepted it. To a settlement based on the concession of independence Pitt would never have consented. Indeed, his notions of prerogative in some respects ran curiously high.¹ But the kindly hand of death summoned him hence before witnessing the final collapse and the crowning humiliation involved in the abandonment of the loyalists to the tender mercies of the triumphant rebels.

When we name the name of Chatham, it is neither the days of his hot and undisciplined youth nor the dark and weary months of his decline that come instinctively to mind. Rather do we think of those great, those glorious, those wonderful years from 1757 to 1761, when a united nation faced the world in arms and won an Empire. Mr Williams tells us that "nothing probably contributed so much to the reconciling the

Highlands to British rule" as the raising of the Highland regiments;² while in England the Militia Act was instrumental in promoting such a *concordia ordinum* as had not been seen for many a long day. When the Militia were called out in 1759, Tory squires, "who for the last fifty years had sulked in their villages, were proud to take rank in the new force: Churchmen and dissenters learned to sympathise with each other in a common interest."³ Pitt did not mince matters behind the scenes, and the memory of Byng was recent and vivid enough to be effectual *pour encourager les autres*. When Anson, in reply to a demand for sixteen ships, protested his inability to find them, he was threatened with impeachment, and the ships were found. "Sir, I walk on impossibilities," was Pitt's magnificent reply to a demurring admiral.⁴ Boscawen, on the other hand, was a man after his own heart. "When I apply to other officers," said Pitt, "they always raise difficulties: *you* always find expedients."⁵ He selected the commanders of his expeditions, but left them the choice of their staff, his principle being that, "in order to render any general completely responsible for his conduct, he should be made, as far as possible, inexcusable if he should fail."⁶ Shelburne asserts that

¹ Thus he held that the business of the House of Commons was merely to fix the numbers of the standing army, its management being left entirely to the King or those commissioned by him. I. 172.

² I. 294.

³ Ib., 405.

⁴ Ib., 330.

⁵ Ib., 331.

⁶ Ib., 397.

he took his officers by accident, that he encouraged them going out, and supported them while on service, but was the first to desert them on the least failure, and to shift the blame from off his own shoulders.¹ In reality, he welcomed responsibility, and punished any act of carelessness on the part of a subordinate in the office "in the severest possible way, by taking the blame on himself."² No doubt there is another side to the medal. He was utterly ignorant of finance, according to Horace Walpole,³ and he was apt to take all the honour and glory to himself, and leave to others the trouble of finding the wherewithal. It must have been intensely disagreeable for the Duke of Newcastle to be threatened with the block if money or provisions for the army ran short. But, in point of fact, although the war was "the most expensive ever waged," and although the national debt was more than doubled between 1755 and 1762,⁴ the country got infinitely better value for its money out of Pitt than out of any other War Minister before or since. And Adam Smith testifies that, at the end of the war, our agriculture was as flourishing, our manufacturers were as numerous and fully employed, and our commerce was as extensive, as they had ever been before.⁵

The most striking thing

about Pitt is perhaps the way in which he infused his own eager and prevailing spirit into every ship, every regiment, every individual, in the King's service. Navy and army alike were completely in tune with him. The roughest and least lettered of sailors caught the infection of his grand manner. What could be better than the reply of old Admiral Osborn to the Commons' vote of thanks? "As the House of Commons is so gloriously watchful to encourage the greatest merit by rewarding the least, England can never want good officers."⁶ Even to the formal sentences of the King's Speech he communicated a portion of the sacred flame, and a touch of his pen made the stilted periods glow with a patriotism ardent yet restrained, dignified yet exultant. But why recapitulate matters which should be the commonplaces of every British school, of every British hearth? The sum and substance of it all is that Pitt, during that momentous time, enjoyed the rare distinction (which he shares with Wellington alone of all our giants since the Revolution) of completely satisfying the imagination. We all form in outline a conception of both men which possesses a vague grandeur, and when we come to fill it up, lo and behold! every single detail fits into the picture. Not only is every action right, but

¹ Fitzmaurice, i. 77.

² I. 328.

³ George III., ii. 365.

⁴ II. 49.

⁵ Wealth of Nations, Bk. V., ch. iii., *apud* i. 56.

⁶ I. 378.

every word, every thought, every gesture, is "right" too. The fertile brain of the most ingenious novelist could attribute to Pitt no traits more radically characteristic than those he actually displayed, could put into his mouth no sentiments more exquisitely appropriate than those he actually uttered. And the same truth holds good of the minor characters on his stage. Each and all "play up" to the central figure, from Wolfe at Quebec to the master of a transport who steered his ship up the St Lawrence without a pilot, to prove "that an Englishman shall go where a Frenchman dare not show his nose," and remarked at his journey's end, "Damn me if there are not a thousand places in the Thames fifty times more hazardous than this; I am ashamed that Englishmen should make such a rout about

it."¹ For once history proves to be both truer and more romantic than fiction.

There is one signal service rendered by Pitt to his country which must in conclusion be adverted to. He bequeathed to the nation a son whose greatness shines with a lustre no less resplendent than his father's. The discussion of the comparative merits of the two must, however, await the arrival upon the scene of a modern Plutarch. Here it may suffice to say that when they put the trumpet to their lips and blew, the blast is unmistakable. "England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example."² In these inspiring words we hear the very tones of the elder statesman, exhorting and encouraging to duty. It is not a chip of the old block: it is, in Burke's phrase, the old block itself.

¹ II. 9.

² Rose, William Pitt and the Great War, 538.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

HANS ACROSS THE BORDER.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL G. F. MACMUNN, D.S.O.

"MOR—R—RE bee—i—er!
Moore bi—errr!"

A bleer-eyed, half-terrified Teuton face appeared round the door of the mess anteroom and preferred its demand for liquid refreshment, "More beer!" To which Branson, who sat in the mess, had promptly responded.

"Oh, bearer! *Baja wallah sahib ko aur beer shrab do.*"¹ And then to the ramshackle Teuton who had now brought himself into the room muffled up in wraps—

"Certainly, William." His name was Hans, but then William is good German for all Teutons,—"certainly, they'll bring it in a minute. How's that old piano getting on?"

"Ach, not at al. I tel you, mister, it is von thing to tehun a pi-ano when onlee von or two strrings are wrronng. It is anoder thing to tehun a pi-ano when al ze strrings are wrrong, so!" and with this rolling protest the dishevelled figure withdrew itself, and in the next room the beer could be heard going gluck-gluck.

Hans Breitman was a piano-tuner from Lahore, whom business had brought all the way up the Teechi to tune a piano in the mess-house of a frontier militia corps, all be-

cause too long a life of carousal in messes and places where they sing had been too much for its internals. At last the mess had said they could stand it no longer and had telegraphed to Lahore for a tuner, regardless of expense.

And in due course the tuner had arrived. Poor tuner! Life in Lahore, where the trades society is considerable, had been bearable enough to the German employee of a music depôt, but the journey to the frontier to carry out the order had been a terrifying experience. He had had to come many miles by rail, while long-haired men of the North had stared into his railway carriage, and then he had driven eighty miles through rock and sand and dust and evils till he had got to the other end of nowhere. But at the other end of nowhere he found that his troubles were only about to begin, for now he had to cross the British border, past militia posts that were full of armed men. A *tonga* and mounted escort of levies awaited him, and the wind down the pass grew colder and colder and the road grew rougher and rougher. The fierce men of the "livy," with their shaggy sheepskin coats and long knives and wild

¹ "Give the music-man some more beer."

appearance, had brought that poor tuner to a state of collapse, so that when he arrived at the end of a fifty miles' trans-border drive, it took many bottles of beer to restore him. Bass and Murree beer, "*Helles*" and "*Dunkles*," were poured into him, and his fireplace was piled high with logs, and it was not till nearly noon the day after his arrival that "William" could turn to with the piano in which "Al ze strrings are wrrrong."

The very interior of the fort was terrifying, for the great snow hills enclosed it, and to the north lay the huge white wall of the Sufaid Koh. Each company in the fort as they fell in daily on their company parades looked wilder and fiercer and more hairy than its neighbour, and Hans prayed each half-hour of the long day for his deliverance from such surroundings. However, it is a long lane that has no turning, and by the evening of the second day after his arrival, Hans's really musical ear had agreed that that sorely handled piano was at last in tune, "Al ze strrings," and on the strength of his white blood the officers asked the good Hans to dine in mess with them. Under the flow of strong mulled beer and glowing logs "William" unbent and cheered up, and even remembered how he once had been a soldier, a private in the artillery of the Guard, if you please (and very much his sloppy nature had hated it!). He had grown quite enthusiastic at the toast of "The King," and even felt

himself the brother-in-arms. After dinner he had sung a song, too,

"Das Lied vom Wein ist leicht und
klein
Und flöszt euch Lust zum Trinken
ein,"

and had been voted quite a good sort of bird. Branson himself had promised to see him on his way down the pass to-morrow, as he was going on an inspection, and his escort would do for both, since economy in escorts is a prime consideration. As Hans was nervous, he should be lent Branson's sporting mauser as a tribute to his nationality.

So down the pass the next day went Hans Breitman, thanking his stars that he had seen the last of wildman-land, seated in the *Levy tonga*, clutching the mauser carbine and sucking at a bubbly pipe. Branson sat in front, a pistol by his side and four mounted troopers cantering adjacent, who were changed every eight miles by fresh men on fresh horses. It is thus that the frontier officer has to make his rounds, a-*tonga* or a-horseback, a cockshy for the outlaw on the hill-tops. However, all went well enough that day, and the road was varied frequently with camel caravans of Ghilzai traders, babies and goats and Persian pussy-cats lashed a-top the humpy shaggy camels. But the sight of the hairy, well-armed men, and even their hairy camels, only increased Hans's desire for the open plains, and the reassurance of even a frontier railway.

The *tonga* galloped steadily on, past olive and mimosa-planted shrine, and saturnine tribesmen, till the raw red stones and the palosin scrub gave way to broad corn-flats when the valley broadened. At last, late in the afternoon, they won through to a gentler valley and a vista of cultivated plains and homesteads. Five miles, however, from the outlet to the plains they came to the Levy post which men call Durraband, or the "closed door," and here Branson found some business with local tribesmen which would detain him, and Hans must either wait or go on alone. He could, of course, have the escort, but he must sit alone in the *tonga*. Hans, longing to be away, took the latter course, and in fifteen minutes had moved on, still grasping the trusty mauser. Branson was glad enough to see him go, for even ex-Prussian artillerymen were out of place on a frontier when trouble of some kind was about, and the news he had got at Durraband might mean anything. So Hans drove off into haze of the winter afternoon, and Branson set himself about his local business, which included unravelling, so far as might be, certain conflicting rumours of outlaws and their young village following being on the warpath.

But escape is not always to the swift, and just as Hans was congratulating himself at getting out of the hills and reaching the border post held by a regular garrison of

soldiers, twenty rifles and a dozen sabres, the whole complexion changed.

Outside the mud fort of Drenashta was a group of soldiers, villagers, and border police. In the midst of them stood a British officer of the cavalry regiment stationed in the big cantonment that lay fifteen miles or so inland. He had ridden out with half a dozen of his men to inspect the detachment in the post, and when he arrived there a message had come to say that there had been a raid by outlaws at a village near by. He had ridden over at once to find that the village shopkeeper had been left for dead, his shop looted, two village watchmen shot through both legs to teach them to resist, and the shopkeeper's wife carried off. As the shopkeeper would not show where his money was, the outlaws had gently roasted his legs for ten minutes or so, whipped his wife, and then stabbed the poor old man's ample paunch. Happily, however, some one had not taken it all lying down, for a patrol of border military police had come up in time at any rate to fire on the raiders moving off, and hang on to their coat-tails. Fortunately it had only just happened as Maitland the cavalry officer arrived, and there was still an off-chance of getting them. He had therefore galloped back to the post with the intention of turning out every man, locking up its gate and hurrying them off to block three or four adjacent small passes that

the raiders would probably use. Just as this was being arranged, Hans in his *tonga* drove up. The accession of four troopers was hailed with delight. They must accompany the cavalry at once. What, demanded poor Hans, was he to do? The duffedar in charge of Hans, saluting him, suggested that the only thing for the *captan* to do was to go too, and pointing to his mauser carbine remarked that it was just the thing. It was also explained to Hans that he could not well wait alone in the post, as it was to be abandoned, and that it would not be at all safe for him to drive on alone. It has been mentioned that Hans, like all his compatriots, had some military experience hidden behind that very unmilitary exterior, and how beer and surroundings the night before had stirred it. To be saluted and called captain by a non-commissioned officer—how he had hated all such when he was soldiering in Metz—completed the awakening of ardour. Rather than be left alone in an empty mud fort, or be driven unprotected through fifteen miles of borderland, he would go with the English officer. Maitland, who was highly amused, but had little time to enjoy it, patted him on the back, and said he was a stout fellow. So ten minutes after arrival Hans found himself on the *docter babujee's*¹ *tat*, ambling alongside Maitland. Just, however, as the parties were about to

turn off to the various *darras* in the foothills that they were to watch, a messenger came from the border military police party. He said that the party had come up with the raiders, who had shut themselves up in a small mosque at the opening of the Tor-darra. From this they were firing at all and sundry, but the border police said they could hold them as long as daylight lasted. Now the Tor-darra was but two miles off. Maitland considered the proposition, and decided to send all his party there at once.

"We may want a mountain-gun to get those swine out of that. . . . I must send in to let them know in the cantonment. There is a telegraph office or a telephone at Palunda. Here, jemadar *sahib*, give me a trooper to take a message to Palunda." And the party halted for a moment while a message was written out, asking for fifty more men, and a gun to be brought out in a *tonga*, in case the situation could not be tackled with the men at his disposal. Maitland and the cavalry then cantered off, and the infantry with *captan* Hans followed in their wake. It took the best part of half an hour for even the cavalry to get to their destination. The ground was cut up with the deepish irrigation cuts that lead the salt-impregnated water from the *darra* down to numerous wheat-fields. The mounds of an old Græco-Bactrian town also im-

¹ The native apothecary's pony.

peded them, but as they drew near the foothills the "pock" of dropping rifle-fire came down on the breeze. That was satisfactory; it showed that the outlaws were still there. A man of the police was waiting for them, and could not conceal his delight at the arrival of a *sahib*. At the most, they had hoped for the Indian troopers from the post. He eagerly described the situation. The outlaws had got into the mosque, but finding themselves trapped, had attempted to get out. Some had got up a narrow gorge at the back, from which, however, there was no exit except by over-hand climbing, but three or four were still in the mosque. The police *jemadar* and eight of his men had gone after them merely to keep them there. Four of the men were lying down a hundred yards from the door of the mosque, behind some tombs, to prevent the three inside getting out. Oh yes, one or two of the police had been hit; he thought Mustapha Khan Bhatanni had been killed. "By Jove," exclaimed Maitland, "these old 'Barder'¹ have done jolly well; but I haven't yet heard who it is that's leading the raiders." Turning to the policeman, he said, "Who is it that you've got?"

"*Sahib*, the villagers all say its Lal Khan."

"What! Lal Khan Jowaki?"

"The same, *sahib*."

"Phe-e-ew! No wonder you

are hanging on to his tail like this, though you are brave men. Why, every jack man of you will be promoted. There is a big reward, too."

"Rs. 10,000, *sahib*, by your honour's kindness."

"Oh, well, we must help you get it. Here, jemadar *sahib*, leave four men here with these policemen. They are to get in as near that mosque as possible, and take care they don't get shot. There are three *mafruz*² in there."

And then Maitland dismounted his men, sent the horses into a small walled orchard, and hurried on with the policeman to the rift in the hills where the outlaws were said to be. A fairly sharp fire was in progress. Maitland found the *jemadar* with half a dozen men at the mouth of the cleft, a curious rift into the rock of the hillside. They were lying down firing vigorously, and said that the outlaws had been trying to come out. A couple of the men were wounded, but not seriously, though farther back under a rock lay police-lad Mustapha Khan dead, as the policeman had said. The native officer of the "Barder" said he had four men at the top of the creek in charge of a man who had been born near, and who had said that there was practically no way out. Any news of the woman they had carried off? Oh yes, she was left away back on the fields with her nose out off. Then a great

¹ The "Barder." Native name for the Border Military Police.

² Outlaws.

anger seized Maitland's heart, with an intense desire to finish off Lal Khan and his following, so that they should harry the border-side no more. He sent half of his men to the head of the cleft, and left half with the police *jemadar* at the opening, for it was more than probable that the outlaws might try and rush out, as the far end had probably been found impracticable. That being for the moment secure, Maitland then went back to meet the small party of infantry, who were following with Hans close on the heels of the cavalry. He found them coming up to the mosque, and was able to withdraw the four men he had left, leaving the police and half a dozen rifles watching the door and back of the mosque, lest the outlaws should burrow under the wall. With the remainder, including Hans, he returned once more to the cleft. The outlaws had not been inactive. Feeling the net closing on them, they had made a rush to the opening of the cleft after a few minutes of rapid fire, in which two of Maitland's own men had been hit, and had then retired again. Three of the troopers had tried to follow them up the cleft, but had met too hot a fire. The noise had been considerable, as the rifle-shots reverberated from the conglomerate cliffs. The first thing to do was to double close the opening. Already the men there were piling up a stone wall as best they could under cover. Maitland put all his newcomers on to help at this, and to drag

the dried mimosa-thorn from the edge of a small patch of buckwheat, and throw it on the other side of their wall as an obstacle. The infantry *jemadar*, with the police, were then left at the cleft. The remainder of the force, some twenty troopers and half a dozen of the "Barder," he ranged out in pairs round the cleft on both sides, the said ravine being apparently a hundred yards long. Maitland himself took up a position about the middle of one of the sides.

It was now dark, and there was every prospect of a long cold night, with the possibility of the outlaws escaping. The man who knew the place then came and whispered that there was little cover down below, and that were it not for the dark the men would all, or nearly all, be visible from above. The thorn all round, he said, was now dry, and exceedingly inflammable. Let it be cut and lighted and thrown down, and let each pair of men round the edge do this. Then there would be light enough to shoot the outlaws by. The plan was a good one. There was, after all, likely to be vengeance on these cruel wolfheads for whose death the whole countryside cried aloud.

Maitland sent the order round, and in ten minutes launched a mass of burning thorn rolling over the side of the cliff. On all sides a similar phenomenon. The whole gully was illuminated, and some of the men below could be seen hurrying to find shelter. For

the moment the laugh was certainly on the side of the assailants. Those watching above fired rapidly at the scurrying illuminated figures below, and certainly one bullet found an avenging billet. The scene was a dramatic one, worthy of being portrayed. It was now quite dark, and round this crevasse clustered unseen the little knots of Maitland's men. The higher hills round stood out clear-cut against the sky, and the stars shone out on the frosty night. Rigel and Betelgeux flickered across to Gemini and the Great Square, and the outlaws lay doggo in the deep gloom below. Then the happy thought of the local man, the sudden lighting of thorn-bush bundles, rolled flaming down the sides of the cliffs, till its rugged plum-pudding sides shone red in their conglomerate layers, and the heads of troopers lit up round the edge! To crackling of thorns was added the crack of rifles and the curses from the desperadoes below. And above it all rose an order from Maitland to shoot carefully and finish it off. Then as the thorn-bushes burnt out there ensued a thrice-thickened darkness and a tense silence. Below, near the mosque, an occasional rifle-shot rang out, more as a sign that all was well than a definite attempt to break into that solid building.

Hans, in charge of a man of his own escort, lay close behind Maitland, grasping his carbine, and resigned to any happening. Again the thorns were lit and

hurled below with a fresh volley as the cleft lit up, and another raider was declared hit. But the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Between the fires men were rolling down boulders and preparing for a third and bigger conflagration. But by this time some at least of the outlaws had ensconced themselves under cover. For the third time the flaming bundles were thrown down, and the avenging figure of Maitland stood up the better to direct affairs. Three rifle-shots from below rang out, and the British officer pitched backward. He fell into the arms of his orderly, an old Dogra of many years' service. "Bring a light," he murmured; "I must write to the *memsahib*." But the old orderly demurred.

"Nay, *sahib*. Nay. They know where we are now; if you light a light you will be hit again. Better wait a bit, *sahib*."

"*Atchcha*," murmured the wounded officer, "never mind, *memsahib ko salaam do*," and died with never a word more.

Through all India the pathos of the story has gone, as told by the old orderly. Just how the *sahib* had said, "Never mind, give my greeting to my wife," and had then and there died. The thought of the wife fifteen miles off in the cantonment, meeting perhaps next day a *tonga* with a corpse in lieu of a living husband, and the simple story of Khajoor Singh, the orderly! It has brought tears to every *memsahib's* eye and many a *sahib's*

too. There is an old Punjab saying which says—

“War should be made by men without wives,
Bangles ring softly and sadly.”

Khajoor Singh turned to Hans and said, “The *sahib* is dead, will the *Captān* give orders.” Hans knew little enough of the vernacular, but the purport of words were clear to him. He, the only white man, was by force of colour in command! He, a good German, in command of English troops! Many things passed through that usually slow-moving mind, and there came a story of his youth of how a great-uncle had fought for the English at Waterloo with Kielmansegge. He, too, would do the same. It was evident that there was not much to do but continue the process. Hans’s limited command of Hindustani would only run to one word, “*Maro*,” meaning “Shoot,” or “Strike.” “*Maro*,” he repeated, “*Maro!*”

Now Khajoor Singh had seen something of war. It would be well not to say anything about Maitland’s death yet awhile, and as there was a real white man present, he would do as well. So he called out: “The *sahib*’s orders are to go on with it. Let the light and the fire be continuous. Let half throw at one time and the other half be ready as soon as the light dies down.” And it was so, and the gully re-echoed with the rolling musketry while the number of rifles replying grew less.

Down by the stone wall and

thorn fence at the cleft the *jemadar* of infantry was in command, a stout Muhammadan of a fighting Rajpoot clan. When he saw the burning bushes falling over he was delighted, and was able to get in some volleys himself. By the light he could see thirty or forty yards farther up an earthen dam, used no doubt to store rain-water. He saw that the ground was clear up to it, and determined to close up. This he did at the third conflagration, and at the next was able to shoot three of the raiders. By this time some dry grass down below had got alight and there was a permanent glare. A man was then sent up to say that the men above should shoot no more, and he would finish it, which he did.

Up above Hans himself had started firing with his mauser, and the battle-lust had seized him. Twice had an outlaw’s bullet rapped against the rock close to him, and he had replied with a whole clip at the spot whence the shot came. When the message from below arrived he was quite beside himself, so that Khajoor Singh took the carbine from him as a nurse from a child. Down below the *jemadar* was finishing up the business, which consisted of giving the *coup-de-grâce* to two who fought on, and of binding one wounded man who offered no resistance. The fire below was kept alight while the cleft was searched thoroughly, and ten bodies and a wounded prisoner were collected.

Now that the fight was over, reinforcements were coming up. The first to arrive was Branson, with all the men he could muster. The news had come to him five miles up the pass a couple of hours ago. Riding down to the plain *quam celerrime*, he had seen the blazing bushes and heard the rifle-shots. At the mosque he had been directed to the cleft, and arrived in time to find the *jemadar* in possession. Just as he rode up the message from above had come down to say that Maitland *sahib* had been killed, and that the *Captān* was in command.

"What *Captān*?" demanded Branson.

"I don't know what *Cap-tān*," replied the *jemadar*. "He may be a barrack-master *sahib* [road engineer] or *naksha wallah* [survey]; he was with Maitland *sahib*, and had ridden the doctor *babujee's* pony. Stay! he had heard some one say that it was a music *sahib*, and had come in a *tonga*."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Branson, "it can never be poor old man Hans! Anyway, I must go to the top. Get your men together now, and get the police to collect the bodies. They must go into Palunda for the magistrate to see."

And then Branson rode up to the height above to find poor Maitland's body and a half-hysterical elated piano-tuner, who burst into tears when he saw the Englishman. But Branson was a man of some

perception, and he put his hands on the other's shoulder, saying—

"My dear old piano-tuner, well done! gallantly done!" and he gripped his hand. Then turning to the men round he said, "This *sahib* is a very distinguished *sahib*, but is not a *jangi*¹ *sahib* at all; but, as you see, has helped you out of trouble when your own *sahib* was killed."

And it was quite true. That one word *Maro* from the tuner had kept up the continuity of command, and of the action that had held the raiders engaged while the party below closed in. Hans's simple heart had been touched with glory for one brief quarter of an hour, and the Kings of Orion had entered in.

There is little more to tell. The troops assembled and bivouacked for the night, leaving a strong guard on the mosque. During the night more men arrived from the distant cantonment, bringing a mountain-gun in a *tonga* with another one full of ammunition behind. At daybreak the mosque was battered in, and three shell-mangled corpses extracted. It was ruthless enough; but there was no ruth in the raiders, who would have taken more life had any other method of attack been adopted. As it was, besides Maitland, there were three of our men dead and four wounded. Happily, however, the bodies of thirteen of the outlaws—including the

¹ Military.

notorious Lal Khan — were laid out for the coroner's inquest at Palunda, which solemnly sat to say how those shell-battered and other corpses came by their death.

Hans himself drove off from the uncongenial scene next morning, and with him Khajoor Singh, to give with an aching heart that last *salaam* to the stricken *memsahib* and the small son, who, dressed as a trooper in his father's regiment, awaited his return at the garden gate.

As for Hans, he wanted only to escape quietly to Lahore, but before long there came a grant that enabled him to achieve the wish of his heart and set up a music depot of his own, with a certain Swiss

roll of a nurse installed as its mistress. And there were present at the wedding the Officers of the Levy, the Deputy Commissioner, and the great German Consul-General himself, while among the presents was a silver coffee-pot inscribed, "Hans Breitman, from the Viceroy."

But while fortune came with both hands full to the pianotuner, which no one grudged him, a sad widow hugged a small son on an Ellerman liner, to be haunted for many years with that simple sad farewell, "*Memsahib ko salaam do,*" from the man that died for the peace of a border. But "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

THE PASSING OF MOGUL MACKENZIE.

IN the farther end of the Bay of Fundy, about a mile off from the Nova Scotian coast, is the Isle of Haut. It is a strange rocky island that rises several hundred feet sheer out of the sea, without any bay or inlets. A landing can only be effected there in the calmest weather; and on account of the tremendous ebb of the Fundy tides, which rise and fall sixty feet every twelve hours, the venturesome explorer cannot long keep his boat moored against the precipitous cliffs.

Because of this inaccessibility little is known of the solitary island. Within its rampart walls of rock they say there is a green valley, and in its centre is a fathomless lake, where the Micmac Indians used to bury their dead, and hence its dread appellation of the "Island of the Dead." Beyond these bare facts nothing more is certain about the secret valley and the haunted lake. Many wild and fabulous descriptions are current, but they are merely the weavings of fancy.

Sometimes on a stormy night the unhappy navigators of the North Channel miss the coast lights in the fog, and out from the Isle of Haut a gentle undertow flirts with their bewildered craft. Then little by little they are gathered into a mighty current against which all striving is in vain, and in the white foam among the iron cliffs their ship is pounded into

splinters. The quarry which she gathers in so softly at first and so fiercely at last, however, is soon snatched away from the siren shore. The ebb-tide bears every sign of wreckage far out into the deeps of the Atlantic, and not a trace remains of the ill-starred vessel or her crew. But one of the boats in the fishing fleet never comes home, and from lonely huts on the coast reproachful eyes are cast upon the "Island of the Dead."

On the long winter nights, when the "boys" gather about the fire in Old Steele's General Stores at Hall's Harbour, their hard grey life becomes bright for a spell. When a keg of hard cider is flowing freely the grim fishermen forget their taciturnity, the ice is melted from their speech, and the flood-gates of their souls pour forth. But ever in the background of their talk, unforgotten, like a haunting shadow, is the "Island of the Dead." Of their weirdest and most blood-curdling yarns it is always the centre; and when at last, with uncertain steps, they leave the empty keg and the dying fire to turn homeward through the drifting snow, fearful and furtive glances are cast to where the island looms up like a ghostly sentinel from the sea. Across its high promontory the Northern Lights scintillate and blaze, and out of its moving brightness the

terrified fishermen behold the war-canoes of dead Indians freighted with their redskin braves; the forms of *cœur de bois* and desperate Frenchmen swinging down the sky-line in a ghastly snake-dance; the shapes and spars of ships long since forgotten from the "Missing List"; and always, most dread-inspiring of them all, the distress signals from the sinking ship of Mogul Mackenzie and his pirate crew.

Captain Mogul Mackenzie was the last of the pirates to scourge the North Atlantic seaboard. He came from that school of freebooters that was let loose by the American Civil War. With a letter of marque from the Confederate States, he sailed the seas to prey on Yankee shipping. He and his fellow-privateers were so thorough in their work of destruction, that the Mercantile Marine of the United States was ruined for a generation to come. When the war was over, the defeated South called off her few remaining bloodhounds on the sea. But Mackenzie, who was still at large, had drunk too deeply of the wine of a wild, free life. He did not return to lay down his arms, but began on a course of shameless piracy. He lived only a few months under the black flag, until he went down on the Isle of Haut. The events of that brief and thrilling period are unfortunately obscure, with only a ray of light here and there. But the story of his passing is the most weird of all the strange yarns that are

spun about the "Island of the Dead."

In May 1865 a gruesome discovery was made off the coast of Maine, which sent a chill of fear through all the seaport towns of New England. A whaler bound for New Bedford was coming up Cape Cod one night long after dark. There was no fog, and the lights of approaching vessels could easily be discerned. The man on the look-out felt no uneasiness at his post, when, without any warning of bells or lights, the sharp bow of a brigantine suddenly loomed up, hardly a ship's length in front.

"What the blazes are you trying to do?" roared the mate from the bridge, enraged at this unheard-of violation of the right of way. But no voice answered his challenge, and the brigantine went swinging by, with all her sails set to a spanking breeze. She bore directly across the bow of the whaler, which just grazed her stern in passing.

"There's something rotten on board there," said the mate.

"Ay," said the captain, who had come on the bridge, "there's something rotten there right enough. Swing your helm to port, and get after the devils," he ordered.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the ready response, and nothing loth the helmsman changed his course to follow the eccentric craft. She was evidently bound on some secret mission, for not otherwise would she thus tear through the darkness before the wind without the flicker of a light.

The whaler was the swifter of the two ships, and she could soon have overhauled the other; but fearing some treachery, the captain refrained from running her down until daylight. All night long she seemed to be veering her course, attempting to escape from her pursuer. In the morning, off the coast of Maine, she turned her nose directly out to sea. Then a boat was lowered from the whaler, and rowed out to intercept the on-coming vessel. When they were directly in her course, they lay on their oars and waited. The brigantine did not veer again, but came steadily on, and soon the whalers were alongside, and made themselves fast to a dinghy which she had in tow. A few minutes of apprehensive waiting followed, and as nothing happened, one of the boldest swung himself up over the tow-rope on to the deck. He was followed by the others, and they advanced cautiously with drawn knives and pistols.

Not a soul was to be seen, and the men, who were brave enough before a charging whale, trembled with fear. The wheel and the look-out were alike deserted, and no sign of life could be discovered anywhere below. In the galley were the embers of a dead fire, and the table in the captain's cabin was spread out ready for a meal which had never been eaten. On deck everything was spick and span, and not the slightest evidence of a storm or any other disturbance could be found. The theory of a derelict was im-

possible. Apparently all had been well on board, and they had been sailing with good weather, when, without any warning, her crew had been suddenly snatched away by some dread power.

The sailors with one accord agreed that it was the work of a sea-serpent. But the mate had no place for the ordinary superstitions of the sea, and he still scoured the hold, expecting at any minute to encounter a dead body or some other evil evidence of foul play. Nothing more, however, was found, and the mate at length had to end his search with the unsatisfactory conclusion that the *St Clare*, a brigantine registered from Hartpool, with cargo of lime, had been abandoned on the high seas for no apparent reason. Her skipper had taken with him the ship's papers, and had not left a single clue behind.

A crew was told off to stand by the *St Clare* to bring her into port, and the others climbed into the long-boat to row back to the whaler.

"Just see if there is a name on that there dinghy, before we go," said the mate.

An exclamation of horror broke from one of the men as he read on the bow of the dinghy the name, *Kanawha*.

The faces of all went white with a dire alarm as the facts of the mystery suddenly flashed before them. The *Kanawha* was the ship in which Captain Mogul Mackenzie had made himself notorious as a privatersman. Every one had heard her awe-inspiring name, and every Yankee seafaring

man prayed that he might never meet her on the seas. After the *Alabama* was sunk, and the *Talahassee* was withdrawn, the *Kanawha* still remained to threaten the shipping of the North. For a long time her whereabouts had been unknown, and then she was discovered by a Federal gunboat, which gave chase and fired upon her. Without returning fire, she raced in for shelter amongst the dangerous islands off Cape Sable, and was lost in the fog. Rumour had it that she ran on the rocks off that perilous coast, and sank with all on board. As time went by, and there was no more sign of the corsair, the rumour was accepted as proven. Men began to spin yarns in the forecastle about Mogul Mackenzie, with an interest that was tinged with its former fear. Skippers were beginning to feel at ease again on the grim waters, when suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, came the awful news of the discovery of the *St Clare*.

Gunboats put off to scour the coast-line; and again with fear and trembling the lookout began to eye suspiciously every new sail coming up on the horizon.

One afternoon, toward the end of May, a schooner came tearing into Portland harbour, with all her canvas crowded on, and flying distress signals. Her skipper said that off the island of Campabello he had seen a long grey sailing-ship with auxiliary power sweeping down upon him. As the wind was blowing strong inshore, he had taken to his

heels and made for Portland. He was chased all the way, and his pursuer did not drop him until he was just off the harbour bar.

Many doubted his story, however, saying that no one would dare to chase a peaceful craft so near to a great port in broad daylight. And, again, it was urged that an auxiliary vessel could easily have overhauled the schooner between Campabello and Portland. The fact that the captain of the schooner was as often drunk as sober, and that when he was under the influence of drink he was given to seeing visions; was pointed to as conclusive proof that his yarn was a lie. After the New Bedford whaler came into port with the abandoned *St Clare*, it was known beyond doubt that the *Kanawha* was still a real menace. But nobody cared to admit that Mogul Mackenzie was as bold as the schooner's report would imply, and hence countless arguments were put forward to allay such fears.

But a few days later the fact that the pirates were still haunting their coast was absolutely corroborated. A coastal packet from Boston arrived at Yarmouth with the news that she had not only sighted the *Kanawha* in the distance, but they had crossed each other's paths, so near that the name could be discerned beyond question with a spy-glass. She was heading up the Bay of Fundy, and did not pause or pay any heed to the other ship.

This news brought with it

consternation, and every town and village along the Fundy was a-hum with stories and theories about the pirate ship. The interest, instead of being abated, was augmented as the days went by with no further report. In the public-houses and along the quays it was almost the only topic of conversation. The excitement became almost feverish when it was known that several captains, outward bound, had taken with them a supply of rifles and ammunition. The prospect of a fight seemed imminent.

About a week after the adventure of the Boston packet Her Majesty's ship *Buzzard* appeared off Yarmouth harbour. The news of the *Kanawha* had come to the Admiral at Halifax, and he had despatched the warship to cruise about the troubled coast.

"That'll be the end of old Mogul Mackenzie, now that he's got an English ship on his trail," averred a Canadian as he sat drinking in the "Yarmouth Light" with a group of seafaring men of various nationalities. "It takes the British jack-tar to put the kibosh on this pirate game. One of them is worth a ship-load of Yankees at the business."

"Well, don't you crow too loud now," replied a Boston skipper. "I reckon that that Nova Scotian booze - artist, who ran into Portland the other day scared of his shadow, would not do you fellows much credit."

"Yes; but what about your

gunboats that have had the job of fixing the *Kanawha* for the last three years, and haven't done it yet?" The feelings between Canada and the United States were none too good just after the Civil War, and the Canadian was bound not to lose this opportunity for horse-play. "You're a fine crowd of sea-dogs, you are, you fellows from the Boston Tea-Party. Three years after one little half-drowned rat, and haven't got him yet. Wouldn't Sir Francis Drake or Lord Nelson be proud of the record that you long-legged, slab-sided Yankees have made on the sea!"

"Shut your mouth! you blue-nosed, down-East herring-choker!" roared the Yankee skipper. "I reckon we've given you traitors that tried to stab us in the back a good enough licking; and if any more of your dirty dogs ever come nosing about down south of Mason and Dixon's Line, I bet they'll soon find out what our record is."

"Well, you fools can waste your tongue and wind," said a third man, raising his glass, "but for me here's good luck to the *Buzzard*."

"So say we all of us," chimed in the others, and the Yankee and the Canadian drank together to the success of the British ship, forgetting their petty jealousies before a common foe.

Everywhere the news of the arrival of the British warship was hailed with delight. All seemed to agree that her presence assured the speedy extermination of the pirate

crew. But after several days of futile cruising about the coast, her commander, to escape from a coming storm, had to put into St Mary's Bay, with the object of his search still eluding his vigilance. He only arrived in time to hear the last chapter of the *Kanawha's* tale of horrors.

The night before, Dominic Lefountain, a farmer living alone at Meteighan, a little village on the French shore, had been awakened from his sleep by the moaning and wailing of a human voice. For days the imminent peril of an assault from the pirates had filled the people of the French coast with forebodings. And now, awakened thus in the dead of night, the lonely Frenchman was wellnigh paralysed with terror. With his flesh creeping, and his eyes wide, he groped for his rifle, and waited in the darkness, while ever and anon came those unearthly cries from the beach. Nearly an hour passed before he could gather himself together sufficiently to investigate the cause of the alarm. At last, when the piteous wailing had grown weak and intermittent, the instinct of humanity mastered his fears, and he went forth to give a possible succour to the one in need.

On the beach, lying prostrate, with the water lapping about his feet, he found a man in the last stage of exhaustion. The blood was flowing from his mouth, and as Dominic turned him over to stanch its flow, he found that his tongue had been cut out, and hence the unearthly wailing which had

roused him from his sleep. The beach was deserted by this time, and it was too dark to see far out into the bay.

Dominic carried the unfortunate man to his house, and nursed him there for many weeks. He survived his frightful experiences, and lived on for twenty years, a pathetic and helpless figure, supported by the big-hearted farmers and fishermen of the French shore. Evidently he had known too much for his enemies, and they had sealed his mouth for ever. He became known as the "Mysterious Man of Meteighan," and his deplorable condition was always pointed to as a mute witness of the last villainy of Mogul Mackenzie.

On the night following the episode of the "Mysterious Man of Meteighan," a wild and untoward storm swept down the North Atlantic and over the seaboard far and near. In the Bay of Fundy that night the elements met in their grandest extremes. Tide-rips and mountain waves opposed each other with titanic force. All along the bleak and rock-ribbed coast the boiling waters lay churned into foam. Over the breakwaters the giant combers crashed and soared far up into the troubled sky; while out under the black clouds of the night the whirlpools and the tempests met. Was ever a night like this before? Those on shore thanked God; and those with fathers on the sea gazed out upon a darkness where no star of hope could shine.

Now and again through the Stygian gloom a torrent of

sheet-lightning rolled down across the heavens, bringing in its wake a moment of terrible light. It was in one of these brief moments of illumination that the wan watchers at Hall's Harbour discerned a long grey ship being swept like a spectre before the winds towards the Isle of Haut. Until the flash of lightning the doomed seamen appeared to have been unconscious of their fast approaching fate; and then, as if suddenly awakened, they sent a long thin trail of light, to wind itself far up into the darkness. Again and again the rockets shot upward from her bow, while above the noises of the tempest came the roar of a gun.

The people on the shore looked at each other with blanched faces, speechless, helpless. A lifetime by that shore had taught them the utter puniness of the sons of men. Others would have tried to do something with what they thought was their strong arm. But the fishermen knew too well that the Fundy's arm was stronger. In silence they waited with bated breath while the awful moments passed. Imperturbable they stood there, with their feet in the white foam and their faces in the salt spray, and gazed at the curtain of the night, behind which a tragedy was passing, as dark and dire as any in the annals of the sea.

Another flash of lightning, and there, dashing upon the iron rocks, was a great ship,

with all her sails set, and a cloud of lurid smoke trailing from her funnel. She was grey-coloured, with auxiliary power, and as her lines dawned upon those who saw her in the moment of light, they burst out with one accord, "It's the *Kanawha!* It's the *Kanawha!*" As if an answer to their sudden cry another gun roared, and another shower of rockets shot up into the sky; and then all was lost again in the darkness and the voices of the tempest.

Next morning the winds had gone out with the tide, and when in the afternoon the calm waters had risen, a boat put off from Hall's Harbour and rowed to the Isle of Haut. For several hours the rocky shores were searched for some traces of the wreck, but not a spar or splinter could be found. All about the bright waters laughed, with naught but the sunbeams on their bosom, and not a shadow remained from last night's sorrow on the sea.

So Mogul Mackenzie, who had lived a life of stress, passed out on the wings of storm. In his end, as always, he baffled pursuit, and was sought but could not be found. His sailings on the sea were in secret, and his last port in death was a mystery. But, as has been already related, when the Northern Lights come down across the haunted island, the distress signals of his pirate crew are still seen shooting up into the night.

ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE.

A MUSE IN DANGER.

CLIO, according to the best accounts, was, like her sisters, sprung from a proud parentage, being the daughter of Zeus and Mnemosyne, and therefore the offspring of a union between the homely memory of mankind and the Heavenly Fire. She was also, if we are to believe the poets, the mother of Orpheus, so that song and witchery were among her gifts to the world. But nowadays this long-descended lady is in some danger of falling into straits unworthy of her ancestry. There are those among us who would make her only a schoolmarm, a humble drudge in the house of learning; and there are others who would paint her face and set her capering on a stage for the amusement of the groundlings. Let these few pages be the plea of a humble votary on behalf of a neglected goddess.

The most casual reader is aware, in turning over publishers' announcements and library lists, of a large literature which purports to be historical. There are memoirs of dead ladies who were more fair than virtuous, and of ancient lords whose actions do not blossom in the dust; of old courts and *cénacles* which have still a faint flavour of scandal; and of anybody and everybody who had unhappy love affairs. The diligent hacks who manufacture them have

the style of haberdashers and about as much historical imagination as a bagman; but from the more obvious authorities they compile a sort of narrative, which, illustrated by bad half-tone plates, is retailed to the public in two volumes at a guinea, or in a single volume at half that price, if the materials be scanty or the writer unskilled in padding. Mr George Trevelyan, our poor Muse's latest and most loyal defender,¹ thus defines the stuff. "This is the type generically known as 'Criminal Queens of History,' spicy memoirs of dead courts and pseudo-biographical chatter about Napoleon and his family, how many eggs he ate, and how many miles he drove a day. And Lady Hamilton is a great stand-by." We are familiar enough with the memoir of to-day, in which some donkey who has once shaken hands with a monarch describes his sensations under some title like 'The Real King —,' or some poor old tattered reputation tricks out again in broad daylight its withered fineries. But that is harmless enough, for it makes no pretensions. The mischief begins when the public is given the same thing a little further removed in date and told that it is history, for thereby a prurient appetite is created which cannot relish the true fruits of Clio's garden.

¹ Clio, a Muse : and other Essays. By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans : 1913.

One extreme produces another. History has become too much a thing of the gutter, because those who know better would make it altogether a thing of the schools. This is Mr Trevelyan's explanation, and we believe it to be just. The archivist has been running wild of late, and in the high places of the craft we are told that the one damning vice of history is popularity. Half a dozen years in the fourteenth century are accounted the work of a man's lifetime, and periods are allotted and determined with the rigidity of Calvinistic dogmas. Far be it from us to decry exact scholarship and laboured research. They are the foundation of all good history, but their results are the raw material, not the finished product. Indeed, if we had to choose, we think the mistake of the pedant is greater than the mistake of the hasty litterateur, for the latter, at any rate, attempts to use his material, to tell a tale, and to link the record of the past, however vulgar his method, with the arts and the humanities.

By history we mean the attempt to write in detail the story of a substantial fragment of the past, so that its life is re-created for us, its moods and forms of thought reconstructed, and its figures strongly represented against a background painted in authentic colours. Hence for our argument we exclude memoirs and biographies, which are side-shows in the historical drama. Of these in recent years we have had some admirable examples, such as Colonel Henderson's 'Stone-

wall Jackson,' and Mr F. S. Oliver's 'Alexander Hamilton.' But the historian's task differs from the biographer's, for while the latter produces a miniature, or at best a kit-kat, the former works with a large canvas and a multitude of figures. In history quantities as well as qualities are demanded. As in a novel of Scott or a play of Shakespeare, a great piece of life must be taken, the threads of it distinguished, the motives and causes diagnosed, and the movement of it represented with something of the drama of the original. Some will concern themselves chiefly with the evidence, for unlike fiction history must produce its credentials; some will prefer to dwell on the evolution of ideas and the birth of movements and the contribution of the period to the world's stock of thought; while others will see only the bright colours and the sounding deeds. Each half-view will claim to be the whole, and will label history accordingly as a science, a philosophy, or as an art. But the truth is, that no more than a drama or a novel can history afford to be only one of these things. It must have science in its structure, and philosophy in its spirit, and art in its presentation.

The historian who rashly proclaims himself a scientist can have only a nodding acquaintance with the character of the physical sciences. Where is the clockwork uniformity which science postulates in its effects and causes? Where are the historical laws of universal validity? The "teaching" of

history is as various and contradictory as the theories about the Pentateuch. "You cannot," says Mr Trevelyan, "so completely isolate any historical event from its circumstances as to be able to deduce from it a law of general application. Only politicians adorning their speeches with historical arguments have this power; and even they never agree." M. Bergson has shown us that half the blunders of philosophy are due to the application of the methods and ideals of physical science to spheres of thought where they are strictly inapplicable. In the kaleidoscope of the past we cannot sort out effects and causes with any precision, nor can we weigh evidence in the meticulous scales which science demands. Even when causes are reasonably plain, their classification eludes us; we cannot tell which is the *causa causans*, which are proximate or efficient or final. We must be content with generalisations which are only generalisations and not laws, with broad effects and massed colours, like a landscape seen from a far hill-top. The vice of the scientific historian is that he underrates the complexity of human nature. He would turn mankind into automata, motives into a few elementary emotions, and the infinitely varied web of life into a simple geometrical pattern. Order and simplicity are great things, but they must be natural to the subject and not due to the colour-blindness of the historian.

Of this fault Buckle is perhaps the worst example, but Sainte-Beuve's comment on Guizot's writings is the final analysis of the intellectual habit.

"[They] form a chain from which you cannot remove a link. His aim is to rule and organise the past as well as the present. I am one of those who doubt if it is given to man to embrace the causes of his history with this completeness and certitude. He finds it almost beyond his strength to understand the present. History seen from a distance undergoes a singular metamorphosis. It produces the illusion—the most dangerous of all—that it is rational. The follies, the ambitions, the thousand strange accidents which compose it, all these disappear. Every accident becomes a necessity. Guizot's history is far too logical to be true."¹

Would-be scientific history is not only untrue—because it aims at the wrong kind of truth—but it is apt to be woefully dull. Its writers are so concerned with their method that they neglect their matter, and give us drabs and sub-fuses instead of the glowing colours of life. It forgets that blood once flowed in the veins of the old protagonists; that men fought and schemed to win Queens and thrones, and not to point a moral for a scholar some centuries later. "It has a compactness," Carlyle wrote of Mignet's '*Précis*,' "a vigour as of riveted rods of iron, the symmetry, if not of a living tree, yet of a well-manufactured gridiron." The scientific method may give us order, but that order is angular, not shapely; and, being an

¹ The translation is from Mr G. P. Gooch's admirable work, 'History and Historians of the 19th Century.' Longmans: 1913.

artificial imported thing, in no wise indigenous to the facts, it will obscure and distort rather than clarify.

A more venial fault of the scientist is that he sometimes grows so interested in the search for facts that he forgets all about order, proportion, method, and everything else. It is venial because it is in defiance of his theory; he slips into it from the tendency of human nature to become absorbed in any sporting quest. Facts, for their own sweet sake, however trivial, become the passion of the inquirer, and the shaping spirit of history takes wing and departs. It would be easy to point to many historical works which are simply coagulated masses of raw material, the tabulated results of the archivist or the excavator. They are spade-work, not architecture; immensely valuable when used, but till then meaningless. It is ungracious to decry such painstaking toil; but even industry may be harmful if it imagines that the house is built when the quarryman has done his job.

The trouble about science in history is that it is so little scientific. It either simplifies unduly, or in its passion for facts it forgets that truth is a reconstruction and that facts incorrectly focussed may be merely untrue. At the same time the fashion has its valuable side, if only because it inculcates a greater conscientiousness in the collection of data. It drives out the smatterer, and if it does nothing else it provides a foundation

for abler men to build on. Some share of the scientific temper is indispensable for the historian. He must go soberly about the business of finding evidence, he must distinguish first-hand from second-hand, and in his quest of truth use some at any rate of the methods of the laboratory. The analogy with the physicist is perhaps misleading, and the better parallel is that of the lawyer, who can test his data by the eternal laws of evidence and stands in no foolish awe of the expert witness. Unless a historian is prepared to dig his own foundations and find his own material, or, when this has been done for him, to scrutinise jealously the results, he may erect a pretty building, but it will not be numbered among Clio's temples. It may have many charms, but it will not merit the name of history, for history in the fullest sense is the pursuit of truth.

Philosophy and history are old allies, but they have separate kingdoms, though they are in the habit of contracting frequent reciprocal loans. A score of popular epigrams—"History is philosophy teaching by examples"; "*Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*"—testify to the connection. Philosophy, it is true, has sometimes in its high *priori* vein risen to views which made nonsense of its neighbour, as when Hegel, contemplating the stately process of the Absolute Will, found its final expression—up to date—in the Germany before 1840, and thereby gave occasion for

one of Renan's happiest efforts of wit. The professional metaphysician has rarely made a good historian—David Hume is not a case to the contrary, for his metaphysics were of a sober and critical cast. The awful gambols of the *Welt-Geist* would make havoc of any narrative, and we should not know our forefathers when translated into the terminology of Dialectic. But the historian must have some kind of philosophy of life to be a lantern in the intricate ways of the past. He must have an eye for movements of thought as well as of armies, and trace the genealogy of ideas not less diligently than the pedigrees of ruling houses. He must also have certain moral canons, for he has not only to chronicle but to judge.

Human nature being what it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his philosophy will be imperfect and frequently degenerate into bias. This is perhaps just as well in the interests of his readers, for the passionless detachment of a Ranke grows wearisome after a time, and we long for one lusty prejudice. Provided the bias is open and not too violent it does little harm, for we can allow for it and correct it. It is far worse when with an air of divine impartiality we are given history where the bias subtly influences the presentation of facts and does not merely weight the judgment on them. Sir Archibald Alison wrote history to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories, while Macaulay would have it that the Cees-

tial Armies fought dutifully on behalf of the Whigs. To Froude the Protestant Reformation was a cause so noble that it dignified even its faultiest professors; to Mr Belloc it is the beginning of the long decline from freedom to slavery. To Michelet the Revolution was the dawn of light and reason, to Taine a black darkness of folly. Treitschke wrote his great history as the prophet of Prussian nationalism, Mommsen told the story of Rome as a devotee of that Cæsarism which was to him at once the greatest of imperialisms and the truest of democracies. It is hard to condemn such prepossessions, for they give enduring vitality. We can correct Mommsen's view of the Senatorian case, we can forgive him his treatment of Cicero; but we could not do without his unmatched portrait of Julius.

One condition only must be laid down—the thesis in the historian's mind must be more or less rational. History written with a bias towards preposterous dogma becomes farce. The caution is needed, for this way lies a spurious originality only too seductive to certain minds. If the point of view is fantastic, the whole grouping of events will be novel. The history of the world as illustrating the domination of red-haired men would be the kind of inquiry that would lead to startling results. The truth is, that the past is easy to pervert, and must be approached with sincerity and reverence. Some sort of case can be made out for the wild-

est view, just as the embarrassed politician will find historical warrant for the craziest theories. The crowd applauds such gymnastics, but the lover of history averts his face. It is so easy and so useless. Happily, there is one corrective. If you read history as the triumph of red-haired men, some one else with equal justice will read it as a triumph of the black-haired, and the two follies will balance each other. Some years ago Mr Houston Stewart Chamberlain's book, 'The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century,' had a great vogue in Germany and a certain popularity here. It found in the history of the Christian era an eternal strife between Jew and Teuton, and adopted the pleasing habit of dubbing as Teutonic everything and everybody that the author admired. The corrective appeared two years ago in Professor Werner Sombart's 'Die Juden und das Wirtschaftsleben,' where a variety of heroes—from Christopher Columbus to John Law of Lauriston—are claimed for the race of Abraham.

History is neither science nor philosophy, though it enlists both in its service; but it is indisputably an art. As a reconstruction of the past, it demands precisely the qualities that we look for in the novel or the play. It is primarily a story, and must have the swiftness and cohesion of good narrative. It must have drama, so that the sequence of events is shown as issuing in some

great moment, and, contrariwise, the great moment appears—not as an isolated crisis, but as linked to a long roll of causes and inspired by the characters of the protagonists. These protagonists must be made to live again with something of the vigour of reality, and psychology must lend its aid to make them credible human beings. The past must be no design in snow and ink, after the fashion of the minor moralist, but a picture with all the shades and half-tones of life. There is need, too, of a background, for we must see the drama of the past with its correct appurtenances of manners, customs, costume, and landscape if we would see it in its truth. In all this, perhaps, drama is the keynote. Thucydides, the most perfect historian that ever lived, so ordered his great narrative that with little trouble it could take the form of a play. History is more than a pageant, as some would have us believe, for events do not follow each other merely as successors in time. It may not possess the perfect causal links of the physical sciences, but it has its own inevitableness. A crisis or a movement is not an unrelated fact, and a calamity must affect us as something which, granted the antecedents, was as certain as that night follows day.

The most scientific of historians, however he may disclaim it, is apt to feel this need for drama, and he often seeks to achieve it by illegitimate means. Surprise is essentially

dramatic, and if an accepted view can be upset then the world will be thrilled. If you can paint Henry VIII. as a model husband, or Heliogabalus as a great religious reformer, or Nero as a far-seeing statesman who sacrificed his private love of virtue to the interests of the Empire, or Cæsar Borgia as a mild and scrupulous ruler, or Lucrezia as a saint misunderstood, or Messalina as a pattern housewife, you will certainly get drama of a kind. Or you may get it by upsetting the good and great—by portraying Marcus Aurelius as a libertine, or Luther as a hypocrite, or Napoleon as a bungler. Or you may find it by taking some obscure figure and exalting him into a man of destiny, as M. Ferrero has done with Mummius. Or, lastly, you may adopt the plan of providing some explanation of a historic change infinitely removed from accepted beliefs, like M. Ferrero's version of Antony's motives, or the new theory that the decline of Greece was due to the advent of malaria. There may be truth of a sort in each of these views, but it is a dangerous practice. To run counter to the world's judgments needs great sincerity and a scrupulous good faith on the part of the historian, and we must examine most jealously his passport. Such drama is like Impressionist effects in painting; it is too easy to be convincing, and when carried to any length it degrades the seriousness of the art.

If we are to keep history from the charlatan it is im-

portant to determine very clearly each of the artistic qualities which are necessary for its perfection. Drama may be over-done. Froude, in his essay on 'The Science of History,' seems inclined to make it the be-all and end-all of historical writing, which it is not. The aim of history is to tell the truth, so far as it can be ascertained, about the past life of humanity, and it is dramatic only because human life is dramatic. If drama is made the sole object, it will be sought at all seasons, and will soon be perverted into melodrama. The temptation to make a good story will run away with the historian, and we shall have climaxes and surprises which are artificial and therefore inartistic. Froude himself is a sinner in this respect, but he errs less than Macaulay. It is not that the latter is unfair, for he can see faults in his friends and merits in his enemies; but his anti-theoretical habit made him constantly prone to exaggerate for the sake of a dramatic contrast, and this exaggeration is found not only in his character-drawing, which lacks subtlety and breadth, but in his narrative, where he is almost always working for an effective "curtain." It is all very fascinating and exciting, but it has rarely the dramatic force which a more conscientious artist attains. Mommsen, for example, never apparently strives after drama, but when the great moment arrives naturally, as in Cæsar's crossing of the Rubicon, he rises easily to the

heights. "It was not merely the man of genius versed in the knowledge and skilled in the control of men's hearts, whose brilliant eloquence shone forth and glowed in this crisis of his own and the world's destiny"—it is impossible to read the passage without a thrill; and when he concludes with "The die was cast," we are convinced that the future of mankind was indeed in the balance. False drama is sometimes achieved, too, by historians who are not of the popular school. Taine is an example—Taine, who believed that history was a mechanical problem, a science analogous to physiology: who, when he had once found his formula, thought that its application was as simple as the rule of three. The formula mastered him and compelled him to resort to violent shifts to prove its efficacy. No one can deny the dramatic power of his portrait of Napoleon, but it is as perverse and unhistorical as the tearful pages of Lamartine.

Of the other artistic qualities, "background" and style are the most vital. The picture must be complete, with landscape and atmosphere, if we are really to visualise the past. But here there is great need of the artist's sense of proportion, or the background will overwhelm instead of setting off the figures. The temptation is strong for a learned man to pour forth antiquarian details, but if such details are not to be an encumbrance they must be rigorously selected. There is probably no greater master in this branch than Macaulay,

for, while he equips his stage with all its rightful furniture, the actors are never allowed to stumble over the "properties." Carlyle is inclined to over-decorate, like some recent productions of Shakespeare; Mr Gardiner to fall into the other fault of an Elizabethan bareness. It is customary to find Gardiner's one weakness in his style, but that is simple and workmanlike, and capable at times of true eloquence. But his backgrounds are thin and drab, and though we know intimately the figures he presents, we think of them rather as souls than as bodies.

Style in the verbal sense is indispensable if only to make the narrative easy and compact. In sheer mastery of words Thucydides still ranks first in the literature of the world; Gibbon stands high; and among the moderns Froude is unsurpassed. Style such as these men possessed has both colour and light in it. Macaulay and Carlyle are a little weighted by their mannerisms, and Michelet, who had far more balance and scrupulosity of mind than he is usually credited with, is at the mercy of his effervescing rhetoric. Style, indeed, is a somewhat double-edged gift, which too often cuts the hand of the user. If the historian be a hot partisan, then his writing will have fire and speed, whatever its other vices; whereas, if he be detached and passionless like Ranke, his use of words will be apt to be flat and chilly. To get the best results as literature it is unfortunately true that the

narrative must generally fail a little as history. That is why a flavour of partisanship seems almost essential in the historian, for a perfect bloodless urbanity will almost inevitably desiccate the style. Provided the bias be reasonable and not too violent, it is perhaps to be welcomed. Let the historian present his facts with the impartiality of a judge, and there is no harm in his stating his view with the fervour of an advocate, for then the reader has the material for forming his own opinion and is not bound to agree with the advocate.

We have spoken, hitherto, of history which deals with the complete life of a people or a continent during a space of time. But history does not cease to be an art when it is concerned not with the human comedy but with institutions. Here indeed the drama is not of the passions but of the intellect, and there is no room for ordinary emotion. But the artistic graces of precision, an adequate design, a wise proportion, and an attractive style are as necessary as ever. Fustel de Coulanges, though he held a theory of history as arid as Professor Bury's, yet could not forget the artistic sense of his race, and his work, like some rare wine, has a dry and tonic charm. The intellect is delighted by the exactness and grace of his demonstrations. Stubbs's 'Constitutional History' is a masterpiece of art as well as of scholarship, and for all the bleakness of his subject he

keeps the reader's interest alive. An even better example is F. W. Maitland, for he had not only the dry lucidity and exact proportions which belong to the province, but wit, vivacity, and imagination, so that without abating the rigour of the game he managed to link formal institutions to our common life. His books are more than masterpieces of technique; they are the reflection of an extraordinary wise and fascinating soul. "The history of institutions," Stubbs once wrote, "cannot be mastered, can scarcely be approached, without an effort. It has a point of view and a language of its own. It reads the exploits and character of man by a different light from that shed by the false glow of arms. It holds out small temptations to the mind that requires to be tempted to the study of truth." Nevertheless it is part of Clio's domain, and Clio is a Muse; and there will always be those who will prefer its clear distances and pale colours to the more garish and bustling world of ordinary history.

The good historian, whatever his period, must have in his composition something of the scientist, much of the philosopher, and more of the artist. Perhaps the elements have never yet been perfectly compounded; perhaps, indeed, they are of the nature of incompatibles and can never mix, the scientific striving against the artistic impulse to the end of the chapter. Who among men have come nearest to the per-

fect harmony? Gibbon, undoubtedly, among the moderns, for in spite of the limitations of his sympathy he understood as no other man has understood the organic continuity of history, and the surge and roll of his great narrative has qualities of art which are so far unsurpassed. Next to him must stand Mommsen, less of the philosopher, more of the scientist, a little less of the artist, who, according to Mr Gooch, "alone has achieved the complete assimilation and reproduction of a classic civilisation." In our own day S. R. Gardiner would in our opinion stand highest. He selected the most intricate and controversial epoch in our history, where passion and prejudice had run riot, and for forty years he laboured to set the truth patiently before the world. His industry was unwearied, and he who gleans after Gardiner will find little to show for his pains. He has his clear canons of political and moral worth, but he has no bias; he is as just to Charles as to Pym, and no modern writer has been less dominated by the glamour of Cromwell. His psychological insight was infallible, and he has rescued figures like Strafford and Montrose for the pantheon of national heroes. In the fullest sense he is a philosophical historian, for he not only chronicles but explains. Nor does he lack the gift of drama, and his sober narrative is haunted often with a sense of brooding fate, all the more impressive

because he resorts to none of the ordinary arts of the dramatic writer. His style is simple, homely, and effective, but it exactly clothes his thought, and we cannot admit the charge of ungainliness which has sometimes been brought against it. His fault, as we have said, is rather that he is careless of background. He does not stop to fill in the details of his picture, so that his masterful figures, painted with all the hues and vigour of life, seem at times to be only of two dimensions, and to be warring in an unfeatured desert.

History is a work in which the talents of the English race have shown at their happiest. We are a history-loving people, desirous of keeping open our communications with the past, and basing our institutions on historical rather than logical grounds; hence it is only right that we should have produced in the last century some of the masterpieces of the craft. Clio has reason to be proud of her English votaries. But, lest we fall from our high estate, it is well to be on our watch against the heresies which would limit history to the collecting of raw material on the one hand or to popular sciolism on the other, and would deny it the rank of an art. Clio is still a Muse, with the fire of Zeus in her veins. She is still the mother of Orpheus, and can stir our blood like poetry and song. *Vera incessu patuit Dea.*

GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER TAYLOR, G.C.B.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL G. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, C.B., C.I.E.

THE story of the annexation of the Punjab and its early development under British rule is rich in dramatic incident. When Queen Victoria came to the throne that province was a foreign country, ruled by an astute old chief whose dynasty we had no wish to subvert. Twenty years later the Punjab, now, after two fierce campaigns, a British province, came to the rescue of the Empire in its hour of need, and largely by its resources and its fighting material rolled back the tide of mutiny.

As all the world knows, this was mainly the work of men of character, in whom all that is noblest and best in the genius of the British race found expression and scope. Sufficient time had elapsed between the assumption of rule by the British and the outbreak of the Mutiny for the warlike people of the Punjab to realise the influence of impartial rule and the value of the material accessories which accompanied it. Those who are interested in historical parallels may find a similar state of things in Scotland a century earlier, when, as readers of 'Maga' are now being pleasantly reminded, the wise administration of Duncan Forbes was combined with the engineering energy of Marshal Wade to pacify the Highlands. Here also regiments enlisted in the administered territory became

of the greatest value in the great wars of the Empire in the closing years of the eighteenth century.

The splendid work done by rulers and soldiers in the Punjab has been related in the biographies of the Lawrences, Sir Herbert Edwardes, John Nicholson, Sir Neville Chamberlain, and others. Little, however, has been recorded hitherto of the Engineers who formed part of that famous group of men whose united efforts paved the way for ultimate and lasting peace. It is not, indeed, that their work was of secondary value, or that the men who carried it out were of character less remarkable than that of their great associates. As far as the nature of their work is concerned, valuable in peace and indispensable in war, it may be said that it was so full of stirring incident and of varied nature that the full tale can never be told. Much of the results of their actual work remains to this day as solid and good as ever. But the finished work only tells a part of the story. It very inadequately represents the struggle with the forces of nature, the hopes and fears, the difficulties with men and materials, the sickness and anxiety, all, in short, that make the execution of such works a matter of absorbing interest and strenuous endeavour.

In the *Life of General Sir Alexander Taylor*, written by his daughter, we have presented to us the life-history of one whose career began with the earliest of the Punjab wars, who remained in India long enough to see that province marvellously developed, peaceful and prosperous, and who by his work in war and peace contributed materially to that great end. The biography is of fascinating interest. Written with much literary charm, it depicts a character most lovable and admirable; and the setting of the picture necessarily places before us some of the most stirring scenes of our national history.

Alexander Taylor, like John Nicholson, his great friend and comrade in arms, was a Scotsman by descent, an Irishman by birth. His father and grandfather were civil engineers, and many of his relatives had followed either the military or civil branches of that profession. Doubtless Taylor's Scottish descent gave reserve and caution to a character otherwise imbued with Irish geniality and warmth.

His education was not like that of most British boys. He had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was very young, and his father was not of a nature to make his sons his companions. He was sent at a very early age to a school in Switzerland, conducted on remarkable principles. The head of this establishment, Freiherr von Fellenberg, a German nobleman, founded on his estate of Hofwyl, near Berne, schools for the three

categories of citizens: those of higher class, whose future would be ordering and government; those of the middle class, whose industry would create the wealth of the community; and the proletariat, by the work of whose hands wealth would be produced. The foundation was religious: from the first all the pupils were impressed with the presence of God, on Whose power and goodness all were taught to rely, and to co-operate with Whose great designs all were taught humbly to aspire. Closely connected with this great ideal was the service of man, mutual help, as apart from emulation and rivalry. There were no rewards and no punishments. Great pains were taken to develop the senses, to observe accurately, and to give expression to ideas by clear and definite speech or by simple drawing, to hear accurately, to speak clearly, to train every faculty of the body, to work with the hands as well as with the brain. Perhaps the special feature was indifference to "honours," as distinct from honour, the impression indelibly planted in the pupil's mind being that the opportunity to do what is right and useful is in itself an honour.

Taylor left this interesting school at an earlier age than his master could have wished; he had never been home for the holidays, and nothing had occurred during the years of his stay in Switzerland to disturb the formative influence of the teaching. Recreation there was in plenty,—swim-

ming, skating, mountaineering, —but of English society so little, that when he joined, as he did shortly after leaving Hofwyl, the military college at Addiscombe, he found the greatest difficulty in expressing himself in his own language. However, he overcame this eventually, and passed out in the Engineers, fourth on the list.

The usual course of training followed at the School of Military Engineering at Chatham. Work there does not appear to have been very strenuous at that time. Two things, however, we may be certain Taylor did learn, whatever else may have been omitted. One was siegecraft. The memories of the Peninsular War, with its many famous sieges, were still fresh; and the lessons of that campaign, undisturbed as yet by the introduction of rifled guns or high explosives, were certainly enforced by the staff of the school, some of whom had taken part in the great campaigns of the Napoleonic era.

The other lesson concerned floating bridges. Chatham, though not in all respects an ideal site for a school of engineering, has one incomparable asset—the river Medway. From its muddy shores and in its tidal waters, crowded with traffic of all sorts of vessels, generations of military engineers have learnt valuable lessons how to construct landing-stages and how to manipulate pontoons. Apart, also, from the official instruction thus taught, there is the unofficial recreation on the river, giving opportunity for adven-

turous lads to try their skill in navigating sailing craft down the open reaches of the river, an opportunity which Taylor certainly seized, and where he learnt, doubtless, lessons which quickly bore fruit in after years.

He arrived in India just before the beginning of the First Sikh War. He had hardly reported himself for duty at the headquarters of his corps at Meerut, when a company of sappers was ordered to go to Ferozepur, then one of our frontier outposts, and (strange as it appears to us nowadays) the command was entrusted to this lad of nineteen.

Affairs at Ferozepur then were critical. Only 7000 men, of whom 700 were Europeans, had to guard a crossing of the Sutlej against the Sikh army, far superior in numbers. Taylor's principal duty lay at first in the direction of boat-bridging. A flotilla of bridge-boats, sent under great pressure from Bombay and Karachi, and thence up the Indus and Sutlej to Ferozepur, was entrusted to him, and he had the congenial task of training his native sappers in the arts of forming the unwieldy craft into practicable bridges. Threatened, however, with the attack of 100,000 Sikhs, orders were issued to Taylor to sink his boats and fall back on Ferozepur with such stores as he could carry. He managed to effect the sinking in such a spot and in such a way that they were concealed from the enemy, so that in due course of time the boats were all recovered.

In Ferozepur itself he had

to play his part in a critical operation. Reinforcements were hurrying fast from the direction of British India, a victory had been gained over the Sikhs at Mudki, twenty miles off, and the general commanding at Ferozepur had been ordered to join the main army at Ferozeshah. He slipped out of Ferozepur, leaving a small force of one infantry battalion and the sappers to defend it, with instructions to deceive the numerous enemy as long as possible. Taylor was put in charge of the works of defence in the interior of the town, and was given absolute power to do his best. He utilised the labour of the townspeople, who gave it unwillingly at first, but, later, realising the desperate nature of the case, worked with vigour. Fortunately for them, the Sikh leader disregarded the small force left at Ferozepur, and turned his attention to reinforcing the main army at Ferozeshah.

Taylor was therefore not present at the actual battle, although he witnessed many incidents connected with it. The immediate result of it, however, was the relief of pressure on Ferozepur itself, and as it was hoped that the English would soon be able to cross the Sutlej and carry the war into the enemy's territory, he received the welcome order to recover his sunken boats, and hold them in readiness to bridge the river. Much to his pleasure, he found all the boats uninjured, and he soon had them again afloat. Three weeks later more sappers arrived, and a serviceable

bridge was made across the river, by which about 100,000 men, 68,000 animals, and 40 guns crossed *en route* for Lahore, the passage taking four days.

Thus ended Taylor's first campaign.

The Punjab was not then annexed. Sir Henry Lawrence was placed as Resident at the capital to advise and to safeguard British interests, certain territorial transfers were made, and troops were quartered in various parts of the province at the request of the Sikh Government, but in other essential respects the country was still independent.

Not, however, for long. Two years later two young Englishmen, Vans Agnew and Anderson, who had been sent with an escort by the Lahore Government to support an incoming Governor at Multan, at the request of the retiring Governor, Mulraj, were murdered.

From the direction of Lahore no action was immediately taken, it being argued that as the murder of the Englishmen was the result of a quarrel between two Sikh rulers, it was the business of the Sikhs to take punitive measures. Four columns of Sikhs were eventually despatched under Sikh commanders, and reached Multan eleven weeks after the tragic occurrence. Meantime, however, Herbert Edwardes, then a political officer on the North-West Frontier—where his name and that of John Nicholson are still fragrant—raised levies among the Derajat tribesmen, swept across the Indus, and with the aid of

the Nawab of Bhawalpur defeated Mulraj in a pitched battle, driving him into the shelter of the fortress of Multan.

The fortress of Multan had therefore to be captured. For this purpose heavy guns and ammunition were wanted. There were no roads or railways. But there was the Sutlej, now in its hot-weather flood, bearing to the sea melted snows of the Himalaya mountains, and on its turbulent waters boats could travel downstream. The distance from Ludhiana, where Taylor and his sappers were stationed, to Adamwahan, 40 miles from Multan, is about 250 miles, and possibly the boats which were used in the bridge at Ferozepur might be available in skilled hands. So at least thought Major Robert Napier, the Chief Engineer, and he asked Taylor to undertake the task.

It was joyfully accepted and successfully accomplished. Only those who have travelled on one of these rivers in flood can realise the magnitude of the feat. The Chief Engineer shared the vicissitudes of the voyage with his subaltern, and naturally there sprang up that warm friendship between senior and junior, kindly regard on one side, ardent admiration on the other, which lasted until death closed the brilliant career of Lord Napier forty-two years later.

While the flotilla was on its perilous journey, doubtless they discussed carefully the technicalities of the task before them. It was Taylor's first experi-

ence of the siege-craft he had learned at Chatham.

The flotilla and its precious cargo was successfully taken to its destination, not without much risk by flood and the enemy. It was at the hottest time of the year, and Multan is one of the hottest places in India. A Persian couplet describes it as being famous for four things: dust, heat, beggars, and graves. It was in this delectable spot that siege operations had now to be undertaken. Slowly the work proceeded, when, just as the first breaching battery was about to be begun, the news came that the chief of the Sikh allies had gone over to the enemy, taking with him some 4000 men.

The result was that a forward position, gained with much toil, had to be abandoned. The guns and ammunition were accordingly moved under cover of darkness, but somehow no order for withdrawal had been given to the engineers. Taylor, who had been absent from camp all day on duty, found on his return that whereas all the guns and escorting troops had been withdrawn, his precious stores had been left to the enemy.

To an engineer tools and equipment are what guns are to an artilleryman. To leave them to the enemy without an attempt to recover them was unthinkable. So the next night Taylor sallied forth with a string of camels and succeeded in carrying off, not without molestation, the whole of his valuable stores. Next morning the abandoned area

was in the hands of the Sikhs.

Three months elapsed before the siege could be renewed again, months of the greatest anxiety to the British general, for the fortress was one of the strongest in India, and it was manned by superior numbers of the enemy. In the engineers' part of the camp preparation for the future siege-work went on busily. Taylor was full of congenial occupation, for not only was he busily contriving appliances to facilitate siege operations, but he was constantly carrying out invaluable scouting operations, in which he gained an invaluable knowledge of the locality and of its engineering possibilities. When the army was reinforced by the Bombay column in December, the siege operations were again resumed, the breaching batteries built and armed, two breaches made in the walls, and eventually, on the 2nd January 1849, the assault was delivered in two columns. Major Napier led the right column, while the honour of leading the other was assigned, at his chief's request, to Taylor, although it was not his by right of seniority. In this assault he was severely wounded.

The inner citadel of the fortress fell three weeks later, after much fighting.

Those who belonged to the army of North India were then moved off to reinforce Lord Gough in the northern part of the Punjab. Taylor had some vexatious delay owing to some of his tools, which he had saved at so much risk from

hostile hands, having become lost during the subsequent operations, and the officer of the Bombay Army who had to relieve him of their custody not only refused to do this, but placed Taylor under arrest for negligence! Men of this hidebound class are, unfortunately, to be found in every army and in every campaign. They fail to realise that

"In battle day . . .

Nice tourney rules are set aside."

Eventually Taylor, freed from such irritating shackles, joined the army of Lord Gough in time to take part in the decisive battle of Gujerat, where his skill in reconnaissance was again found to be of great value.

Then followed the pursuit, under General Gilbert, of the routed Sikhs. Across the difficult fords of the Jhelum—with its memories of Alexander the Great and his pontoon train, the earliest known to history,—through the tangled mass of ravines which form the outworks of the Salt Range, to a plain marked by the monument raised by Alexander to his charger Bucephalus, the British followed the remnant of the defeated army and forced them to lay down their arms. But there still remained the Afghan allies who had joined the Sikhs in hope of plunder, their old feuds forgotten. After these the British column toiled painfully; but roads there were none, and baggage was slow in moving. At the Indus, where the Emperor Akbar's old fort of Attock guards the gorge of the mighty river,

the retreating enemy had destroyed or removed all the boats, and it was Taylor's business once more to effect some means of crossing against time. Thence into the Peshawar valley—at that time of year at its best, beautiful with flowers and green with spring crops—the army pressed on the heels of the foe, but too late to catch them before they reached the shelter of the Khyber.

In after years Taylor knew every yard of the country from the Jhelum to the Khyber, but it was then a new land to him.

The war over, this time the province was annexed. The Government was vested in a Board of three Commissioners, of whom two were Henry and John Lawrence. They were permitted to choose their own staff, and the band of men whom they gathered round them were the most talented and capable, probably, that ever worked together in the history of our country.

The Chief Engineer was Robert Napier. He had been engineering adviser to the Resident at Lahore under the former *régime*, now he was nominated head of the engineering department of the new province. The great services which he rendered in a purely military capacity in later years in India, China, and Abyssinia have obscured the great work which he did as a civil engineer. It was he who planned many of the schemes for the development of the

province, which have made the Punjab a model for imitation; it was he who saw the immense wealth it possessed in its great rivers and fertile, though at that time barren, plains; and it was he who began that system of canals which has no equal in the world, and which, not yet complete, is adding yearly to the food-supply of the nations.¹

Just then, however, the main need was the construction of a great military road through the province from end to end. The Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta to the North-West had been completed as far as Delhi. Now it was necessary to continue it to Lahore, and thence to Peshawar.

The selection of officers for the great task was the first step towards its realisation, and Napier's selection for the more northern part of the work fell on Taylor. It was a bold act to entrust so important a charge to a young man who had never had any civil engineering experience, but Napier had seen enough of his young brother officer at Multan and on their adventurous voyage down the Sutlej to recognise in him that fertility of resource, resolution of character, and capacity to get work out of others, which were, above all office training, necessary in so arduous a task. So Taylor was summoned, and bidden to consider the instructions of his chief.

The work he had to do was of a very varied description.

¹ See 'Maga,' July 1908, "On an Indian Canal," Part II.

The road had to cross the natural drainage of the country, and in the first hundred miles this included rivers of the first magnitude—the Ravi, the Chenab, and the Jhelum. To bridge these with permanent bridges was not then contemplated, for these rivers, although in the cold season comparatively small streams, wandering about in wide beds of sand and reeds, are in the hot weather huge rushing torrents, pouring vast volumes of water over a wide and ill-defined channel. The present bridge over the Chenab, for instance, is two miles in length.

All that was then attempted was to build boat-bridges over the various branches of the stream in the cold season and maintain ferries when the maintenance of boat-bridges was no longer possible. But besides these rivers of first magnitude there were very many others, whose wayward caprices and unexpected floods were to give Taylor and his colleagues many an anxious hour. Between the Jhelum and the Indus the road had to find its way through a labyrinth of ravines and rocks. Beyond the Indus it skirted the edge of the mountains which fringe the southern edge of the Peshawar valley.

All the materials for this great task had to be found in the country. Bricks had to be moulded and burnt, stone to be quarried. Timber had to be cut in the Himalayan forests and floated down the great rivers to convenient depots. No hope could be entertained of the

appliances with which the civil engineer of civilised lands carries on his task, for the sea was far away and transport difficult. But although such things were not to be had, there were plenty of good, capable Sikh artisans and boatmen who knew their business, there were able-bodied workmen in plenty, and there were none of the worries of civilised works in the shape of competitive contracts or workmen's strikes.

It was essentially a work where the engineering of men, according to Robert Stephenson the most difficult of all engineering, was the primary desideratum, and in this Taylor was supreme. He was essentially, in the Homeric sense, a king of men. Among those who attached themselves devotedly to him were the hereditary boatmen of the Indus at Attock, descendants of men to whom the Emperor Akbar had granted the monopoly of being ferrymen, fearless navigators of the swift river at all seasons. Taylor won their admiration by being the first Englishman to swim across the river, with its dangerous whirlpools, a feat which few of them, accustomed as they were to it from infancy, ever attempted.

It was this venturesome feature of his character, combined with sound practical judgment, which led men of all races to follow him with confidence in all manner of difficulties and privations.

The road soon became with him, as with many men who have had similar work to do,

an absorbing fascination. The various works were by no means of a secondary magnitude, even individual bridges or cuttings being on a fairly respectable scale, while the work as a whole was huge. It was a task that was well worthy of a man's best energies, in itself a fitting occupation for any human being, an honourable and glorious, albeit arduous, undertaking. The pleasure of seeing day by day the product of one's own labour and brain emerge into actual being, the pain perhaps of seeing the work of months wiped out by a flood in a single night, the thought of all this being a contribution to the profit and comfort of millions of one's fellow-men for many years after one's own lifetime—these all combine to make such a task an intense delight. It was, in a sense, a warfare of an incessant kind with the forces of nature, but a warfare in which the study of nature made her an ally rather than an enemy.

In this work Taylor was engaged for several years, strenuous, vigorous years of strong manhood. For the most part of the time he lived much in the saddle, for although estimates and accounts had to be kept, there was not much in his office work which kept him chained to the desk, and he was essentially one who believed in the efficacy of the master's eye on the efficiency of the work.

Then came the year 1857 and the crash of the Mutiny.

John Lawrence at Rawul-

pindi, managing, directing, straining every effort to keep the upper parts of India quiet, and to despatch aid to the lower storm centre, realised that at Delhi an engineer officer of siege experience was necessary, and on the recommendation of John Nicholson sent for Taylor, who was steadily working away at his road in normal fashion. Five days later, on the 27th June, Taylor, travelling day and night in the hottest season, reached the camp at Delhi.

Our country was fortunate that in that hour of crisis we had men of the highest resolution in critical places,—Lawrence at the head of the Punjab, Edwardes at Peshawar, Nicholson in command of the movable column, and last, but by no means least, Richard Baird Smith as chief engineer with the army before Delhi. A man of great scientific knowledge and a deep thinker, he was also endowed with an iron will and resolute determination. But for his influence over the General in command, it is very probable that retreat from the position in front of Delhi would have been ordered.

During the whole of the operations he was in continual bad health. A wound of a comparatively slight nature in his leg had become sore and festering, his body was weakened with internal pains, and the heat and discomfort of camp life, annoying enough to one in robust health, were increasingly a source of distress to him. We all know how the condition of the body reacts on

the mind, and how difficult it is to keep resolute and firm when sickness racks this mortal frame. All the greater honour, therefore, to the man who, in the time of trial, never allowed his weakened body to react on the strength of his mind, and whose courage never flagged nor his influence over his superior failed.

The scheme of attack which was approved by him, evolved by Taylor's daring reconnaissances, was as bold as it was fitted to the critical conditions of the case. In commenting on it, we must say a little about the topography of the country as it then was.

The fortified city of Delhi then was much the same as it had been when captured by Lord Lake at the beginning of the century, except that under Napier's skilful superintendence the old fortifications had been repaired and improved. The city lies on the right or western bank of the Jumna. The northern boundary of the fortifications, about two miles long, has a tower, the Water Bastion, overlooking the river, then passes to the west to the first important salient where the wall changes direction to the south-west. At this salient lies the Mori Bastion. Between it and the river there is one important projection, the Cashmere Bastion covering the Cashmere Gate.

The Mori Bastion appeared to be the one on which attack would be most probable, as it is nearest to the end of the Ridge, which was the important ground held by the Brit-

ish as a result of a victorious action some weeks before the period in question.

The Ridge is an outcrop of quartz rock running in an almost northerly direction from a point 1200 yards from the Mori Bastion to the river Jumna. Its importance lay not only in its commanding position, but also in the fact that it covered the Grand Trunk Road to Umballa and the Punjab, and that behind it there was a canal of excellent water.

Thus the scene of operations was roughly a triangle, of which the base was the northern wall of the city, the east side was the river, and the third side was the Ridge.

Within the area of this triangle there were groves of orange- and other fruit-trees, some ravines and walls, and, above all, some important houses. Near the river, and within some 160 yards of the Water Bastion, was the Kudsia Bagh, a summer house of former kings, and a Custom-house. Farther from the city, and in an important position covering the Cashmere Bastion, was Ludlow Castle, a European house of more than ordinary size.

We learn on the best authority that the confidential plans of fortified places in North India, which were in the custody of the adjutant of the sappers at Roorkee, were, in the hurry of the departure from that place, not taken to Delhi. But even if a plan of Delhi had been so taken, it would certainly not have enabled the engineers to dispense

with detailed examination of the ground. As a matter of fact there were no plans of the terrain, and the first duty of the engineers was to prepare them.

On the one side there was a numerous enemy, well furnished with artillery and ammunition, in a fortified place, with every advantage of numbers and supplies, and with the best training that European officers could give, but without capable leaders. On the other hand, a force numerically inferior, holding on to a rocky line of low mounds, with one flank covered by a wide river, the other much exposed, with great disadvantages as to climatic influences and supplies of all sorts, and yet with the prestige of the British name, with daring leaders, and above all, with the great moral strength given by the consciousness of the cause for which they were fighting, the national honour and the safety of the 10,000 white women and children in North India.

Yet how were the weak forces of the English to hope for victory? An assault had, it is true, been actually ordered, but owing to a misunderstanding on the part of a commanding officer it did not take place, fortunately, as most people think. Was the only alternative to remain on the strictly defensive on the Ridge until reinforcement came? That course, which apparently was all that the General thought possible, did not commend itself to the chief engineer, who indeed had to use all his powers of persuasion to induce

the General not to forgo the advantage he had already gained by the possession of the Ridge.

A siege? Yes, but this entails, according to orthodox rules, investment, — and the English force, instead of being able to invest the fortress, can only hold on to a small portion of the encircling country. Parallels, too, are out of the question. Even if there were troops available to dig as well as to guard, which was not the case, any appearance of such entrenching would at once attract the enemy and bring swift fire upon the little force.

Yet, to succeed, the walls must be breached for the assaulting columns to pass, and the batteries for breaching must be made and armed. To be an absolute surprise, they must rise into being in a single night, and they must be so sited that they can have a chance to do their destructive work with the least possible chance of failure. There must, therefore, be two elements of success—absolute secrecy and absolute accuracy.

This was the problem that confronted the resolute chief engineer as he lay crippled and ill. He was personally unable to take any executive part in solving it, though doubtless at each stage he advised and directed, according to the information brought to him by his capable second in command.

The solution lay with Taylor. He had first to examine the ground with such accuracy as to be able to determine without fail the exact positions of

batteries which would do the work of breaching rapidly, and yet he had to make this examination in such a way as not to excite the suspicions of the enemy. When he had so accurately learnt the ground that he could with confidence decide this point, he then had to think how he was actually to get the work executed, how he was to bring the pioneers to the spot with their tools and other materials, and how the guns were to reach the place. Such a daring operation was quite beyond the orthodox procedure of sieges, but it was the only way to ensure success in this critical case, and must be hazarded.

To examine the ground he might have detailed others, and there were subalterns in plenty who would have gladly volunteered for the hazardous duty. He might have taken an escort, but this would have tended to place the enemy on the alert, and his intentions, which must at all risks be quite secret, would become known. *So alone and in the darkness of night he went, again and again*, more than a mile from the British outposts, through lanes, ravines, gardens, right up to the very walls of the city. Again and again he had hair-breadth escapes, but either owing to the carelessness of the enemy's outposts, or to his own watchful caution, he always escaped. He discovered one specially valuable fact, that the strong picket at Ludlow Castle was so carelessly relieved that at times that important outpost was empty. He frequently entered it, and he was

once nearly caught in the building by the relieving guard.

On the result of these reconnaissances he was able to suggest a plan or project of attack, just as in the case of the Grand Trunk Road he submitted projects for bridges or other works to his chief. The acceptance of these by the latter relieved him of the responsibility for the design, though the original idea might be his. So at Delhi, in daily consultation with Baird Smith, his project for attack was approved by the senior officer. It may have been indeed in some respects a confirmation of his own conjectures, but the execution was necessarily in the hands of the man who had originated the plan.

The secrecy with which these reconnaissances were conducted was such that no one in the camp except Baird Smith and the General, and possibly Chamberlain, the Adjutant-General, at first knew anything about them. When Nicholson joined the force he, too, was taken into Taylor's confidence, and just before the assault these two intrepid friends made a midnight trip all over the ground together. Nicholson saw enough that night to convince the General of the ease with which Ludlow Castle could be surprised; and he also saw and warmly appreciated the splendid courage which Taylor had displayed in these daring deeds of reconnaissance on dangerous ground.

Broadly, the scheme of attack was that at the end of the Ridge nearest to the Mori Bastion a great battery should

be erected in one night and open fire at dawn on that Bastion to the right and on the Cashmere Bastion to the left. This would lead the enemy to believe that the main attack was to be on our right. Meantime that same evening the piquet at Ludlow Castle was to be driven in, and four breaching batteries on the following night were to be made as close to the wall between the Cashmere and Water Gates as possible. This was to be the real front of attack. The fortress wall here was not equipped for artillery, though it might so be if time were allowed to the enemy to do so. Hence the importance of making the defender keep his artillery elsewhere by the feigned attack on the Mori Bastion. Moreover, their first battery was to be of such strength as to serve the dual purpose of bringing a very heavy fire on the Mori Bastion, thus diverting the enemy's attention, and at the same time acting as a powerful flank protection to the work of the breaching batteries opposite the Cashmere Bastion.

The utilisation of the siege artillery, and its protection in properly constructed works, was in fact the pith and marrow of the project of attack, on which all chance of success depended.

Meantime every detail of the proposed execution was carefully worked out and rehearsed, as far as it was possible to do so, in camp. All materials were carefully made ready in the Engineer Park, all tools made ready for issue. The pioneers were instructed and

practised at their work, officers being assigned to the various proposed works for the necessary supervision. No detail, however small, was left to chance.

The siege train, long expected, arrived on the 1st of September. A week later the work of No. 1 Battery was taken in hand, and after a night of strenuous toil, during which also Ludlow Castle was surprised and captured, the artillery duel on the British right began. Next night the breaching batteries on the left were constructed and armed. The whole of the project of attack had worked out so far correctly.

The attack on the left was evidently a complete surprise. By the 13th the breaches were reported practicable, and on the 14th September 1857 the great assault took place.

The thrilling story has often been told, and it is not intended here to attempt to repeat it. Its success was the turning-point in the history of the war, and, indeed, of British sovereignty in India.

As we know, it was not all success by any means. The loss of Nicholson alone was incalculable, and was immediately felt in the operations that followed.

But the ultimate success very largely depended on the lodgment effected inside the Cashmere Bastion, a vantage-ground whence the subsequent attack was made feasible.

Taylor was the engineer in charge of the left attack, and was attached to the small staff

of General Nicholson. But the latter's command also included the second column, under General Jones. Nicholson, apparently of deliberate intention, left the command of the main column of attack to Taylor, in order that the honour of leading that attack should be given to the officer who had thought out the plan of attack, and whose daring operations had made it possible. Thus, for the second time in his career, Taylor led an assaulting column.

Once the columns were inside the walls Taylor ran to the spot previously arranged to meet Nicholson. There these two men made a swift examination of the position gained, and arranged a plan of the defences required to establish a base for further operations. Then they parted, for the last time.

Taylor hurried to the ruins of the Cashmere Gate, which had just been demolished by an act of singular courage. He set to work at once to clear the way for the entering artillery. During this operation he was wounded by a spent bullet, but not severely. The casualties among the engineer officers that day were tremendous.¹

Delhi, however, was not yet captured. Street fighting is terribly difficult, and the enemy had the advantage, not only of cover, but of local knowledge.

Taylor brought into this warfare that professional knowledge and fertility of

resource which had been so characteristically displayed in the earlier operations. He proposed that regular street fighting should be abandoned, and that attention should be concentrated on the large houses, with which the city abounded, which would form strong points of vantage to the enemy. Through the other houses and walls the sappers made their way by pick and crowbar, until point after point was seized and occupied.

Thus gradually, and after days of harassing hand-to-hand warfare, the various important parts of the city were captured, until at last the Palace, the inner citadel, was reached, the main gate blown in.

Taylor's part in this siege has been the subject of a controversy to which it is thought undesirable to devote more than a passing allusion. Nothing could be more foreign to his own chivalrous character than to assume a priority of credit in an operation where others did noble and gallant service. This, however, may certainly be said, that if the fate of the two friends had been reversed, and Taylor instead of Nicholson had been killed, the story of the daring midnight surveys would have been at once published, and the world would have rung with the fame of the former as it has done deservedly with that of the great soldier who fell in the hour of victory.

After the excitement and high tension of the weeks of

¹ Five of these engineer officers are alive to-day, in honoured old age. One of them, Sir Frederick Maunsell, fought with Taylor at Multan.

the siege and the assault, Colonel Baird Smith's health utterly broke down. He obtained leave, therefore, to return to his former work at Roorkee, and was borne away prostrate with sickness, but assuredly with the glad satisfaction that comes to every man who has been engaged in a strenuous conflict with forces that appear to be invincible, and who has been victorious.

Taylor, who thus succeeded to the position of chief engineer, had to take in hand the proposals of the General for dealing with the captured city. The scheme was certainly drastic. It aimed at nothing short of sweeping the whole place away with the besom of destruction, subjecting the capital of the Moguls to the same fate that had overtaken many previous cities of Delhi. Fortunately for the sake of British credit wiser counsels prevailed. John Lawrence, who knew the place and the people well, advised much less comprehensive measures, and the Delhi of Shah Jehan, with its incomparable treasures of architecture, remains to-day to form the nucleus of the new capital of British India.

Meantime, in another part of India, events were taking place, the fame of which will last wherever the English tongue is spoken. The beleaguered garrison of Lucknow had been reinforced in August by the army under Havelock and Outram, but even with this addition the little force in the Residency was still besieged by hordes of the enemy. In November Sir Colin Camp-

bell, acting in concert with Outram, carried out the memorable Second Relief, a wonderful feat of arms, whereby the enemy was pushed back into the city while a guarded road was opened round the flank for the safe withdrawal of all the women, children, and other non-combatants. Then the British retired, leaving a force observing the enemy in the immediate neighbourhood of Lucknow.

With this force was Taylor's old chief, Robert Napier. It was largely by his advice that the scheme of the Second Relief was accomplished, and now that Sir C. Campbell contemplated the attack and capture of the city, he was appointed Brigadier in command of the Engineers of the whole army. Naturally his thoughts turned to Taylor, who had on previous occasions done such notable service under him, and whose reputation, already high, had been much enhanced by the reports from Delhi.

Taylor had left that place, after a sojourn of some six weeks inside its pestilential precincts, to take command of the Engineers in one of the columns operating in the Doab (the country between the Ganges and Jumna). He had taken part in several actions, and had many exciting adventures. The weather had now become much more bearable, the glorious bracing cold weather of Northern India, and his health, much tried by his stay in Delhi, was to a great extent restored. Early in 1858 he joined his

old chief before Lucknow, and was gratified to find that he was to be in command of the detachment of his own corps, the Bengal Engineers, while serving in co-operation with a strong force of the Royal Engineers from England under Colonel Harness.

Meantime the enemy had not been idle. The operations of the Second Relief had been directed on what was evidently to them an unexpected quarter, and in the weeks of comparative respite which followed they had turned that part of Lucknow into a formidable entrenched camp. On the other side, at a distance of a few miles, Outram had a fortified camp at the Alambagh, which he held successfully against repeated attacks from November 1857 to March 1858, when active siege operations were resumed.

Taylor's experience of siege work both at Multan and Delhi was specially valuable, and he was in close consultation with his chief in all the plans of future operations. He was frequently sent to Agra to arrange about guns and ammunition, and to co-operate in the measures necessary to ensure the safe passage of the siege-train.

On the 22nd January it left Agra, a huge lumbering mass of waggons, bullocks, and elephants, twelve miles in length. Through a country but recently rescued from the bands of marauding mutineers it trailed its slow length along,

until at last it crossed the Ganges at Cawnpore and slowly crawled on to Lucknow, arriving there on 2nd March.

The Commander-in-Chief had determined to risk no men in murderous street fighting unnecessarily. His plan of attack, suggested in all its details by Napier, was to throw a force strong in cavalry and artillery across the river, work up to the north-east of the city, and attack the fortified lines on flank and rear. As soon as this had developed, the frontal attack on the enemy's lines would take place.

Close to the place where the modern cantonment of Lucknow, with its broad shady roads and pretty gardens, now covers the plain between the Alambagh and Dilkusha Palace, the main body of Sir Colin Campbell's army had its camp. To the east of this position, Outram's force, with many powerful guns, crossed the river by bridges of casks made by the British sappers under Major Nicholson.¹ Moving round to the north-east of the city, not without sharp fighting, continued for several days, Outram forced his way until he had got to a position where his heavy guns could be brought to bear on the enemy's first line of formidable works. On the north bank of the river there was a building, the grandstand of a race-course, which dominated that part of the enemy's line. Eagerly was

¹ Afterwards Sir Lothian Nicholson, Inspector-General of Fortifications, and Governor of Gibraltar.

this watched by the main body of our force on the south, for it had been pre-arranged that the capture of it was to be the signal for attack. At last the British flag was seen waving over the grand-stand, and our guns at once opened fire. Speedily the enemy's advanced position, first in the buildings of the Martinière College, occupied by the mutineers as an outwork, and then their first formidable line of entrenchments, fell into our hands.

Then came Taylor's opportunity. All arrangements for the construction of siege-batteries had been, as at Delhi, carefully prepared by him. Two such batteries in advanced positions were quickly constructed and armed, and directed against the formidable buildings which formed the enemy's second line of defence. The movement here, too, was successful, the sappers steadily working through the mass of houses and lanes, much in the same way as they had done at Delhi.

A last effort only was required against the citadel or keep of the enemy, and that which presented the most formidable obstacle. The guns were brought up to form two breaches on a building called the Begum Kothi, and in the assault which followed Taylor was again given the honour of leading a column, and for the third time carried out this perilous duty with success.

With success, but not scathless. He was severely wounded in the fighting, and thus incapacitated from taking further part in the operations.

Doubtless the long exposure at Delhi, and his sojourn in the pestilential atmosphere of that city after its capture, had weakened his usually robust constitution; in any case, his recovery from his wound was weary and slow. He was sufficiently well to be moved in April to Lahore, where he lay for weeks very ill, finally moving in July to the cool, pine-clad heights of Murree, where he was warmly welcomed by many old friends.

He seems to have been again in charge of his old work, but the country was not yet quite restored to its normal state, and he himself was scarcely able to resume that energetic grasp of the reins which he normally would have had. So he took two years' leave, returning to England early in the following year.

He had left Europe, fifteen years before, a lad of nineteen. He returned a soldier who had made a reputation, high even in those days when war, in Europe and Asia, was sifting the wheat from the chaff. He had taken part, with ever-increasing distinction, in three important campaigns, and in the last of them had played a conspicuous part in the two most notable operations in that campaign. More than that, he had been able to render that service which is the highest a soldier can give to his country—i.e., bring to bear, at a critical juncture, his own special gifts of mind or character in such a way as considerably to influence the balance of ultimate victory. All these were no small achieve-

ments for a young man of thirty-three, and, with the rank and orders which his services had gained, there appeared to be in store for him a military career of no ordinary brilliancy.

Yet it appears that, able and excellent soldier as he was, fully cognisant of the value of his military knowledge and careless of his life in giving effect to it, he recognised that of even greater value to his country was the work he could do in peace, in those great engineering enterprises to which he was now so deeply committed.

After two years in England—years on which his biographer dwells lovingly, for it was then that her parents' marriage took place—Colonel Taylor returned to India, with his bride and his sister.

His military rank might have induced him to accept one or other of the various high staff appointments which were offered to him on his return to India. If he had been actuated merely by ambition to push his way in the world and rise to high distinction, he would no doubt have followed the line of action thus presented. But to do this in preference to completing the work on the Lahore-Peshawar road would be, as his biographer puts it, "like deserting his wife for a richer woman." The great work on which he had laboured, and which expressed many of his original ideas, offspring of his brain, born with great mental travail, was far from complete. It was not that he wished to have the applause of success, but the consciousness

that he could best bring to completion the task he had projected, and see the fruit of his labour, for better or worse, made the rejection of the work unthinkable. It is probable, too, that he realised a little of what may be considered as analogous to "the Nelson touch," that magnetic influence over other men which makes them imbued with the same sense of energy that actuates their leader. Consciously or not, it is the case that Napier and he were forming a school of engineers on the Frontier whose tradition lasted long after they left the country, and we trust has not yet disappeared.

He was not done with war, however. In 1863 the Ambela campaign claimed his services as commanding engineer under his old Delhi comrade, Sir Neville Chamberlain. The class of warfare in this case was different from that of the other campaigns in which he had taken part, and the rôle of the Engineers was not so conspicuous. There was plenty of fighting, however, and he himself took his full share, and was again wounded.

Years of increasingly useful work in the Punjab followed. The great road itself became more and more a valued communication. Other great public works had to be carried out, the construction of Frontier defences, the new cantonments on the Frontier and elsewhere, and many other similar works of public utility on a very large scale.

So matters went on for some years, until at last he rose to

the position of chief engineer of the Punjab, a position which had been held twenty-two years before by Robert Napier. That distinguished soldier, now Commander-in-Chief in India, was always mindful of the excellent work done by his younger brother officer, and after getting him appointed the head of the Defence Committee of India, offered him the post of Quartermaster-General, a position of greater authority at that time than it is to-day, and rightly regarded as a stepping-stone to high military command. Such an appointment would have been well suited in every way to General Taylor's taste and military capacity.

But the threatening of a terrible affliction obliged him to refuse. His eyesight had been so tried by work with surveying instruments on the road, and by exposure to the glare and shimmer of Eastern sunlight, that blindness seemed to be rapidly coming on and his career appeared to be at an end. He hurried to Europe to consult a famous oculist, who gave him the welcome news that, thanks to the care he had taken when the first symptoms threatened, his sight would be restored; but rest for a time was imperative. In the meantime he had been obliged, by declining the offered position, to forgo the opportunity which otherwise might have opened to him, as it did to others of his contemporaries, of very high military rank. The vacant appointment was filled by Lord Roberts, then a colonel.

General Taylor, his eyesight again restored, returned to India to new and responsible work as Deputy Inspector-General of Military Works—a new division of the Public Works Department, which had been formed for the special purpose of dealing with fortifications, barracks, military roads, and other similar matters. In this new sphere of labour he had to take up the important questions of harbour defence at various Indian seaports—Bombay, Karachi, Rangoon, &c.,—and his duties necessarily took him all over India. He continued to hold the appointment of President of the Defence Committee, when shortly afterwards he was appointed Secretary to Government in the Public Works Department. But the continued illness of his wife was a source of perpetual anxiety to him—a trouble which culminated at last, early in 1880, in his retiring from the army and leaving India altogether.

Life in England, with no definite occupation, was naturally very distasteful to one so full of vigour, both physical and mental. Fortunately, however, an opening for further usefulness presented itself shortly after his return.

The Royal Indian Engineering College at Cooper's Hill near Staines is now a thing of the past, but during its brief career of about thirty years no public institution has ever more fully justified the wisdom of its founders. After the Mutiny era—and indeed to some extent before that—it

was evident that the vast potential wealth of India needed for its development a wide and comprehensive system of engineering works. For the supervision and planning of these, the existing agencies—the corps of military engineers and the engineering colleges in the country itself (at Roorkee and Madras)—were insufficient. An attempt had been made, with some success, to engage civil engineers by covenant from articled pupils of firms in England. It was, however, thought that the corporate life and training of a college in England would give possibly better results than such a method of recruiting, and as Haileybury was to the Civil Service and Addiscombe to the Army, so would such a college be to the new branch of public service. At Cooper's Hill, therefore, a college was begun in 1872, under that master of organisation, Sir George Chesney, and it had been in existence for some eight years when Taylor was invited to succeed to the Principalship, Sir George being appointed Military Secretary to the Government of India.

There for about sixteen years Sir Alexander Taylor had his home. The various professors were men of great scientific attainments, in whose hands the theoretical instruction left nothing to be desired. The Principal of the College, however, was one who had actually carried into effect some of those great works for which the students were being trained. He could appreciate,

as they could not as yet, the value of the foundation training they were receiving, he could co-ordinate the various branches of learning, and he could impress upon them the value of the opportunities they were then enjoying, never again to be repeated. More than that, living as they were for three years together in one of the most beautiful parts of England, with the constant reminder of its great history in Windsor and Runnymede close at hand, he knew how in a few years they would be alone among people of an alien race and under very different conditions, bearing "the white man's burden," looked upon and trusted by those around them as representing a nation whose power and influence was moral more than physical. It was of the utmost importance that the young engineers should be not only trained in mathematics and physical science, but imbued with a sense of what is right and fitting, the spirit of that early training which Taylor himself had enjoyed in his youth, the instinctive sense of what Lord Haldane has recently called *Sittlichkeit*, an attainment which cannot be tested by competitive examination, but may be learnt by personal influence during a term of collegiate life.

After sixteen years of this work, Sir Alexander Taylor's age made retirement desirable, and he handed over his work to another great Indian Engineer, Colonel Pennycuik, who had already had experience, in a work in Southern India of

colossal magnitude, of the value of assistants trained at the R.I.E. College.

Sir Alexander Taylor settled down in the neighbourhood of the College, and in the comfort and rest of retirement he passed the evening of his life, quietly and unobtrusively. He passed away on 10th February 1912.

The Corps of Engineers of the East India Company's Army has also passed away. Although many individual members—including several who fought at Delhi and Lucknow—are still among us, "with years and honours crowned," yet the services which they rendered ceased practically with the closing years of the nineteenth century.¹ Of that Corps it was finely said by a Governor-General (the first Lord Hardinge) that its officers had "well maintained the reputation of their Corps whenever gallantry or science may be required from its members." This reputation was maintained to the end, and by none more conspicuously than by Sir Alexander Taylor. Some members of the Corps achieved great military renown, others in the scientific surveys of the country added to the world's knowledge of geography and kindred science, others initiated the system of telegraphs across India and Persia which linked our Asiatic Empire with Europe, some were eminent as rulers of

provinces, but the majority left their mark in the great public works, which are among the greatest assets of our rule in India. In his special share of this work Taylor was typical of many of his brother officers.

The Delhi of to-day was made possible by the victory of 1857. At the great Assemblage of 1903, when the guests of the Empire had assembled in thousands to hear the Proclamation of the Accession of King Edward VII., there was no more thrilling episode than the entry of the veterans. Just before the arrival of the representatives of the Sovereign and the Royal Family, there came into the arena, headed by the band of a famous regiment, a small company of old men, European and native, some very feeble, some apparently very poor. The vast audience rose as one man, women wept, and men cheered themselves hoarse. All present felt that but for the exertions and courage of the army of 1857, of whom these were the feeble representatives, the brilliant scene around could never have taken place. It was fitting that they should be remembered and honoured.

According to John Lawrence—surely no incompetent judge—the two men who contributed most to the capture of Delhi were John Nicholson and Alexander Taylor.

¹ The last public service rendered by any member of the Corps was in 1901-3, when Colonel Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff was President of the Indian Irrigation Commission.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

A NEW KIND OF POETRY—THE GOVERNMENT'S GREAT ACHIEVEMENT—FIRE-EATING DISSENTERS—A HISTORY LESSON FOR MR GEORGE—NO RIGHT TO COMPROMISE.

THE Futurists, skilled as they are in advertisements, have shown less than their ordinary astuteness in attempting to claim for their method the art of poetry. They may play what tricks they like with the art of painting, and escape on the plea that an ignorant public has no right to ask their meaning or doubt their sincerity. A collection of telegraph wires surmounted by KUB in capitals is posed as a portrait of Kubelik, and if you object that it suggests no living resemblance, the painter replies that since it is his idea of Kubelik, misunderstanding does not matter. But words have associations which lines and colours may lack. You cannot separate them from the burden that has been laid upon them by the past. The chain of tradition, broken at our peril in any human activity, presses more vigorously upon poets than upon the professors of other crafts, and he who, greatly daring, aspires to invent a new literature avoids the shoals of ridicule only to founder upon the rocks of blasphemy.

Yet despite the impossibility of discovering a fresh method of speech, the poets in the past have always been eager to unfurl strange banners and to shout unheard cries. They have enrolled themselves glad-

ly under the sway of valiant leaders. They have joined odd clubs and established secret cenacles. The history of letters is a history of action and reaction. The classics have surrendered patiently to the romantics, and then reasserted their supremacy. The Symbolists have ousted the Parnassians from the field, and men have owned their decadence without fear or shame. But hitherto the progress of poetry has been gradual and delicate. As we recede from this new school or that, we perceive that what once appeared flagrant in our eyes was but a gentle change, hardly discernible at a distance. Poetry, it is true, has been modified by the temper of the time and the music of the poet. Rhymes and rhythms have been adapted to the genius of those who have used them. But there is one thing which no man has ever invented, or ever shall invent—a new art; and hitherto invention has consisted not in the antics of an anarch but in playing the game, a little differently, according to the rules already laid down.

And it is for this reason that the Futurist poet differs radically from those who have gone before him. He tramples all the rules of all the schools wantonly under foot. He attempts to prove himself

original by breaking the laws imposed upon his craft by far greater men than he. He sets his poor intelligence against the reasoned knowledge of a thousand years. He does not strive aimlessly to do something better than the masters; he is content to do something different, and in this difference he perceives a kind of virtue. Signor Marinetti, for instance, the apostle of Futurism, has arrived at what he fondly believes to be a new kind of poetry. And he has arrived at it by outraging the accepted canons of grammar and sense. His ideal is an ideal of anarchy. Other poets have admitted such obvious distinctions as exist between nouns and verbs. He will bear none of the old restraints. His words, as well as his mind, must be "at liberty." They must not be bound together by the common links of construction. He has a special and inveterate spite against verbs and adjectives. He flings his words together like stones in a rubble-heap, and he comes no nearer to the making of a poem than an architect would come to the building of a house who should refuse to weld his bricks together with mortar or to cut his planks to suit their proper space.

His style, therefore, if style it may be called, resembles nothing so much as a telegraphic despatch. Where you are asked to pay so much a word, you may be excused if you practise a verbal economy. To save your pocket, you rely cheerfully upon the quick understanding of your audience.

You employ a code of signals, which is intelligible at a moderate cost. In other words, you reduce the language to its lowest terms, and hope that your meaning will be effectively conveyed. You do not boast yourself a poet for your economy; you do not claim that your enforced concision has the merit of a discovery in style. And here it is that Signor Marinetti proves his vanity. He is not asked to transmit his poems by wire. He can plead no material cause for their formlessness. He is enchained only by a superstition of purposed originality. "Other men," says he in effect, "have used verbs and adjectives; they have bent their neck beneath the yoke of grammar; they have accepted the foolish conventions of commas and full stops. I am wiser than they. I have set my words at liberty, and what does it matter that I have enchained my mind in a fiercer convention than man ever did before?"

That Signor Marinetti, a declared anarchist, should set forth his themes in intelligible pamphlets, proves that he has escaped also from the bonds of logic. It should be enough for him to run a steam-roller over the past, and for the rest to give full play to his taste for expletives. The war which he has declared upon all libraries is ridiculous and ineffectual. The war which he has declared upon style and grammar proves how little he understands their purpose and limitations. He seems to think that style is a thing that you can put on or off like a hat, and

that when you have put it off there is an end of it. But style is organic. It is part of the blood and bone of all good writing, and when it is omitted, as by Signor Marinetti, what is left is a mere shapeless mass of unlettered letters. Here, for instance, is a passage from his poem, to which, in defiance of his principles, he has given the title, "Train of Sick Soldiers":—

"Hohohohowling of 1500 sick men
at the carriage-doors
locked up before 18 Turkish gun-
ners battered to pieces
rags tatters caps
officers thrown upon the
network of iron wire pass pass at
all costs anguish writhe
with the short bayonet tear the
mails rage mouse-trap."

It is not illuminating. It has no beauty of phrase or vision that we should desire it. It is not even original. The style of the Futurists was practised nearly a hundred years ago with far better effect than Signor Marinetti can hope to attain. Do you remember the rapid sketch of Rochester made by Alfred Jingle, Esq.? "Ah! fine, glorious pile-frowning walls—tottering arches—dark nooks—crumbling staircases—old cathedral too—earthy smell—pilgrims' feet worn away the old steps—little Saxon doors— . . . buff-jerkins too—matchlocks—sarcophagus—fine place—old legends too—strange stories—capital." There is here a note of interest, of enthusiasm even, which Signor Marinetti's masterpiece seems to lack. But there is no doubt about the style. We know that our Futurist is a faithful pupil of Alfred Jingle, and we only

regret that he has not studied his model with a deeper attention.

The passage which we have quoted above shows Signor Marinetti in his closest adherence to convention. When he keeps the future full in view, he attains to a lyrical height of onomatopœia. Here is a specimen, which the fervents of the Future may interpret as they will :

tactlac ii ii gaiiii
trrrrrrrrrrrrr
tatatatôo—tatatatatôo
(Wheels)
[currrrrr
cuhrrrr
gurrrrrr
(Locomotive)

The use of brackets appears a useless convention. For the rest, this gem of eight lines owes nothing to the outworn traditions of the past. It came from nowhere; it will go nowhither. Even as a representation of the clank and rattle of a train it is imperfect, though it makes a concession to realism, of which we thought the true Futurist incapable. And if this is a fair sample of the poetry of the Future, we may take comfort to ourselves that we shall not live to see it widely popular. In truth, Signor Marinetti need not be taken very seriously. It is easy enough to break the rules, and that so far is the sum of his achievement. He has confused in his mind the accidents of life with the ultimate end of poetry. The modern world, says he, loves nothing so much as noise and speed. Therefore poetry, to be modern, must be swift and noisy. The argu-

ment is trifling and superficial. Poetry does not concern herself with the vices or virtues of material "progress." Motor-cars and flying machines have done no more than shift us rapidly from one place to another. They come no nearer to our real lives than hats or boots. They leave human nature untouched, unchanged. If a maniac travels round a tarred track at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, it is his body only that moves; his mind, if he keep one after this hasty impact with the air, still preserves its accustomed pace. Thus speed, though it be the madness of our age, is a poor excuse of poetry. The emotions, of which poetry is the proper vehicle, are neither hindered nor enhanced because an ingenious use has been found for petroleum.

The glorification of noise is a still grosser fantasy than the glorification of speed. If noise be necessary, it is a necessary evil. Many there are who spend their humbled lives in avoiding it. It killed the hapless Jules de Goncourt nearly fifty years ago, when as a cult it was in its infancy. And for those who love it, noise exists in and by itself. Why should the musician of the future, the proper colleague of Signor Marinetti, be at the pains to express the clattering havoc of the street by means of his orchestra, when the clatter is there loud enough for any one to hear? Let him open the window, and let him rejoice if he can at the rattle and clash of the motor-car and its hooter, now shrill as a siren, now

darkly rumbling like a sick elephant. If realism be his aim, there he has it, grim and menacing. He will make it no better and no worse by reproducing it accurately upon the grotesque instruments of his own invention.

The evangelists of the Future despise the past. They would, if they could, obliterate all the masterpieces. That they have nothing to put in their place but a crash and a bang irks them not. It irks them as little that, if a new art must be invented by each generation, Signor Marinetti and his friends will taste oblivion before they taste the wine of fame. Meanwhile they condemn in a fury of scorn all the things which they do not themselves create. They gasp for breath, they tell us, in libraries, academies, and museums. Let us leave them to their racket, and confess that for us at least a museum is a pleasanter place of resort than a motor garage.

It is not only that Signor Marinetti and his friends mistake the purpose of poetry, which deals not with the transitory accidents of life, such as traffic and machinery, but with its eternal emotions; they are, as we have said, the declared enemies of tradition. They are not handing on the torch which they received from their fathers. They have blown it out, and will remain for ever in the darkness which they themselves have created. What they have done will not profoundly affect the world. Others, wiser than they, have trimmed and refilled the im-

memorial lamps of their ancestors, and the ceremony of the lampadephoria is not likely ever to be wholly interrupted.

But if the poets of Futurism inflict small harm upon society, their political colleagues may not so easily be absolved. The evil which they do lives after them, and since they are empirics all, they know not whither they are dragging their poor country. Mr Asquith, the *Marinetti* of the House of Commons, has wantonly snapped the chain of tradition. To serve the mere cause of party he has destroyed the British Constitution. He destroyed it, moreover, by a piece of trickery which is unexampled in our annals, and upon which history will pass its proper judgment. When he inflicted the Parliament Act upon an unwilling people, he bowed the knee to Mr Redmond and his patient henchmen. He thought that, with a Constitution in suspense, he would have no difficulty in satisfying the ruthless demands of the many diverse groups which make up his coalition. He forgot that Bills which have passed no other House than the Commons could not carry the same weight as those which had received the approval also of the King and the House of Peers.

We have heard in the past a great deal concerning the common-sense of the British people. We have been told that if a course of action be a danger to the State the British people may be trusted to thwart it, that the conserva-

tive instinct which lives in each one of us will find us a way out of the blind alley. The Parliament Act was especially devised to enslave the British people and to crush for ever its conservative instinct. The virtual abolition of the House of Lords, which exists to-day as a mere instrument for replenishing the party funds, made an appeal to the country impossible. We must accept whatever a tyrannical Cabinet gives us, and we begin to understand that it was less the spirit of the people than the safeguards provided by the Constitution which ensured the security of Great Britain. When Constitutional safeguards are removed there remains but one method of expressing discontent — the method of Civil War. It was prophesied in this Magazine, even before the Home Rule Bill was introduced, that Civil War would be the logical result of the Parliament Act, and Ulster has already proved the justice of our prophecy. We have had eight years of the Radical Democracy, and the sum of its achievement is to have spoiled the temper of the country and to have brought us within reasonable distance of such a revolution as we have not known since the seventeenth century.

Meanwhile Mr Asquith has reduced England to the level of a South American Republic. He is ready, it seems, to fight for his place, or to bid others fight, as they did in the brave old days of South American adventure. He ruled who could win to his side the

larger number of armed men; and as Mr Asquith fondly hopes that the British Army is at his beck and call, he may still preserve, for a while, his faith in Liberal principles. What these principles are it is not easy to surmise after the speeches that have been made during the last few months. When Señor Castro and his like were supreme, they recalled to the writers of leading articles the reckless antics of comic opera. No comic opera that ever was written would do justice to the ridiculous situation in which we live to-day. The valiant Radicals who, like Mr George, encouraged the Boers to fight their best against the British Army, are now relying upon the British Army to thrust Ulster out of the Union against her will. A valiant feat, truly, to be performed by the champions of Peace at any Price! The spouters in Nonconformist chapels have converted themselves into Bobadils and Drawcansirs. At the very moment when they denounce the machinations of Rome, they insist that the honest Presbyterians of Ulster should be shot down because they share their fear of Papistry. They believe that the voice of the majority is far nearer to sanctity than the voice of religion; and if they carry their new principles to a logical conclusion, they will convert their chapels, now political agencies, into barracks. They admit the hardship, but insist that Ulster must be coerced at all costs. If the Presbyterians of the North of

Ireland suffer injustice they can leave their homes. This is the advice of the humane Mr Horton, who does not condescend to explain why the Ulstermen should leave their homes, or who are to pay their fares to a freer land, and compensate them for their displacement. The ingenious Dr Clifford has a simpler remedy. If the Ulstermen are put upon, says he, let them organise a vast system of Passive Resistance. That he believes to be the cure for all political injustice. Has he not sold his own inkpot and fire-irons, or whatever objects of art arrest the eye of the bailiffs' man, times without number and to excellent purpose? Have not these useful or ornamental articles been bought back and laid at his feet by munificent admirers? We have no means of knowing, yet should we be surprised if some such tribute had not been paid to his wisdom and eloquence. And surely what is good enough for Dr Clifford is good enough for Ulster. Let Ulster, then, obey the voice of Mr Devlin, do service with lip and mind to the Molly Maguires, and take comfort in the thought that by Passive Resistance all their hopes may be attained, all their wishes satisfied.

History cannot show a more wildly fantastic comedy than is being enacted to-day in the strongholds of Radicalism. And the leaders have amply justified the grotesque absurdities of their pious followers. We need not, of course, pay the smallest attention to the utterances of Mr Runciman, Mr

M'Kenna, and the other party hacks. When they breathe fire and slaughter, we suppose they know what is acceptable to their earnest brethren. As they are not likely to be consulted in the end, they speak without knowledge or authority. We cannot wholly neglect what has been said by Mr Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, though we confess that we have found them most difficult to understand. Of late, however, they seem to have passed beyond the rudimentary stage of the discussion. They have not stooped to the insolence which the rank and file of their party take for argument. They have made no jokes about wooden guns. They have not charged the men of Ulster, who are prepared to fight for their religion and their homes, with "bluff and blackmail." But the note of statesmanship has been lacking from their speeches. They are content, it seems, to wait upon events. Leeds is too ready to surrender what Ladybank proposed. Mr Asquith forgets that it is a leader's business to lead, that he is false to his trust if he asks the other side to frame proposals for him. The profession of a willingness to compromise is idle if the terms be not forthcoming, and Mr Redmond sternly refuses to permit the offer of terms. Thus the Government vacillates hither and thither, giving on the one hand, taking back with the other, until we know no more than that Mr Asquith and his colleagues are desper-

ately nervous, yet put their trust in nothing more secure than in the operation of chance. They are as resolute as ever "to wait and see." The most that they will admit is a readiness to consider any suggestion which does not endanger the principle of the Bill. This admission carries us no way at all. For in the first place, as we have said, it is not the business of the Opposition to make suggestions. In the second, it is the very principle of the Bill which Ulster will not accept.

Thus the agony is drawn out from day to day. For months we have been told that the exchange of platform speeches will bring us no nearer to peace, and nothing has been given us save platform speeches. The Radicals, always more voluble than their opponents, seem to recognise that they are weaving ropes of sand. "The preliminaries to peace," says Mr Birrell, "cannot be settled on half a dozen rival platforms by half a dozen different orators making half a dozen different speeches, and invariably not using, as no form of liturgy has yet been established, exactly the same language. Let us see whether they cannot themselves, and our leaders, come to some arrangement on that point. Half a dozen gramophones, each grinding out patriotic tunes, 'The Wearing of the Green' one day, and 'Boyne Water' the other, will not promote harmony." That is true enough. It is hardly worth saying, when the Radical

leaders are unwilling or unable to recede an inch from the position which they have taken up.

The platform, indeed, is the one resource left us, if we would not add to our present dangers the danger of public apathy. But the platform is insufficient, if Mr Asquith and his fire-eating dissenters are not determined to plunge the country into civil war. There must come a moment when, in Mr Redmond's despite, the Government must make up its mind, and the sooner that moment comes the better will it be for the Government. At present we are without guidance. The policy of patience, vaunted by Mr Asquith, has become a policy of drift. The members of the Cabinet accept no policy. They bow to no discipline. No sooner does Sir Edward Grey suggest the temporary exclusion of Ulster, than Mr McKenna furiously repudiates such an expedient. If Mr Churchill, in a pacific interval, proposes a measure of conciliation, Mr Redmond insolently decides for "full steam ahead." Is it any wonder, then, that the country puts no faith in the prospect of peace?

Thus the members of our imperious Cabinet go up and down the country, speaking with many tongues. One day, in a bellicose temper, Mr Churchill speaks boldly of bloodshed; yet he has not the excuse of ignorance, which some of his colleagues may plead. He has been in Ulster, and saw with his own eyes how many men

were required to save his life. Mr George, again, imprudently guided, playfully sketched a second performance of the French Revolution, and reminded the landed gentry what their kind endured at the hands of the French mob. This incentive to revolution did not, we imagine, goad many of his audience to fury. But Mr George should carry his belated study of history a step farther. He would then discover that the Jacobins, who imbrued their hands in the blood of better men than themselves, presently found their own road to the scaffold, and proved that if they had discovered the way to kill, they had not discovered, as did the aristocrats, the way to die. However, the noisy rhetoric of Messrs Churchill and George need not appal us. They are merely giving us a demonstration of the facts already noted, that the death of the House of Lords made revolution inevitable, and that the ideal of our Radical Government is the ideal of the South American Republics—he will win who, neglecting the poor discarded ballot-box, collects more of the munitions of war than his fellows.

In the midst of all this idle racket Sir Edward Carson stands unmoved and immovable. If Mr Asquith changes his mind from day to day, Sir Edward remains always the same. He has the supreme merit of knowing precisely what he wants, and he speaks with the authority of an undivided Ulster. In one corner

of the British Isles, at any rate, there is unanimity. For thirty years Ulster has been a pawn in the political game. She has been threatened with enslavement ever since Mr Gladstone found it convenient, in the very teeth of his colleagues, to take up the cause of Home Rule. And Ulster has had enough of uncertainty. In the full knowledge that, if she fight, she will be right, she is determined to put an end to the intrigue in which her enemies have involved her. She cares as little for conferences as for soft words. Her citizens are prepared to lay down their lives, if only they may secure freedom for their children. It is the clearest indication of their determined spirit that they have taken their measures and drilled their troops without noise or bluster. It is theirs not to talk but to do, and Sir Edward Carson, their chosen leader, speaks always like a man of action. In vain you will search his speeches for a hint of rhetoric. He displays that economy of speech which marks all great leaders. He knows well that the crisis is too grave for the ornaments of eloquence. The very simplicity of his language carries conviction to the hearts of his hearers. Though he does not underrate the seriousness of his task, he is very patient; yet his is the patience not of uncertainty but of a settled mind. He is not waiting for something to turn up. What he will do when the time comes is certain. It is for the other

side to give the provocation. His covenanters have signed their covenant, and are ready to answer whatever call may be made upon them. So he seeks neither conference nor compromise, content to pursue the course which he and those who trust him have marked out. He cares as little for Mr Asquith's vague hints at agreement as for the proclamation prohibiting the importation of arms and ammunition into Ireland. If Mr Asquith has anything to say, he is willing to hear it. He refuses to listen when the Prime Minister "pays lip-service to propositions which no man dare contend with." As to the prohibition of arms, he laughs it to scorn. Why should the Government take so stern a measure of precaution against wooden guns? And he estimates the value of the daring proclamation by a simple retrospect. "A short time ago," he said at Plymouth, "there was an Act in force called the Peace Preservation Act. That was an Act that regulated in Ireland the whole question of the distribution and registration of arms. When this Government came into power, the Nationalist party, which kept them in power, said to the Government, 'It is contrary to all liberty that there should be in force an Act regulating the distribution of arms in Ireland, and we call upon you to repeal it.' The Government said, 'Certainly.' That was in 1906, and for seven years, at the dictation of the Nationalist party, they have allowed the leaguers, the moon-

lighters, and the cattle-drivers to arm as much as they pleased, because their policy was not to stay with England, but to get away from England, and therefore it was right they should be armed. Then they found that Ulster was arming, but their ambition was to stay with England. What a disgraceful ambition! 'Do you not see,' they said, 'what it might lead to if we allowed anything like that? We might be turned out of office, and look what a calamity that would be.' And so the Nationalists came forward and said, 'We have fully armed in the last six years, and now look at these criminals, like Carson, in the north of Ireland. We are told they are getting in arms, and they are pretending to be drilling. Surely, Mr Asquith, you are not going to allow this to go on.' 'Certainly not,' he said." There is the whole history of the proclamation, and it is not likely that Sir Edward Carson and his friends should pay the smallest attention to it.

In brief, Sir Edward refuses, for himself and for Ulster, to abandon the essential and elementary rights of citizenship; and so long as this refusal is absolute it is difficult to see what kind of a compromise will better the situation. After the history of the last few years we have a natural distrust of conferences. Unless the leaders of the Radical party have undergone a change of heart, little good can come of a frank and candid discussion. If representatives of either party

are to meet profitably about a table, we must presuppose good faith. And with the best will in the world we do not expect to find good faith in the words or deeds of Mr Asquith. The preamble of the Parliament Act sticks in our throat. We cannot forget that when the Home Rule Bill was introduced it was stated in palliation that it was the first step in a federal system. Yet it was so framed as to outrage the very first principles of federalism. Moreover, the Home Rule Bill has been from first to last a move in the party game. It was not devised by men who passionately believed that they were working for the good of Ireland. If Mr Redmond and his men had not held a position of command in the House of Commons, we should never have heard a single word of Home Rule. The project was not discussed in the election addresses of 1910. It was wholly ignored when Mr Asquith was master of a British majority. Its furtherance was no more and no less than the price paid to Mr Redmond for keeping the Radicals in power and consenting to pass measures obviously unpopular in Ireland. In brief, Mr Asquith has got himself into trouble and dragged the country to the verge of civil war, not for a principle but for the merely selfish purpose of keeping himself and his friends in comfortable positions of emolument under the Crown. He has done wrong and he should suffer for it. But he does not like suffering. He

clings feverishly to office, and his vague talk of discussion is no better than an appeal to the pity of the classes which he has wronged and insulted. Why should these classes come to his rescue? He himself must pay the penalty for his own recklessness. If he is sincere in his wish to avoid the horrors of civil war, let him withdraw his Home Rule Bill altogether. If he has not the courage to do this, then he must bear the brunt of the gravest of political crimes, and see the Radical party broken for a generation by its selfish incompetence.

And even if a compromise were possible, the Unionist party has no right to countenance it. Mr Bonar Law has demanded with perfect justice an appeal to the people. Unless that appeal be granted, he cannot discuss the ways and means of disruption with Mr Asquith. He declared at Carnarvon that the chance of settlement was becoming daily more remote. He offered terms to the Government, which were generous and we hope final. "If the Government has any proposal to make," said he, "which holds out even the prospect of avoiding the evils which we dread, we shall consider it without any regard to party advantage or disadvantage, but with the sole regard to the welfare of the nation." And in saying this he goes beyond rather than falls short of what is demanded of him. Nor can any good come of the

offer, if Mr Asquith does not take it up in a spirit of genuine humility.

But is a compromise possible? Not unless Mr Asquith withdraws the Bill now before the country, and drafts another in closer accord with the requirements of the case and the principles of federation. The present Bill admits of no compromise, and its framers have no right to expect a compromise while it remains in existence. More than this, the Unionist party in consenting to a modification of the present Bill would exceed the powers which the country has entrusted to it. If Mr Asquith has no mandate to pass the Bill, as the Unionists assert, then the Unionists have no mandate to amend it. In any case, before the present Bill or even a new Bill be passed, the opinion of the electorate must be taken. As the House of Lords is no longer permitted to perform its duty of revision, then another way must be found. An appeal to the country is the only method by which we can preserve even a semblance of democratic government. But if Mr Asquith and his colleagues cling to office and their Bill in spite of Ulster, we must face the future with an assured confidence that the first shot fired in the north of Ireland will show us a pathway to reality, and will prove that a flood of rhetoric and a docile majority are not the only or the best means of governing a great Empire.

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PLAIN SPEECH ABOUT INDIA.

"Firmness and justice are the only policy for India ; no vacillation, or you are gone. They like to be governed ; and respect an iron hand, if it be but equal and just."—JAMES WILSON.¹

To attract intelligent notice for the affairs of India is perhaps beyond the wit of man to compass. We know that India is the brightest jewel of the Imperial Crown ; we are dimly conscious that on its retention rests our position as a great Empire. But alike in Parliamentary debate and in social discourse it is a tedious theme. Year by year, to empty benches, sleek Under-Secretaries, with the infallibility of youth, emit streams of rhetorical platitudes ; cry "Peace, Peace" ; and incidentally administer parental counsel to Viceroy, Governors, Judges, and those in authority under our King. The retired Indian Member is a bore, to be shunned in the House and in the Lobby. In real life, with his stale old stories of

tigers and elephants and his tiresome shop, the Anglo-Indian is even more frankly contemned. Therefore, the affairs of India are left to the tender mercies of Ministers, without effective criticism or control. Probably no one man in the Empire can, if he so desires, exercise more despotic power than the Secretary of State for India. We do not expect to arouse the nation from this lassitude. But it shall not be said that no effort has been made to set forth the naked truth. So entirely misguided is public opinion that people who profess to think at all actually regard Lord Morley's administration of the India Office as eminently satisfactory and successful. The truth is that the history of the past few

¹ Cited Bagehot's *Literary Studies* (ed. 1898), iii. 349.

years of Indian Government is an amazing record of ignorance, folly, and incapacity.

Eight years ago, vanquished in the struggle for constitutional principles, Lord Curzon laid down his office. Notwithstanding some faults of manner, some defects of character, he stands high in the ranks of Governors-General. He brought to India the finest ideal of duty, untiring industry, zeal for efficient administration, the statesman's foresight and breadth of vision, a combination of qualities rarely equalled, perhaps never surpassed. He roused apathetic officials and set before them his own high standard. But though he examined and reformed many branches of the administration, though he divided Bengal and the Punjab, he made and aspired to make no fundamental changes in the essentials of Government. The District Officer, the corner-stone of the fabric of our rule, was encouraged and supported. The Executive Council, consisting of tried and experienced officers, for whose appointment, however, the Governor-General is not directly responsible, retained its constitutional place and had the determining voice in matters of importance. Though Lord Curzon had the weakness incident to active-minded men of meddling too much with details, this was an accident not of the essence of his system. Want of sympathy with the natives of the country has never been alleged against him by his bitterest enemies. But he recognised and upheld the principle that it is the

business of governors to govern. In his eyes, the mission of Britain in India was the maintenance of peace and order, the dispensing of equal justice, the advancement of the moral and material progress of all races and classes. And in his work he associated Indians so far as they were qualified to take part. So it was that when Lord Minto came he found India at peace, prospering under the strong hand, sedition doubtless alive but not daring to raise its head.

A few weeks later Mr Morley became Secretary of State for India, and at once began the work of destroying the fabric built up by so many years of toil, cemented by the blood of heroes, adorned by the civic virtues of the greatest line of administrators the world has known. What is the history of India in the past seven years up to the present day? It is a record of sedition boldly stalking in the streets and rampant in the Press, of outrage and murder, of relaxation of the bonds of discipline, of spasmodic exercise of despotic powers which under firmer rule would have lain dormant. If these are the fruits of successful administration, Lord Morley's administration was indeed successful.

Lord Morley is an eminent man of letters, with characteristic defects induced by journalistic training, and a stout party-man. As was bluntly suggested when the worm turned in the House of Lords, he had learnt administration not in the school of

action but by sitting in a study reading and writing books. Curiously ignorant of the history and conditions of India, he, the doctrinaire in *excelsis*, arrogated to himself all knowledge and all power in the arbitrary manner peculiar to the Radical in office. Evolving from his own consciousness an idea of India, he decreed the reform of its institutions, the subversal of the theory and practice of its government. For rule from Calcutta and Simla, by and with the advice of wise and experienced counselors, was substituted governance from Whitehall without advice of any kind. The Government of India was degraded from its constitutional place of responsible director of the Empire, subject of course to the ultimate control of the Secretary of State and Parliament, to that of a mere agent of the Minister. For the first time we heard of the administration of the Secretary of State, not of the Viceroy. Council was flouted and practically ignored. The time-honoured phrase, "the Governor-General in Council," became obsolete. In all public pronouncements reference was made to the views of the Secretary of State and the Viceroy. For all its use, the Council might have ceased to be.

But the main object of Radical contempt and abhorrence was the Civil Service of India. This great and renowned Service, which has earned the considered appreciation not only of Viceroys and Ministers, but also of other

qualified observers and critics of all nations, seems to have been specially obnoxious to Lord Morley, who had the advantage of never having seen it at work. Most Civil Servants are occupied in the direct administration of Indian districts, earning a modest competence, gaining no special distinction, seeking no public praise. Their days are dedicated to the cause of the voiceless millions. In quiet times they labour steadily for the good of their people. In times of plague and famine they and equally devoted members of sister Services lay down their lives for those in their charge. These are the men who have at heart the prosperity and progress of the peasant and artisan, for whom the Indian demagogue cares as much as for a colony of ants. Ignorant writers draw invidious comparisons between civilians in the Company's time and those selected by competition. As a matter of fact, on the average, certainly up to quite recent years, civilians were much the same under both systems. It is an insult to Haileybury to suggest that her sons were wanting in learning or intelligence. It is an insult to civilians since 1856 to suppose that they have been only academically distinguished. The mere book-worm seldom wishes to come to India. He stays at home and becomes a college don or a clerk, perhaps even a journalist and a Minister. The youth who responds to the call of the East is attracted by the prospect of a life of incident

and adventure, by the vision of slaying tiger and rhinoceros. True, it is recorded of one young competitioner that he reproved his Collector with the weighty words, "I did not come to India to see wild duck." But he was an exception, and came to an untimely end. Many competitioners are drawn to India by family associations. Year after year the old names crop up—Bayleys, Colvins, Lowises, Durands. Moreover, let those who despise pre-eminence in examinations as a test of capacity for government take heart. Of late those foremost in the academic race shy at the thought of exile and prefer an office stool in London, choosing rather to sign dog-licences than to rule men. Soon the reproach of book-learning will no longer afflict the Service. But, however selected, the Civil Service has maintained its high traditions and shown itself worthy of its trust. To imagine that our officers have become mere clerks and report-writers, without sympathy with or knowledge of the people, is simply to display entire ignorance of the conditions of district life. Those who know with what silent courage and constancy all officers have gone on doing their duty in places rife with sedition, need no further evidence that the present members of the Service are worthy successors of their fathers.

It is this Service that Lord Morley seems to have conceived it his mission to depress. Hardly could he mention it

or its members without a sneer. To deprive it of posts to which it had a traditional right was an obvious device steadily put into practice. When provinces were to be rearranged, the retrograde step was taken of giving Bengal a Governor in Council, so that the office might be filled—to use the words of the Government of India—by men of mediocre ability from home rather than administrators trained in India. Yet one would suppose that local knowledge and experience might be suitable qualifications for the head of a province. Not, of course, if you are going to rule in accordance with Western ideas, the deadly sin of the new system. Small wonder if there are signs that the Service is ceasing to be attractive to the best men.

The blatant Bengali, the truculent Mahratta, the frothy demagogue of Bombay, all hailed the advent of a Radical Minister, and recognised that their opportunity had come. Very soon the unchecked licence of the Press was followed by the inevitable result, murders and outrages. Half-hearted attempts were made to suppress sedition and its incitements; not that free speech and free action were disapproved on principle, but because, as has been well said, "no Ministry could maintain itself which was proved guilty of culpable negligence in measures for" the defence of India. A shattering catastrophe there would have roused the three Kingdoms from slumber and

shaken the Government to its base. Hence, plausible measures of repression, Press Acts, Public Meetings Acts, deportations, quite inconsistent with Radical doctrine, but unhappily necessitated by fear of some overwhelming cataclysm which even the people of Britain could not meet unmoved. In every case these salutary measures were weakened by reservations and safeguards which made them only half effective.

Partly in conformity with Radical prepossessions, partly under pressure of agitation, sedition, and violence, the policy of conciliation was steadily pursued. It should never be forgotten that the seditious movement is not in any sense popular. It is the ebullition of the froth and scum. Here is no silent upheaval of an oppressed people groaning under a tyrannical sway. The noisy demagogues who declaim against British rule, who declare their desire to free their country from the yoke of the conqueror, who have patented the palpable invention of an Indian nation struggling for freedom, represent none but themselves and a comparatively scanty body of half-educated followers. These people have no sympathy with the masses of their countrymen, peacefully pursuing their lawful callings under the benign protection of the despised District Officer. The actual number of malcontents is infinitesimal compared with the silent millions who are more than satisfied with our rule. Why should they not be satisfied? They

enjoy a larger measure of peace and security, more equal justice, more amenities of life than at any previous period of their history. What the demagogues desire is place and power for themselves, not any alleviation of the lot of the common herd. It was to appease these leaders of opinion that measures of reform were thrust upon an astonished Empire. The policy announced was a policy of conciliation. The men to be conciliated were sedition-mongers and anarchists.

With a flourish of trumpets reforms of Council were introduced. What was the real effect of this much-vaunted eirenicon? If Lord Morley voiced their intention, it was not the design of Government to establish any semblance of a Parliamentary system. Certainly the reforms went a very little way towards that end. Legislative Councils were enlarged and in most provinces placed on some sort of elective basis. In the Imperial Council a rabble of elected members was admitted, but provision was made for a bare majority of officials. To secure this majority it was necessary to appoint every officer of standing connected with the Central Government to be a member of the Legislative Council. These unhappy men have to sit for hours listening to the pentecostal eloquence of elected members when they should be at work in their offices or seeking knowledge in the provinces. Even the Commander-in-Chief, in the intervals of dealing with

the Military Member's files, sits in Council and has no chance of keeping in touch with the Army. The strain of this additional labour must be excessive. It is imposed solely to prevent a resolution being carried against Government by the elective vote. Not that such a resolution would have any effect. Government can treat it with as much or as little respect as they think fit.¹ Legislative Councils, Imperial or Provincial, have no real power. They have no control over the Executive. They can debate, ask questions, and pass resolutions. Subject to rigid restrictions, they are allowed even to discuss the sacred Budget. But no Provincial Council can impose, modify, or repeal any tax, or make any material change in financial policy or in the details of financial administration. The Imperial Council could do all these things but for the jealously preserved official majority. All Councils can legislate. But no

Bill unsupported by Government has any chance of being enacted. Even if a Provincial Council should pass a measure disapproved by Government, the Governor or Lieutenant-Governor has the absolute power of veto without reference to any other authority. Council reforms have merely resulted in serious obstruction to the regular routine of administration. They have allowed a vent for streams of turgid rhetoric, aptly likened by a lamented Home Member to the preaching of wild curates. Doubtless it was intended that the licence of unlimited speech would provide a safety-valve for the innocuous emission of dangerous steam. How far this expectation has been fulfilled let the tale of dacoity, violence, and murder of the past few years declare, let the Viceroy's recent visit to Calcutta illustrate.² Again, to speak of Councils as representative is an outrage on common-sense. The people are

¹ At the opening of the winter session of the Bengal Legislative Council Lord Carmichael made a significant speech in reference to attempts to defeat the Government. A short time ago his Excellency expressed the hope that he would have a "live Council," and his words were apparently taken to mean that it was the duty of the Opposition to endeavour to get the better of the Government by snap divisions. Lord Carmichael has now pointed out that a regular Opposition such as that in the House of Commons is impossible in an Indian Legislative Assembly, where the Executive cannot be displaced and where a defeat of the Government does not necessarily lead to any result.—'The Times,' December 26, 1913.

² The nature of the police precautions which were taken during the visit of Lord Hardinge is the subject of general discussion. No functions were held in the city itself, and even the University Convocation was held at Government House. No crowds were permitted to congregate in the streets on the route followed by the Viceregal processions, and the thoroughfares were heavily guarded by police and soldiers. The Viceregal train left Howrah Station, from which all but officials were excluded, and the railway was guarded for a hundred miles by police standing four feet apart and bearing torches. The general public did not have a glimpse of Lord Hardinge.—'The Times,' December 29, 1913.

no better represented than of yore; except those who would have seats under a system of nomination, the elected members represent only the least worthy classes of the community. Partly the fruit of political theories bearing no relation to local conditions, partly a concession to seditious propaganda, condemned on both these grounds, the crowning disgrace of these Reforms is that they are a mere sham, that they confer no benefit on any one.

The way to give Indians real power is to appoint them to high office, such as the Memberships of Executive Councils. This plan also has been adopted; its extension will have far-reaching effect. We are entirely in sympathy with the desire of Indians to take a part in the Administration; but we insist on the essential condition that those appointed to responsible posts should be fully qualified by loyalty, character, and ability. We are willing to stand by the Queen's Proclamation. If the Government of India or the Secretary of State can honestly say, "This Native gentleman is the best man of any race we can find to be a Member of Council or Lieutenant-Governor," we should regard the selection as justified. Notoriously, this is not the case. Appointments to Executive Councils, Imperial and Provincial, have been made solely for the sake of providing seats for Natives. It cannot be suggested that either of the worthy gentlemen,

drawn from his happy home by the persistent supplication of Government to occupy the seat of Macaulay, Mayne, and Stephen, was better qualified for the post than many British lawyers. The same is true of the appointment of obscure Native gentlemen to the Council of India. To adapt the hackneyed jest, there is no nonsense about merit in these jobs. So is the Queen's Proclamation set at naught; respect is paid to class and colour; a differentiation is made against race, the race of India's rulers and benefactors.

People prate of Indian national sentiment. In vain, with passionate emphasis, we repeat that there is not, and cannot be, an Indian nation. As well speak of a European nation. Rajputs, Sikhs, Tamils, Mahrattas, Bengalis, Burmans, would be an odd conglomerate as a nation. The encouragement of this futile idea, the respect paid to the so-called Indian National Congress, is a dangerous source of mischief. If the British Empire ceased to exist, no Indian nation would take its place. Anarchy, confusion, and bloodshed would ensue; nor would demagogues be in the ascendant. That would be the only consolation. But, alas for the peasant, the trader, and the artisan!

Finally, the present Government, not as has been ridiculously suggested the Civil Service, has succeeded in alienating the Mahomedan community. Till recently, while some Hindus were openly

hostile, Mahomedans of all classes stood firm and loyal. What was their reward? The shameful breach of trust involved in the reversal of the partition of Bengal; concession to seditious agitation, while loyalty was accepted as a matter of course; the final insult of the offer, as a solatium, of the establishment of the capital at Delhi. It was reserved for Lord Hardinge to finish the work by showing plainly that he was ready to yield to violence and let law-breakers go unpunished.

Is there a remedy for these things, or has the mischief become so great as to be irreparable? It is difficult to say. We can at least try. Obviously the first step is to send as Viceroy a strong man who will not truckle to sedition, or consent to be a mere tool in the hands of the Secretary of State. We trust that Lord Kitchener may be spared from his great work in Egypt and be sent to infuse vigour into the administration of India. Abolish the farce of sham

representative institutions. Let loyalty and character be once more the tests of qualification for office. Restore the reign of firmness and justice. Rule with the strong and righteous hand. Suppress the licence of inflammatory speech and writing, and punish treason as the worst of crimes, not as an amiable if regrettable weakness. If possible, evolve a scheme of real education for the building up of character, not for the attainment of a smattering of learning without regard to morals or manners. Re-establish the position of the District Officer, and let him govern on lines suitable to the East, not by persuasion and conciliation of the lawyer and schoolmaster, but by strength and wisdom and paternal care. So long as we try to graft Western institutions on the East, we must fail. The only chance is administration in accordance with the genius of the peoples of the several provinces, seasoned with the salt of British justice, faith, and valour.

SAN CRISTOFORO AND MARIA ASSUNTA.

BY ST JOHN LUCAS.

OF the many unsympathetic personages that are encountered by the student of ecclesiastical history during the course of his researches, not the least offensive are the hard fathers of dogma who were wont to inhabit stinking caves, mud huts, and vacant sepulchres, and to devote their leisure entirely to working out their own salvation in an insanitary gloom. In pleasant contrast to these depressing troglodytes, each glowering in the darkness like a peevish dog over his own particular bone of private salvation, shine the names of those saints and good men who, for all their pre-eminent merit, did not despise the homely tasks of everyday existence, but transfigured into deathless examples the most ordinary affairs, such as the slaying of dragons and the taming of savage hearts in bears and in wolves by means of their own excellent virtue. Nor are those worthy men a whit less admirable who (whether from their physical disability or from a wise propensity on the part of the monsters to shun conflicts in which they invariably suffered decapitation) were unable to wage war against gryphons and horned serpents, yet did not disdain the sweet and humble services of life, and performed the meanest labours with a cheerful heart; teaching kindness and tolerance, helping the

needy, living in the open air, and forgetting all about Arians and Pelagians and the flames that ravened for the damned. It was in such a spirit, one likes to think, that Sant' Antonio Abate kept a fatherly eye on all poor beasts of burden, being especially the patron of mules; it was in such a spirit that San Juan of Tarragona watched over the morals of young persons engaged in the vinegar trade, and San Filippo Neri founded his immortal institution, the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon; it was in this spirit, finally, that San Cristoforo turned himself into a human ferry-boat and, many centuries afterwards, gave a sign unto the faithful, vindicated the innocent, and punished the guilty in the most practical possible manner. His beautiful legend is known to every one, but the later prodigy that he wrought may possibly have escaped the reader's attention, since it does not, as yet, appear in official biographies of the holy man.

It happened in Italy, at a small city called Acquacasciante. You will search Baedeker, by the way, in vain for Acquacasciante, though it was once a walled stronghold of some importance; it lies far away from the track of the tourist, in the beautiful country south of Ancona, within sight of the Monte Conero. I my-

self, who brag freely concerning my knowledge of Italy, discovered it by accident: I was travelling in the slowest train ever devised by the naughtiness of railway companies, when, at a wayside station, a telegram was handed to the engine-driver. He read it, and without a word, descended from the antique machine that he had urged, and vanished utterly from our midst. On inquiring the reason of this unusual action, I was told that he had received information of a strike which he felt himself bound to join. No one in the station knew how to drive an engine, so I, too, descended from the train, and perceiving a picturesque little town on the slopes of a hill about a mile away, shouldered my ruik-sack and set out for it. It was hoped, though hardly expected, that an expert on engines would arrive in three or four hours; but I decided that, if I could find a passable inn, I would stay the night at Acquacasciante, for I had begun to regard the train as the most offensive of my natural enemies.

I was amply rewarded for my enterprise; Acquacasciante proved to be a very pleasant little city. Its walls were apparently of immense antiquity; their base, I imagine, was Etruscan. The Palazzo Comunale and the Cathedral were thirteenth-century buildings with their exteriors agreeably unrestored. But, alas! although these edifices dated from so interesting an epoch, the only house of entertainment which a somewhat wild

imagination might have dignified with the name of an inn was an absolutely conservative relic of some remote age when civilisation was not, and men lived like vermin in the rocks. I withdrew from it, shuddering, and made for the Cathedral, feeling, as I crossed the piazza, the scornful stare of the *padrona*, a lady of aggressively masculine aspect with a black moustache, burning a hole through my ruik-sack to my shoulder-blades.

The interior of the Cathedral, except that it afforded sanctuary from the hirsute female, was disappointing; it was whitewashed and bare except for its tawdry altars, which were decorated with a great number of cherubim belonging to what might be called the pneumatic period of fleshly art. There were a few pictures in the same style over the altars, but one, which hung from a column in the nave, made amends for them all—an admirably realised and painted scene of the great event in St Christopher's life. It was a small panel, about two feet by eighteen inches in size, and it was somewhat dark, but a brief inspection convinced me that it was the work, if not of one of the greatest masters, at any rate of an original and powerful artist. In many respects it reminded me strongly of the highly realistic method of Antonio Pollaiuolo. The firmly planted figure of Christopher, a robust and muscular old man, expressed wonderfully his twofold effort to sustain the superhuman burden on his

shoulders and to find secure foothold in the swirling yellow waters; perfectly balanced, he was leaning slightly forward and testing the bed of the stream with a huge, knotted staff. He was of gigantic stature, and his bearded face had a peculiarly attractive expression of passionate energy.

I noticed that the lower part of the column to which the picture had been fixed was covered with a multitude of votive inscriptions, ranging from an ordinary black-edged visiting-card, with a *San Cristoforo B^{mo} mille grazie* written on it in a large round hand, to ugly tinsel hearts and crowns with the initials of the donor inscribed on a scroll below them. Evidently San Cristoforo was a person of importance in Acquacasciante. I tried to obtain some information about the picture from an aged and decrepit crone who was pretending to wash the choir stalls, but her teeth had gone the way of all teeth, and I could not understand anything that she mumbled, beyond the fact that San Cristoforo was a *gran santo* and had wrought miracles. As an art critic she was a failure, but she was no fool; I presented her with a lira, and had the felicity, as I departed, of hearing her test its quality on the altar steps.

On my return to the station I found that there was no prospect of the train starting for two hours. My few fellow-passengers had vanished, and the only living things in the place were the stationmaster,

a gnarled and antique porter, and half a dozen dusty hens. The stationmaster, a corpulent and cheerful person, seemed hugely amused by the engine-driver's escapade, but condoled politely with me on my position, and inquired if I had enjoyed my visit to the little city. I discovered that he was a native of Acquacasciante, and very proud of his birthplace, though he lamented that, socially speaking, it lacked excitement. The only occasion on which it became festive, he added, was during the week of the great pilgrimage.

I revealed my ignorance of this important event, and he favoured me with a graphic description of the vast army of pilgrims which invaded Acquacasciante once a year; of their festivities, their quaint customs, their glorious squabbles and dramatic reconciliations. The town authorities, apparently, were hard put to it to find them lodging; the inn kept by the lady with the moustache was filled by them (I heard this with feelings of pity and horror) from cellar to attic; they dwelt in the stables with the cows, and on the roofs with the cats. The Cathedral, with all its lamps and candles blazing, was open all night long, and many of the poorest pilgrims actually lived in it for the holy week. The great majority of these votaries consisted of *contadini* from the surrounding districts, and they, said the stationmaster, behaved noisily but excellently; it was only the strangers from farther south who were *maleducati*,

and occasionally alleviated the monotony of religious exercises by practical demonstrations of their skill with the knife. Altogether, a gay time for peaceful Acquacasciante. He advised me strongly to visit the city during the celebrations; the procession of the Holy Picture was alone well worth seeing, with all the *contadini* in their different costumes, and the children of the city carrying garlands of flowers.

I remembered then the votive offerings in the Cathedral. "The Holy Picture?" I said. "Which picture is that?"

The stationmaster looked surprised and almost hurt. "Did you not see it, signore?" he asked. "The picture of the saint which hangs on the column in the Cathedral?"

"Ah! San Cristoforo?" I said.

He nodded vehemently. "Without doubt," he answered. "It is for him that they make the pilgrimage. They are always hoping that he will come out again, but as yet he has not done so."

"Come out again?" I echoed. The stationmaster looked at me with pity.

"Is it possible, signore," he demanded, "that you have not heard of the miracle of Acquacasciante?"

"Not a word," said I, feeling grossly ignorant.

He contemplated me for a moment, then glanced round the station. It was empty; even the antique *facchino* had disappeared. He looked at his watch.

"There is more than an hour," he said. "If it will not weary you, signore, I will tell you the story. I was in the city when the miracle happened, and know all the facts. Indeed, who but I should know them so thoroughly? Signore, Maria Assunta is now my wife."

"And who in the world is Maria Assunta?" I demanded, bewildered. This time the stationmaster seemed really hurt, but he recovered after a moment.

"Ah! I forgot that you know nothing," he said nobly. Then he waved his hand towards a door which was labelled *Capo Stazione*. "If you will be so kind as to come in here," he added, "you shall hear all—all."

That was how I learnt about San Cristoforo—his remarkable reappearance and confounding of the wicked. If only, instead of my cold prose, I could give it you in the words of the stationmaster, and convey some hint of his gestures, his mimicry, the varying intonations of his fat, jolly voice, his manner of rolling his black eyes! But even if this were possible his speech would lose all charm in translation, and it is better for me to tell you the story as I remember it. I forgot to say that the stationmaster held that the picture was painted not by Pollaiuolo, but by some angel whose name I cannot recall.

Maria Assunta was twelve years old, tall and straight and as brown as a ripe fil-

bert. She lived with and drudged for her uncle by marriage, Aurelio Zappi, who had a base and greedy soul, and her Aunt Giannina, a woman conspicuously wanting in personal charm. Slappings, strappings, and curses were the portion of Maria Assunta; Aunt Giannina had a theory that to send her supperless to bed was an excellent tonic for her digestion; and Uncle Aurelio, when he returned from talking politics at the Croce Bianca, would playfully use her as a target for all the pots and pans in the kitchen. Fortunately his eye—to employ the language of athletics—was slow, and Maria Assunta soon became an adept in the arts of dodging, running, and taking cover.

Shortly before the time when this history begins Uncle Aurelio had been appointed pro-sacristan to the Cathedral—the real sacristan, to whom he had long been understudy, having retired to his bed with a permanent rheumatism. Aurelio was a profound believer in the modern creed that every woman should be educated to work, and consequently Maria Assunta led an energetic life of step-washing, altar-scrubbing, saint-and-cherub-dusting, and gained an extensive acquaintance with the interior of the old church; Aurelio, meanwhile, talked on religious subjects with the official char-woman, to the great disgust of Aunt Giannina.

Maria Assunta, on the whole, was fairly miserable, though there were great and

consoling days when she played truant and ran barefoot along the hot, dusty roads, or lay on the sun-dried slope of the hillside and tried to tame grasshoppers. Such excursions brought in their revenges, but Maria Assunta's slender body had become remarkably hardened to straps and sticks, and when she laid her aching limbs to rest she invariably decided that the crime was more than worth the chastisement, and that she would escape again on the first opportunity. Evasion, however, was difficult; often, when she seemed to have given Aurelio the slip, a heavy hand would descend on her shoulder, squeeze it like a vice, and shake her till her teeth made a noise like the castanets rattled by little boys in the streets. At first, after this happened, Maria Assunta had wept loudly and invoked the aid of Heaven and the neighbours; but latterly she would endure the onslaught in sullen silence, and then bite Uncle Aurelio's fingers with her strong little teeth. Uncle Aurelio would subsequently beat her; but on two occasions she made him howl and dance with pain, which caused her extreme delight. She realised dimly that her existence, contrasted with the lives of other children whom she met in the streets, was not an ideal one, and twice, when Aunt Giannina had been more than usually deficient in personal charm, she had attempted to run away for good and all. On

the first occasion she had walked until she was overcome with hunger and fatigue, and had been brought back by a well-meaning *contadino* in a painted cart; on the second, she had met an old man in a lonely place who had at first seemed kind, but afterwards had kissed her and fondled her and frightened her out of her wits. She ran all the way home, and, for once in her life, found genuine pleasure in beholding Aunt Giannina again. Such adventures produced in her a grim distrust of the world in general, and of old men in particular. Children of her own age she avoided: the little girls were apt to laugh at her bare legs, and the little boys threw stones at the homeless cats which she befriended; grown-up people, even if they seemed kind, she regarded as possible Uncle Aurelios and Aunt Gianninas. Her affection for cats, however, went to practical lengths; she managed, in some strange way, more or less to maintain a small colony of them in a disused yard at the back of the Cathedral, whence they nightly sang the Bishop to sleep. They were ungovernable beasts, savage and quick to scratch; but she preferred their society to that of her own species. When one of them died she wept, and afterwards religiously exposed the corpse in the Bishop's garden, where it lay in state until the gardener found it.

It chanced that one day she was ordered by Aurelio to

clean some brass candlesticks in the lumber-room adjoining the sacristy, whilst that eminent politician went (for without discussion the intellectual life is but a barren affair) to hold great argument at the Croce Bianca. The day was hot, Maria Assunta was weary, and when Aurelio returned he found the candlesticks still tarnished and Maria Assunta fast asleep with her chin buried in her bosom. The virtuous soul of Aurelio waxed hot within him when he beheld this disgusting spectacle; he aroused the sleeper with a hearty box on the ear,—which made her imagine for a moment that the entire Cathedral had fallen,—gave a vivid account of all the devils who were waiting to torture idle little girls for all eternity, and then locked her in the lumber-room and departed majestically. Maria Assunta, I regret to say, kicked and beat the door, and uttered a large quantity of evil words which she had learnt from Aunt Giannina; but finding that he did not return, she instantly became tranquil, knocked the candlesticks one by one to the floor with neatly directed blows from her strong little fists, and began to explore the room for a means of escape. It was a dusty, vault-like chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and dimly lit by one high grimy window. She was able to see, however, as she went round the walls, that they were hung with pictures, which were for the most part frameless and black with age.

Her trained eye—for she had so often been a prisoner—soon told her that there was no possible means of escape, and after a short time she began to wile away her captivity with the contemplation of these works of art.

Formerly she had scarcely glanced at the altar-pieces in the Cathedral,—they all had the same subject, and seemed exactly to resemble one another; but the pictures in the lumber-room were much more interesting; there was one which depicted an energetic and cheerful crowd of black demons with scarlet eyes and teeth, all engaged in thrusting an old gentleman, whose face bore a pleasing resemblance to that of Uncle Aurelio, into a pair of huge gaping jaws; another showed a kneeling saint in the act of neatly catching his own head, which had just been cut off by a handsome executioner who wore too few clothes; yet another—a delightful conception,—represented a concourse of purple elephants, green giraffes, blue baboons, smiling tigers, nervous rabbits, and bright-hued birds stalking, with a deliciously self-important air, into the celebrated Ark of Noah. Maria Assunta was fascinated by this picture, and gazed at it for a long while. Noah, she decided, looked worried and cross; one felt that, if he had dared, he would have taken a stick and chased all the animals away, for it was obviously quite impossible to fit more than a dozen of them into the ark;

Signora Noah, however, was smiling politely at them from one of the windows, and seemed a much pleasanter kind of person than Aunt Giannina, for instance.

But in spite of the varied hues of the birds and animals, it was not this picture but the next, which really stole away Maria Assunta's heart. It was labelled *San Cristoforo*, and represented an old man with very strong bare legs and a big staff in the act of carrying a small child across an angry river; the child clung very tightly to the neck of the old man, who was proceeding warily and with difficulty. Maria Assunta knew nothing of the legend which the picture illustrated; to her it was merely an actual scene from everyday life, but for some obscure reason it delighted her: perhaps she had seen, and unconsciously envied, the child's expression of tranquil trust in his bearer when mothers carrying their babies had passed her in the street; perhaps it was the charm of the episode that touched her, the idea that a large old man with a beard should trouble to carry a little boy across those uncomfortable waters. Probably, however, it was the face of *San Cristoforo* which attracted her, even in the first moment when she saw it; he was so completely different from the horrible old men whom she had known; from Uncle Aurelio and the satyr who had kissed her. He seemed so strong, yet so kind; he would not beat the little

boy, even if the little boy pulled his beard and hurt him, as seemed probable. He looked, too, as if he would understand little girls as well as little boys, and would be sorry for them when all their bones ached and their feet felt like lead. Altogether, Maria Assunta decided, he was a person whom it would be a real pleasure to meet.

She looked at the rest of the pictures, but found that they were quite uninteresting, and very soon she returned to contemplate the old man. He was very nearly alive, she thought; when she moved from one side of the picture to the other his eyes seemed to follow her, whereas Signora Noah, his only possible rival in Maria Assunta's heart, smiled steadily at the green giraffes. Like many other lonely children, she had acquired the habit of talking to dumb or inanimate things: when her cats misbehaved she would treat them to a highly moral lecture containing a large amount of bad language, in the best manner of Aunt Giannina, and when she washed the saints and cherubim in the Cathedral she would tell them the gossip of the town exactly as it was retailed by the same high authority; but she had always felt that cats and cherubim were equally indifferent to her eloquence; the cats would leave the lecture-room in a marked manner when her discourse had scarcely begun, and the cherubs would stare at her vacantly with their stupid goggle eyes. When she began to talk to San Cristo-

foro, however, affairs were different; he really seemed interested in what she was saying, though he did not answer when she asked him why he was carrying the little boy across the river, but looked at her steadily with his watchful, friendly eyes. She liked him more and more, and paid, I regret to say, no sort of attention to the little boy, beyond noticing that he resembled young Marco Evangelista, the chorister, but was much cleaner, and probably less fond of throwing stones at cats. She talked to the old man for a long time, and found that his face grew more and more sympathetic. She thought, even, that he frowned when she told him about Uncle Aurelio's strap, and there was absolutely no doubt that his eyes twinkled when he heard how Aunt Giannina, after having poured forth a savage torrent of invective for ten minutes, stepped back and sat down with great violence in a large washing-tub that was full of very warm water. He looked gratified, too, when she collected the scattered candlesticks and began to clean them, still talking to him; so that, for the first time in her life, she had an almost bewildering sensation of doing work that gave pleasure to some one. By the time that Uncle Aurelio returned she felt that she had made a friend for life, and it was with great reluctance that she left the old man alone amongst the cobwebs. Of course she said nothing about the picture to Aurelio.

Throughout that summer she went every day to talk with San Cristoforo. The door of the lumber-room was always unlocked, and as soon as she had finished her work, which she performed with a surprising vigour, she would slip through the sacristy and sit on a tall rickety stool in front of the picture. Though San Cristoforo's lips never moved and no sound issued from them, she knew perfectly well all that he was saying; she heard him with the ear of her mind. He was sorry when she was beaten, and he took a great interest in cats. He didn't feel cold from standing in the water for so long, and he didn't think that people with shoes and stockings were so very much more important than people who went bare-foot. He thought it rather a pity that she flew into such terrific rages, but certainly Aunt Giannina was enough to ruin the temper of an archangel. Trying to tame grasshoppers, he imagined, must be fun. No, he didn't suffer from chilblains. Their conversations, it will be seen, were slightly formal in the early days of the friendship, but as soon as their first shyness had passed away they became wonderfully intimate, discussed every subject under the sun, from macaroni to wicked old men, and told each other splendid stories. San Cristoforo's language was always eloquent and sometimes extremely forcible; it was his invariable habit to allude to Uncle Aurelio as that Beastly Old

Devil. Aunt Giannina he tersely named The Hag.

Their friendship continued without interruption until the autumn. Maria Assunta felt certain that it would continue for ever, and had firmly decided that she would never leave Acquacasciante. She kept it secret; this was easy, for Aurelio went very seldom into the lumber-room, and he was probably the only person except herself who knew of the existence of the pictures. Therefore she was tremendously startled when she entered the room early on a November morning to find that a stranger had managed to penetrate there, and was inspecting the pictures very closely through a large pair of eyeglasses.

He did not hear her come in, and she stood for some moments staring at him. He was a short, fat man, with a bald head that gleamed in the dim light like a skull; he had an immense hooked nose, thick lips, and a receding chin. Maria Assunta watched him as he peered at the pictures with his nose almost touching them, and heard him muttering to himself, but could not catch what he was saying. She felt a fierce resentment of his presence, and was wondering if he would go away if she hid behind a cupboard and screamed like a fiend, when the intruder stepped back from the picture which he had been examining and saw her. He seemed surprised, but not frightened, though Maria Assunta glared at him with all the fury that her black eyes could

express. Then he smiled, so that his face looked like a squeezed orange, but his eyes watched her keenly all the while. Maria Assunta did not like his looks, and remained near the door.

"My little signorina," he said, "I thought you were a ghost or an angel." He spoke Italian with a snarling accent, and chuckled as if he had said something very funny. Maria Assunta looked at him steadily.

"I thought you were the devil," she remarked. The intruder chuckled again.

"Some one has taught you pretty manners," he said. "But perhaps I am the devil after all." He fumbled in his pocket and produced a soldo, which he held up between his fat finger and thumb. "For how much," he asked with a leer, "for how much will you sell me your pretty little soul?"

Maria Assunta put her hands behind her back and did not answer. She knew perfectly well that he was not the devil; the devil would be much too sensible to appear in a church where all kinds of indignant saints might get hold of him; and also, he would not be so foolish as to offer one wretched halfpenny for a real live soul. The intruder, she knew, was a foreigner; possibly one of the Tedeschi who had killed her father and left her to the tender mercies of the non-combatant Uncle Aurelio. To think that he should dare to rub his ugly nose against her beloved picture!

The stranger did not appear to be at all affected by her

angry silence; he continued to grin at her, and after a moment he spoke again.

"Listen, *carina mia*," he said. "You need not sell your precious soul for the soldo; to earn it you need merely tell me the name of the person who owns these pictures."

Maria Assunta's heart began to thump. She stood for some time scratching the ankle of one of her feet with the big toe of the other—an elegant gesture which invariably denoted that she was enduring an acute mental crisis. Then she replied slowly and emphatically, "God."

The stranger stared for a moment, then laughed noisily. "Good child," he cried,—"good child! you have been better brought up than I imagined." He tossed the coin towards her; Maria Assunta allowed it to drop on the floor. "What? too proud?" said the stranger. "You will never wear boots and shoes, egregious signorina." He stooped with some difficulty, picked up the soldo, and put it carefully in his pocket. "Pray do not let me detain you from your doubtless important business," he added with another leer. He turned away and continued to examine the pictures.

Maria Assunta scratched her ankle for another moment, then she ran home as fast as she could and informed Uncle Aurelio that there was a stranger in the lumber-room. At first that worthy person refused to believe her, but when she repeated that the stranger was a *forestiere* who wanted to take

away the pictures he became interested, and departed for the Cathedral after making sundry mysterious signs to Aunt Giannina. The latter promptly set Maria Assunta to work in the kitchen, whilst she herself became immersed in the study of a highly sensational work of fiction.

About an hour later Aurelio returned in an unusually good temper; but he did not forget to rebuke Maria Assunta for being rude to a foreigner of wealth and distinction. He went out again shortly afterwards, this time in the direction of the Croce Bianca. Maria Assunta, as soon as she had cleaned her pots and pans, evaded Aunt Giannina, who was nodding over her novel, and sped like an arrow to the Cathedral, eager to console San Cristoforo. But when she had passed through the sacristy she found, to her intense annoyance, that the door of the lumber-room was locked. She listened outside it for several minutes, but no sound came from within; then she called to San Cristoforo, but he did not answer. Finally, after hunting vainly all over the sacristy for the key, she departed in the worst of tempers. She nearly decided to go to the Croce Bianca and to attempt to pick Uncle Aurelio's pocket while he was in the act of delivering a passionate political harangue, but fortunately she realised in time that such a course would be futile. Her heart was heavy with foreboding; she felt certain that some evil was menacing her beloved

saint, and racked her brains to discover how she might help him. If she could only obtain the key, she thought, he would be safe for a time, at any rate; Unele Aurelio would not be able to have another made for a day or two. But probably the wicked-looking *forestiere* would know how to break open the door.

She haunted the Cathedral like a restless little brown spirit for the whole afternoon, hoping that Aurelio would return; but Aurelio had found that to drink unlimited quantities of new red wine at the expense of a stranger was an even more delightful occupation than to discuss religious subjects with charwomen. Her temper grew worse as time went on; she had a fierce altercation with the alleged blind beggar who sat at the door of the Cathedral, and annoyed him so seriously that he began to throw stones at her with extraordinarily accurate aim; she teased the colony of cats until it migrated *en masse* to the Bishop's garden, in which sacred grove its members, precariously perched on an old ilex-tree, uttered remarks of the most astounding and regrettable profanity; and when a number of dear little babies were brought to the baptistery at dusk and christened by the light of two tall candles, she stood close to the priest and put out her tongue at them until they roared with terror. Eventually she was ejected, with many slaps, by an indignant godmother.

When she returned home she found that a most unusual

atmosphere of festivity prevailed there. Aunt Giannina was engaged in concocting a savoury mess of cuttle-fish and mussels fried in oil, and Uncle Aurelio, who was slightly flushed, was watching her with a beaming eye, and indulging in frequent bursts of cheerful song. He hailed Maria Assunta with a shout, and pretending that she was some grand Duchessa who had come to call, made her a number of profuse bows, complimented her on her distinguished appearance, and actually concluded this brilliant example of his skill in burlesque by offering her a whole lira. Maria Assunta was so greatly astounded by this behaviour that she stared at him until he became annoyed and asked her if she thought that he was mad. Maria Assunta replied truthfully that she did not know, and then he boxed her ears. Afterwards, however, he became genial again, and allowed her a small share of the cuttlefish and mussels. They were excellent, but she did not notice their flavour, being wholly pre-occupied with the problem of obtaining the key of the lumber-room. Aurelio, before he began his supper, had taken off his boots and his coat; the latter garment he hung over the back of his chair, and as he did so Maria Assunta heard the heavy keys rattle in one of the pockets. It was hopeless, she knew, to attempt to get them at present, and she sat, grimly silent, with her thick eyebrows meeting in a heavy scowl. Her elders paid no attention to her,

but ate very fast and noisily, drank great quantities of wine and became extremely amiable to each other. Their faces grew more and more red, and she hated them, and yearned for San Cristoforo. Her heart was heavy with an indefinable sense of disaster.

Fortune was kind to her, however. Aurelio, with many nods and winks to his wife, drank an enormous draught to the health of some one whom he did not name, and then announced his intention of finishing the evening at the Croce Bianca. On hearing this, Aunt Giannina pouted beautifully and began to grumble at being left alone. The gallant Aurelio instantly invited her to accompany him, and when she pointed to all the dirty plates, he declared that it was disgraceful for a woman of her beauty and charm to waste the precious hours in menial tasks; the *ragazza*, he added, would wash up the dishes. He put on his boots and then his coat, —Maria Assunta watched him eagerly,—and at last, to her great joy, saw him take the keys from his pocket and hang them on a hook near the door.

As soon as the revellers had departed, and almost before the sound of their footsteps had ceased to echo in the quiet street, she went swiftly to the bunch of keys. She saw instantly that the key of the lumber-room was amongst them,—it was much more rusty than the others,—and when she had detached it from the ring she waited for a few moments to avoid any possi-

bility of meeting her relatives, blew out the lamp, and peered into the street. The coast was clear; next moment she was running helter-skelter towards the Cathedral.

It was nearly eight o'clock, and the night was dark. She knew that the great west doors were closed and the side doors also; but she had discovered another entrance into the church through the Bishop's private door, which was always unlooked and was reached by climbing his garden wall. The Bishop, very discourteously, had covered the top of the wall with broken bottles, but she had removed a great number of these in order to allow dignified passage for the funeral *cortéges* of her cats.

A strong wind was blowing, and when she reached the foot of the wall she paused for a moment to look up at the Cathedral, which seemed, she thought, like a great grey ship sailing swiftly through the dark sky. Then she climbed the wall in a manner which made the cats regard her with the eye of envy, dropped lightly down on the farther side, and in another moment had glided noiselessly through the door.

Inside, the darkness seemed to wrap her round and press on her like an enormous velvet pall, but when she had groped her way to the choir she saw a faint light on the high altar, and was able to steer her course to the sacristy without difficulty. She could hear her footsteps echoing all over the Cathedral, and wondered vaguely if the saints would be angry

if she disturbed their holy slumbers. It was not easy to find the keyhole of the lumber-room door, but at last she pushed it open, and began to grope along the wall towards the pictures.

When she reached the first of them she remembered that it depicted the devils finally disposing of the old gentleman who resembled Uncle Aurelio, and she shivered; but really, she thought, there was nothing to be frightened of; if they behaved in that way to Uncle Aurelios they were certainly good devils and wouldn't hurt her. Then she came to Noah and the animals, and passed it quickly; the next picture, she knew, was San Cristoforo, and she felt a thrill of delight and called to him. But this time there was no answer inside her soul, and when she reached the part of the wall where he should have been she found no picture, only an empty space. She gave a cry, and went swiftly to and fro along the wall, groping everywhere, but it was no use. He was nowhere to be found; he had been dragged away by evil men; he had gone from her for ever.

When she had made quite certain of the dreadful truth she sank down on the cold stones and began to sob. But her tears only lasted for a few moments; a violent passion of hatred for Aurelio swept over her; she sprang up, determined to confront him, to make him restore the picture to her, to kill him if he refused. She realised everything now: this

was why he had found the *forestiere* so amiable, and had wallowed in cuttle-fish and mussels! Her teeth chattered with rage, she shook her fists savagely in the darkness, and shouted broken sentences in a voice husky with passion. Then the paroxysm passed away suddenly, leaving her with a queer sensation of having grown, in an instant, old and wise and very calm. She must act immediately, she knew—but what was the best thing to be done? At first she thought of going to the Bishop, but she soon realised that even if she were allowed to see him, he would probably not believe her story, or would regard the picture as rubbish which Aurelio had a perfect right to sell. It would be better to confront Aurelio at once, to accuse him before every one at the Croce Bianca, and, if necessary, to bite him till he was dead.

Two minutes later she had scaled the Bishop's wall once again, and was walking rapidly across the Piazza del Duomo. It was bitterly cold; the wind blew directly from the snow-covered mountains, and she was barefooted. But she felt warm with the glow of her tremendous purpose; she would rescue San Cristoforo if she had to go alone over the snows to find him.

Half-way across the Piazza she heard a strange and terrible sound, like the noise of many railway accidents combined in one unending roar. She halted, and saw that the single omnibus which the city possessed was labouring towards her

over the cobble-stones. Although Maria Assunta was an athlete, she was also an Italian, and would not walk a yard if she had a chance of being carried. The omnibus, she knew, passed close to the Croce Bianca, and the old driver, who was one of her few friends, would always allow her to ride on the step and to open the door for his patrons at the end of the journey. She took up a position under one of the lamps of the Piazza, and when the mouldering vehicle was close to her she waved to the driver, who recognised her and responded with a motion of his whip; then, as soon as it had passed, she ran after it and sprang on to the step.

At first she thought that there was no one inside the omnibus, but very soon she perceived, by the feeble light of a strong-smelling oil-lamp, that it contained one closely-muffled figure. She stared at the solitary traveller, but could not recognise him; he, for his part, seemed to be unconscious of her presence, and did not turn to look at her. The omnibus bumped and bounded merrily over the stones, and very soon Maria Assunta saw the lights of the Croce Bianca shining on the wind-swept pavement. She was preparing to jump off when an extraordinary sound arose from the interior of the vehicle,—a sound which was audible for a moment above the rattle and roar of the wheels. Maria Assunta's heart began to bound like the omni-

bus; she had heard that chuckle before. Without a second's hesitation she thrust her head in at the window and shouted with all the strength of her lungs.

"Good evening, signore!" she cried.

Next moment she saw that she had made no mistake with regard to the identity of the owner of the chuckle. The traveller turned towards her, revealing the huge nose and heavy lips of the mysterious stranger who had invaded the lumber-room. He seemed much startled by her sudden shout, but after staring at her for a moment he grinned. The lights of the Croce Bianca showed him her face.

"Ha, it's the little savage," he said, "the little savage of the Cathedral who sent the sacristan to eject me. And what do you want, little savage?" he went on. "Are you coming with me to Rome, or are you regretting that soldo?"

Maria Assunta gathered her wits together. At any rate, it was something to know that he was going to Rome, though she had no intention of giving him a chance of taking San Cristoforo with him. That the picture was in the omnibus she had not the slightest doubt; in her soul she could hear the voice of the Saint asking her to be kind enough to do him the favour of rescuing him at once, and she almost shouted to him not to be afraid. Instead, however, she managed to answer the fat man.

"I am coming to help the

signore to carry his luggage to the train," she said.

"*Molto gentile*," responded the fat man gallantly. "You shall have two soldi, and I will give you a kiss on the platform."

"Thank you, signore," said Maria Assunta, putting out her tongue and making other atrocious grimaces in the darkness. "The stationmaster is my friend, and allows me to help with the luggage when Beppo the porter has his pain in the inside."

"Ha!" said the stranger. He looked at her for a moment and then asked: "Did your excellent father the sacristan send you?"

"Certainly, signore," replied the shameless Maria Assunta. "But he is not my father, for which be thanks to the Holy Virgin and all the Blessed Saints."

"You don't like the gentleman?" inquired the stranger.

"He is a very great fool, signore," replied Maria Assunta with vigour. The stranger laughed heartily.

"He is not such a fool as he looks, signorina," he said. "He can drive a bargain with the best. And talking of the Blessed Saints, my little one, there will be a saint the less in Acquacasciante to-night."

Maria Assunta's heart thumped and bounded more fiercely than ever, but she controlled her voice. "The signore doubtless refers to his own departure," she said. She felt a real contempt for the fat man's stupidity; any one, she thought, with the least

atom of sense would have refrained from revealing his secret in that absurd way. She was unacquainted with the intoxication that the finding of a treasure produces in the soul of the picture-dealer. The fat man, meanwhile, was clapping his horrid hands and chuckling over her answer.

"Very good, very good!" he cried. "You are a young person of wit. I suspected it from the first moment when I met you. Continue, and you shall have four soldi, nothing less."

He asked her various impertinent questions about herself, to which she responded with spirit. She would be amply avenged very soon, she knew, for any amount of insolence from him. Then he looked at his watch nervously, and expressed his fear of missing the night train to Ancona, but she reassured him with the information that the train always waited for Beppo, even when, as frequently happened, the omnibus broke down. At length they reached the station, and Maria Assunta, after shouting to Beppo that there was no need for him to descend from his crazy perch, flung open the door.

The stranger's luggage consisted of two handbags and a brown paper parcel. Maria Assunta looked eagerly at the parcel, but he retained it, requesting her to carry the bags. They were small but not light, and Maria Assunta made remarks through her clenched teeth as she staggered into the station. The young station-

master was in the booking-office; he was a genial soul, and the only person in *Acquasciante* who took off his hat to her.

"Be quick, signorina," he cried. "The train has waited for Beppo as usual and the travellers grow impatient."

"Hurry, signore, or they will leave you behind," said Maria Assunta to the fat man. The fat man puffed and snorted and began a frenzied search in his pockets, holding the brown paper parcel between his knees. He looked uncommonly foolish, she thought, with his great ugly hands and his gross red face. It would be fun to hit him hard across the eyes, snatch the parcel and rush away with it into the night; but some instinct seemed to restrain her from this dramatic course; she felt certain that a better opportunity of rescuing *San Cristoforo* would be afforded her by Heaven.

The stationmaster, after talking to her for a moment, had left the booking-office in the charge of a motherly-looking lady who was slightly deaf. After some altercation, the fat man extracted a ticket from her, and rushed to the platform, followed by Maria Assunta, who was bent double beneath the weight of the bags. His appearance was greeted with an ironical cheer from some of the passengers. The stationmaster informed him that the first-class compartments were in front of the train; he did not, however, offer to carry one of the bags;

stationmasters in Italy are not in the habit of performing that kind of service. He remained at the rear of the train whilst the fat man and Maria Assunta pursued their frenzied course up the platform.

They had nearly reached the first-class coach when the engine-driver blew an impatient blast on his whistle. The fat man charged desperately forward, and Maria Assunta had a dreadful moment of terror; if once he managed to enter the train with his parcel her chance would be gone. She racked her brain to think of some way of keeping him on the platform, and then, even as he turned and shouted savagely, inspiration came. She glanced round; they were far away from the station-master; the first-class carriages were all empty. She uttered a loud groan and dropped the bags.

"Signore," she wailed, "pardon me, but they are too heavy; I cannot carry them another inch." She sat down on one of the bags abruptly. The fat man snarled.

"Little animal!" he cried. "You will make me lose the train; you will cost me a million lire!" He ran back to her and seized one of the bags. "Pig of a girl," he said, "bring the other one instantly!"

Maria Assunta pretended to make an effort to lift the remaining bag, and then let it drop.

"Pardon, signore," she said calmly; "it is impossible. Something has broken in my poor back."

"May the devil carry it away!" said the fat man; alluding, it is to be presumed, to Maria Assunta's dorsal region and not to his luggage. "Quick, take this!" he cried furiously, thrusting the parcel into her arms. He seized the two bags and ran like a mad bull towards the train. He had just reached the door of one of the first-class compartments when Maria Assunta lifted up her voice.

"*Pronto!*" she shouted, with all the force of her lungs. There was an answering shout from the other end of the station; a horn blew, the whistle sounded again, and the train gave a jerk forward. The fat man, who had been obliged to drop one of the bags while he opened the door, had managed to scramble with the other up the steep steps, and fell heavily into the carriage. But he was on his feet again in a moment, and rushed to the door.

"The rest of the luggage!" he shouted to Maria Assunta.

"Sissignore!" replied that astute young woman, laying the brown paper parcel on the platform and running to the bag which he had dropped. She hoisted it slowly and painfully from step to step. The fat man grabbed it savagely and hauled it into the carriage. "The other, little fool!" he yelled.

Next moment the train began to move in good earnest. The fat man danced up and down in the carriage like a demon imprisoned in a bottle. "The other, the other!" he repeated furiously. Maria Assunta walked slowly back to

the parcel and picked it up. Then she began to run by the side of the train. The fat man slammed the door and leant out of the window with both his arms extended towards the parcel. Maria Assunta looked up at him.

"You are mistaken, signore," she said. "This does not belong to you." Then she smiled brilliantly and, ceasing to run, waved him farewell with her free hand. The fat man stared at her for an instant; his face worked convulsively, his arms moved like the arms of a marionette.

"Little devil!" he cried, and half opened the carriage door. For one awful moment Maria Assunta thought that he would jump out, but by this time the train was moving rapidly and the fat man was neither athletic nor brave. He shut the door again, and leant far out of the window.

"Stop, stop!" he shouted. But there was no one to hear him except Maria Assunta, for the stationmaster had departed to the stove in the booking-office. In another moment his distorted countenance had vanished from her sight.

"We did that very well," said Maria Assunta calmly to the brown paper parcel.

She went straight to the stationmaster and informed him that the stranger had left a parcel behind which her Uncle Aurelio had given to him. The stationmaster agreed with her at once that the parcel ought to be returned to Aurelio, who, it was presumed, would know the address of the stranger.

He informed her that there was no train from Ancona to Acquacasciante until the following morning, that she had the most delightful eyes he had ever seen, and that he was very soon coming to take her away from her beloved uncle for ever. Maria Assunta told him that he was a ridiculous old man (he was very nearly thirty), but she kissed her hand to him as she departed from the station.

She ran home as fast as possible, and, to her great joy, found when she arrived that her uncle and aunt were still revelling at the Croce Bianca. She whirled the parcel up to the dismal attic where she slept and tore off the paper cover. Her inner sense had not played her false: it was really San Cristoforo whom she had rescued. Her joy at seeing him again was indescribable, and there is no doubt that the face of the Saint wore a distinct expression of pleasure, though he still had the air of looking firmly yet warily ahead. When questioned, he deposed that it had been abominably hot inside the parcel, and he applied a great number of opprobrious terms to the stranger. The only sympathetic personage whom he had met in the course of his travels was the stationmaster, whom he thought an excellent fellow. It was perhaps a pity, he opined, that Maria Assunta had not been able to rescue him without being recognised by the stranger, and he agreed with her that the best course would be to obtain an interview with the Bishop early the next

morning and to tell him the whole story. It would be awkward for Aurelio, but that could not be helped.

Further discussion of the state of affairs was rendered impossible by the return of her uncle and aunt. They made a terrible scene when they saw that all the plates and dishes were still unwashed, but Maria Assunta, with San Cristoforo safe and snug beneath the mattress of her bed, would have cheerfully faced a horde of ravening tigers. She actually sang as she cleared away the remains of the feast, and laughed when she tried to imagine the sensations of the stranger during his cold journey to Ancona. She went to rest at last with a blissful sensation that one day in her life, at any rate, had been conspicuously successful.

She woke early next morning, and almost believed, until she put her hand under the mattress, that she had dreamt all the events of the previous night. Then she hauled out the picture, and with an agreeable lack of decorum talked to San Cristoforo while she put on her scanty clothes. In order to do honour to the Bishop she added the skeletons of an old pair of stockings to her usual toilette, and twisted her hair into a tight coil on the top of her head. She felt extremely happy; the autumn sunshine poured in at the window, the air was warm and fresh, and San Cristoforo regarded her with a smile of sincere affection. For a mo-

ment the thought of parting from him depressed her, but she was firmly convinced that it was impossible for him to remain in the house. The foreigner was certain to return, and, after all, the Bishop was a good man and would doubtless allow them to meet very often. She made San Cristoforo promise that if the Bishop proved, as even bishops will, to be a bore, he would tell her and she would rescue him again.

She found his powers of conversation so enthralling that she continued to talk to him for some time after she had dressed, telling herself that there was no fear for the present of the foreigner's return. Thus, the very frailties of our human nature are employed by the saints as a starting-point for their glorious achievements; for if Maria Assunta had not self-indulgently communed with San Cristoforo when she ought to have been taking him to the Vescovado, she would never have been captured by the foreigner, a great miracle would have remained unwrought, and Aurelio would never have reformed and ceased to drink new or old wine.

Eight o'clock had sounded from the campanile of the Cathedral before she decided to start. Uncle Aurelio and Aunt Giannina, who slept in the room below, still snored loudly; but the Bishop, she knew, would be awake, and probably, as it was a fine morning, would be reading his breviary in the garden. She

wrapped up the picture in the sheets of brown paper and flung an old shawl over the parcel; then she crept downstairs on tiptoe and noiselessly opened the front door. She peered out for a moment, closed the door, passed swiftly down the street, turned down a narrow alley, and, as she emerged in the Piazza del Duomo, ran straight into the arms of the fat man.

She uttered a loud cry and he gave a shout; she tried to push him away and to escape down the alley, but he caught hold of the coil of her hair with one hand and her wrist with the other. There was no one in the Piazza to observe this singular meeting except one small and dirty boy, who watched it with tranquil interest. Maria Assunta wriggled like an eel, the fat man puffed and blew, but he retained his hold on her, and squeezed her wrist until she thought it would break.

"Little devil!" said the fat man. "Offspring of a thousand hogs!" said Maria Assunta. She placed her foot against his stomach and pushed very hard. The small boy almost applauded this method of resistance, but it was fruitless. The fat man shifted his grip from her hair to her neck, swung her round so that her back was turned towards him, and began to propel her rapidly down the alley.

"We will now pay a morning call on your venerable uncle," he said, panting, but with dignity. "He, unless I am mistaken, has devoted a good deal of care to your edu-

cation. I propose to stamp on his face, your face, and the face of his wife, and then I will go away with my picture." And he squeezed her neck until she gasped with pain. Next moment, however, she perceived the aged mother of Guglielmo, the greengrocer, who was in the act of taking down his shutters. Maria Assunta howled to her for help.

"This gentleman is assassinating me," she exclaimed.

The aged mother of the greengrocer turned, set her arms akimbo, and stared apathetically at Maria Assunta and the fat man.

"What has the little good-for-nothing done now, signore?" she inquired.

"She has merely stolen an object of art worth fifty thousand lire, dear lady," replied the fat man, continuing to propel Maria Assunta.

"Ah! Then she will be hanged like a cat," said the mother of the greengrocer, with great satisfaction, displaying an ignorance of the penal laws of her country which the fat man did not trouble to enlighten. She continued to take down her shutters, whilst Maria Assunta and her enemy danced a *pas-deux* in syncopated time until they reached Aurelio's house. Without releasing her, the fat man kicked furiously on the door, and after a few moments the head of Aurelio, in a blue cotton nightcap, appeared at the window. When he saw the strange scene below he uttered a shout of surprise.

"Mother of the Saints,

signore," he cried, "what has happened?"

The fat man regarded him with a frightful grin.

"I will tell you that later," he answered pleasantly. "What is going to happen is, briefly, this: I am about to pound your head and the heads of your nearest relations into a sanguinary paste. Kindly descend and open the door."

Aurelio was evidently impressed by this statement of the stranger's intentions. He thrust his nightcap upwards and scratched his head slowly.

"But, most excellent signore —" he began.

"Open the door, old filthiness, or I break it in," said the stranger. Aurelio shut the window hurriedly and retired to confer with Aunt Giannina, whose scared face had appeared for a moment behind his shoulder. After a brief delay the door opened slowly, and the stranger and Maria Assunta hurtled into the kitchen. Aurelio, blinking with amazement, followed them, whilst Aunt Giannina occupied a strategical position at the head of the stairs.

The first act of the fat man was to snatch the parcel from Maria Assunta's hands and to tear off the brown paper. As soon as he had uncovered the picture he examined it carefully, and then placed it on the high chimneypiece, where it was out of Maria Assunta's reach.

"Now explain," he said to Aurelio, "why you were such an old fool as to send your accomplice to steal the picture from me. You knew that I

had seen her, that I should recognise her and come back by the first train."

Aurelio looked hopelessly bewildered. "I don't understand," he said. "The *ragazza* —may the devil annoy her!— the *ragazza* knew nothing of the picture. Without doubt she was merely stealing a parcel from you on general principles, signore."

Maria Assunta spoke out, in spite of the pain in her throat. "I took the picture because it was mine," she said. "I knew that he had it inside the brown paper. He had no right to take away my friend, and you had no right to sell it. And," she concluded, "I shall tell the whole story to the Bishop, and the big policeman, and the stationmaster, and to every one. They will believe me; they will lock you all up in the prison, and I shall come twice a day to make faces at you through the window, and to tell you how much I regret having thieves and dirty persons for my relations."

Aurelio glared at her with intense fury, and shook his fist at her. "Wait a moment, my dear child," he murmured. Then he turned to the stranger.

"You hear, signore?" he said. "She stole it herself; I had nothing to do with the affair, and my personal honour is greatly wounded by the affront that has been offered. However, let that pass; the affair has terminated fortunately, and nothing remains but for you to take away the picture as soon as possible."

Maria Assunta drew herself

up like a serpent about to strike. "He shall not take it!" she shouted. "If he does, he shall kill me first."

The stranger looked hard at her. "That is not a bad suggestion," he said slowly. "As a matter of fact, it would be better if she were dead; that accursed tongue of her's will wag."

Uncle Aurelio nodded wisely. "But it would wag in vain," he said, "if she were strapped to a chair for two or three days. At the end of that time, signore, you would be far away and I should have hung another picture in place of the one that has gone. No one would believe her story. All my friends are aware that she has proved herself on every occasion to be a most abandoned little liar."

"She is liar, thief, cat, snake, and scorpion, and she makes the soft eyes at the station-master," said Aunt Giannina, who had descended in a yellow dressing-gown to the kitchen. "But have no fear, signore; we will tie her up like the mad beast that she is and I will watch her continually."

Maria Assunta glanced from one to another of the three evil faces, and then she decided that her only hope of saving San Cristoforo lay in her finding the Bishop before the stranger had time to take another train. She made a desperate rush for the door, but her enemies were too quick for her; the stranger caught her arm, and Aunt Giannina began to pummel her unmercifully. She broke away from them only to find

herself confronted by Uncle Aurelio, who had armed himself with a thick stick. He struck at her with all his might, nearly knocking all the breath out of her body, but she managed to run in and seize one of his legs. Uncle Aurelio, shouting curses, began to totter.

"The head! aim at the head!" shrieked Aunt Giannina, trying to pull her away. Aurelio kicked himself free and raised the stick in both his hands.

"If I kill her it is her fault," he said solemnly. "You are witnesses of that."

He gave the stick a preliminary whirl in the air.

There are three distinct accounts of the event which happened during the following moments, — that of Maria Assunta, that of Aurelio, and that of Giannina. Of these, the present historian prefers to follow Maria Assunta's, though Giannina's story is very slightly dissimilar, the latter lady having been scared into speaking some part of the truth for once in her life. Aurelio's statement differs entirely from that of the other two witnesses, and never obtained any credit. The fat man did not remain to testify.

According to Maria Assunta, the heavy stick was in the very act of descending on her head, when there was a strange rushing sound in the air, a brilliant light shone in the room, and an enormous old man with a white beard and very large bare legs appeared sud-

denly at her side, broke Aurelio's stick into half a dozen fragments with one blow from a huge staff, and smote that too zealous guardian of infancy such a hearty thwack on his hinder parts that Aurelio, with a poignant yell, leapt the entire breadth of the room and knocked over the stranger like a nine-pin. The old man then proceeded to administer a thrashing of the most finished description to Aurelio and the fat man, who writhed and rolled on the floor, and howled for quarter at the pitch of their voices. At first they assumed the most fantastic shapes in their efforts to escape the terrible flail that rained blows upon them; but after a very short time they ceased to move, and lay like dying pigs, groaning piteously. The old man administered a few more artistic blows to their prostrate bodies, and then he went over to Aunt Giannina, who fell on her knees and wailed for mercy.

San Cristoforo—for of course Maria Assunta had recognised him at once—was too perfect a gentleman to strike even Aunt Giannina. He contented himself merely with looking at her. Exactly what kind of expression he wore Maria Assunta could never explain; his halo suddenly became very bright, and dazzled her eyes. The effect on Aunt Giannina, however, was remarkable; she cowered on the floor, cried out that she was a wicked sinner, and begged him to strike her dead rather than to regard her again with those terrible eyes. Afterwards Aunt Giannina

denied that she had called herself wicked, but there is no doubt of her having become an altered woman from that moment. Having accomplished this excellent work, San Cristoforo smiled at Maria Assunta, pointed to the door, and gradually vanished,—returning, she supposed, into the picture. At any rate he was there, wading as usual in the river, a moment afterwards.

For some time Maria Assunta was too bewildered to move a limb, but stood staring like a person in a trance at the spot from which the saint had vanished. Then a new chorus of groans from the vanquished aroused her; she seized a chair, and placing it under the chimney-piece, climbed on it and took down the picture. Next moment she was out of the house and running to the Ves covado: simultaneously Aunt Giannina sprang suddenly from the floor and bounded into the street, yellow dressing-gown and all. Outside, she began to rush up and down like one pursued by an army of hornets.

"Miracolo, miracolo! un santo, un gran santo!" she screamed. Though a cruel woman, she had always been extremely pious, and the affair had no doubt a great effect on her superstitious temperament. A crowd collected instantly, and Giannina, with much gasping and gurgling, began to give her version of all that had happened. Her excitement was so intense that she did not attempt to screen Aurelio; perhaps this fact, as well as her extremely disordered state,

impressed the crowd; at any rate, a number of the people began to take up her cry, and very soon she was staggering at the head of an enthusiastic procession towards the Vesco-vado, where Maria Assunta was already enjoying an audience with the Bishop.

That good man had received the girl in his garden. He listened to her tale in silence, looking absently at the picture which she had thrust into his hands. When she had told him everything he stared at her very keenly for some time with his shrewd, black old eyes, and then turned to his chaplain, a handsome young priest in a very smart soutane, who was standing behind him.

"What do you think of this, Gioacchino?" he demanded.

The chaplain shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "She does not look like a liar," he said, after contemplating Maria Assunta; "all little girls who tell lies turn in their toes. But perhaps another witness would be desirable."

"But, Monsignore, there are three others!" cried Maria Assunta, and then she paused. She knew too well that Aurelio, as soon as he recovered from his fright, would concoct some amazing story which would certainly not corroborate her own, and she was not, of course, aware of the spiritual change which had come to pass in the soul of Aunt Giannina. The stranger, too, would probably support Aurelio. After a moment of thought she looked appealingly at the Bishop.

"If Monsignore would only come now," she said, "and see the bruises that the holy saint condescended to imprint on their bodies, I think that he would believe me."

The Bishop smiled. "That is not a bad idea," he said. "The spectacle should be interesting; and as I have known for some time that our dear Aurelio is a conspicuous rogue, this will be a most suitable occasion for giving him some ghostly advice. You shall show us the way, little one."

"With pleasure, Monsignore," said Maria Assunta, "if Monsignore will forgive the appearance of my stockings."

"My child, the eye of the Church is blind to that kind of apparel," replied Gioacchino very solemnly.

"*Sicuro, sicuro!*" added the Bishop, but he gave a little choking laugh which was like a puppy's bark, thought Maria Assunta. Then they locked up the picture in the Vesco-vado and set out for Aurelio's house: the Bishop, who walked very fast, was in the middle, with tall Father Gioacchino on one side of him and Maria Assunta on the other. She thought that it would be more decorous for her to run on in front of these holy men, but the Bishop pretended to want to talk to her, and Gioacchino said that when people walked in front of him it made him feel like a poor relation.

They had only gone a short distance when they met Giannina at the head of her procession. Giannina, as soon as

she saw them, uttered an ecstatic howl, and rushing towards Maria Assunta, enfolded her in a violent embrace; the crowd, cheering noisily, surrounded them. Then Giannina flung herself at the feet of the Bishop, who was staring with amazed eyes at the yellow dressing-gown.

"Behold her, Monsignore!" she cried. "Behold the little friend of the Blessed Saints, who become visible in this very place in order to protect her from wicked persons of the other sex! I saw him myself, Monsignore, with these eyes: he was enormous, enormous as the Duomo tower, and his face was like the red sun coming through a mist." Her voice rose to a shrill shriek, and she fell flat on the ground, writhing. Gioacchino picked her up, and gave her into the custody of some women who were standing at the door of their house.

"This becomes interesting," said the Bishop. "Let us hear what those wicked persons of the other sex have to say for themselves. My dears," he added, turning to the crowd, "your rejoicings betray an excellent spirit, but let us beware of premature enthusiasm."

"Yes, yes, Monsignore!" shouted the crowd.

Probably none of its members had the faintest idea what he meant. It followed him at a respectful distance to Aurelio's house, where it grouped itself round the door and cheered until it was hoarse. Aurelio did not appear at the window to acknowledge the cheering, and

when the Bishop and his two companions had entered the kitchen they found him and the fat man propped up against the wall in the attitude of persons in the stocks. Aurelio's groans, when he recognised his visitors, became terrible.

The Bishop spoke to him sternly. "Aurelio," he said, "cease to utter those unmusical and disturbing sounds, collect your few wits, and tell us exactly what has happened."

Aurelio rolled his eyes dreadfully. "Monsignore," he said, "on my word of honour as a gentleman and a member of the oldest family in the *contrado*, this is what befell. A great demon with fiery eyes and flaming hair was brought here by the art of that girl who dares to stand near your sacred presence, and is, as all the world knows, a witch in league with the devil. Because I refused to allow her to steal a holy picture from the Duomo—which is sacrilege, as your Eminence knows—she bade the demon beat me until I was dead; and this he would certainly have done if I had not at the last moment contrived to exorcise him by saying two Paters and twenty Aves. Accept the word of one who is probably a dying man, Monsignore; that is the simple truth."

The Bishop looked at him with a severe countenance, and then turned to the fat man, who had risen slowly and painfully.

"Is that your version of the story, signore?" he asked.

But the fat man was in a state of mental collapse. "I don't know what happened," he said. "I'm a materialist. I don't believe in saints and ghosts and all your hocus-pocus; but if ever I come to this accursed place again you may dress me up in a yellow shirt and shave my head and lock me in an asylum for mad monks. My earnest wish," he concluded, "is that the devil may take you all, and especially that young lady and this old sink of all iniquity."

Having uttered these pious sentiments he limped out of the house, and a moment later they heard him making shocking remarks to the crowd outside. He never returned to Acquacasciante.

Now concerning the sequel to the miracle—how the Bishop improved the occasion with Aurelio, how Giannina became a monster of piety, and how the fame of the picture from which, it was believed, San Cristoforo had actually emerged, spread far and wide over the district, and resulted in the great annual pilgrimage—you will have a full account when you go to Acquacasciante and talk to the stationmaster. My task of giving you an impartial history of the event may well end, as all good histories should, with the discomfiture of the wicked and the justification of the worthy. I may add, however, that Maria Assunta and San Cristoforo remained firm friends; and if he did not

again appear visibly on earth as her champion, it was merely because there was no need for him to do so, for the good Bishop removed her from the tutelage of Aunt Giannina, and finding that she was greatly harassed by the attentions of the faithful, who were always following her about in the hope that the Saint would suddenly appear, he sent her to an excellent school in Rome, where she passed five happy years, and grew into a beautiful young woman. Then she returned to Acquacasciante and married the stationmaster, and put up a tombstone to Uncle Aurelio and Aunt Giannina, who had ended their venerable lives in the holiest possible manner. She is extremely famous throughout the district, and is regarded as a kind of saint, though she shocked a great number of foolish persons by refusing to adopt an actively religious career, preferring to live quietly and happily with her stationmaster and her babies. Such an existence, after all, is probably the one which San Cristoforo, who is, as we have seen, a thoroughly sensible and practical person, would himself have chosen for her. San Cristoforo, by the way, often complains to her that he feels idle. There has certainly never been any occasion for him to beat the stationmaster. His picture occupies an honourable position in the Cathedral, and he will doubtless be much interested in learning the name of the artist to whom you assign it.

LAIRDS AND THE LAND.

IN days when Scottish agriculture is being converted into a happy hunting-ground for politicians, and when the primary assumption of Daniels-come-to-judgment appears to be that the present owners of the soil are a negligible quantity, whose rights deserve no consideration, it is desirable, in the interests alike of that accurate knowledge of the past which is the safest foundation for the progress of the future, and of justice to a much-abused class, to direct attention to the initiating enterprise and to the sustained support given by the landowners of Scotland to agricultural improvement and the development of the soil. The intelligent application of thought and capital which has converted not merely the rich lands of the Lothians, the carse on Forth and Tay, the howes of Strathmore and the Mearns, and the fertile "Laigh of Moray," but the stony slopes of Mar and the peat mosses of Buchan, into productive fields, was, as much as the development of industrial activity in the cities and towns, an outstanding feature of the latter half of the eighteenth and of the nineteenth centuries. It was only after the cessation of civil strife subsequent to the last Jacobite rising that the spirit of agricultural improvement obtained scope and security; and no one can read the de-

scriptions of Scotland and the conditions of Scottish life at different periods without being astonished at the beneficent change that was effected.

The secret of this great development was the co-operation of landlord and tenant. It was due, in its later stages, to a large extent to the judgment and industry of the tenant-farmers, but it owed its origination and guidance to the intelligence and influence of the landowners. Three essential features mainly contributed to its success. The first was the security of proprietary rights, which safeguarded and encouraged the owner in the application of his capital to the land and the provision of buildings and other permanent equipment. The second was the system of nineteen-years' leases, which, without unduly stereotyping conditions, gave the tenant reasonable security of tenure for a definite and suitable period, left his capital, as a general rule, free for the stocking and working of the farm, and admitted of a periodic readjustment of relations to suit altered conditions. The third was the carefully adjusted general estate regulations, based on experience, which were mainly directed to secure the maintenance of the regular and permanent fertility of the soil.

The following particulars are given as illustrations of what

was more or less the experience throughout agricultural Scotland. They are taken from the local history, as contained in various books and pamphlets, not written with any special object, of one district—that extending “from North Water to Spey,”—by no means specially favoured by Nature, but which has gained for itself a farming reputation second to none. The first general Scottish Agricultural Society was founded in 1723. The earliest local society was started only seven years later, and, curiously enough, in a distant district “benorth the Mount.” The leading members of this body, who described themselves as “A Small Society of Farmers in Buchan,” and published in 1735 an essay on practical points of husbandry, were Alexander Lord Pitsligo, the Hon. Alexander Fraser of Strichen, a Senator of the College of Justice, Sir James Elphinstone of Logie, James Ferguson of Pitfour, Alexander Garden of Troup, James Gordon of Ellon, Ernest Leslie of Balquhain, and William Urquhart of Meldrum. In his address to the British Association at Dundee in 1912, Mr Middleton gave the following account of the origin of this Society:—

“It appears to have been started about 1730 by James Ferguson of Pitfour, among his Buchan tenantry. Ferguson was a friend of Thomas Hope (of Rankeillour, President of the National Society), and believed in his methods of ‘preaching improvements.’ He supplied the members of the Buchan Society with books, and he himself attended their meetings.”

The original stimulus to agricultural improvement in the north had been given by a lady, daughter of the Earl of Peterborough, who married the eldest son of the Duke of Gordon in 1706. She brought down to the Duke’s estates “English ploughs, with men to work them, and who were acquainted with fallowing—heretofore unknown in Scotland.” The general state of Scottish agriculture at the time is succinctly described by Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk—

“Soon after the Union husbandry and manufactures were in low esteem. Turnips raised in fields for cattle by the Earl of Rothes and very few others were wondered at. Wheat was almost confined to East Lothian. Enclosures were few, and planting very little; no repair of roads, all bad, and very few carriages.”

Probably the earliest of the pioneers of improved agriculture in Aberdeenshire was this Sir Archibald Grant, who began the management of his estate on Donside in 1716.

“At that time” [he afterwards wrote] “there was not one acre upon the whole estate enclosed, nor any timber upon it, but a few elm, sycamore, and ash about a kitchen-garden adjoining to the house, and some straggling trees at some of the farmyards, with a small copsewood, not enclosed and dwarfish, and browsed by sheep and cattle. All the farms ill-disposed and mixed, different persons having alternate ridges, not one wheel carriage on the estate nor indeed any one road that would allow it. . . . The people poor, ignorant, and slothful, and ingrained enemies to planting, enclosing, or any improvements or cleanliness: no keeping of sheep or cattle or roads, but four months when oats and bear, which

was the only sorts of their grain, was on the ground. The farm-houses and corn-mills and manse and school all poor, dirty huts, pulled in pieces for manure, or fell themselves almost each alternate year." [He feelingly observes, no doubt from similarity of experience,] "Peter the First of Russia had more trouble to conquer the barbarous habits of his subjects than in all the other great improvements he made."

Yet when John Wesley visited Monymusk in 1761 and 1764 he described it as lying in a beautiful and pleasant valley, in which Sir Archibald Grant had reclaimed a large area of waste ground, and planted millions of trees, and stated that the cultivation, especially near the manor-house, would compare favourably with that prevailing in England.

Another active improver was the Hon. Patrick Ogilvie, brother of the Earl of Seafield, who, as Chancellor of Scotland, had been largely responsible for the Act of Union. Mr Ogilvie devoted himself to cattle-raising, and on being remonstrated with by the Chancellor on his undignified business of cattle-dealing, he replied in terms which some modern politicians and even Chancellors might remember with advantage: "Better sell nowte than sell nations."

In Banffshire the lead was given by the Earl of Findlater, who, as Lord Deskford, went to reside on his estate in 1754. Wight, who conducted the Surveys of Scotland for the Commissioners of Forfeited Estates between 1773 and 1782, and

published the results of his journeys in 1783, thus describes the effect of his efforts:—

"The fields resemble a garden. . . . The late Earl was the operator of all. His skill in farming, his industry in the education of young men to be farmers, the houses he built for them, the judicious conditions of his leases, the premiums he gave to direct their industry, in short, everything that can be contrived to make a flourishing estate was set on foot by that nobleman."

And Douglas, who visited the east coast of Scotland in 1780, thus relates a conversation he had with an old man near Banff, who said to him—

"'If you had known this country fifty years ago, as I did, you would think these fields and houses which you pass unnoticed a fine sight. I remember the time, sir, and so does my youngest bairn, when they were all unenclosed: large banks between every two and three ridges: and when you might have travelled through them from one stone head to another without touching the ground: when the farmhouses were ready to tumble, and neither held out wind nor rain: and when we were well pleased if all over the farm we had four times the corn we sowed.' When asked who had the merit of introducing better methods of farming, he answered: 'Faith, sir, we did not think ourselves much obliged to him at first: it was our master: and we had some suspicion that lairds and lords chiefly minded their own interest. We had been long accustomed to our own methods, and thought our fathers had been as wise as we; it was not therefore an easy matter to persuade us that any others were better or more proper for our soil. . . . All these prejudices Lord Findlater got the better of: not by the strong hand and telling us by his overseers and factors that such and such things we must do, but by going himself from farm to farm, advising rather than directing us how to proceed.

Another practical improver was Mr Udney of Udney, in Formartine, who invented an improved turnip-sower, and whose turnips were so successful as to give some cause for the boast of his loyal retainer—"Jamie, the Laird o' Udney's Feel"—when another proprietor was showing off his "roots" with satisfaction. "Neeps, they're naething to the neeps at Udney. At Udney ilka ox eats its wye intil a neep an' bides there in a hoose o' its ain till it's ready for the flesher." Wight in his Survey states that the land at Udney had originally been very rough. Yet, "with great expense and unremitting perseverance," it was so improved that no vestige remained of what it had originally been: nothing was to be seen but neat enclosures, thriving hedges, and commodious offices; a favourable rotation of cropping had been established, it was famous for a breed of horses, and the "English bull shorthorn," and the cows, "some from England, some from Berwickshire, and some the very best of his own country breed," were good.

Another public-spirited landlord was Mr Cumine of Auchry, in the west of Buchan, whose improvements in a high-lying and bare region were so noteworthy that Douglas made a special journey from Aberdeen to inspect them.

"For several generations past," says the New Statistical Account, "the Cumines of Auchry were the principal proprietors in the parish of Monquhitter, and were much and

deservedly esteemed for their public spirit and private benevolence. About the middle of the last century Mr Joseph Cumine of Auchry was distinguished, not only in this district, but throughout the whole of the north of Scotland, for the stimulus he gave to agricultural improvements. When he assumed the management of his estate in 1739 it was principally covered with heath, and yielded only £150 sterling of rent. He laid out extensive plantations around his house, subdivided his farm into ornamental enclosures, introduced a superior breed of cattle, founded the village of Cuminstown in the immediate vicinity of the church, and in connection with some neighbouring gentlemen established in this village a linen manufacture which has been kept up ever since."

Of a subsequent owner, Mr Lumsden, it is also said—

"He has been doing much and setting a laudable example in the way of improvement. He is draining and trenching to a great extent, and by planting, hedging, and fencing is not only beautifying his estate, but affording employment to a great number of labourers."

Of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, the head of the Edinburgh banking house, and representative of the Lord Pitsligo of "The Forty-five," who had been one of the founders of the little society of 1730, it is recorded that—

"On his estates he spared neither time nor expense in reclaiming them from a state of positive neglect and sterility to one of advanced cultivation and productiveness—the improvement and happiness of his tenants coming in for a full share of attention."

A similar appreciation exists of his neighbour, Mr Forbes of Boyndlie—

"The estate formerly answered pretty much to the description which

the Countess of Erroll gave of the district generally: 'The rest, for the most part, is moss and moor, and full of boggis and marishes.' Where the present proprietor himself (1858) in his early days shot moor-fowl among the heather, nothing is now to be seen but well-drained, enclosed, and highly cultivated fields. 'Sir John Stuart Forbes and Mr Forbes of Boyndlie, men who by the benevolence of their hearts, and by the public spirit they manifest, have done and are doing an immense deal of good to the community at large,' is the grateful testimony borne by the writer of the *New Statistical Account*, a testimony which will be endorsed by all who are acquainted with these proprietors and with the condition of their tenants."

Of another property, Auchlenchries, which formerly belonged to the famous general of Peter the Great, it is said—

"The late proprietor, Charles Gordon, Esquire, has the merit of being among the first to introduce an improved system of farming, which he pursued with less regard to his own interests than to the general benefit of the country."

Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk assured Dr Anderson that "he alone had planted during his own lifetime upwards of 48,000,000 of trees, and he lived several years after that, and sent me word, about two months after I saw him, that he had in that time planted 200,000 more." The Earl of Fife and General Gordon of Fyvie also planted largely,—General Gordon as many as 3,000,000 trees in a single enclosure. James Farquharson of Invercauld, between 1750 and 1806, planted 16,000,000 firs and 2,000,000 larches on his property in Braemar, through which he constructed more than twenty

miles of roads. And Dr Anderson stated in 1794 that "there is scarcely a private gentleman in Aberdeenshire who owns an estate of £500 or £600 a year who has not planted many hundred thousand trees."

In Kincardineshire, about 1760, there arose "a constellation of cultivators," including Baxter of Glassel, Innes of Durris, and Graham of Morphie, the first to introduce "broad clover," while The Burn is described as "an estate that may be almost literally said to have been a creation by the late Lord Adam Gordon." Mr Barclay of Urie, "in the course of about 30 years improved most thoroughly 900 acres of arable land," and planted from 900 to 1000 acres. The outlay was in some cases as much as £40 an acre, and that for lime-shells alone exceeded £6000. Sir William Nicolson of Glenbervie was the first who raised hay from sown grass.

In the Garioch, Hacket, the Jacobite laird of Inveramsay, "that bann't a' the 'ouk, and del't dockens on Sunday," was the first to introduce turnips, and set an example in laying out his lands in well-arranged fields, enclosed with fences planted with rows of ash and other hardwood trees.

Both Wight and Douglas also preserve the names of other landlords engaged in the same efforts. Wight particularises in Aberdeenshire—the late Earl of Erroll, Buchan of Auchmacoy, Paton of Grandholm, Burnet of Crichtie, Russel of Aden (termed by him Moncoffer—the owner's previous designation),

Fraser of Strichen, Ogilvie of Auchiries, Fraser of Memsie, the Master of Saltoun, Gordon of Ellon, Dirom of Muireisk, Gordon of Premnay, Forbes-Leith of Whitehaugh, Innes of Breda, Farquharson of Haughton, Burnet of Kemnay, Mr Baron Gordon of Clunie, "formerly more devoted to the study of the law than of husbandry, now became a champion of the latter, an *élève* of Lord Adam Gordon, to whom his conversion is probably owing," and Garden of Troup. Douglas, in addition, records Skene of Parkhill, Sir Arthur Forbes of Fintray and Craigievar, Burnet of Countesswells, Lord Monboddo, Lord Gardenston, Sir Alexander Ramsay of Balmain, and Irvine of Kingcausie.

A local writer thus summarises the "patriotic labours" of Mr James Ferguson of Pitfour, grandson of one of the society of 1730, and, like him and his father Lord Pitfour, a member of the Scottish Bar, who was for the thirty years prior to 1820 Member for Aberdeenshire, in the improvement of his own district—

"He has built several extensive and thriving villages: has conducted a canal through a considerable part of his property: has introduced by his influence fine turnpike roads throughout the greater part of Aberdeenshire: has promoted by liberal encouragement the most improved systems of husbandry among his tenantry: has planted many hundreds of acres which promise to rescue the district of Buchan from the reproaches of future travellers: has enclosed whole farms with hawthorn hedges, and granted leases to all his tenants on terms peculiarly liberal. . . . His attachment to Buchan, which is almost proverbial,

and his enthusiastic delight in planning and executing schemes to promote the happiness of his tenantry; in fine, the general tenor of his whole life, have justly entitled him to the honourable appellation of the Father of his People."

Of this proprietor, Wight had remarked years before—

"I have great hopes of Mr Ferguson, for though his business in Edinburgh prevents him from entering deep into the practice of husbandry, yet it prevents him not from giving every sort of encouragement to his tenants. . . . Among the improvers his tenants are the most numerous."

Among the villages founded by him were Longside in 1801, carefully laid out and let on long leases, then considered a most favourable form of tenure for the occupant; and New Deer in 1805, which was remodelled in 1878 in conformity with a regular feuing and building plan by the then proprietors, the representatives of Mr Dingwall Fordyce of Brucklay. The village of Strichen had been founded by Lord Strichen in 1764 for the purpose of promoting "the Arts and Manufactures of this country, and for the accommodation of Tradesmen of all denominations, manufacturers, and other industrious people to settle within the same," and that of New Pitsligo in 1787, by Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, it being greatly improved by one of his successors, Sir John Hepburn-Stuart-Forbes.

Of another estate, and dealing with a somewhat later period, the editor of the leading local book on the district says—

"Few estates in Buchan have undergone a more marked improvement than Kinmundy. In 1816, when the last-mentioned James Ferguson succeeded to the property, great part of it came under the designation of 'boggis and marishes.' The name Kinmundy—in Gaelic Ceann-Monadh—signifies 'the head of the moss.' Under his encouraging auspices, however, and through the intelligence, skill, and enterprise of his brother, Mr John Ferguson, Brae of Coynach, hundreds of acres were reclaimed, drained, and enclosed, and the whole property brought into a very high state of cultivation."

Dr Anderson, in his *View of the Agriculture of Aberdeenshire*, prepared for the Board of Agriculture in 1794, calls attention to a feature in the local development, the reverse of what is popularly assumed to have been the case, which was that in the middle of the previous century "the farms were of much greater extent than they were at present." He also remarks that "the stipulations in the leases are generally very simple, nor are the tenants in general subjected to any severe restrictions."

The following figures, among others which were obtained in 1906 by the North-East of Scotland Land Defence Association, prove that the successors of these old pioneers of agricultural progress have not been unfaithful to the tradition and practice of their predecessors:—

Estate, Kincardineshire. Acreage, 12,105 (of which 6105 arable). Rental, £6733. Owner's outlay in 21 years, £32,122.

Estate, Kincardineshire. Acreage, 5130 (2219 arable). Rental, £1789. Owner's outlay for 20 years, £7628.

Estate, Aberdeenshire. Acreage, 4000 (almost wholly arable). Rental, £3700. Owner's outlay for 43 years, £24,785.

Estate, Aberdeenshire. Acreage, 11,966 (10,322 arable). Rental, £7988. Owner's outlay, 1852-1905, £72,299.

Estate, Aberdeenshire. Acreage, 21,143. Rental, £16,380. Owner's outlay for 30 years, £111,463.

Estate, Banffshire. Acreage, 4800 (3269 arable). Rental, £3196. Owner's outlay for 14 years, £8554.

Estate, Banffshire. Acreage, 48,946 (32,362 arable). Rental (agricultural), £30,000. Owner's outlay for 20 years, £177,289.

The facts above set forth afford no foundation for the idea that the landowner is a superfluous wheel or a drag on the vehicle of rural progress. They tell no story of the conversion of agricultural land into wastes for sporting purposes, of a policy directed to the elimination of small holdings, or of the expulsion of men in favour of sheep or deer. On the contrary, they bear testimony to the extensive conversion of stony ground and moss into arable fields, to heavy expenditure in the provision of substantial and excellent houses for farmers, for small tenants, and for labourers; to the thoughtful formation of prosperous villages, and to earnest efforts to promote the progress and welfare of all living upon the land.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

THE SCHOOLING OF NARBIR PUN.

NARBIR PUN is a rifleman, and as proud of his bottle-green uniform and rifle tricks as any "green-jacket" in England. But it was no patriotism that called him to enlist in a Gurkha regiment, where he serves a foreign king, nor greed of pelf, mercenary though he be. 'Twas love of adventure pure and simple, excited to the point of action by the well-decorated tales of the recruiter, that led him, as they have led many another youngster, to seek service in a foreign clime. For, strange as it may seem to those whose daily doings require their presence within the small compass of the United Kingdom, the strut of the riband-bedecked recruiting sergeant in Whitehall finds a coloured echo in the wildest corners and edges of our vast Empire. But on the snowy uplands of Nepal, which give to the King's army some of the finest material that ever shouldered musket, the attractive uniform and gaudy cap streamers must of necessity yield place to suits of, perhaps, cotton made in Manchester. And the medals, of which assuredly there will be some, will be suspended ribandless from a cord hung round the neck as is the custom of the Indian soldier when in mufti. The reason is simple. Nepal is a foreign State, so jealous of her independence, so mindful of the manner in which other

once independent countries have been wooed and betrayed by a powerful neighbour in the guise of trade, that she guards her virginity with unceasing watchfulness. As the Gurkhas have it, "with the merchant comes the musket; with the Bible comes the bayonet." Thus trade from India is discouraged, no white man is allowed into the country, his Majesty's uniform may therefore not be worn, and the business of recruiting must, to a large extent, be accomplished secretly. But if, in this, the recruiter be handicapped, he finds compensation in the inconceivable ignorance prevalent in the more distant villages as to the conditions of a soldier's life, an ignorance of which we may be sure he, after the manner of his kind, takes full and every advantage. Evidence of this has often come to light, a notable instance being seen in the openly expressed discontent of a battalion newly raised some years ago, which desired to leave its cantonment *en masse* after pay-day because some 400 of the men had not received a quarter of the emoluments promised to them on enlistment.

But, however interesting to see the picture of a soldier's life as painted for the attracting of Narbir Pun, he was brought to a decision by its romantic and not its mercenary

side. According to the recruiter there was war—bloody war—in the making, the battalion would, of course, be sent to it; and to him would be given a rifle and ammunition with which to slay those hairy, thieving shaitans, tidings of whose devilry had penetrated even to his remote village. He would be able to treat them to the kukri, with which he was such an adept, and eventually their women and cattle would all pass into his possession. Was that not fine enough prospect for a simple-minded highlander, who till then had ruminated year in year out on little but his father's cattle, and whose measure all said and done was short of 5 feet 3?

Fair of countenance, his features were Mongolian—the flat, almost bridgeless nose, for all the world like a bit of putty carelessly flung on, telling of Mongoloid origin. A round, hairless face pitted by small-pox, not much to look at, but ever carrying upon it a grin which told of good-nature behind; and a mouth wont to expand whenever he was questioned. His intelligence, alas! was of the meanest order; but whose would not be who had to live twenty days distant from Katmandu towards the snows, and who was compelled to hibernate all the winter? Of education in the western sense he had none, and of companionship little save the cattle which in the summer he daily tended on the hillsides, and which in the winter he fed. But, though small in stature compared to long-legged men of the plains,

Narbir lacked nothing in physical strength, the calves of his legs having great girth from constant hill work and being hard as any oak. And his back and chest were broad and deep, though the lad was still short of full development.

Easy as was the decision to betake himself to far-away Hindustan and offer what there was of him to Mars, it was yet another matter to put the plan successfully into execution. Awkward preliminaries required to be settled beforehand and of these the first was not the least, being nothing more nor less than the running away by stealth from the little wooden, stone-roofed house that had been to him a home for seventeen summers, and putting considerable distance between him and it ere the possibility of discovery. Were his plans to become known, down would fall his castles in the air—the greatest opposition and fuss on the part of his mother might be expected; while his quaint doll wife would never appreciate his point of view. However, the suitable opportunity was not long in the coming, and by making forced marches he and his wonderful friend of short acquaintance were able to slip away unhindered and down to the recruiting dépôt at Gorakhpur, where the raw article is received from Nepal in bulk to be handed out retail to the different battalions in India.

Long would Narbir have dreamed of the wonders of Gorakhpur had greater marvels not appeared in rapid

succession to supersede them. The horses, bungalows, railway, bazaar and, above all, the long white men whispered of to him as Sahibs, who appeared to dominate everything and everybody. Never had his mind conceived the like, nor would he have given credence to the telling. Truly fate had tumbled him into a fairyland, and for the nonce nothing afforded him greater pleasure than to sit on the railway fence and watch the noisy, snorting engine hauling its string of boxes; or from the hidden vantage of a tree to marvel at the strange doings in a Sahib's house. But, while yet other wonders were being discovered, he with a batch of twelve similar pudding-faced lads from Nepal were thrust into a box of that strange train and started on the journey of three days and nights to join their battalion. "Similar" is an apt description, for clever indeed is the European who on first acquaintance can see the difference between such puddings. Some during a span of years in contact with a Gurkha regiment are unable to overcome this difficulty.

In the passing of the first days after joining the battalion, during which one gifted with any brain would assuredly have been nervous, he could scarcely claim possession of his soul. For, when a nervy member of the "drill" was not bellowing at, and trying to teach him the soldier's manner of standing with his fellows in a line against the adjutant's coming inspection on the Mon-

day, he was subjected to a constant stocktaking like to prize cattle at a sale. Every Gurkha officer and non-commissioned officer in the battalion must apparently come to look at the last-arrived recruits and question them. Not that that greatly worried Narbir, for few were the questions that penetrated to his understanding. Had he, however, appreciated the object of it all he might well have taken interest in the proceedings, for the reason of the stocktaking was no more nor less than the keen competition between companies to secure the best recruits. But at this stage his understanding compassed little more than did the brain of the mouse-coloured "bail" wallowing in the sluggish stream hard by. And as a fact never had he heard the strange "kura" talked by the majority of his countrymen around him, who belonged to different clans and hid from different localities. Being of the Magar clan he talked the Magar kura, and understood but few words of the Gurung and other kura. This is not unusual in Gurkha battalions, and it takes more than the recruits' first year to teach them to speak and understand properly the Khas kura, which is supposed to be the "lingua franca" of Nepal, and is so of our battalions. Four characteristics alone were common to all—the round, hairless Tartar type of face; the square build and small stature; the little pigtail some six inches long that grows from the top of the head and is ever stuffed

away in under the cap; and last but not least, the kukri with knowledge of its use.

On the Monday, three days after his arrival, the last-joined batch was paraded at the orderly room for inspection by the adjutant, and each recruit was allotted to a company. And then the work began—the goose-step, gymnasium, turnings, simple movements, and other elementary yet essential groundwork of the soldier all the world over, whatever be his colour or his creed. And occasionally amongst this monotony of existence would be interlarded a day's shooting, when the raw article with a leavening of the trained would be taken out to beat the pheasant covers or walk up the quail for the Sahibs. Done mainly to accustom the wild man to the Sahib, these days are mightily popular for the free meal of game washed down with rum that invariably follows. Of the much that is done for the Empire on the barrack square, few save hard-working adjutants and their faithful staffs of drill-instructors know. Not alone is their work confined to drilling and developing the physique of the would-be target; theirs also is the duty of developing the intelligence of nature's "jungli" product, teaching the "lingua franca" of the particular unit and how to understand English words of command. Truly the wonders accomplished upon that square seem, when one's eye alights upon the finished article, to come nothing short of the miraculous. However, be that

as it may, this is no dissertation on the Empire's fashioning, nor is it necessary to follow the doings of Narbir Pun in his labours of the later weeks that saw the lengthening of February into July. Suffice to say that during all those months he never attended less than three parades a day; and when he and others of his batch were not actually upon the square, they were to be found gathered into the shade of a large and generous pipal tree, squatting in a circle, while a drill-instructor taught them to repeat parrot-like the parts of the rifle and English equivalents thereof.

July brought rumours of war, and was memorable therefore. The intention of the Sirkar to equip and despatch an expeditionary force to flatten out some dog-eating savages in their primeval forests bordering on Assam was announced, and the battalion thirsted to find itself among the chosen. During this period of regimental suspense, invariable consequence of war rumours, small groups of men might have been seen squatting in discussion, the topic of their deliberations being ever the chances of the battalion's selection. And well-nigh daily the subadar-major and the jemadar-adjutant, careless of their importunity, would question the adjutant at orderly room or guard-mounting as to whether nothing could be done to ensure the battalion's being chosen for the field. It is always so. It was the same during the early days of the war in South Africa, when the

Gurkha officers of Narbir's battalion daily solicited that the "Jangi lat Sahib" might be petitioned to send the battalion overseas to succour their brothers of the Scarlet Rifles and Gay Highlanders. Why were they not sent? What would their comrades in arms at Delhi, at Kandahar, at Dargai think if the regiment were not with them in the fight? How could they get on without them? Who would protect their camps from the sniper? And the true explanation, namely, that it was a white man's war, that the pride of this peculiar creature was to vanquish the foe with his own right arm whatever be the bill, and that the assistance of Indian troops, however desirable, was not politic, was greeted with a chorus of snorts. Nay, more. The subadar-major, Sirdar Bahadur, order of merit man, hero of many fights, and as gallant a soldier as ever took the field, spat upon the ground to express his feelings, the invariable action of the Gurkha when his scorn and indignation are aroused. They were not Indian troops, they were Gurkhalis, free men from the snowy ranges of Nepal; they had no more in common with the despicable, long-legged, skrimshanking men of India than the Sahibs. Had they not proved it in the Mutiny, when the battalion lost more at Delhi than any unit engaged, and wherever else the smell of powder called? Who classed them as Indian troops? Surely the King's cloth was not worth wearing, for now they scarcely

ever went on service. In the day of Roberts Sahib Bahadur it was all "larai" (war) and no "dikh" (worry); now the service was all "dikh" and no "larai." His sentiments were the sentiments of all. And now that hard knocks were once more in prospect, the Gurkha officers were again petitioning to receive their share.

However, to the joy of all and surprise of many, one muggy morning in the early days of August the great news was received that the battalion was nominated as a unit of the small force that was detailed to vindicate the King's honour in fever-stricken jungles; and from being a creditable descendant of Ananias, the recruiter that gathered Narbir in could have now, had he so wished, laid claim to second-sight.

But were the recruits to go? Yes, said the colonel; certainly take those who have passed their musketry. To leave them behind would break their hearts, whilst a month in the field with bullets on the move would inoculate them more with a sense of responsibility than twelve on the barrack square. So, as mobilisation was not to take place for yet another six weeks, those who had not passed the range should be put through their course as soon as possible and given the chance of accompanying the battalion. Thus on the glorious day on which the battalion marched out of its station on fighting bent, 35 of its complement of 720 were recruits of the year who,

though able to give and receive blows, to march and go hungry, were scarcely fit in all respects to take their place in the ranks as trained soldiers. The eternal language question and the dull understanding of the wild men of the snows were the trouble, for these deficiencies impeded woefully the proper performance of their guard duties.

From the day that Narbir took his place in his company on the mobilisation of the battalion, all went well until his second tour of guard duty, and then his trouble was discovered by the British officer of the day. The battalion, crocodile-like, was slowly paddling up the muddy waters of the mighty Brahmaputra in one of the river steamers, on its interminable journey to far-away Assam; and Narbir was posted as sentry on one of the drinking-water tanks. The British officer of the day, when going his rounds, told Narbir to repeat his orders. What was it the Sahib was asking him? He couldn't understand—and if he didn't say something he would surely be sent back to the dépôt. His orders? Oh—orders—to march about in a smart and soldierly manner, to—— Why was he placed on the water tank? What a strange question to ask—how should he know? the Naick had placed him there. And so all he did was to look at the Sahib and grin. The Sahib grew angry, said something quite beyond Narbir's comprehension to the Lance-

Naick of the guard, who in turn looked as if he would instantly make a meal of him.

What the British officer said to the Lance-Naick was, "Why the devil didn't you make that man understand properly the orders of his post? Have him brought up at orderly room to-morrow for slackness on guard duty." What he said later to the adjutant was, "Look here, old boy, those damned recruits of yours will let us in as sure as God made apples; put them on to continual guard duty till we reach the base, which will give them the best part of three weeks to learn the most important part of their work; or else to a moral certainty we'll have the camp rushed. I thought I knew something of Gurkhali, but that boy Narbir understands no known language."

So for the next few weeks Narbir and his fellows got their bellyful of sentry-go, while the sweat oozed out of their pudding-like faces and, trickling down, splashed on to and spotted their once clean khaki coats; and prickly heat enveloped them with a mantle of torment, bringing them to a worse condition than the highlander who is creditably supposed to have described himself as "itch a' itch." During the passing of these days to Narbir, as to other young soldiers who pass through the vale of the shadow, the gates of reality were opened and the glories of campaigning seemed diminutive. But, as with a wife so with active soldiering, both are taken for better or for worse.

His lack of intelligence, however, was to bring him yet further renown, and the way of its happening was thus. At one of the few stopping places on the monotonous up-river journey a dâk was received and with it copies of the Field Force standing orders, with which all ranks to take part in the expedition were to be made acquainted. These were duly explained to the men, assembled on the port side of the vessel, and on certain of the more important points, such as the treatment of captured prisoners, the double company commander thought fit to question them. Prisoners taken in the field were at once to be handed over to the nearest staff officer. Did they all understand? Yes. And then Narbir's smiling face interrupted the officer's line of vision. Did Narbir understand? Yes? "Well—tell us, Narbir, what would you do if you happened to take a prisoner?"

Silence reigned, to be broken only by the Gurkha company commander and the section commander coaxing him to an understanding of the Sahib's question. "Eh! 'choro,' now what have you just heard? What will you do if you come across a wounded 'dushman'?" Still no reply from the victim under examination, whose dull face showed no sign of life or understanding. And then, as the result of further coaxing, intelligence flashed across his countenance, his face lighted up, his mouth expanded in a wide grin; it was evident he

had remembered. Well—what would he do under the circumstances? Then triumphantly came the answer, "Hanla" (shoot him)!

The British officer laughed. The Gurkha officer, setting his teeth, barked awful ejaculations; the havildar pinched the lobe of Narbir's ear, pouring upon him the vitriolic vocabulary of the disgusted teacher, and Narbir's face again grew sad, dull, and void of expression. But he was to have another chance, he had not understood. He must think again; what would he do if one of the enemy unarmed came to him on sentry-go and offered to surrender? Again the same silence, the same absence of understanding in his face, the same coaxing by those around him. And then once more his face lighted up with the certainty of knowledge, and he uttered the one word, "Marla" (cut him down)! It were best on this occasion to lower the curtain on the scene that followed, for Narbir's discomfiture was absolute and complete.

Being interested in the lad, the double company commander used often after that to take particular notice of him, and a few days later endeavoured to ascertain from him why he had come with the battalion, and if he knew whither he was going. What would he do when he got there? The eventual reply was but another monosyllable, "Lerla" (I am going to fight)! Of where he was, whither he had been travelling the past ten days,

or the reason of his coming, he knew naught. But somewhere and somehow he was going to fight something, and that was all he cared about or dreamed of. His was indeed a single-mindedness of purpose that was as simple as it was refreshing.

But although somewhat rare, his type was not new. Although the British officers, appreciating the weight that might fall upon any link of the chain on piquet duty, were nervous as to the possible performances of such lads, the Gurkha ranks, understanding more fully the capabilities of these dullards, were in no way pessimistic—showing in fact a cheerful optimism that seemed as careless as it was unnatural.

The base eventually reached, the battalion flung itself ashore, wading inches deep in feverish, stagnant mud, fertile breeding-ground of leeches and malaria, to the peculiar part of the swamp that was its portion, and in which it was to lie. Hard work followed, with ever a deluge from above to keep the men wet and remind them of the 700 inches that would fall ere the cycle of the year were traversed. Fatigues, grass-cutting, road-making, jungle-cutting, necessary preliminaries to the general forward movement, filled up every moment of the succeeding days; and Narbir took his share. On the march he might have been seen, wellnigh smothered with the multitude of equipment loaded upon him, in field-service dress, tramping along in single file, and plunging with a grin

of pleasure into the numerous streams that required fording, though their waters swallowed his small height even to the second button. And when the work in hand was hacking a track through the cruel jungle, it was evident that the estimate of the Gurkha ranks as to his capabilities had some foundation. On one occasion his double company commander let him loose at a clump of bamboos of a sixty-foot diameter, and the way the little fury unceasingly plied his kukri must have pleased the gods; and incidentally indicated that no slackster could claim him for a comrade. Possibly he was dull of comprehension, but his heart was rightly placed, and when all is said and done that is the most important essential for the rank and file on service.

The general advance commenced, and units marched to fill their parts in the strategic plan. His double company happened to be the first to take the field, and was the first rewarded by collision with the enemy. That was luck. It happened that the advanced guard, composed of his half-company, slipped into a cleverly laid ambushade to receive a shower of poisoned arrows. An irregular rattle of musketry was the reply, by which two savages swallowed more than they had bargained for, and paid a bloody forfeit for their temerity. Week telescoped into week, and long days were the product of the operations. But he was ever in his place, neither falling out

on the hardest days nor succumbing to the epidemic of virulent malaria that sapped his company of its strength and flied his older comrades with an awesome suddenness into the apology for an hospital, and, sometimes, the realism of the grave.

Daily was the enemy followed up into his fastnesses; daily were the forfeits paid in by him. But heavy was the toll levied of our splendid troops by his cursed malarial jungles. Yet the thinner the ranks grew the more determined became those in command by a more and more energetic offensive to bring the bloody business to an end. If the guerilla would not gamble for the issue in a ding-dong combat, then so harried must he be as to forfeit food and sleep. Every track must be followed up, every nullah visited. By separating, co-operating, concentrating, by moving night and day, by a relentless and unceasing offensive, the land must be cleared of his raiding-parties. White troops, with their superior western intelligence, would have been as ill able to play this game as a landsman to navigate a ship; but the Gurkha, born woodsman and shikary, took to it as a duck to water. In pursuance of this plan of operations, a company, when on a distant sweep one day, found itself bang up against a stockade which, from the crest of the hill, emitted poisoned arrows and vomited rocks down the khud with most inhospitable intent.

No time to count the cost on such occasions, and so, according to the custom of the regiment, the leading men, of whom Narbir, less pudding-faced than of yore, was one, rolled at and over it with an angry snarl, sending more naked savages to pay their long account and squirting lead at the backs of those that ran. A burned village, a variety of loot lifted, and then away home, some eight hours' climbing over the miles that stood on end, just to teach the enemy, if naught else, the mobility of the Maharani's men. By reason of the great effort demanded of the men's endurance, that day will long be fresh in the minds of those who shared its glories, for it was perhaps the hardest in the campaign. And yet on the return journey, not content with the 55 lb. of dead-weight that he carried up and down those pathless khuds, Narbir might have been seen bearing on his shoulders a well-grown looted goat. The lad's capabilities were outweighing his limitations, and these, great as they had been, were vanishing as his intelligence rapidly developed in the hardships of the field. He had become a man that day; of that there was no doubt. Hard knocks are ever the best instruments with which to fashion men in haste, and bare two months on service had worked miracles with him.

The ball was kept ever moving. Daily small parties issued from the post to scour the country far and wide, to harry and to kill. To-day a piquet

was surprised and punished, huts set alight and crops destroyed. Yesterday a runner carrying 350 poisoned arrows for the front was laid out in the old, old manner. The day before an ambuscading party had been ambuscaded to their infinite discomfiture in this life and glorious entry into the next. Indeed, what better way of entering upon the new estate than heralded with the music of battle and in company with the brave? And every now and again, when cleaning up the country against the coming of the King's rule, a bigger haul would come within the compass of the net. And it was done in this wise. The devilish brain of the man who thought would prepare a "sanctity"—that is to say, would so arrange that the nullahs around the cultivation of a destroyed hamlet should for a fortnight be avoided by his patrols. The villagers would assuredly sneak back to their fields and erstwhile happy home; and, being undisturbed, what more likely than that they would collect? Then on a wetter evening than usual, when all wise men should be snug abed, out would go the fiat to draw that sanctity. Parties would slip out silently at dusk, lie out in the pouring rain and fever-full jungle; and then in the sleepest hours of the comfortless wet dawn, when the sluggard prefers his bed to chance of death, Mars, the omnipotent and ever greedy, would demand his sacrifices. Surely of all varieties of campaigning, guerilla war-

fare in fever-stricken jungles is the worst, so demoralising to fine troops, so wasteful of good material, so seemingly unsuccessful. While men are ever marching, marching, marching on empty stomachs, breaking their way through precipitous and wellnigh impenetrable jungles, fired on again and again by an unseen foe, theirs is never the reward of a big engagement to cheer the heart to further effort. And yet it is necessary, for if an enemy refuses to submit, sprinkles himself over vast areas of dense see-saw jungle, and announces a determination to continue hostilities indefinitely, what other way is there of forcing upon him the King's pleasure?

After some weeks of this "mop up" policy, however, the enemy began to feel to so great an extent the pinch of hunger and devastation of death, that what was left of him concluded discretion and distance the wiser part than valour. No naked, treacherous savage like unto himself was he now up against, but a hitherto unmet adversary of iron, with a relentless mobility and careless disregard of person undreamed of. A sledgehammer, ever and at all times, whose blows were as irresistible as unexpected. So he abandoned the offensive in that portion of the country, and in consequence thereof the somewhat gaunt and haggard column was switched across the mountains to pursue its activity in virgin jungles of another district, where credit-

able information placed large bands of more truculent and hitherto untouched tribesmen, rumoured to intend to stand behind carefully prepared defences. So Narbir's double company, which had the good fortune in this little war ever to be given the front seat, despatched its sick and wounded on a giddy journey pick-a-back to the base, and strode with what remained of it over hill and dale to a new locality.

Little leisure had Narbir in which to take stock of his new surroundings or become acquainted with the other units of the column of which his double company now formed a portion. On the night of his arrival he was detailed for piquet duty, and it was one of little sleep, for on this side of the country the enemy, on the off chance of trussing some one, was impudent enough to fire his arrows from out of the black beyond of a moonless night into the sleeping camp. Dreaded messengers of pain those winged bamboo shafts may well be called, for it was their wont in full silence to find a target while none knew of their start in quest of prey. On this particular occasion groans in one corner of the camp gave notice of the work accomplished, for they proceeded from a sleepy follower awakened by an arrow passing noiselessly through his thigh and pinning him to the ground. Oh! irony of fate, amidst a wealth of hundreds to choose this man—a "dhobie!" For to cut down to the minimum

the number of *les bouches inutiles*, the presence at the front of dhobies and other necessary evils of cantonments had been forbidden by the officer in supreme authority. But the commander of the unit to which this washer of clothes belonged, deeming cleanliness apparently to be of greater import than obedience, smuggled the creature up with his unit, trusting that the presence of one so insignificant would remain unknown. And here the devil with interference diabolical had picked him out for unavoidable notoriety. 'Tis ever thus in things both great and small; however cute the brain that organises evil, there will invariably be found some quite irresponsible instrument to give away the sinner.

On the following day every available man of Narbir's double company moved out to reconnoitre the enemy's stronghold, a well-constructed stockade, flanked on one side by an impassable river and on the other by a lofty, precipitous, jungle-clad peak. Here, after long months of sweeping, local conditions justified the hope of at last giving the concentrated enemy such a lesson as would descend to the fourth and fifth generations of his yet unborn. And Narbir was detailed for it, though, having just come off piquet, his was the right, if any had a right, to sleep. But on service "every available man" is no empty saying, and 'tis prodigious what men can do when exhilarated by the glorious expectancy of battle.

Of the reconnaissance he saw but little, as, being but a pawn, he was pushed aside to guard with eagle eye, charged magazines and "fixed swords," an inlet from the jungle on to the track, the enemy's custom of rushing the column from such side-paths having been inoculated into all by more than one ugly experience. That night he slept motionless and dreamless on the hard but hospitable ground, worn out little soldier that he was, despite the fact that the expectancy of fighting was predominant in every mind. But while he slept others were working—to wit, the staff officer of the column, whose primary duty on most occasions was never to want sleep and always to smile; and the indefatigable sapper men, who for seventy-two hours had unceasingly battled with the river in their determined effort to bridge it with a cable, preliminary to raft-work. At length, however, they broke the will of that haughty torrent those mighty men of skill, and then all waited for the flag to drop. The detailed plan of the ensuing operations needs not the telling here, for with Narbir's double company alone are we concerned. This, contrary to the customary principles of war, was destined to be broken up, so that while one company found itself in orders for the front-door entrance, Narbir's company was detailed to form part of the right flank attack on the farther bank of the river. Accordingly at dusk

the next evening it might have been seen silently issuing from the bivouac's prickly perimeter and sliding down to the waters 800 feet below, where it was delivered over to the sapper man to be flung in packets across the ocean wave into dark, ominous jungle, where might or might not be concealed a foe-man behind every tree. It was eerie work—all night operations are,—for the awesome silence of the darkness as well as of the troops is full of an expectancy that is, to say the least, uncanny. The plan was to cross under cover of darkness, silently to creep north along the farther bank and, when abreast the enemy's stronghold, to lie concealed until the critical hour of dawn, when at a prearranged signal all columns would co-operate and the trouncing would commence.

Silently, silently, silently that thread of beads on business bent trickled, now straight, now curved, gradually breaking away from the river bank through the dense forest. The occasional noise of the rattle of accoutrements here or the thud of a falling man there intensified the silence which, to nerves keenly on the alert for the unexpected, was pregnant with the unknown. A one-man track of sorts existed, and as no advance had been anticipated by the enemy, it was not blocked or barricaded; but it is scarcely easy merely to walk at night in the black darkness of the jungle, when the slanting path dips and

bends under branches and at every yard gives birth to roots that protrude and trip. Then away out of the forest and across a bit of open sward, while a watery moon broke from its guardian cloud. Word to "unfix swords" was at once passed along the column, lest glint of steel betray the work to any hostile eye. Then another plunge into the jungle and night while the column falls ever forward.

Bang, bang, crash, bang, a cataclysm of noise bursting into a rattle of musketry as the God of battles substitutes the side drums for the big. Cheers, some shouting, individual shots, the whistle to cease fire, and, to those nearest this tangle of black confusion, groans and screams of the stricken in the *mêlée*. What had happened and where? who had fired first? how many of the enemy were around and where? As ever the case, the wildest and most incomplete stories, always grossly exaggerated, passed up and down the line. Over in a moment although such happenings are, the unravelling of the truth is never easy where all is darkness and men can scarce pass each other on the track. But Narbir's double company officer, for his company was the centre of the storm, soon pushed his way back to the place, electric torch in hand. Here it was made plain that a band of savages, who had evidently been lying in wait on the higher side of the khud, had

suddenly plunged from out the jungle and broken through Narbir's section, shooting, shouting, and at the same time slashing with their swords. The work of a moment and they had disappeared below. Blow, thrust, and bullet had been given in exchange, and now the men with nerves strained to the utmost were glaring into the dark expecting all things. What is the damage? Any one missing? Where is the section commander? Then gradually the tale unfolded. Four men were missing, including the recruit Narbir. One, a bullet through his groin, lay face downwards on the path, which was slowly changing colour; another, unhurt, held up for inspection the butt of his rifle, sliced through by a sword-cut, as if a piece of cake. Search for the others must be made below the path; and the British officer, calling four men to follow, at once plunged downwards. Almost immediately he came upon the bodies of two of the enemy, one already across the rubicon, the life of the other fast ebbing. Close to them lay two dead Gurkhas, two of the best lads in the company. Who was that calling—hark?

"E-i-g-h!! Ranbir; Narbir, o-h-h!!"

And then back came an answer from some fifty yards farther down. Some life at any rate was there, and, be it hoped, less mangled.

The party slithered downwards to find recruit Narbir

Pun standing astride the dead body of another Gurkha, with "swords fixed" and rifle at the "charge." Here the ground was opener and less steep. Close to him lay three of the enemy, and none of them pretty to look upon. He was unhurt. Then it slowly transpired that when the enemy broke through his section, and friend and foe had flashed downwards with the suddenness of the onslaught into the darkness of the khud below, he had heard Ranbir Gurung call for help. Whilst the remainder of the company had anchored on the path waiting for the unknown to happen, he had quietly slipped into the jungle after him, only to find him sore wounded and in death grips with one of the enemy. Speedily receiving settlement with the butt of Narbir's rifle, the latter was flung aside after the fashion of a weed, whilst over his dying comrade Narbir mounted guard against the dark unknown. Two more of the enemy hurled themselves upon him in swift succession, but each was tumbled over, his journey done, the one with a bellyful of steel, the other nigh cleft in twain with a kukri cut. Tame though such deeds appear in the telling, they were superlatively gallant, for to separate from the safety of numbers and to penetrate alone and unsupported the dark hostile jungle was no small thing. But there, without a moment's hesitation, the lad had gone to save his comrade's life, careless if in the going his too were

forfeit. And there till succour came he had intended to remain. A gallant act, deserving of commendation, and it showed that the recruit of limited intelligence had developed mentally as well as physically in the hardships of the field. Throughout the short period of campaigning had he not more than done his share, evidencing the statements of his kin as to his capabilities being great?

The operations of that day were duly carried to their intended conclusion, the stockade was captured with small loss to the attack, and the foe was fitly trounced as, please God, will ever be the fortune of the King's enemies. Within a month the guerilla was soliciting peace on His Majesty's terms, and the cessation of hostilities was announced. After collision with an enemy, when there are casualties to the King's men, be it a hard-fought action or merely a border scrap, the custom of the service is that a description of the affair shall be reported. So it came to pass that after the night affair above related a telling of the circumstances was forwarded to the officer in supreme command, in which the soldierly conduct of Rifleman Narbir Pun was brought particularly to notice for commendation. Proud indeed was little Narbir, as can easily be imagined, and so too were all ranks of the regiment when this became public property. Especially pleased were those who had

known the lad's early tribulations and endeavours. But the summit of his delight was reached some few months later when the Sirkar gazetted its intention to bestow on him the coveted "bahaduri." Had he not enlisted, become a rifleman, gone on service with the regiment, and gained the highest distinction obtainable by a soldier? and all within the cycle of a year. Good going indeed, and the light shone brightly on the lad's future.

A few months later, when the token of his gallantry was pinned on to his ragged khaki coat by the general before the brigade assembled, he little resembled the awkward putty-faced simpleton who, but a few months since, had gazed at the wonders of Gorakhpur. The once stupid, pudding-faced

recruit was now the envy of the battalion, for in this little war only two other "bahaduris" had trickled into possession of the corps. Nevertheless his mind had not been tainted by success, and when last his double company officer chatted to him of the future, the lad confessed to having only two ambitions, as humble as they were proper. Of these, one is to go again on service as soon as possible, the other to become a member of the drill—fine wishes for a soldier lad, betokening as they do keenness, love of work, and a determination to succeed. On the lap of the gods, alas! the first must ever lie; but the latter, which is in the boy's own management, bids fair to reach fulfilment.

DOWHILL.

THE TWO SHIPS NAMED *GREAT HARRY*.

ON August 10, 1512, the *Regent*, the then largest ship in the English navy, was lost in a desperate fight off Brest, in which she and her opponent, the French *Cordelière*, took fire and burned side by side.

To replace the *Regent*, Henry VIII. determined to construct as the principal unit of his fleet a warship of unprecedented size and strength, which should effectively uphold his dignity as sovereign of the English seas. The new ship was accordingly designed to combine impressive appearance with great fighting power. For superiority in a hand-to-hand conflict such as that which had ended the *Regent's* career, huge fore- and aft-castles, crammed with light guns and small-arm men, were still considered a necessity. In addition, a new idea, which seems, although the evidence upon the subject is far from complete, to have been of English origin, was given prominence in the design. This was that guns might be used for battering and sinking the enemy's ship in addition to merely sweeping his decks, as had been the ancient practice. The new warship was therefore armed with a number of heavy weapons, as well as with the usual light pieces mounted

in the upper works. This tendency is observable in the construction of warships from the very beginning of the reign, and was possibly Henry's own contribution to the development of naval warfare.

Work on the new ship was commenced on October 3, 1512. She is said to have been designed by Robert Brygandine,¹ the Clerk of the King's ships, but there is no doubt that Henry himself took an especial interest in her from the beginning. Of the necessary timber—3739 tons in all—more than half was presented by rich persons and religious houses,² the remaining 1752 tons costing £438. Although the work was pushed without intermission, the ship was not actually afloat and rigged until the middle of 1514. The total expense of her construction, including that of three small "galleys," probably pinnaces or large ship's boats, then stood at £7708, 5s. 3d. Of this amount, materials accounted for £3531; wages, £2192; and victuals for workmen, £1970. The principal items under the heading of materials, in addition to timber as stated above, were: iron, wrought and unwrought, £409; brass, £243; coal, £134; and cordage, £969.³ Another document states the grand

¹ A letter written in 1516 refers to him as "he that made the King's great ship" (Lodge, 'Illustrations of British History,' i. 12).

² M. Oppenheim, 'Administration of the Royal Navy,' p. 53.

³ 'Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.,' I., No. 5228.

total to have been £8745, 7s. 6d. The discrepancy is probably accounted for by the fact that one sum includes the cost of ordnance while the other does not.

All fittings and accessories were on the most lavish scale, and it is evident that the ship was intended to be something more than an ordinary warship. She was to express in material form the new spirit of mastery of the sea and pride in the navy which it was ever the aim of the Tudor sovereigns to develop in the national mind. The King himself treated his warship almost as one of his palaces. He was fond of inspecting her; he received foreign ambassadors on her decks; he dined in her cabin before sending her out to meet the French. The expenditure on purely decorative objects emphasises this view of her significance. In the spring of 1514, when she was approaching completion, John Brown, the King's painter, supplied the following articles: a great streamer for the mainmast, 51 yards long, £3; another streamer, 30 yards long, £1; ten banners, each 5½ yards long, £2 apiece; ten flags with crosses of St George, 10d. apiece. Again, on June 2 of the same year, Vincent Vulp or Fox, painter, was paid £112, 19s. 8d. for streamers and banners painted by him for the same ship.¹

Long before her completion

she appears in the lists of ships which were drawn up in connection with the French war then in progress. At first the King was undecided as to her name: it was doubtless felt that the occasion demanded something of greater significance than the somewhat banal titles usual for the ships of the time. In a list of December 1512, at which date her keel could barely have been laid down, she appears as the *Gret Carrik*, *Gret* being corrected to *Imperyall* in Henry's own hand.² Next, in April 1513, she is called the *Henry Imperiall*. In this list she is described as of 1000 tons, with Sir William Trevenyan as captain with 400 soldiers, and John Toborrow as master with 300 mariners.³ But these details were entirely imaginary. The tonnage in particular shows how little advanced was her construction, for when finished she was found to be of 1500 tons, and is uniformly so described until the end of her career twenty-five years later. Sir William Trevenyan was actually serving at the date in question as captain of the *Gabriel Royal*; while the fact that no wages were allowed for the soldiers and mariners proves that they existed merely on paper and not in the flesh. In documents of the early part of 1514 it becomes apparent that the name *Henry Grace à Dieu* had been finally decided upon. The casual orthography of the time

¹ 'Letters and Papers,' I., No. 4954. 'Stowe MSS.,' 146, contains the original accounts for these flags and also details of many other accessories of the ship.

² 'Letters and Papers,' I., No. 3591.

³ Ibid., No. 3977.

provides many variations, such as *Henry Grace Dieu*, *Henry Grace de Dieu*, *Dieu*, or *Dewe*, *Herry Grace Dieu*, *Great Herre*, *Thary Grace Dieu*, &c., and she is frequently referred to simply as the *Harry*. The form which seems to have the greatest authority from official usage is *Henry Grace de Dieu*. There had been two previous ships in the navy named the *Grace Dieu*, one in the time of Henry V. and another built by Edward IV.

A list of wages for the fleet for the month April 25 to May 22, 1514, opens with the *Henry*: captains, Sir Thomas Wyndham and Sir Edward Dunne; four petty captains, 500 soldiers, 500 mariners, and 60 gunners.¹ But the sums for wages are not filled in as for the other ships, the inference being that no crew was in fact appointed. Wyndham was at the time serving as captain of the *Sovereign*. The nature of the work actually being done upon the new ship is indicated by an application from Nicholas Ryng, the master-gunner, for payment for 28 gunners employed from April 6 to May 6 in making gun-stones and casting pellets for her ordnance.²

The payment of wages for work on the *Harry* ceases on July 6, 1514. She was presumably afloat some time before this, for on June 13 the ceremony of "hallowing"

was performed, the King making an offering of 6s. 8d. The sum seems rather ludicrous, but from several entries in the Privy Purse accounts it is evident that this was a standard donation for such occasions. A great reception was held on board the new leviathan, an account of which is contained in a letter from de Pleine and Colla, the imperial envoys, to their master Maximilian: "We visited the most serene King of England, and found him on Tuesday in his great new ship of 1500 tons, which was dedicated that day with the greatest triumph. We saw in the same ship the Queen and the most illustrious princess the Lady Mary, the papal ambassadors, many bishops, and a great number of nobles of every rank. We were received in an honourable and friendly manner by the King, Queen, and Princess, and his Majesty conducted us through his ship, of which we believe the equal in size cannot be found; and it is fitted with an enormous number of guns. In the top (*una*, Fr. *hune*), at the summit of the mainmast, there are 80 serpentes and hackbuts, in the ship itself there are seven decks (*septem mansiones*), one above the other."³ This passage, convincing as regards the ceremony, is somewhat unsatisfying as a description of the ship. One can imagine that

¹ 'R.O., S.P. Hen. VIII.,' sect. 8, ff. 111-125.

² 'Letters and Papers,' I., No. 5774.

³ J. Godefroy, 'Lettres de Louis XII.,' iv. 328.

a correspondent writing to Henry himself about a new warship would have been required to be more precise.

There is nothing else in existence to give any idea of the appearance of the first *Great Harry*, with the exception of the painting at Hampton Court showing Henry embarking at Dover in 1520. The claims of this picture to authenticity will be discussed later. It depicts a large, four-masted ship, with lofty, overhanging poop and forecastle pierced with several rows of ports, some circular for the smaller guns, others of $\square$ -shape and evidently intended for the use of archers and hackbuteers. Lower down are a few square ports with lids for the heavier pieces, but this part of the picture is very indistinct.

Of the rigging a complete inventory exists, taken in 1514,¹ and showing that there were four masts in addition to a bowsprit carrying a square spritsail. The foremast, main-mast, and main mizzen carried topmasts and topgallant-masts each with its sail. The bonaventure mizzen had a topmast only. The sails of the fore- and main-masts were square, those of the two mizzens being lateens.

Of the armament three lists are to be found, one of which professes to give the distribution of the various pieces. The first, a receipt by William

Bonythan, the purser, for a number of guns delivered by Cornelius Johnson the King's iron gun-maker, is incomplete, accounting for only 165 pieces.² The second³ and third,⁴ both drawn up in 1514, differ by only one gun, the former giving a total of 194 and the latter 195. They may thus be taken as approximately correct. The numbers and distribution of the guns at the time of the ship's completion were as follows: In the forecastle, 34 serpentines, 3 stone guns, 12 great pieces of iron called murderers; in the waist, 29 serpentines, 6 great guns of iron of Flemish and Spanish manufacture; by the rudder, 7 serpentines; on the lower deck, 20 serpentines; on the second deck, 36 serpentines, 18 stone guns, 2 great iron stone guns, 4 vice pieces, 6 brass falcons, 1 fair piece of brass of Aragonese making, 1 iron sling, 2 great brass culverins, 1 brass curtall, and 1 brass bombard. In the great boat were 9 serpentines and 2 falcons. This list is far from satisfactory, as it does not apparently account for the armament of the poop, and it is impossible to say what is precisely meant by the lower deck and the second deck. One would certainly expect to find the heavy weapons carried low down. As regards the guns themselves, it is difficult to state the sizes of the various kinds mentioned. In a time

¹ 'Chapter House Bks.' vol. xiii. Printed in Oppenheim, *op. cit.*, App. A.

² 'S.P. Hen. VIII.,' sect. 7, f. 175.

³ *Ibid.*, f. 179 b.

⁴ 'Inventory,' Oppenheim, pp. 379, 380.

of development of artillery, types were constantly changing and nomenclature did not keep pace with invention. Consequently the same name is found to be applied to widely different pieces at different periods of the sixteenth century. The same names were also used for different weapons at the same time, according as they were intended for land or sea service. All that can be laid down with certainty is that serpentines as used at sea were light pieces, stone guns and falcons were of medium weight, and culverins, curtalls, and bombards were reckoned as heavy weapons. The other types mounted in the *Harry* defy classification, although some would appear to have been large. A contemporary list of guns for land service says that the culverin was a 20-pounder and the curtall a 60-pounder, while the bombard fired a 260 lb. missile.

The French war ended in June 1514, and so for some years after her completion the *Harry* lay idle in the Thames, tenanted only by a few ship-keepers under the command of the master, Thomas Spert. An undated paper, evidently not much later than 1514,¹ relating to some of the King's ships, states that she was then riding at Northfleet where she cost yearly £200 in wages and more than that in stores; and that it would be advisable to make a dook for her at Erith at an

estimated cost of £600. Some pains were taken to keep her and other ships of the Navy in good condition, and a steady supply of stores—cables, tar, &c.—is accounted for in the official papers of the time.² In 1518 there was an outburst of naval energy, the *Great Harry*, the *Gabriel Royal*, and the *Katherine Fortune* being brought out of Erith, rigged and caulked, and taken to Northfleet, but they were soon back again at Erith,³ and there the *Harry* remained until the outbreak of Henry VIII.'s second French war in 1522.

In that year an English fleet cruised in the Channel under the command of Sir William Fitzwilliam. Although ill equipped, it was of formidable size, and, the French having made no adequate naval preparations, it found no enemy to fight. The *Great Harry* was fitted out and went to sea with this fleet, although the *Mary Rose*, a smaller and handier craft, was used as flagship. The *Harry's* crew and their wages are set forth at length in a paper which has been erroneously calendared under the date 1513.⁴ A consideration of the persons named in it leaves no room for doubt that it relates to 1522. The details are as follows: The *Henry Grace de Dieu*, 1500 tons; Sir John Wallop and Sir John Wiseman, captains, for their diet for one month (28

¹ 'Royal MSS.,' 14 B. xxii. D.

² 'Exchequer T. R. Misc. Bks.,' vol. x. *passim*.

³ 'Letters and Papers,' II., No. 4606 and p. 1480.

⁴ 'Royal MSS.,' 7 F. xiv., f. 138.

days), £4, 4s.; Robert Basford and Isley, petty captains, either of them at 12d. by the day, 56s.; 350 soldiers (at 5s. per month), £87, 10s.; Thomas Spert, master, 5s.; 500 mariners (at 5s. per month), £125; 50 gunners (at 5s. per month), £12, 10s.; 46 deadshares,¹ £11, 10s.; rewards to gunners, £4, 10s. 10d.; 2 surgeons, 23s. 4d. Totals—men, 907; month's pay for the ship, £246, 13s. 2d.

Fitzwilliam reported that the *Harry* sailed as well as any ship in the fleet. On June 8, she suffered some damage in a gale in the Downs, and soon afterwards it was decided to lay up the larger vessels until the following year. Since the French had made no effort to contest the command of the Channel it was needless to keep a great fleet at sea, and this economy was justified by the fact that the Earl of Surrey's crossing for the invasion of Picardy in August was unopposed. For some unexplained reason it was declared to be dangerous to take the *Harry* back to the Thames at this time, and after the Camber and Dartmouth had been examined and rejected, it was decided that she should lie at Portsmouth. A letter from Surrey to Wolsey describes the precautions adopted to preserve her from a sudden raid by the French:—

"As touching the laying of the great ship at Portsmouth, I have, according to your commandment, appointed—of the tallest mariners in her, and fifty gunners, and fifty of John Flemmyng's soldiers to remain in her, and the said John Flemmyng to be captain in her. Also I have appointed two barks of fifty tons apiece to be running off and on without the Isle of Wight to see if any enemies would come to make any enterprise on them; they to give warning to that Isle, and they of the Isle to make fires so that, the same being perceived by them at Portsmouth, the country may come to the rescue. And the said two barks shall put the King's Grace to no charge but only tonnage,² for they shall have [men] and victuals of the *Henry Grace à Dieu's* complement."³

The *Harry* remained at Portsmouth during the remainder of the war, the naval importance of which dwindled in 1523 and entirely expired thereafter, although peace was not signed until 1525. It was the custom to keep large warships in dry dock when not in use, the masts being taken out and the hull housed over as a protection against weather. In 1527 a dock was accordingly made at Portsmouth for the *Harry* at a cost (with some necessary fortifications) of 1000 marks (£666).⁴ Dry docks of this period were not made with gates, but the entrance was closed by a solid mound of earth which had to be dug away when the ship was to be released. In the

¹ Deadshares were pay allowed for men in excess of those actually on the books, and were used to augment the pay of the master and petty officers, who otherwise drew only as much as a sailor, i.e., 5s. per month.

² The State hired privately owned ships at 3d. per ton per week.

³ 'Letters and Papers,' III., No. 2320.

⁴ 'Augmentation Off. Misc. Bks.,' vol. 317, f. 26.

present case the water on several occasions broke through the earthen mound, and payments for its repair are recorded. Another paper of 1527 shows the *Harry* to have been in the care of eight ship-keepers.¹ Eleven other ships of the fleet were also laid up at the same place, and the development of Portsmouth as a naval base received a great impetus at this time. In the last French war of the reign it became of paramount importance.

At Portsmouth the first *Great Harry* was destined to remain for the rest of her life. After 1525 England enjoyed nearly twenty years of peace, although the progress of the Reformation evoked frequent threats of foreign intervention. The King by no means allowed his Navy to fall into decay, but his energy took the form mainly of building new ships and evolving new types, while the older vessels were allowed to moulder in comparative neglect. In the autumn of 1535 he visited Portsmouth and inspected his greatest ship. Soon afterwards he ordered that she should be equipped for sea on account of a war-scare with the Hanseatic League.² This is the last appearance of the old *Great Harry* on the page of history. Before the next four years had elapsed she had been broken up and a new

vessel had been constructed to bear the same name.

The building of the second *Great Harry* is not described so fully as that of the first in contemporary documents. There is no certain indication even of its date. It can only be said to have taken place between 1536 and the autumn of 1539. The evidence bearing upon it is as follows:—

In 1536 (month unknown), in a note of Thomas Cromwell's concerning things done by the King since the beginning of his administration, occurs the entry, ". . . he has purchased woods beside Portsmouth in Hampshire sufficient for the new making of the *Henry Grace à Dieu* and the *Great Galley*." The same paper shows the *Mary Rose* to have been already "new made," leaving the inference that work on the *Harry* had not yet been commenced.³

On March 7, 1538, there is a reference to the *Harry* as being at Portsmouth, although there is nothing to show whether the old or the new ship was meant.

On Sept. 29, 1538, payment was made to Henry Huttoft, customer of Southampton, of £1000 towards the new making of a certain ship for the King, the debt dating from March 8 of the same year.⁴ This may or may not relate to the *Harry*.

On Sept. 23, 1539, William

¹ 'S.P. Hen. VIII.' sect. 45, ff. 161-182.

² 'Letters and Papers,' IX., Nos. 467, 594.

⁴ 'Treas. Accts.,' No. 1, Pt. 1, m. 13.

³ Ibid., X., No. 1231.

Gonson, the civil administrator of the Navy, wrote to Cromwell that four ships from Portsmouth had come into the Thames, "which yesterday came into the Downs with the *Harry Grace Dieu*."¹ This definitely marks the completion of the building of the new ship.

As to the radical nature of the change which is the justification for contending that there were two ships bearing the name of *Great Harry*, there can be little doubt. The old ship was always, after her completion, described as of 1500 tons. The new one, as will be seen, was a ship of 1000 tons, and appears as such in all official lists. Such a difference in size must have been the result of something more than a mere rebuilding on the same lines; and, indeed, other instances exist to show that in the sixteenth century the phrase "new making" often meant that there was little more than the name in common between the new and the old craft. In the present case, also, the armament was entirely changed, and the new *Harry* was undoubtedly the expression of the most advanced stage then reached in the construction of "great ships." As a further proof that the new and the old *Harry* were regarded as distinct ships, a letter written from Portsmouth in 1544 may be quoted. It gives a list of guns at that port, including "four

bumbards and greate poorte peces that were made for the old Greate Henry, shooting xj. and xij. inchys high [i.e., of 11 and 12 inch bore.]"² Leland's 'Itinerary' also has a passage to the same effect. Speaking of Portsmouth, which he visited before 1542, he says: "About a quarter of a mile above this tower is a great dock for ships, and in this dock lieth yet part of the ribs of the *Henry Grace à Dieu*, one of the biggest ships that have been made in *hominum memoria*." As this was written before the death of Henry VIII., it cannot possibly refer to the ship which was burnt in the Thames in 1553.

The new ship was not immediately armed. In a list of ordnance in forts and ships of date Feb. 13, 1540, the *Great Harry* is returned as "not furnished."³ In 1542, Marillac, the French Ambassador, reported to his master that she was one of the finest vessels afloat, and was being laden with artillery and munitions of war. In the following year she is also spoken of in a letter from the Imperial envoy to Charles V. As finally equipped she carried 4 cannon, 3 demi-cannon, 4 culverins, 2 demi-culverins, 2 cannon-perers, 4 sakers, 2 falcons, 14 port-pieces, 4 slings, 2 demi-slings, 8 fowlers, 60 bases, 2 top-pieces, and 40 hail-shot pieces—a total of 151 guns, of which the 19 first mentioned were un-

¹ 'Letters and Papers,' XIV., Pt. 2, No. 213.

² Ibid., XIX., Pt. 1, No. 719.

³ 'Exchequer Accts.,' Bundle 60, No. 3.

doubtedly heavy weapons.¹ According to Elizabethan nomenclature, the weight of shot of the cannon was 60 lb., the demi-cannon 30 lb., cannon-perer 24 lb., culverin 18 lb., demi-culverin 9 lb., and of the saker 5 or 6 lb. Port-pieces, fowlers, bases, slings, and hail-shot pieces were for fighting at close quarters. Some of them were so mounted as to sweep the decks of their own ship for the purpose of repelling boarders.

The second *Harry* was completed just in time for the third and final French war of Henry's reign, which broke out in 1544. Naval operations against Scotland had been in progress in the previous year, but the "great ships" were not employed in this service. There is no record that either of the *Great Harrys* ever went north of the Thames. In 1544 there was no naval fighting of importance, but in the following year both England and France strained all their resources to concentrate huge fleets in the Channel. The *Great Harry* became the English flagship at Portsmouth, and appears in two lists of 1545, once as of 1000 tons and 800 men, and again as of 1000 tons and 730 men.² She took part in the long-range engagement outside Portsmouth on July 19, and also in the action off Shoreham on August 15. On the latter occasion she is said to have

inflicted severe damage on the French galleys. In 1546 a fleet list drawn up in March includes the *Harry*, again described as of 1000 tons.³ But her war services were now over. Peace was signed in the summer of 1546, and she never again went to sea at the head of an English fleet.

During the reign of Edward VI. the *Harry* lay continuously in the Thames or Medway. A list of the fleet drawn up on January 5, 1548, includes: The *Henry Grace à Dieu*, at Woolwich, 1000 tons; soldiers, 349; mariners, 301; gunners, 50; brass pieces, 19; iron pieces, 103.⁴ It will be noticed that the number of guns had been reduced by 29 since the war, which had probably demonstrated the superfluity of many of the smaller pieces. The crew described were not, of course, at this time on board, the numbers mentioned being those necessary on mobilisation. Shortly afterwards the ship was re-named the *Edward*, appearing under this name in a list of May 22, 1549.⁵ The tonnage and crew are as given in the previous list. She was at this date at Gillingham, the new naval station which the Government was forming in the Medway. Once more she stands, still as the *Edward*, at the head of a list dated August 26, 1552. Against her name and those of some other ships is written: "All these ships

¹ 'Pepysian MS.,' printed in 'Archæologia,' vi. 216.

² 'Letters and Papers,' XX., Pt. 1, No. 543 and Pt. 2, No. 27.

³ Ibid., XXI., Pt. 1, No. 498.

⁴ 'Archæologia,' vi. 218.

⁵ 'Lansdowne MSS.,' 2, f. 69.

are in good case to serve so that they may be grounded and calked once a year to keep them tight.”¹ Her locality at this time is not stated, but from the above note it may be inferred that she was afloat and not in dock.

Information as to her end is afforded by an entry in the diary of Henry Machyn, a citizen of London, which states that she was accidentally burnt on August 25, 1553, at Woolwich. Machyn speaks of her as the *Great Harry*. If she was afloat at the time it is just possible that her lower parts may have been left in the mud, but as no measurements whatever are known except her tonnage, their identification must be a matter of considerable difficulty. The tonnage itself is of little help, since the method of its calculation is by no means clearly understood.

The following is a list of the genuine and alleged representations of these two famous ships:—

1. The picture at Hampton Court representing the embarkation of Henry VIII. at Dover on the occasion of his journey to meet Francis I. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. This work was formerly thought to be by Holbein, but is now ascribed to Vincent Vulp or Fox, who supplied the flags, &c., in 1514. The picture represents the first *Great Harry* and other ships in the act of leaving Dover harbour. They are all very similar in design, with

towering poops and forecastles, and there is nothing to show that the *Harry* differed in anything but size from other first-class vessels. The sails are not correctly shown. It is certain that lateen sails were used on the mizzen-masts of ships of this time, but the painting shows square sails on all masts. It would seem that the artist took as his model a warship in harbour with her sails furled, when the difference between lateen and square sails would not be so apparent. In any case the picture does not represent the scene as it actually took place, for documents show that the *Harry* and other large ships were not in fact used on this occasion, the harbours at Dover and Calais being too shallow for them.

Copies of an eighteenth-century engraving of this picture are frequently to be met with, and show the details of the ships better than the original, which has evidently deteriorated since the engraving was made.

2. The coloured drawing by Anthony Anthony, a civil official of Henry's navy, made about 1545, and showing the second *Great Harry* at the head of a roll of the “great ships” of that date. The original is among the Pepysian MSS. at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and has been frequently reproduced. An engraving taken from it is in ‘*Archæologia*,’ vol. vi. This drawing may be considered as really authentic so far as gen-

¹ ‘Harleian MSS.,’ 354, ff. 90 b, 91.

eral proportions are concerned, but minor details are not clearly indicated. It shows that the second *Harry* was one of the older type of high-charged ships, shorter and more lofty than the galleasses with which Henry was then experimenting, and which were the prototypes of the nimble Elizabethan men-of-war.

3. In a contemporary painting, formerly at Cowdray House, representing the action at Portsmouth in 1545, the *Great Harry* appeared leading the English fleet out of Portsmouth harbour. The picture, however, was very crude and, as far as the ships are concerned, valueless as evidence of detail. The original was destroyed by fire at the end of the eighteenth century, but an engraving previously made by James Basire is to be seen at the British Museum.

4. A panel formerly at Canterbury Cathedral (reproduced in Laird Clowes' 'History of the Royal Navy,' i. 406).

5. A small painting in the museum at Greenwich.

6. An engraving by Allen, 1756 (reproduced in Charnock's 'History of Naval Architecture,' ii. 32).

7. An engraving by Canot, French, 1767 (reproduced in Pâris, 'Souvenirs de Marine,' iii. fig. 133).¹

Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 have all been commonly stated to be pictures of the *Great Harry*,

but none of them are in the least like Nos. 1 and 2, which are undoubtedly of contemporary origin. These four pictures show a vessel with several late Elizabethan characteristics, such as the low-built fore-castle with projecting beak-head (absent in 1 and 2), and a set of curious wooden turrets placed in pairs at the sides of the fore-castle and poop. These turrets are known to have been fitted to a few ships of the Armada period, and there can be no doubt that the pictures in question represent such a ship, possibly the *Ark Royal*. A daily paper recently reproduced one of these as the *Great Harry*, with the additional information that it was "after the original by Hans Holbein"!

8 and 9. Two models, one rigged, the other not, at Greenwich. They, like the four pictures last considered, are of an Elizabethan type of vessel. Their history is unknown, but they look as if they were based on the above pictures. They certainly do not represent either of the ships named the *Great Harry*.

Thus it may be concluded that only two genuine pictures of the *Great Harrys* now exist: the one, at Hampton Court, representing the first ship of that name, and the other, at Cambridge, depicting the second.

JAMES A. WILLIAMSON.

¹ See 'The Mariner's Mirror,' vol. ii. pp. 252 and 283.

THE NEW ROAD.

A ROMANCE.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE ESCAPE.

THEY could hear from the Black Isle shore the fiddle playing "Moidart Lasses" with a screech in the higher parts. "That man has a hack on his wee finger," Ninian said as he went down the ladder, drying his mouth like one who had been drinking.

"A bleak night, and a cold!" he said to the sailors. "There's something brewing, and it's well for us we have a shelter."

They scarce were down a minute when the two men from the cabin joined them, with a third they had not seen before, a lowlander who had been tending to the mate.

"If we had just the peats," said Ninian, "we were a *ceilidh*. My notion of a ship and she at anchor would be wind above that had no meaning man could guess, and below, good stories going, full of pith. Did'st ever hear the tale of Conal Crovi?"

"*Faoinsgeulachd!*—But emptiness and folly!" said the man who had the Book, and sighed.

Ninian never heeded him, but plunged into a story of a king of England's sons and a tenant, Conal Crovi; marvellous things that happened

them in Erin; a wedding lasting twenty days and twenty nights, and hearty work with swords. Never was a man more talented at telling; though in parts the tale was old to them—a story of the peat-fire and the winter they sat round him, squatting, like so many bairns, and gave themselves to every fancy. "*Sliochd! slachd!*" would he say when swords were slashing; little hurried bits he put in rhyme, and lilted; from isle to isle with him was but a spang, and even Æneas, every nerve of him on edge with expectation, lost at times his interest in the vessel's movements, not for any heed in what was told, but for surprise at Ninian's mastery of himself and of his hearers. It might have been a summer sheiling of the hills; the storyteller played on them as one would play on reeds; he seemed himself transported, clenching with his fists and scowling, whinnying like a horse when it came to Conal's stallions, high head and lofty speech for challenge and the talk of kings, and a mighty laugh for the binding of Conal Crovi. Had the width of the world been 'twixt him and things threatening, he could not have seemed more

at ease; but the sweat, as Æneas saw, was standing on his brow, and every heave the vessel gave more violent than usual lit his eyes.

It seemed a tale without an end. The Fraser, who came ben to listen, fell asleep, but all the rest, enchanted, hung on Ninian's lips, and Peter-son-of-James, his mouth wide open and his eyeballs staring, panted.

What Æneas expected from the cutting of the cable he had no clear notion, only that the strain should snap her tether and the wind, behind her, drift her in to shore. As time went on, and still the story ran, with nothing happening to change the nature of her swing, or of the sounds the water made against her hull, he grew despondent, thinking Ninian's plan had failed.

And then there came a lurch that stopped his breath—not great, but still enough to show the ship had sheered. She lay a little over, and the plowt of water altered.

The tailor raised his head. "Slack tide," said he, on thinking; back to his breeks again, and the tale went on more warm than ever.

Æneas sank again; in Ninian's manner nothing fed his hopes till of a sudden something scraped; the schooner shivered, and the cruse swung over.

'Twas not as if she had been stranded, but as if some wizard hand had caught her by the keel. Uprose the floor; below, the ballast rolled; the *Wayward Lass* careened.

"*A chiall!* she's grounded!"

someone cried, and they scrambled for the deck. Peter-son-of-James picked up the lantern, lit it at the cruse, and was the last to follow. They all poured out on planks steep-tilted; Æneas, but for Ninian's hand, would have lost his footing.

"I never was more put to it to keep story brisk," said Ninian, whispering. "I waited for that hemp to jerk the way a man would wait for hanging. But here she is ashore at last and neither her nor us the worse for it."

The ship was grounded eastward of the clachan, on a sandy bottom, where, at ebb, the spout-fish and the cockle might be gathered by the bairns. Between her and the shore the lantern lit a sea that frothed and broke with sounds that, with the piping of the rigging and the crew's commotion, gave to her situation a look of jeopardy more grave than Ninian suspected. She listed to her starboard, broadside to the land that was invisible; a sleet began to fall; upon her lifted parts the waves were thudding; at every thud she shook as if she had been kicked upon the buttocks, and below, loose dunnage made a noise.

At first her men seemed stunned and helpless. The giant Peter, in whose breast appeared some curious fondness for her, blubbered like a child, and cried continually, "*The bonny Lass! the bonny Lass!—she's gone!*" as though she were a sweetheart, or the home of his heredity. The rest in stupefaction clung to shrouds and gabbled Gaelic,

till the mate, a spectre figure in a shirt, came staggering from the cabin and assumed command.

They searched out somewhere in the hold a rusty chaffer that they filled with wood and fired. It stood upon the bows, and lit the whole ship up, and sometimes even gave a glimmer to the shore that looked forlorn and low. They stood together for a little in its smoke, and cried out loudly to the land.

The great moods come to us in curious places, in the most unlikely hours, and sometimes we will feel a grandeur that we share, in common things—to see a man plough on the hill against the cloud, or hold his face up to the buffet of the storm. A mood like that came now to Æneas, to hear the sailors cry out altogether for their fellow-men as from a pit, their faith in human aid enduring. To him the sea was strange; he had no share in Ninian's assurance that they might escape; the men's anxiety seemed very ominous, and yet he had no fears. He looked up at the tall spars of the vessel, slanted; at the sloping deck; the chaffer flaming, and the men, a knot together, roaring to the shore; he saw the frith boil round them, hissing, Ninian hanging to a pin, possessor of himself, and waiting, and his heart, that should be low, was high as if with drink. It seemed to him the one keen starry hour that he was born for. Something in him sang.

And then, in a moment, was the mood departed; he was

vexed to think a boat was killed.

He crept along the slanted deck to Ninian, and spoke to him. "I feel," said he, "as if we had done murder."

"As God's in heaven," said Ninian, "that is just what I was thinking to myself! It's not as if a boat could hit ye back. And a brave boat would she be, I'll warrant—just like a human body; many a storm! many a storm! . . . I wish I had thought of something else." And then he shook himself. "Tach!" said he, "the boat's no' ours nor of our clan. There's many another boat in Scotland. And she'll no' sink in the sand; she's no' a *brallach*. With any sense at all they'll get her off at spring-tide. If I could swim like you I wouldna bother. There's the shore."

The shore was there indeed, but growled inhospitable; only one light glimmered now in Clachnaharry, and the sailors bawled in vain.

"What better are we off?" asked Æneas, holding to his bonnet.

"Stop you a wee," said Ninian, "and I'll tell ye that!" The men were still a cluster at the bows, but now beyond the chaffer, where the windlass lay. He crept along the deck and down into the cabin where a light was burning; cast his eyes about; tossed up some bedding; searched a chest, and pounced at last upon Grey Colin thrust head-first into a barrel. "Ah! son of love!" said he with great delight, and thrust it in the belt that held his dagger.

He was not gone a minute,

but that minute changed the whole condition of affairs on deck. When he got back the bellowing of the men had now a menace: they had seen the cable. Though he had cut it underneath the serving, so that any scrutiny might fail to show it had been sundered otherwise than by the hawse-hole's chafing, something in the nature of the rupture hinted at the knife.

With savage cries they scrambled aft, the bellowing of Peter-son-of-James, who led them, loudest. The mate was in their midst with the lantern in his hand, a gruesome figure, with his white limbs showing; most of them had handspikes, picked up at the windlass. Their whole concern about the ship now seemed forgotten in their rage at their discovery. With the chaffer flaming up behind them they appeared like creatures born of fire. The ship careened so much they could not run, but crawled with awkwardness along the coamings of the hatch, or with one foot on deck the other on the bulwark.

Ninian stood at the cabin door with Æneas and the Fraser, who had just awakened, sober, from his sleep, and come on deck bewildered. They propped, to keep from slipping to the scuppers, with their feet against some ringbolts, dubious at first what this advance intended, and the hunchback, brandishing his spike, was close on them, when Ninian cried, "Down!"

He pushed them to the opening; they fell down half

a dozen steps, and rolled on the cabin floor. In a moment he had entered too, and shut the door and shot its bolts. Already was the hunchback pounding.

"They'll burst it into spales quite easily," said Æneas.

"Of course they will!" said Ninian, gasping. "There's my dirk for ye, and you, man, Fraser, take this knife. Keep an eye on the skylight window, and I'll see to the stair. I'm a great hand on a stair wi' little Colin."

Again, for a flash, came the mood to Æneas that this rare tingle of the flesh, this throbbing of the breast, was finer than the rapture come of books. There was a pause among the seamen who were cursing loudly, "I'll shell them like the peas!" cried Peter-son-of-James. He went to search for something, and came back and thundered on the door as with a sledge. It burst wide open, and he stood beyond it with an adze which he was swinging like a halbert. His body filled the opening; behind him all the rest were snarling.

"For the sake of all thou ever saw, set not one foot within that door or I will brooch ye like a cask!" cried Ninian, beating with his broadsword on the ladder.

A handspike, flung like a javelin from behind the giant's back, came flying down and grazed the Fraser's temple. It was the hunchback threw it. The mate behind was hounding on.

Ninian looked such an asp, his sting so threatening, that

the big one swithered. He lowered the tool. "Bring here a gun!" he cried across his shoulder.

"If it comes to guns," said Æneas, "we're done for."

"No fear of that!" said Ninian. "There's no a gun on board this boat; they were pointed all by Duncan's gallants. And these ones think I divna know."

He had turned his head a moment to say this: the big man put a foot in the companion, where the sleet was falling, melting as it fell, and slipped upon his back. The adze fell from his hands and rolled into the cabin. He turned upon his fours and scrambled, awkward, on the ladder; the others jammed within the opening ready to pour down.

"I have no war wi' ye! Go back!" cried Ninian, and prodded with his weapon. "Go back! I wouldna soil my sword on creash!" He beat with the weapon's flat on the big one's rump: he bore himself like one who herded swine. "If the tail were on ye I would twist it!" he declared, and Peter hauled himself on deck.

Ninian tucked the sword below his arm and blew upon his hands as though they had been frosted. The stubble on his face by now had changed him greatly; he was rough and ruddy as the deer; his eyebrows, somehow, seemed to jut extraordinarily, like easings of a house, above his glance that sparkled deep with venom.

"Now," said he, "we'll have a scuffle! Well I ken the sort of

Peter! I've marked his breech, and when he finds his pride he'll come again, and wild will be his coming; that's the Isles! Æneas, my lad, take you the eitch and work it like a wright if feet come down that ladder. Give Fraser here the dirk; he's more a deacon wi't than you. I doubt they're going to burst in by the roof."

Æneas picked up the adze and gave the dirk to Fraser, who rubbed the little knife along its edge as if he were a flesher whetting, felt the point of it, and grinned with satisfaction. "Mich obliged!" he said, and took his post on the canted floor, close by the ladder foot.

The sailors had drawn back a bit, and somewhere in the waist were holding counsel. Their voices came on flaws of wind, disputing. Æneas got on his knees, and, stealing up, looked out. The mate had now a blanket on, and half the men were working at the skiff on chocks, upheaving her with block and tackle. Big Peter by himself was loosening the lashings of a spar, a spare one stowed on deck: he plucked its fastenings hurriedly and swore.

"They're going to launch the skiff," said Æneas, coming down.

Ninian shook his head. "That's bad!" said he. "The skiff's our only chance of landing. If they send her off for Grant we're worse than ever. My whole concern is this, that Patrick and his tail may join them any minute."

Æneas crept up again and down immediately.

"They're swinging her over the side," said he, "but here is Peter coming with a plook."

He had no sooner said it than the spar, a great thick boom, was slid across the sill of the companion, and its end thrust in their midst. It reached clean through the cabin to the back.

"My grief!" said Ninian, "but that's the bonny spirtle!"

"What are they going to do with it?" asked Æneas, bewildered.

"What but to stir the porridge! Stand you back here in the corner; it's a man that's cooking!"

He jumped himself, so saying, to the cabin's end below the ladder, where he crouched with Æneas beside him. The spar began to sweep from side to side, the greater part of it stuck far out on the deck, with Peter and two others swinging. It crashed against the bunks and splintered them; a table bolted to the floor was wrenched at one sweep from its fastenings and at the next was shattered into bits. Above, the men "yo-hoed!" and plied the lever; it was like a thing bewitched, infuriate; they dared not stir an inch from where they crouched but at the risk of braining.

Fraser, who had slipped behind the chest and ducked at every sweep made by the spar, was in the greatest danger; its ironed end seemed searching for him, hovering at times above his head or thrashing at the chest. Once he put his hand up, seizing at the

butt; he might as well have tried to check the heaving of the sea.

"Come here! Come here, or ye'll be killed!" cried Ninian, and he and Æneas threw themselves upon the stick till Fraser with a rush got in beside them.

"Do ye ken what I'm thinking to myself?" said Ninian to Æneas. "Of that old devil Sandy sleeping in his bed and us like this! And every minute that stick lashes there is lost to us; I'm just in terror Grant will come."

"Can we not put a stop to it?" asked Æneas, as the spar tossed over them and clashed against the cabin's sides.

"Can the whelk stop the pin?" said Ninian, and as he said so, seemed to take a thought. He whipped with his sword at the cord that swung the lamp; it fell, and they were left in darkness save for what of glow came from the chaffer's burning.

On that the stirring of the spar was stopped; a great calm came on the cabin; only the sea outside was thrashing on the quarter; the seamen were withdrawn. Æneas crept up again to see what they were doing.

"The boat is launched," said he; "there's some one going ashore."

"If anybody goes ashore it's us!" said Ninian. "They're not on board her, are they?"

"No, but the big one's putting off his coat," said Æneas.

Ninian crept up the stair and looked; the Fraser came behind them, smelling of some

balsam he had found and rubbed his head with where the spike had struck him. More loud than ever sang the wind aloft; the sleet was turned to hail that stung their ears; the boat was tossing, twenty feet from them, close to the fallen bulwark, and the sea, between them and the shore, was creaming white. Two men were at the fire; the mate lay helpless on the hatch and coughed as if his chest were racking; the others worked at ropes.

"Have ye got the eitch?" asked Ninian in a whisper, and Æneas held it out.

"Then now's the time to travel! There's eight men there, but they havena got one blade among them."

"Seven," said Æneas. He had been counting them, with the same thought in his mind as Ninian.

"Na, na, but eight," said Ninian again. "And that's no' reckoning the red one wi' the hoast; there's nothing left in him but water-brash. But ye'll mind there's Peter; a man of the Isles whipped to his pride has the rage of three. *A mach! A mach!*"

He burst from the companion, flourishing his sword and calling out '*Ardcoille!*' the clan-cry of his folk, with Æneas and Fraser at his heels, the Fraser screaming something foul. They stumbled down the deck and swept upon the sailors, who went scattering before them, sliding bent along the tilted hatch with nothing in their hands for their defence. Æneas stumbled on the hand-spikes they had dropped to-

gether in a heap, to launch the boat; he picked them up and threw them overboard. The wits of him were never more his own; he saw the whole thing like a picture in a glass, himself outside of it; his mind was working like a clock; he felt endowed with life eternal nothing could destroy. Had he a sword or dirk his stomach would have risen, but the adze, a tool of peace, seemed like a pen to him; he felt that he could dip with justice in the blood of men.

Two of the seamen plunged down through the scuttle to the fo'c'sle; the rest crept towards the bows; the mate lay on his side and barked, with guttering. Ninian stretched the sword.

"Cry on!" he shouted, herding them like sheep, and Fraser, like an old grey cat, was spitting.

Of all that ran before them only Peter turned. He had his sleeves rolled up, and in his hands a knife. His shirt was open at the throat and showed a breast rough as a bull's-hide targe; he roared like one demented. It was at Ninian he made, and had there been a hundred still would he have come.

"I have no war wi' ye!" cried Ninian, slashing with his sword at air as though he sheared at breckans. "But come ye nigh and I'll put death on ye!"

The man was noway checked; he gave a jump and swept him from his feet; they rolled together at the scuppers, with Ninian below. The knife was back to strike him when the

giant gave a grunt and settled like a log.

Æneas had struck him with the hammer of the adze between the shoulders.

"The skiff! The skiff!" gasped Ninian, getting to his feet, and in a second they were overboard and into her. They fell all in a huddle on her thwarts.

Æneas fumbled at the ropes, but Ninian had a quicker way;

he took the adze and cut them at a blow.

The whole affair on deck had taken less than half a minute; the crew had not had time to find them weapons; they gathered now and screamed with rage to see the skiff drift off, and some one threw a clasp-knife.

The three fell to the oars and slipped through broken water to the shore.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE PRESIDENT COMMANDS.

They were no sooner landed through a sea that wrought like barm than Fraser dropped the dirk, with "mich obliged!" and vanished, making for the ferry. He bade them no farewell, but just took heels to it, and yet no trouble threatened; neither man nor beast beyond themselves was visible; it was a solitary place, grown thick with rushes, over which the spray was borne like smoke. The fire upon the stranded ship was burning clear and high, and now the rain was gone.

"My soul! but we are in the desperate country!" Ninian said. "A man would need to have his wits about him here. I wouldna say but that one's off to stir up mischief."

"Not he!" said Æneas. "Poor man! he's not quite sure of us, and he has little cause to trust his fellow-men."

"What trouble was he in with Sim?" asked Ninian as they walked up from the boat.

"He does not know himself. The sailors lifted him the night they lifted us—a poor old

cottar man who has a wife and family across the water and they know not where he is."

Ninian stopped, stock-still, among the rushes.

"I wish ye had told me that before," he said with great vexation. "If I had kent the sailors took him he would not escape till I learned something more."

He walked a step or two and stood again and beat his palms.

"Toots, man, Æneas!" he said, "ye should have told me. All this time was I not thinking he was one condemned for reiving? What ye tell me puts another colour on him altogether."

"What does it matter?" said Æneas.

"It might matter nothing, but on the other hand it might matter a great deal. Ye make me curious about that man—what was he gathered in with us for?"

"He doesn't know, I tell you."

"Perhaps; but if I had a chance I maybe could have

helped him to find out. And this is the way of it now, that I'll have to see that man again before I leave this country. Do ye no' see, Æneas, boy, that if we knew what he was seized for, it might throw a light on what they seized ourselves for?"

"I fear I'm very stupid," Æneas said humbly. "I never thought of that."

Ninian caught him by the arm. "God forbid," said he, "that I should think ye stupid, *loachain!* Ye're anything but that, although ye havena Ninian's practice with the quirks of man. It was a clever man who picked the handspikes up and threw them overboard; if you had not done that we couldna risk the skiff, they would have brained us. And it was no stupid man who struck big Peter with the eitch when I was struggling with him; you and me have now a bond of manrent; after this I'm man of yours although it was against the world. That's twice ye plucked me from the brink of life; I'll no' forget!"

He said it with great depth of feeling, then, as if ashamed, broke off, and with a heather step went through the rushes.

They were only two miles off, or less, from Bunchrew, and they kept along the shore, with Ninian leading. The dark was like a mort-cloth at the start, but by-and-by it seemed less thick, and long before they came to Bunchrew House they saw its light between its trees. Already was the morning old; in Clachnaharry all was dark; the

schooner might have burned to ash and not an eye ashore to see her.

Only twice they spoke in all their walking—Æneas asked where they were going, and later on was asked by Ninian if he knew the springs of all this tribulation.

"There's little doubt of that," said Æneas,—"Pat Grant was hired by Lovat."

"Clever!" said Ninian, "but do ye ken the reason?"

"That beats me. I've turned the whole thing in my mind a thousand times and get no light on it."

"Ye might well do that! It's a gey and kittle business. But never mind; we'll fathom it before we're through."

The bar was on Bunchrew House when they got to it, though its lights were burning; Ninian beat loudly on the door, and Forbes himself came to it, with his sister in a wrapper.

"Come in! Come in!" he said with great relief. "I'm glad to see you, Mr Campbell, and your friend, although you've spoiled a night on me."

"Dear me! and is this the wondrous lad?" said his sister, scanning Æneas through her specs. "I thought ye would be something special to occasion all this *tirravee!*"

Æneas smiled; this tart demeanour was his aunt's: he knew it masked the sweetest nature.

Forbes still stood at the door. "Where's Boyd?" he asked,—he meant the officer.

"Did he come after me?" asked Ninian.

"Of course! Yourself arranged it."

"And I could have sworn that he had *you*! The silly man has botched it. I never set eyes on him. The man, my lord, 's no' worth a docken! My friend Macmaster was on board the ship, and no' far off, when Boyd was searching her; if Boyd had any sense he would have tracked the boats."

"Hoots! never fash wi' Boyd; he'll turn up for his breakfast, I'll be bound," said the lady with impatience. "Duncan, you take Mr Campbell in where I have left his supper—and a bonny hour for supper, two o'clock! This way, Mr Æneas, for you, a moment; here's an old acquaintance who'll be glad to see ye."

Now all this time had Ninian never mentioned to his friend the name of Janet. He thought to do so, once or twice, but someway baulked at it. Miss Forbes's speech meant nothing, then, to Æneas, who followed, mildly wondering, to her chamber.

Ninian and the President went to the dining-room, and there the latter learned the whole night's incidents, save one particular—how came the ship to drift. On that it seemed to Ninian discreet to keep his counsel.

Forbes listened with the greatest eagerness. "Well done!" he said. "You have been lucky, but you have been wise, too, Mr Campbell. I must confess your plan for some hours back had seemed to me fantastic, and I blamed myself for falling in with it so meekly.

With rogues like these heaven knows what might have happened. Now that the ship is on the hard, we'll have a chance to go a little deeper in the business with Captain Grant. Since you went off I've had some news about the fellow Fraser."

"What kind of news, my lord?" asked Ninian sharply.

"He's not from Strathglass at all, as Boyd made out, but from the Muir of Ord. He came to Beaulieu on the Wednesday with a cow, and got inveigled to a tavern that night by sailors—plainly some of your particular friends. They took him, primed, into a boat, and now the hue and cry is out among his people. There's far more stir about his missing than your friend's, for he's a simple, harmless creature, not a bodle in his purse to tempt such villainy. His sons were here some hours ago; they have not left a yard of both sides of the water but they've searched. I'm glad to know he's clear."

"Do ye ken anything about him, my lord?" asked Ninian.

"I never heard the name of him before this night, but I was struck by the fact that he and you and young Macmaster should be all in trouble on the self-same evening, and all with sailors, so I pried into his history from his sons, but not with any great illumination. He's a cottar on the Muir, and has been there a dozen years, an honest and industrious man, who does not owe a penny in the country, and has not had, so far as I could find, an enemy."

"There's something still behind," said Ninian, with confidence. "It wasna for a prank, nor for his sale they lifted him; the poor old body wouldna fetch a guinea in Virginia. I never saw the man before, nor yet, of course, did Æneas, but it *will* stick in my mind he's mixed up some way in whatever lies behind Lord Lovat's variance wi' us."

Forbes helped them both to a little spirits. "That was a point of course I did not overlook," said he. "I questioned every particle of Fraser's history, and learned a lot of useless genealogy, but came at last to this important fact, that up till a dozen years ago he was in Lovat's service. He was about the stables. He joined him in the year of Mar, and was among the Frasers at Glenshiel."

"They didna have a quarrel?" Ninian asked.

"He quitted Castle Dounie on the best of terms with Lovat, and his lordship seems to have been very good to him in some ways ever since. At this time of the year he got an annual haunch of venison, and on the Wednesday he went missing was at Lovat's thanking him for its receipt."

Ninian sat back in a chair, his chin upon his breast, and brooded.

"My lord," said he at last, "if I could just get half an hour wi' Fraser, I would give the last placks in my sporran. It's galling just to think that I was in his company for hours this night and never thought to draw him! This means I

canna leave the North to-morrow, and that thought was all my joy when I was landed from the schooner."

Forbes firmed his jaw; he had a way of snapping up his teeth which left his mouth a slit.

"My good man," said he, "you're going to-morrow! You're going with your girl. My sister has made all arrangements. Unless you want that lass of yours to wither in our hands she'll have to flit before another night like these two last. Your friend can please himself, but if I had my will he would go with you, and I fancy that he'll do it gladly. It's this way of it, Mr Campbell — there are men who seem to bear about with them the seeds of trouble, rather would I put it that they carry with them elements of storm, and either you or young Macmaster are endowed that way. Since ever you came over Corryarrick, I have lived in a continual state of great anxiety. Smuggling of arms, and broken roads, and stouthrief, and kidnapping! You have stirred up or unmasked more mischief than I have experienced in the last three years. I look about the country by day and see it peaceable and frank, my neighbours at their honest business, and yet, since you came here, the nights are all filled up for me with wild forebodings and with rude alarms. This has happened before with you, my good man. It was the same way when you came in search of Duncan Cameron — that devilish business that goes yet like a wail through all Loch-

aber, though I give you credit for it; who but you could find him in such marvellous circumstances? It was the same when you got the Frenchmen; my heart was in my mouth that whole month that you spent among us. The stormy petrel may be in the scheme of providence, but I'm not going to have it skirling up just now in sheriffdom of mine; away you back and screech beside Loch Fyne!"

Ninian made circles with his glass upon the table. He had listened with a face that showed no sign but of attention. But now he had a stubborn demeanour and his brow was knotted.

"It's not me that's the storm-cock, sir," said he. "Ye have him here continually, and he wears the pigeon's feathers. If it was for his race I might respect him, but 'tis always for himself, and that was not the way of it in ancient Gael-dom."

"But, my dear sir," said Forbes with some impatience, "you are finished here. You have done all you were sent to do by Islay and his Grace. We'll see, henceforth, ourselves, to Barisdale and this sly traffic with done muskets, and you are satisfied, I think, that Lovat was no party to Drimdorran's disappearance. I ask you—I command you, therefore, to depart this shire immediately; whatever dirt you have to stir, you'll find it where you came from. . . . No, no, Mr Campbell! Not one word of mutiny! You'll go to-morrow. That's the way my sister took Macmaster in, himself, to see the girl; she was

fixed herself on an immediate departure if you found him, and we thought it best that she should influence him before you made objections. I'm telling you the thing is settled. I've got a chariot—the first in Inverness; the first that ever used the Road this side of Spey. It brought my brother to Culloden, and it's going for a doctor for him, back to Edinburgh. Instead of stalking moors and climbing corries in the way you came, you'll just go back a gentleman, on wheels, and handsel my new coach and Wade's New Road. . . . No, no! Not one word now, I command you!"

"Ye canna command me, my lord!" said the *beachdair*, and pushed aside his glass from which he had not even sipped. "I have MacCailein at my back; I have my warrant. But whether or no, the country's free to me; my name is Campbell, not Macgregor of the mist, and it is not the nicest manners between two gentlemen sitting in a room and at a glass, for one to talk about commands. I may be coaxed, I may be flattered, but little ye ken of me, my lord, to think ye can command me like a gillie."

"Hoots, man!" said Forbes, "don't let the Hielan' birse get up. That's the worst of ye all; ye find an insult where there's none intended."

"I canna tell what ye intended, my lord, but I ken the Saxon language. The Duke himself would not speak so to me, though I am under his protection."

"Ah!" said Forbes, and

shrugged his shoulders. "His Grace is wise. He understands a people who put all their silly pride in ritual and quarrel at a word, but eat the humblest pie in other ways. . . . Well, well, I do not command anything; I entreat you—what is it you say?—*tha mi a' guidhe ort!*—to lose no time in clearing off. I am speaking for your good, and for your daughter's. . . . How came the ship to drift?"

He asked the question with sly meaning in his manner; Ninian was staggered.

"She broke her cable," he replied, but looked uneasy.

"She didn't by any chance, now, slip her shackling?"

"No," said Ninian, "she sundered at the hawse."

"You rascal!" Forbes exclaimed, and shook his fist at him. "You did the deed! I'm sure of it as if I saw you do it."

"In faith that's just what they were thinking on the ship. 'Twas that that roused them. I had to get ashore some way, my lord. . . . It's you that should have been the *beachdair*."

"I knew it! Ninian, ye must be gone ere things become more jumbled. These rogues whose ship ye've stranded will be hotter on your track than ever, and worst of all I'm feared of him who is behind them. *Tha mi a' guidhe ort!*" He gave his Gaelic with an English *blas*, not quite familiar with the language.

"I challenge him and all his tribe!" said Ninian. "It's not for fear of him and of his plots I'll go to-morrow as your lordship craves, but for Mac-

master's sake; I'm only at the start of a tremendous story."

"Now that's a wise man!" said Forbes, relieved. "And seeing you have fallen in with my proposal, I'll be frank with you and tell you this—I have a personal wish to see you back as quick as possible to where you came from. To-night I have gone over sundry things that puzzled me for many years; the more I think of it the more am I convinced that Duncanson needs redding up. There's no one else can do it but yourself; it must be done in Inveraray, and I don't want you dirked in my diocese before you leave, though dirking is your fate as sure as God's in heaven if you bide longer here."

"Very well," said Ninian, and took off his glass. "But Æneas must come wi' me, and we darena start by daylight. If you will have the coach a bit from Inverness we'll join it there. I ken what Inverness is—every bairn and burgess in't will run to see a chariot."

"That's true," said Forbes. "I had not thought of that. I'll send the coach to Daviot at gloaming and you'll get it there. In any case you must conceal your movements; not for worlds would I have that sweet lass of yours disturbed, but——"

He stopped, and looked at the other's garments. "H'm!" said he, "ye're not in the grandest trim for going wi' ladies, neither you nor young Macmaster. I'll have to lend ye clothes more seemly to my braw new coach."

"My grief!" said Ninian, with a start, "I clean forgot!

The kilt is second nature to me still, for all these years of breeks. These ruffians have our clothes we paid good money for, and two of the bonniest hats your lordship ever saw cocked on a Gaelic heid. I never thought to search the ship for them."

"I'll search the ship and Fraser's inn for them tomorrow," Forbes replied, and then he drew up short again, with a knowing look for Ninian. "Ah!" he said, "I understand! I wondered! The Hielan' birse went down a bit too quick there. I ought to have remembered your way of conceding small things of no account with a generous air to cover up your dourness about things material. What way do you mean to spend tomorrow?—or to-day, as I should put it, for it's morning?"

"I'll go to the Muir of Ord——"

Forbes raised up his hands, despairing.

"There's no danger, my lord; give me a boat to Beaulmouth, and I'll be back for dinner. I *must* see Fraser or his family; the thing's of prime importance; he has my wee black knife."

"I'm not so dull as that!" said Forbes. "Well, go your ways; I wash my hands of it; but oh! I wish I saw ye out of here."

"Fraser ran for Kessock; he was making for the ferry; he'll be home," said Ninian, and then he started, lifting up his head. "There's somebody moving outside," he whispered.

Forbes listened. "I hear

nothing," said he. "It is the wind."

"The wind doesna wear boots, my lord. It's some one on the gravel."

There came a timid rapping back at the outer door. Ninian went to it, and returned with Boyd. "Here's a good messenger to send for death," said he; "he wouldna hurry back," and the officer looked very sheepish.

"Where were you, sir?" asked Forbes, and Ninian laughed when they got the explanation. The man, on going forth, had come on other hawks than Peter and his friends—on Grant and half a dozen more at least, who chased him all the way to Inverness, and kept him in a siege for hours in a house where he took refuge.

"Well done!" cried Ninian. "Ye served my purpose better that way than the way I planned, for ye took Pat Grant and his gentry out of my way at the very time when I could best do wanting them."

Forbes sent the man off with a servant to get quarters for the night, and in a little Æneas came with the women to the dining-room, and all of them had a belated supper. For Ninian it was spoiled a little by his sense of being out of some general secret understanding; Miss Forbes was archly merry; Janet to himself was warmer than at any time since she had come, but almost coldly formal to his friend Macmaster, who seemed quite uplifted at the thought of leaving Inverness.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE RETURN.

Some hours before the house was wakened, Ninian took a stick, and out in the sun-bright morning went along the shore till he found a boat owned by a man who for a shilling took him up the frith to Tarradale, whence, with a shepherd's stride, he made through grassy land to the Muir of Ord. It was easy to find the croft of Fraser, even in that countryside of crofts and swarming Frasers; the man's mishap had made it notable, and every bairn the *beachdair* asked for guidance told him Fraser had come home. But when he reached the cot, black-stoned and heather-thatched, that had been reft so lately of its head, he found himself set back in all his hopes by Fraser's family. Already they had put him into hiding. Not all that Ninian could assure them of his friendliness, or claim of gratitude for having got the man's release, would move the sons; they had no trust in him. Their mother was more frank, and answered freely several questions he put to her bearing on her man's connection with Lord Lovat, but even she looked dubious and askance at his rough appearance, and would not give the faintest inkling where her husband lay.

Though he might have seemed to miss the object of his visit, Ninian departed not dissatisfied with what he learned, and got to Bunchrew House again by noon. The

President was gone to Inverness; already there had come from him the clothing stolen from the inn; it had been found in Fraser's cellars, none the worse except that Ninian's hat was cloured so much it looked an ancient; whereon his daughter rallied him.

"Faith ay!" he said, a little rueful, "it looks a gey old hat for riding in his lordship's chariot."

"Hoots! never mind!" Miss Forbes exclaimed. "The life of an old hat's just to cock it, man!"

The first time for a week he shaved, and in the Lowland garb was once again the proper gentleman. Miss Forbes was quite surprised to see the difference. "Dear me!" she said, "ye're looking spruce! Ye're like the lad—I thought him unco tousy in the kilts for girls to make such fash about, but when he left a little since he was so tight and trim I could have kissed him."

"And did ye no', m'em?" Ninian asked, amused.

"Na, na!" she said, and looked at Janet. "I didna dare. He wouldna thank a rudas wife like me for kisses while there's young ones to be had for askin'," and Janet coloured high.

Æneas, too, was going to Inverness to finish off affairs with Saul Mackay, who had but yesterday come home to find the youth amissing, and distracted, spend a whole night's useless search for him.

That afternoon they all foregathered at Mackay's, left John Maclaren's clothes with him to send through to the inn on Rannoch Moor when an occasion offered, and having bade good-bye with Forbes's sister, walked with the convoy of Forbes himself half-way to Daviot, where the coach was waiting.

It stood within a field in which the unyoked horses grazed—a massive equipage which could have held a family, and round it gathered all the people of the neighbouring farms, a horde astonished at this new device to save the toil of walking. They stared at its interior, looking for a fire,—a house so fine, they thought, must have a fire; they crept below the axles curious to see the fastenings of this house which hung on leathers. Children swung on the pole; the splendour of the wheels provoked loud admiration.

"Poor souls!" said Forbes, compassionate, "they never guess the wheel's to master them. The road that will take a coach will take a cannon."

They were almost the last words they had from him; a little later they were on their way past great stone circles standing on the moor, above them plovers crying. Behind them for a mile the children trotted. At gloaming they were in Strath Nairn; in a loch at Moy the stars were steeping; they rolled, some hours, through fir-woods dark and solemn till they heard the Spey loud-thundering. That

night they rested in an inn at Aviemore.

So far it might have been a funeral. The road, though still unused, was like a beach on which the great coach swung and jolted with an uproar of its frame that made all speech impossible. For the first time Æneas doubted if the new ways of the world were better than the old. He would have loved to walk the moors, or through the darkening of the glens, this girl beside him; help her at the fords, and share with her a vagrant fire in desert places. Now Corryarrick and the wilds of Badenoch, the Wicked Bounds, and dark Breadalbane's corried hills, seemed preferable to journey through, for all their hazards; better than this humdrum track on which was only that tame pleasure, comfort. Indeed there was not even comfort here; his bones were sore with sitting in the coach, with tossing in it like a dried pea in an infant's cogie.

Ninian and Janet sat before him; sometimes in the dark they were so still he felt as in a dwaam, and, doubting they were present, would put out a foot to feel. He took to Ninian at times a great repugnance. Whom hitherto had seemed the cheeriest of companions now irked him like an incubus; the devil fly away with such a dreary father!

And all the time, though Æneas did not know, was Ninian uneasy as himself—his one relief from weariness was trifling with a hank of twine.

The next day was a Sabbath, and they could not travel, so

they went to kirk—a poor, bleak little kirk, with a cold prelection on eternal fires from one who wept enough to drown out Tophet.

At daybreak on the Monday they pushed forward for Dalwhinnie over a wild unfinished weal of road whereon Macgillivray's men were labouring. An axle broke on the slope of Monadh Liath, and they were there cast out for hours beside Loch Insh, a swelling of the Spey where wild-fowl thronged. It was, for Æneas, the happiest day of all their journey. The coachmen went on horseback for a smith, and, seeking all ways, failed to get one nearer than Dalwhinnie, whence from the gusset of John Leggatt's road to Corryarrick they brought back a lad who did the welding. While thus delayed, afar from dwellings, Ninian made a fire, and started fishing.

They were among a concourse of the hills, whose scarps were glistening in a sun that gave the air at noon a blandness, though some snow was on the bens. The river linked through crags and roared at linns; all rusty-red and gold the brekans burned about them; still came from the gale-sprig perfume. They sat, those two young people, by the fire, demure and blate at first, to find themselves alone. From where they sat they could perceive down to the south the wrecks of Comyn fortresses, the Road still red and new was like a raw wound on the heather, ugly to the gaze, although it took them home. Apart from it, and

higher on the slope, a drove-track ran, bright green, with here and there on it bleached stones worn by the feet of by-past generations. They saw them both—the Old Road and the New—twine far down through the valley into Badenoch, and melt into the vapours of the noon. And something in the prospect brought the tears to Janet's eyes.

"For why should I be sad?" she asked him suddenly, "to see that old track of the people and the herd, and this new highway boasting—boasting——?"

She could not utter more, she was so shaken.

"I think I know," said Æneas, sharing in her spirit. "I could weep myself to think our past is there. Where men have walked are always left the shades of them—their spirits lingering. To your eyes and to mine is nothing on the old drove-road but grass and boulder, but if there's aught of the immortal in men's souls, there's the immortal likewise in their earthly acts. Our folk are on the old drove-road—the ghosts of them, the hunters and the tribes long-perished to the eye, *doaine-uasail* and broken men. It's history."

"That's just it!" she cried, "and I hate the New Road—hate it!—hate it!"

"There is something in me, too, that little likes it. It means the end of many things, I doubt, not all to be despised, the last stand of Scotland, and she destroyed. And yet—and yet, this New Road will some day be the Old Road, too, with

ghosts on it and memories. In a thousand years will you and I be sitting by Loch Insh——”

He broke off with a smile.

“Indeed, and that would be a dreech sit!” she said, half-mocking, but it was to hide her deeper feelings.

Her father was far down the water plying a fruitless quest. They saw him trudge the banks, surrendered to his passion; they might be clean forgotten. A squad of soldiers once came marching past as if from Ruthven barracks and looked at them and at the coach with wonder. A fellow with a gun, a dog behind him, showed on the drove-track for a moment, shouted something out to them, and disappeared into the hills. They heard the red deer belling.

To while the time that Æneas would have stay for ever (as he thought) they looked for berries. He was like a boy, so gleeful, searching shrubs, and she so grave even in their slightest chattering. In her was something sweetly wild, like to the tang of myrtle blown across the moor to mingle with prosaic scents—a breath of growths unsoiled, a cry of ancientry that shook some chord in him no other thing in life had reached.

They talked of many things, but most of that bewildering discovery about his father; a score of times she turned to it when he, regarding it as something out of key with other moods within him at the moment, changed the topic, and at the last, to his astonishment he found a new light break on him.

For reasons of his own—or likelier for the want of opportunity—her father had not told him of her visit to Prim Campbell; he was thus in dark about the later evidence of Duncanson’s rascality. Till now he had not thought of Duncanson as at the back of this past week’s events whereof himself was victim; he had ascribed them all to Lovat’s vengeance upon Ninian, the desperate resorts of one who meant at any cost to cloud his knavery. Not once had it occurred to him that Duncanson might have communication with Lord Lovat, and urge on this mysterious persecution. Ninian had not even hinted at the possibility. But this account of letters hurrying over Corryarrick after them, to turn a man not previously unfriendly into an unscrupulous kidnapper, all in an evening’s time, upset him greatly.

The Grange affair which Janet next laid bare was also new to him. At first he thought it might account for things, but she dispelled that notion. She had a way of knitting brows and cogitating, like her father, when a problem offered; she did so only for a moment now.

“No, no!” she said, “that is not it!—at least it is not all of it. They had no reason to think you or my father likely to find that shame. The fears of Duncanson began when you left Inveraray and he learned where you were going. It put him on his back; when I left home he was a bedfast man.”

“Your father’s right!” said

Æneas. "There's something in that desk Drimdorran thinks I saw, exposing all his infamy."

They had come again back to the fire that cheerily crackled. She poked it with a stick which she had picked up in the heather, nothing saying for a little.

"Was the desk the start of Duncanson's vexation?" she inquired at last, with hesitation, not looking at him.

His heart leaped frightfully. Did she know about the dove-cote? Had Ninian told her he had been with Margaret there? It was the last thing he would have her know—that incident, and yet he felt he must seem frank lest she should know already and attach to it a wrong importance.

"The desk is mixed up with the doocot," he said simply, mastering his alarms. "I was there that night, quite innocent, and Duncanson found out."

She reddened; he saw it though her back was to him; that of itself was most disquieting, though she had not hid all further interest in the dove-cote. What he had said was trivial, unfinished, like to rouse her questioning, but she passed it by.

"Ah, well!" she said in an altered tone, "the doocot or the desk—between them lies the mystery; it's too involved for me," and seemed relieved to

hear the clatter of the horse-men coming back with one to mend the carriage.

From that hour on, the journey home to Æneas was miserable. The very weather changed, as in a humour to depress him more. An inn of Wade's they spent the night in at Dalwhinnie let the rain through its unfinished roof and shook till morning with wild blasts of tempest.

Next day they got to Taymouth, where great woods were blown like corn and fields were flooded; the Road was soft as butter and their wheels ran deep, while, on the drove-track close beside, the folk who came to see them trotted dry of foot. At that was Ninian merry. "There's your roads for ye!" said he; "I doubt George hasna got the bottom though he has the breadth! The old folk werena fools!"

That night they spent in Stirling, where they left the coach, and hiring horses, rode through Drymen into Lennox, and in two days more got home.

The sun was setting on the hills when they got round the bay below Dunchuach; a flag was on the castle tower.

"MacCailein's home!" said Ninian. "It's time for him! He little thinks what crops grow in his absence. Weeds!—just pushion weeds! But I'll put the hook to them!"

(To be continued.)

BEATEN TRACKS.—II.

AN Indian mail train, like an elderly penitent, must ever be thinking of its latter end. Custom and convenience alike prescribe that it should reach the Presidency town—Bombay, Calcutta, or Madras, as the case may be—in the early morning. Up-country stations in consequence, no matter how important they may think themselves, even though they may have been promoted to be capitals, have to take pot-luck in the time-table.

Now it so happened when we were in Delhi, that all the fast trains seemed to be in a conspiracy to pass through some time in the small hours. In the mail train the journey from Delhi to Agra takes about four hours. A four hours' journey, beginning any time between 2 and 4 A.M., is a horror which no man can face with equanimity. So, as both my wife and myself can sleep well in the train, we decided to travel by *petite vitesse*, leaving Delhi about 11 P.M. and arriving at Agra at a reasonable hour next morning. Winter visitors to India, who possess the same happy knack, will often find it convenient to adopt the same plan. There is but one first-class carriage on the slow train, to be sure. But one is pretty certain to have that to oneself. If one is of the sex that cannot afford to take chances in that respect, a trifling outlay on extra tickets (for in one night the

slow train covers no very great distance) will secure privacy. The only inconvenience that has to be faced is that in the old carriages to be found on slow trains old-fashioned gas lamps are used, which sometimes can neither be put out nor even moderated to any semblance of darkness.

Personally I cannot sleep under a bright light, or indeed under any light at all. I was much annoyed, therefore, when we were safely bedded down and the train had started, to find that I could not put the light out. However, an old traveller is seldom at a loss. After tossing about for half an hour in a vain courtship of sleep, I rose, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in securing a decent obscurity by buttoning my trousers over one lamp and hitching my wife's skirt over the other. Then, following the good example which she had already set, I fell asleep. At some place which we reached about 3 A.M., there seemed to be an unusual scurrying of slipped feet on the platform and much excited chatter, as of those who seek room and find it not. Some local festival no doubt or marriage feast was setting the country folk astir. The door of our carriage was opened, and an elderly villager, hung over with blankets and cooking pots, thrust his head in, crying to his party to follow. Catching sight of my contrivance, he started back, called

ferverently on the name of his God, slipped, and fell between the platform and the train. He was in no danger, of course, as the train was at rest; but his mishap raised a rare commotion. My wife was awakened, and naturally enough called to me to shut the door. This I did, as soon as I saw that the invader had scrambled back on to the platform. But no sooner had I done so than I heard the old boy in trouble again. The guard—slow trains have Indian guards—appeared to be threatening to have the law of him, he was vociferously shouting something that I could not catch, and the bystanders were offering suggestions at the top of their voices. "He that meddleth with strife belonging not to him," says the proverb, "is as one that taketh a dog by the ears." Nevertheless I made bold to call out to them to go and finish the discussion farther down the platform, and Futteh Khan turned out from his adjoining compartment into the chilly night and plunged into the *mêlée* of tongues. Presently the stationmaster intervened, but the clamour did not abate. Then some one knocked on the door and silence fell. I did not see why the debate should be resumed inside our carriage, so went and opened the window. It was very cold.

"Well, Stationmaster," I said, "what is the trouble?"

"There is no trouble, sir," he replied politely; "but this countryman is saying that in your honour's carriage there is

body of European gentlemen and lady."

"Bodies—what do you mean? There is only ourselves here."

"Yes, sir, bodies hanging from roof, he is telling me, and light shining from under. Poor fellow, he is not knowing what to do, and so fell under train. Perhaps he thought it was platform."

"Look for yourself," said I, showing him what I had done to muffle the lights—"there's been no murder done here yet. But I won't answer for it that there will not be, if you keep me standing in the cold here. Take the visionary away, and for God's sake let us get on with our journey."

So peace was restored and I got back into bed. The train set off once more, and when I next woke it was to find broad daylight shining in through the shutters. I pulled down a window, and lo! the train was slowing down opposite the mausoleum at Sikandra where Akbar lies buried.

Of Agra I can say, at any rate of this visit to it, *Vidit tantum*. We found comfortable enough quarters in a hotel, and after breakfast sallied forth to see the Taj. To those who have not seen it I can only quote Lord Roberts' opinion, that the sight of it will alone repay the traveller who has eyes to see for all the fatigues of his journey to India. To those who have I need say nothing. We made the accustomed pilgrimage, alighted at the great red sandstone gateway, passed through into that

peaceful garden, and sat down by the fountain to look and look again. Then we advanced and ascended on to the great plinth of white marble. We entered by a side chamber, and stood under the central dome where we listened while the attendant *khadim*, reciting for our benefit the call to prayer, evoked a rainbow harmony of sound from the echoes of the roof. Thence we passed out again into the sunlight to rest awhile. Outside upon the plinth we met one whom London knows well, an artist of repute, whose acquaintance we had made at Delhi.

"Well," said he, after the usual greetings had been exchanged, "I can't help thinking it a pity that they made those towers at the corners"—and he pointed to the nearest of the four ethereal minarets that rise from the four corners of the pediment,—“that they made those towers so like lighthouses.”

"Shade of Laurence Sterne," thought I, "what would you have made of this?"

Now whether it was the cold douche of artistic criticism or whether it was the adventures of the night, I cannot say, but it is a solemn fact that, as he spoke, I felt a cold shiver go through me, and within an hour was in a high fever. Anyhow, for the next three days the gaunt demon of malaria had his will of me. I lay and tossed in bed with a feeling as if my skin were made of crocodile leather, and the surging deafness of quinine

was in my ears. Though I wanted for nothing that Futtah Khan could get for me, my wife, woman-like, refused to go sight-seeing without me, and when I awoke upon the fourth day and knew that the fever had left me, her one desire, like mine, was to make all speed from the place.

A long day in the train, during which, I fear, I was very querulous—let those who have no knowledge of malaria not judge harshly—brought us after nightfall to Mhow, to the house of a cheery Irish kinsman there quartered. For three pleasant days we lazed and loafed around,—at least I did, while Helen—did I mention that this is my wife's name?—was making herself beloved of the occupants of my cousin's nursery and respected of those who controlled it. On the fourth day was the final of the local polo tournament, in which the representatives of a British cavalry regiment met a team composed of local Indian chiefs and their *sirdars*. The game was fast and furious, and played in the best spirit of good sportsmanship on both sides. Extra time with widened goals had to be played before a lucky shot at a marvellous angle gave victory to the Indian players, amidst the impartial plaudits of the spectators.

But it was not to kill time thus pleasantly that we had come to Mhow. What we were really "out for to see" was the ruined city of Mandu. H.H. the Rajah of Dhar, in whose dominions Mandu lies, being aware of our desire,

had very courteously placed one of his large motors at our disposal, and, indeed, without a car a visit to Mandu is a very laborious business. Soldiers complain a good deal nowadays of hard work, but I have seldom met one who was too busy to take a day or two's leave when he wanted it. So this time Denis—that is my cousin—and his wife were able to come with us.

We started about three in the afternoon and went that day to Dhar, a distance of about five-and-twenty miles over the rolling plateau of Central India. The road was in excellent order, for the invention of the motor-car has done wonders for the improvement of road communications in all the native States. The Rajah was not at his capital, so we had not the pleasure of meeting him. But he had very kindly given orders for our entertainment in the State guest-house, and there we were very comfortably accommodated, no less a person than the Prime Minister being appointed to see that we had all we wanted. After we had had our tea, the Prime Minister was announced, and on the completion of the usual formalities (which chiefly consist in repeated inquiries after the health of everybody present or represented), he kindly informed us that his other duties would not prevent him from accompanying us, should we so desire, to see the sights of Dhar. Of course we were very glad to avail ourselves of so courteous an offer, and the

car, which had an English chauffeur, having been dismissed by us on our arrival, we got into a couple of landaus that were waiting for us and set off.

The town of Dhar is an inconsiderable place and not worth seeing. So we were taken first to the fort, an imposing structure said to have been built by the Emperor Akbar. It stands on high ground, and its walls, in which there are several large bastions, are solidly constructed of a material described by experts as a "coarse lime-stone containing oxide of iron." This stone is of a deep brick-red colour. It occurs plentifully in the neighbourhood of Dhar and elsewhere on the plateau, and is much in evidence in the buildings of Mandu. In the western wall of the fort is a huge breach, which has been partially repaired with rubble. This is a memento of Sir Hugh Rose's Central Indian campaign after the Mutiny. The fort was taken on that occasion with little loss, as the Dhar garrison did not wait for the besiegers to come to close quarters.

From the fort we went to see a tomb of which I remember little or nothing, beyond the fact that it was adorned with some blue-green encaustic tiles of an extraordinarily vivid brilliancy. These tiles were freely used for the decoration of tombs and palaces at Mandu, but the making of them has, I believe, now become a lost art. The enamel is on one surface only

and intensely hard. The remainder of the tile is of burnt clay, white and porous, and so friable that it can be rubbed away with the finger.

From the tomb we drove about half a mile in a south-westerly direction to a mosque known as the *Lát Masjid*. The name is taken from the *Lát*, or pillar, of iron, a colossal fragment of which lies fallen before a side-entrance to the mosque. The *Lát Masjid*, like that which stands beneath the shadow of the Kutab at Delhi (where also there has been erected an enormous obelisk of pre-Muhammadan workmanship), is an adaptation to Muhammadan purposes of an older Hindu temple. The building, which is of the same stone as the fort, consists of a square courtyard with a broad colonnade of elaborately graven pillars running along each side. The colonnades are roofed, with a flat roof, but there is an open space in the middle of the court, and the pillars of the western colonnade have been partially cleared away so as not to obstruct the worshippers' view of the *mehráb*¹ and pulpit. The space from which the pillars have been removed is roofed by a single massive dome cased in a dark-coloured cement and quite unrelieved by any ornament whatever. A similar dome covers the main entrance portico on the east side. The colonnade across the western

end is raised one step above the rest of the building, but there is no attempt on that side at any façade or screen such as those which impart distinction to the mosques at the Kutab and at Ajmer. Near the main entrance a narrow staircase in the thickness of the wall gives access to the roof.

By the time that we had wandered round the courtyard and climbed up on to the roof, the sun was near to setting, and the whole sky was aflame. The rolling plateau, all parched and brown at that season of the year, sloped gently up towards the west, so that it seemed designed to catch the level rays of the sinking sun, and serve as a setting of amber to the dark, almost blood-red building on which we were standing. Here and there on the plain a fantastic outcrop of black volcanic rock gave diversity to the landscape. On our left, as we faced the sunset, the ground fell steeply away, and little more than a stone's-cast from us a large tank of still water gave back the glory of the skies and the graceful outlines of the trees by which it was surrounded. As we lingered watching the lights and shadows change, the white-clad figure of a venerable old man entered the mosque and advanced silently across the courtyard. The Prime Minister, whom I took to be a Mahratta Brahman, looked

¹ *Mehráb* = niche. It is a semicircular construction, external to the main wall of the building, placed in the middle of that side which faces towards Mecca.

across to me from where he was standing, a few paces off, and smiled with tolerant superiority. We heard the old man breathing heavily as he toiled up the staircase, though his bare feet (for of course he had left his shoes on the profane earth outside) made no sound upon the stone steps. He emerged on to the roof, and, looking neither to the right nor the left, made his way to his accustomed place over the northern colonnade, where he spread the small prayer-carpet that he carried in his hands. For a while he prostrated himself in silent prayer, and then, rising, lifted up his voice in invocation to the faithful. Very musical his call sounded upon the evening air amid the gathering shadows. But the days are gone by when Islam was a power in Central India, and to his cry there came no response. He paused awhile in silence, as if waiting for those who would surely come, and then, as the darkness closed in and no man came in answer to his summons, bowed himself again in solitary prayer, and moved reverently through the prescribed positions. When he had finished his prayers, my wife and I went and spoke to him, though our companions were stamping impatiently to be gone and the Prime Minister was still smiling the smile of superior enlightenment. The old man told us how the office of priest in this once populous place of prayer was hereditary

in his family, and how in the days of old his ancestors had called kings and emperors and great companies of the faithful to worship. He himself was in receipt of a small hereditary stipend from the Rajah of Dhar (who of course is a Hindu prince), but he had recently buried his son, and there was none to come after him. And all the while as the old man was speaking there rang in my ears a verse from the Old Testament: "Then said Elijah unto the people, I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men."

So we made our way out past the fallen column, and drove home in the darkness.

The old *khánsáman*,¹ who is in charge of the Dhar State guest-house, gave us an excellent dinner, and about ten o'clock, I suppose after he had had his own food, sent in word to ask if he might pay his respects. Permission was given, and he came in to tell us that he was going to look after us during our stay at Mandu as well as at Dhar. He understood that we wished to make an early start in the morning, and so was now about to set off through the night to have breakfast ready for us on our arrival there. We endeavoured to dissuade him, saying that we had made our own arrangements, but he would take no denial. As I was going to bed I saw him starting off in a

¹ *Khánsáman*—cook-caterer.

ramshackle vehicle, with an armed horseman in attendance to see that he was neither eaten by a tiger nor waylaid by robbers. Next morning Futteh Khan brought tea betimes to us all. The shadow of approaching farewell had begun to fall darkly on his soul, and he had begged hard to be allowed to come with us to Mandu, saying to me, in confidence, that Denis's servants were a pack of black men (as indeed they were), and quite unfit to wait upon Sahibs. So it was arranged according to his wish. Our eyes were gladdened once more by the famous cheek-coat as he sat in the front of the car beside the chauffeur, and he took the whole party under the mantle of his protection.

From Dhar to Mandu is a distance of sixteen miles. The morning air was delightfully fresh, though even at the early hour of our departure the sun's rays had much more power than at Delhi or Agra. The car bowled smoothly along, and the strings of country-carts which we met made haste to clear the way for us. As we whirled by, the drivers, recognising the Rajah's car and supposing his Highness to be inside, bowed themselves with deep obeisance. We soon reached Nalcha, where there are some not inconsiderable ruins and a large tank, from which the place takes its name. Nalcha is near the edge of the great plateau off which the flat-topped hill of Mandu lies like an island. Just beyond Nalcha the road mounts a

steep rise, and, as we topped it, our driver, who knew his business, brought the car to a standstill. At our feet the winding road sloped gently away until it disappeared in the recesses of a magnificent forest-clad ravine—the Kakra Koh. On our left, to the south, was the deep valley of the Nerbudda river, beyond which the blue line of the Satpura mountains was dimly visible. In front of us, across the Kakra Koh, lay Mandu. Imagine a steep rocky hill, its sides clothed with jungle, its summit quite flat, save for the gentle eminence crowned by Rup Mati's bower at its southern extremity and the sharp cone of Songarh in the middle. The side turned towards us presented a length of not less than five miles, and we could see that from end to end the top was overgrown with dense jungle. Here and there the dark outline of some massive building overtopped the trees, and in one place rose high the great white marble dome which marks the tomb of Sultan Hushang, the mightiest of the kings of Malwa. Six miles yet lay between us and Mandu, and all the way the road is bordered, on both sides, with scarcely a break anywhere, by tombs and habitations, now in ruins, on which the forest is ever pressing more closely. Here, amidst the other vegetation, we first noticed the baobab-tree, though, had we been more observant we might, I believe, have seen it sooner. Its scientific name is "*Adansonia digitata*," and locally the

people call it the *Khorásáni Imli* (tamarind). Khorasan, in the speech of a native of India, means the hill country round Ghazni in Afghanistan, whence came the Muhammadan kings of Malwa, whose capital was Mandu. But the baobab was not brought by them from their native land. It is indigenous in Abyssinia, with which country they had a great trade, their imports chiefly consisting of negro slaves. The tree seems to have been introduced for the sake of the sherbet which is made from the large gourd-like fruit that it bears. The baobab when we saw it was bare of leaves, and with its unwieldy rapidly-tapering trunk and mean crumpled branches looked like nothing more than a huge inverted radish. It flourishes exceedingly all round Mandu, but is scarcely found in any other part of India.

Meanwhile the car had been gliding gently down the slope, and had swung round the point where the road enters the Kakra Koh ravine. A few more turns and the great hill of Mandu seemed to be standing over us like a wall. At this point a single narrow spur, only a few feet wide, juts out into the ravine. It is met on the other side by a similar projection, and the gap between the two is spanned by a lofty bridge, over which the road is taken. As we advanced we saw that the steep slope of the hill, rising perhaps six or seven hundred feet above us, was surmounted by a sheer cliff, and the cliff was crowned,

from end to end, by a gigantic battlement. The hill measures in circumference nearly forty miles, and the battlement runs continuously round it, save in a few places on the western side, where the adjacent country is much lower and the inaccessibility of the precipice renders artificial fortification unnecessary. The battlement is perhaps twenty feet high on the outer side, of great thickness, and in its upper course crenelated and loopholed for arrows throughout its length.

At the foot of the hill the road passes through a massive gateway, and, in the ascent, a second similar outwork has to be traversed before a yet more imposing portal gives entrance to the fortress-city upon the summit. Though the glory of these works was by no means lost upon us, we were yet conscious of other sensations besides wonder. We were, in fact, most mundanely hungry, and much concerned to know whether the old *khánsáman* had arrived safely during the watches of the night. Our tender solicitude was soon relieved. From the entrance portal a narrow road runs through thick jungle past the modern village of Mandu, where live only a few half-naked Bhils, past the Jama Masjid, past a stately ruin that was once a college, and then, turning sharply to the right, leads straight to a massive domed tomb, which, with an adjoining building, has been converted into a rest-house for the use of travellers. A broad flight of stone steps leads up to the

plinth on which the tomb is set, and there, on the top of the stairway, was the good old man smiling a welcome and announcing that breakfast was ready.

Mandu was, no doubt, originally a Hindu stronghold, and traces of Hindu fortification may perhaps still be discerned around the acropolis of Songarh. But the glories of Mandu are entirely Muhammadan. It was first taken from the Hindus by Sultan Altamsh of Delhi in the year 1286 A.D. Until the end of the following century it remained the headquarters of the province of Malwa and in subordination to Delhi. But in the anarchy which ensued upon the sack of the imperial city by the hosts of the Moghul Tamerlane¹ it asserted its independence, and was not reduced to subjection till near the end of the sixteenth century. From first to last eight kings sat upon its throne, of whom all, save one, passed their lives in ceaseless warfare against their neighbours, Hindu and Muhammadan alike. Its one peaceful king expended his energies in other ways. He kept an incredible number of women in his palaces, and maintained a regiment of beautiful Amazons to guard his person. But one and all, each after his kind, the kings of Mandu were great builders. To Hushang, the second king and real founder of the city, is due the great battlement

and the majestic Jama Masjid. To a later king it owes the tomb beneath which Hushang lies buried, a monument of amazing stateliness; a college for the education of priests, now in ruins; and a tower of victory, once the glory of Mandu, of which not one stone is left upon another. The master of the Amazons contributed two palaces of exceeding loveliness and a luxurious Turkish bath. Of the last king, Baz Bahadur, and his buildings we will speak in their turn.

Despite the enormous expenditure which these various activities must have entailed, the kings of Mandu accumulated an incalculable treasure, chiefly, no doubt, by despoiling their neighbours. Just before the final downfall of the kingdom, this was sent to Medina for safe custody. From that city it never returned. The three hundred iron chests filled with jewels passed somehow into the hands of the Sultan of Turkey, who, from their possession, became known to contemporary Europe as Soliman the Magnificent.

The wars of the kings of Mandu team with stirring incident, but the tale is long and the endless bloodshed wearisome. Two selections will probably suffice.

Hushang, the second king, was greatly in need of elephants for his wars. Taking with him a small force of cavalry, a number of horses of different colours, and a quantity of

¹ Tamerlane = Timur Lang, or lame Timur.

merchandise, he marched to Jajnagar in the country of the Rajah of Kherla, thirty days' journey from Mandu. Upon arrival he announced himself as a merchant desirous of bartering his goods for elephants. The Rajah agreed to trade, and appointed a time for the inspection of his wares. Accordingly, on the day named, Hushang's merchandise was set out upon the ground and his horses saddled. Heavy clouds came up threatening rain, and Hushang began to pack up. But the Rajah's servants interfered, insisting that the things should be left where they were until their master had seen them. At last the Rajah arrived with his elephants. But before he could begin his inspection a thunderstorm came on. The elephants took fright and trampled the goods, doing much damage. Whether Hushang had ever really meant honest trading or not, he could not bear this. He gave his men the signal to attack. They fell upon the Rajah's escort, slew many of them, and took the Rajah prisoner. He was allowed to purchase his liberty by the surrender of seventy-five elephants. But Hushang compelled him to escort him to the confines of his country, whence he permitted him to return after receiving from him a few more of his finest elephants.

Baz Bahadur, the last king, is described by a contemporary historian as a "Turkoman who

had many good qualities." His real name was Bakar Shah, but his passion for hawking caused him to be better known as Baz Bahadur.¹ An ardent lover of music as well as of the chase, he had one day out-riden all his retinue while hunting in the forests of the Nerbudda valley. He had lost his way and alighted from his horse to rest. Scarcely had he done so when the sound of a woman's voice, singing in exquisite harmony, broke upon his ear. Following the sound he advanced, and came upon a Rajput maiden, whose beauty matched the sweetness of her voice. The prince fell in love at first sight, and begged her to share his throne. The damsel was not wholly reluctant, but, a Rajput and the daughter of Rajputs, she would only consent to an alliance with the hereditary enemy of her race when the Nerbudda should flow through Mandu. Mandu is at least twelve hundred feet above the waters of the Nerbudda, but Baz Bahadur did not despair. He made prayers and supplications, and sent embassies to countless shrines. At length he was rewarded by a dream. In his vision he was warned to search Mandu until he had found the spot where the sacred tamarisk was growing. There he was to dig, and water would well up, which would be of no other source than the Nerbudda river. Baz Bahadur did as he was directed. Water was found, and wisely

¹ Baz=falcon.

refraining from further question, he hurried off to claim his bride, whose name was Rup Mati. He arrived in the nick of time. Rup Mati's father had learned the secret of her attachment, and was about to sacrifice her to the pride of his unsullied lineage. She was in the act of mounting the pyre, when the prince appeared, rescued her from her father, and bore her away to Mandu. Installed there, she begged her husband, who could refuse her nothing, to build for her a pavilion at the southernmost point of the hill, whence she could overlook the beloved waters of her native river. Baz Bahadur complied, and the pavilion stands to this day, a miracle of graceful beauty. Some portions of an aqueduct leading to it still remain, but the water seems to have been raised to the aqueduct by a lift, from a tank considerably below the pavilion. Wherever it came from, it came in sufficient quantity to water an extensive garden, and to fill a spacious swimming-bath excavated amid the foundations of the building. Baz Bahadur deserted the palaces of his ancestors, and built for himself a hunting-lodge near the pavilion of his mistress. There he gave himself up to the delights of her society, and relinquished the cares of state to his ministers. From this paradise he was rudely awakened. The Emperor Akbar, drawing tight the reins of empire, sent to demand his allegiance. Baz Bahadur was no laggard in war, and the

chivalry of Malwa was assembled for one last desperate battle. Fortune declared against them, and they were defeated with terrible slaughter. Baz Bahadur escaped, but Rup Mati, who had accompanied him to the field, fell into the hands of the conqueror. Akbar's general on this occasion was his foster-brother, Adham Khan. The victor forced Rup Mati to enter his harem, but when he went to visit her, he found her, arrayed in all her most splendid robes, lying dead upon a couch. She had taken poison to avoid dishonour.

After this it is humiliating to learn that Baz Bahadur lived to enter the service of the Emperor, who gave him the command of two thousand horsemen. But the fate of Adham Khan is more satisfactory. In expiation of his offence against Rup Mati he was made to give up two ladies of his own harem, and shortly after, having incurred the further wrath of his master by a treacherous murder, he was felled to the ground by Akbar's own hand, and hurled by the imperial attendants from the walls of Agra fort. After his death his crimes were forgiven, and, as we had already seen, his body lies buried in a splendid tomb near the Kutab.

After its conquest Mandu declined rapidly, but it was not immediately deserted. For it was here that the Emperor Jehangir was holding his court when he received Sir Thomas Roe, the ambassador sent to

him by King James I. of England in 1614. Even then decay had begun. For the water-supply had been neglected, and there was great difficulty about getting water. The place was also infested by wild beasts, which Sir Thomas describes as lions and wolves. The former were strictly preserved, and we read that at one hunt the Empress, shooting from a purdah howdah, killed four with four shots, a feat which greatly delighted her husband. But it cost Jehangir so much to make Mandu habitable on this occasion that he never repeated his visit. None of his successors came there, and before long there came to pass with Mandu that which was spoken of the prophet—"a lion out of the forest shall slay them, and a wolf of the evenings shall spoil them, a leopard shall watch over their cities," and Mandu sank into its present desolation.

What to tell of the three days that we spent at Mandu, and where to begin, I know not. We wandered into the great mosque, and peered through its lattice screens and marvelled at its vistas of pointed arches. Some work of restoration was going on, and the head mason informed us that the cost was being borne by the Rajah, but the work was being done under the express directions of "Carjan Lat."¹ Poor man, he knew nothing of recent history. We paced the spacious

tomb of Hushang, attended by the ancient crone who guards it. But as we neither found the philosopher's stone there, nor saw the miraculous water which is said ever to be dropping from its roof, we were compelled to accept the conclusion of the sagacious chronicler who records that "the true existence of these marvels is to be found only in the reflection of the vulgar." What space is there to tell of the miles of ruined houses now thickly overgrown with jungle, of the many tombs and of the two great palaces? The "Ship" palace is a stately edifice set between two large artificial lakes. The Hindola palace is not so well situated, but has an audience-hall, with great sloping buttresses and a row of pointed arches, that, although it is neither wonderfully large nor lofty, yet impart to it a dignity, within and without, such as I have seldom seen in any other building. Rup Mati's pavilion we visited twice, by day and again by night. On our second visit we rode there on an elephant, for fear of wild beasts. I cannot say under which condition it looked the more beautiful; I can only urge on all who have the chance to go and judge for themselves.

One morning we made the ascent of Songarh. Its sides are thickly grown with bastard teak, and the ground was covered with large dry leaves. It was impossible to move without making a noise like mus-

¹ Lord Curzon.

ketry. As we stood on the top looking at the view, an attendant pointed out a big panther basking on a rock about two hundred feet below us. When we shouted the panther jumped off the rock and disappeared noiselessly in the jungle. How he moved over these leaves without making a sound I do not know; but he did. The sight of him so fired Denis that he spent half the next two nights sitting up in a tree in the jungle, in what was pronounced a likely spot, with a goat tethered near by. But he did not get a shot. I have, of course, shot panther in this way, but it is many years since I last did so. I abandoned the practice, whether through compassion or the laziness born of advancing years, I cannot say. But the goats do bleat in a most distressing manner. For the goat, despite all the hard things said of him in the Scriptures, is a most intelligent animal, and knows quite well the danger of staying in the jungle after nightfall.

On the fourth day we paid the old *khánsáman* his due and something more, packed off our own servants, and departed from Mandu. The last glimpse of it was like a farewell to a personal friend. We returned to Mhow by a different route. Our road took us down from the plateau into the valley of the Nerbudda, where we joined the main highway from Bombay to Agra. The tropical forest through which we passed in our descent was of extraordinary luxuriance, and the

ascent back on to the plateau lay through a smiling fertile valley of almost equal beauty.

We made no long stay in Mhow, and, when we started again, Denis, with his wife and children, again accompanied us. His eldest boy had reached an age when India was no longer good for him, and the hour had come for that separation which hangs like a shadow over the homes of all of us whose lot is cast in India. It was some years since my wife and I had last made an Indian journey in company of children, and I found that my taste for them as fellow-travellers had considerably abated in the interval.

However, we reached Bombay in due course, Futteh Khan still in attendance, and took up our quarters for our last night in India at the Taj Mahal Hotel. Next morning we had packed Denis and his family off in advance to get their good-byes over by themselves, and were ourselves about to start for the pier. Futteh Khan was standing by the carriage, as if in readiness to take for the last time his accustomed seat on the box beside the driver. A telegraph messenger came up and handed him an envelope. It was addressed to him, under my care, and, as was his wont, he passed it to me to read for him. It was from Peshawar, and announced with brutal courtiness the death of his wife. It was not an easy message to deliver, and no doubt I did so blunderingly enough. He stood a moment

silent, then bowed, and put into my hand a little toy which he had got for Denis's younger child, a little girl of whom he was very fond, but had omitted to give to her. Then saying in a low voice, "Salaam, sahib. Salaam, memsahib. Allah hafiz,"¹—he turned away, and was in an instant lost in the crowd.

Now it may seem a strange admission to make after all my years of experience of India in general, and Futteh Khan in particular, but I really have no idea whether that telegram was genuine or a cleverly arranged fabrication. Futteh Khan had been with me to Bombay several times before, and knew exactly what happened on these occasions. It may be that he felt—as indeed I did—that the parting was better made suddenly, and laid his plans accordingly. If so, I can pardon the de-

ception. May Fate be kind to him, whichever way it was, and may he live long to enjoy the small annuity that we have secured for him. And if my son ever comes to India (though I hope he will not), may he find as faithful a friend and servant in Futteh Khan's son—Futteh Khan has often promised this—as I did in the father.

We found our travelling companions on board, and, after lunch, busied ourselves in making them and ourselves comfortable in our respective cabins. So we missed, perhaps intentionally, what is said to be the finest sight in all the East—Bombay seen over the stern-rail of a P. & O. steamer. When we came up on deck the day was drawing towards evening, and the ship was full-speed ahead, homeward bound, and steering towards the setting sun.

¹ God preserve you.

A WELSH WALK.

I HAD it in my mind to visit the house of my Fairy God-mother at Llanfairfechan in the middle of last winter. There was plenty of time, so I said I would walk. I was at Leominster. The distance was roughly 110 miles, so I allowed four days. My armament was a rucksack and a light cane walking-stick.

On this morning that I sallied forth, the lowlands were grey with mist, and a cold sleet-rain was blowing from the east. Nomorning, I thought, for any sort of passenger but a walker. I took my way through Leominster town, and then up north, skirting the wonderful old village of Kingsland, where Merewald, son of great Penda, the pagan king of Mercia, lies buried under a wooded mound. It was this same Merewald, called The Lion, who founded the old priory church of Leominster. On my right I passed the monument which commemorates the battle of Mortimer's Cross, and a little further on I came to a fork in the roads where was a mighty old oak, marked in my map as "Battle Oak." I always think that people, no matter how "up to date," who live on the site of great deeds of the past, must almost by virtue of the air they breathe and the soil they sleep over have some mystic link with things of the old time. So, making the rain my excuse, I entered the little cottage that

stood by the ancient tree. At first the old lady who lived there and received me very kindly would talk of nothing but her ailments and the virtues of her deceased husband, and when I referred to the oak, told me how boys were not allowed to throw stones at it, and how they always did. Then all of a sudden she said, "Do you know what the name of this cottage is, sir?"

"No," said I.

"It is called Blue Mantle Cottage," said she, "because when the big battle was fought between here and the Ambray and Shobdon Hill yonder, a man in a blue mantle jumped into yon tree and preached a sermon or summat!"

I incline to the "summat" rather than the sermon, but what was the significance of the blue mantle? The road continued level, though hills rose darkly through the rain on either side, and the ancient earthworks of Croft Ambray frowned almost sheer above the way. At Wigmore I came to another halt, and entered an inn for some bread and cheese. Here was nothing remarkable. Three men sat over their mugs inveighing against the weather, and a gramophone snarled dance-music from a neighbouring apartment. Leaving Wigmore I came on a sudden in sight of the castle. Here was the keynote of the place. When I saw the ruins of this grim fortress lifted up apart on the

high hillside, in stately and solemn retirement, I felt the grip of old times. I felt the thrill of the old terror of the name of Mortimer go through me, and the name of Wigmore, which a few moments before had only suggested beer and gramophones, now stood out in red letters in my mind with that sublimeness of gloom that a boy knows when in some old history book he turns up the picture of an execution. "Yes, I am Wigmore," the old horned remnants seemed to say. "I am the old dead tree, yon poverty-stricken hovels are but the withering parasites that lived on me in my glory, and use my name now, but have not of my sustenance." Rain and mist! wonderful things for lending that note of the morbid and the mysterious to things that have been.

I was now bound for Bucknell. There was a footpath to be found somewhere, and at last I struck it. I had better have kept to the road, for it led over ploughed fields, where I was presently almost over boot-top at every step. And now great ragged coiling clouds came sailing over the hill right ahead, dropping long sweeping tresses that gradually hid the landscape between me and them. There was a lull in the wind and rain for about two seconds, then it came on to blow what sailors would call "a regular buster," and down tore the hail right in my face. I had just got to where there were two or three trees, so I crept up behind an old oak. Both wind

and hail went on increasing with terrific violence, twigs and dead leaves rushed past me in a headlong course, and other things seemed out of mere madness to shoot up into the air and spin a dance. Suddenly there was a noise like a gun and then a splash of broken twigs. A big bough of one of the trees had carried away, and now lay not twenty yards from me with half its bulk lolling on the fence. Like the ancient gods of wrath appeased with sacrifice the storm seemed to have marked its victim, for the wind began to drop as suddenly as it had sprung up, and all at once the whole of the hail, like a great curtain, swept away, and I watched it hurrying off under its weird tossing clouds. But its brief passage had improved neither the ploughed lands nor my temper, so I fell into harmony with creation, and was at wrath with myself and all things. In this frame of mind I had soon stalked savagely to the end of the sloppy footpath and put myself into full swing on the highroad with all the force of the rage that possessed me. In Brampton Brian I passed the largest yew-hedge I have ever seen. Its great mass quaked and shuddered in what of the blast still blew, and I knew that behind its deep lugubrious folds it hid another remnant of the Mortimers. As I crossed the young Teme and entered Bucknell the rain drew off, and in an instant, such is Nature's high art, I had forgotten the bad weather and my wet things, and was rejoic-

ing in the sparkling freshness that thrilled the air of evening. At Bucknell I entered a little inn and ordered tea in the bar parlour. There were four men assembled here, of whom I began to inquire the shortest way to Clun, for though I could spy it out well enough on my map I am always pleased to hear a local direction,—it is something to bear in one's mind afterwards when one is on a lonely way. These good people, after holding a conclave, told me there was no short cut worth speaking of, and started to instruct me how to follow round by the big road. This they did out of sheer humanity, being assured that I should lose my way in the dark among by-lanes, for country folk have no faith in a map. "Now," said I, "I will tell you how I should go." Then I described my short cut by the map, telling them the houses I would pass and their names, the orchards, the streams, the turns in the road, and the hills. They looked on rather surprised. Then I made a lucky hit. "When I win round this corner," I said, "I shall see the light of Pentre Hodre farm right on ahead about half a mile." I might have been possessed with a devil, so much were they struck with this information; but it loosened their tongues, and they told me most interesting things about the way which afterwards, though it was pitch-dark and I could not see, kept my thoughts in the right atmosphere of the place where I was.

When I walked from Bucknell it was dusk, except for the keen grey lights that lay all along under the heavy clouds in the West. Presently I turned off the main road, and got on to a lane that led steep up. I know of no vehicle that gives me any pleasure to go uphill in. When a horse is in the matter I feel for it, and so I do for a motor, or a steam-engine when it is hard put to, and as for hill-climbing on a bicycle, I know nothing more miserable. But I love a good stout hill to walk up. Deep-set in human nature is a wonderful link to Mother Earth. With some it is even a yearning. So it is with me when I walk. I feel that there is nothing worth speaking of between me and my beloved element, and I feel content at night to be tired because the Earth has made me so, and to have had pleasure because the Earth and I have made it together.

After I had pushed on some way and passed that turn I had described to the men in the inn, and again the light in the farm half a mile distant, the lane became steeper and more rough, and I knew that I must be ascending the brow marked on the map with the weird and stirring name of "The Fiddler's Elbow." It was an upland plateau, and was so dark when I got to its level that there was scarcely enough light to show in the long streaky puddles that lay on the track. There was plenty of wind up here, and the air was wonderfully fresh and sweet, so that I could tell

by the smell of it that there was common and heathy land down to the left, and up on the right I could hear the roaring of pine-trees. In such weather at such a time there is no doubt that The Fiddler's Elbow is very awesome and lonesome and haunted. I must confess I was not sorry when I came at last upon the glimmer of a cottage. Just at that moment it began to pour heavily, and as it had only the appearance of a shower I resolved to take shelter. There were several cottages together here. To one of them I went and knocked. I could hear the loud voice of a woman issuing orders within, and in a moment the door was opened by a very ugly boy; he stooped his head at me as people do when looking from light to dark, rather like an old fowl when you disturb him at roost by night.

"It's the Curate!" he said, and slammed the door in my face. While I was wondering why on the one hand I should have deserved this title, and on the other what the Curate should have deserved to have the door shut in his face, the portal was opened again, and this time by one of the prettiest little girls I have ever seen. She likewise bobbed her head at me as her brother had done.

"No, it isn't!" she said, and shut the door again with a bang. As I was debating whether to let another member of the family come and inspect me after this fashion, I heard the voice of the woman raised in command again. The door

instantly flew open and brother and sister regarded me in silence. So I went in, and making my excuses, sat down by a large open fire and began to fondle a kitten. The family appeared either to be or have been at a meal. There was a dear old man sitting hard by the coast of the table, where he seemed to hover between lighting a pipe and finishing the last morsel of his tea. The lady who owned the voice, and whose face was good-humoured but rather hard, was striding about making remarks which comprehended us all. The ugly boy had retired to the farthest corner and was observing me intently between the swelling profiles of two robust ornaments. The little girl alone continued to eat and drink. Then she got up suddenly and said, "Thank you for my good tea." This must have been a grace, and I think a most charming one. When the old gentleman had got his pipe under way he began to discourse on rheumatics and the state of the weather, till his wife shot into the conversation like a torrent of hail, explaining to me why I had been mistaken for the Curate. Through every little rift that occurred in this downpour the old man went on telling me his tale of woe, even if it was a matter of two words only. But I heeded neither of them, being busy making friends with the ugly boy who had sneaked from his hiding-place and come up beside me.

"Have a cup of tea," whispered the little girl to the

kitten. "Or a glass of cider," suggested the ugly boy, turning his back on me and frowning across at a pleasing likeness of Moses and Aaron.

"Leave the gentleman alone, Elsie! Stop thy clatter, Jack," cried the lady, and then in the same breath to me—"Won't you take a cup of tea, sir? or a glass of cider?" But even this official invitation I must refuse, knowing that it was time to be on my way again. So I went forth of that cottage into the night and rain, wonderfully refreshed. For coming as a guest in the dark to share for a few moments the simple communion of a family life, being a stranger whose name they know not (and you know not theirs), coming into close contact with lives you had never thought on before; or travelling in the darkness through a country you cannot see and which you have not much at heart, and then mingling with people to whom this spot is all the world and finding there love and hospitality, gives one a sense of something that I have called refreshment, knowing, however, that it is a feeble term for what I mean.

That night I slept in Clun.

The morning was a splendid contrast to the day before. The sun was shining in a blue sky, and each object was doing its utmost to spell out every scrap of colour it could. I was on the march by half-past seven, taking the way which leads by lanes across country and over the hills to the town of Montgomery. The outlook

began to be much more interesting than the day before, and the clear air, and the bright freshness of everything, made it seem worth while to have had a wet day. But on a sudden it came on to snow. This was only a fit, however, and when the cloud had blown over the sky was as clear as before.

I passed through Mainstone. After this I followed a footpath winding round the base of a hill. It made itself the boundary between wood and meadow, and was very generous of spring and freedom to the foot after the road. The country here was pretty but rather uneventful. Finding the road again I proceeded about half a mile, when suddenly, like the shifting of a great transformation scene, I came face to face with a most astounding view. River, plain, and mountain were ranged in stately fashion before my eyes, as if they had sprung from nowhere. Once, when in the high latitudes, I looked up to find a certain star, the whole heavens burst into flaming torrents and cataracts of aurora borealis, and my breath was taken as if by a blow. And now I felt something of the same sensation at this sudden transition from a dull outlook to a splendid far-reaching prospect. This is how it had come about. I was on much higher land than I had thought. The place was really a lumpy sort of tableland, and now I had come to its limit, where it terminated in a bank that sloped away steeply to a great alluvial

plain, which is the end of the valley of the Severn. But without knowing that I was on the verge of anything particular I came round a corner which was hedged high, and there the road changed its direction and branched to left and right, for this was the top of the bank and here was the view. Down below stretched this beautiful plain, miles away to the north, and on either hand rose the hills whose summits all, and whose flanks in part, were white with snow.

By means of taking sights on my marching compass I identified these hills on my map, and most of the villages, streams, and roads that dotted themselves and threaded themselves over the face of the lovely plain. I could also see the town of Montgomery—whither I was bound—some six miles to the left, under a steady haze of smoke. Then I got on my way again. Presently I met a man going in the same direction as myself, so I slackened my pace and we fell to talking. When I told him I was bound for Wales, he said he should feel it a privilege to see me over the border. The border was not more than half a mile from here. Then we passed through a breach in Offa's dyke. "That was built by the Devil," he said, "and it is one of the proofs that the Devil is a very strong man." For he told me that himself and his father and his father's father, and for aught he knew his father's father's great-grandfather, had spent much of their time try-

ing to dislodge a portion of the dyke from their estate. Not only had they found this task impossible, but also very disheartening. For the man assured me that when the Devil was not over-pressed with business elsewhere he would visit this spot, and lo! when you woke up in the morning you found a patch had grown where at least two generations had spent their energy. So we came to the border, which is on a little bridge, and while I stepped over into Wales he remained in England, and we shook hands and parted.

I love Wales, and I always feel a thrill of keen pleasure when I find myself there again. But to walk into Wales is much more exciting and much more delightful than any other way of approaching the land of lovely scenery and lovely voices—except no doubt to ride there on horseback.

Montgomery is a finely situated town. Above its clustered houses beetles a tremendous crag whose aspect is black and lowering and dark with overhanging vegetation. On the summit the ruins of some ancient fortress still remain, and a gigantic earthwork made by the Roman, the Briton, or perhaps the Devil himself, completes a picture which makes one feel as one approaches it the peculiar atmosphere created by an old romantic ballad whose theme is love, but whose chiming refrain tolls out persistently the note of tragedy. Perhaps the name has something to do with this—that is, when the name is pronounced properly, giving the

o's the same value as in the word London. I cannot imagine that the impression would be the same if it were known as Brown's Town or Jones's City. But you say to yourself as you draw nigh, "I am walking into Montgomery," and the name flashes out like fire from a gloomy bloodstone. Among other superstitions and old-wives' fables I firmly believe that there is a very great deal in a name. I think names affect one's lives as much as any other sort of environment, and more, because this environment is always with us. There is colour and spirit in a name that must affect the bearer of it. For instance, I would call Roger and Margaret red names, Alice a blue name, Edwin a white one, and Lucy a rich buttercup yellow. I should be very much surprised to see a Roger behave like an Edwin or a Reginald like a William. And so surely as I believe this, do I with consistency believe that a name affects not only a place and its people but a nation and its hordes.

Entering a small sweet-shop which called itself a cyclist's rest, I asked the stout lady who came to bid me welcome if I could have a cup of tea and some bread and butter. She again told me "Welcome," and by the pleasant bright way she said it I knew without doubt that I was in Wales. Then she showed me into a little room furnished up to the hilt, the chairs stifled with antimacassars and the shelves gorged with ornaments. This sort of

apartment always defeats my courage. "May I have tea in your kitchen, ma'am?" said I, recalling mine hostess. "Yes, welcome," she said in a soft, pretty way, as a cow might answer if you asked leave to come into her shippon.

While my little meal was being prepared I went to visit the church, shod only with felt slippers, as I had sent my boot to a doctor of neat's leather in the town. The church is very fine. There is a beautiful rood screen and miserere stalls and an interesting effigy to a dependant of Queen Elizabeth. Outside in the churchyard is "The Robber's Grave." Tradition says that who lies within was an innocent man hanged for theft. On the scaffold he called God to witness that he was innocent. "And if so be that I lie not," he cried, "let no grass ever grow upon my grave." A rose-tree is growing there now, and in the green sod a cross has long ago been cut, and in it no grass grows.

In the kitchen of the sweet-shop I found mine hostess had an elder sister more portentous in dimensions than herself, who was addressed as Sister Anne. The old mother was there also, and a bashful young wench of about fourteen years. For the first five minutes there was a grim silence, during which I drank tea and studied the map and said nothing, and all the other eyes in the room were turned solemnly upon me. Then there was that sort of a murmur that the

beginning of a shower makes upon a window-pane. Then it arose again and died. And yet again, and now they were all in full swing talking Welsh.

"No," said Sister Anne, "I am sure he is a cyclist."

"He has left a pack in the front room," said Sister Jane. "I think he must have things to sell."

"A pedlar does not go about in carpet slippers," said the little girl.

"And a cyclist does not ask to come into the kitchen," said the old lady in the chimney corner.

"Both your surmises are wrong," said I in English. "I neither pedal wares nor wheels." This remark they did not understand, nor did they pay much heed to it, being dumbfounded that I could understand Welsh. For the Welsh, unlike any other nation of my acquaintance, hate it that an Englishman should know a word of their language. When I was a boy they would teach me their ancient tongue readily enough, because I suppose they did not think I should take it seriously. But I have great difficulty in learning from them now.

Day was declining when I left Montgomery, and as I got down to the level of the river Severn and crossed it, darkness was come. As soon as I could see the North Star I stopped and corrected the magnetic variation of my compass by it. Then I came to a place called Berriew, where I decided to halt for refreshment. Upon that I went to an inn

and asked if I could have a poached egg and a cup of tea. The landlord was a jolly man, but he showed me into a most dismal state apartment, and lit a solitary lamp in the middle of it. However, this place filled my heart with cold comfort, so I asked the jolly landlord if I might not have my meal in the kitchen. "I am very sorry, sir," said he, "but the children are having a bath there."

"Never mind," said I. "I shall ask them riddles and fill them with courage for their aquatics while I eat." So this came about, and a very jolly meal I had in the steam and the laughter of the little lads.

The maid who brought me my meal asked me whether I proposed to visit Bala. I told her I hoped to be there the following night. She asked me if I would have the kindness to go and stay with her aunt, who kept a little temperance hotel there. I told her that I would endeavour to do myself the honour. So she wrote down the name of the inn.

When I got away it was very dark and still another hour to moonrise. Though my direction took me now through lanes, the way was not very easy to find, as there were so many turnings and little cross-roads. The moon was up by now and all the fields were white with it. This, and the eerie feeling that no doubt the fairies were abroad and close to if I could only see them, made me feel as fresh and

merry as if I had not walked a mile.

I entered the inn at Castle Caer Einion, and after talking to the men who were gathered in the bar till the time limit I went to bed.

I got away from Castle Caer Einion at about half-past six. It was a bright jolly morning. There had been a frost, and a film of snow had fallen, and now lay on the road and on the hedges and house-roofs. The air was fresh and free and nimble, and the measured ring of a smith's hammer across the silent morning seemed to strike the right note of the moment. Soon I came to a stone bridge that crossed the river Vyrnwy, and then I entered the pretty valley of that river. Here lies a most remarkable stretch of straight road, at the end of which one finds the pretty little village called Pont Robert. Here on sighting an inn and three exceedingly bonny girls standing in front of it, I bent my steps there to ask the way, because there was a hiatus in my maps between this place and Llanwddyn. But the three bonny girls seemed rather to enjoy some joke about me than to show much promise of guidance. However, after they had all inquired the way of each other and then asked it of me, and then discovered they did not know it, one of them went into the house and brought out their sire the landlord. He was very cheerful and very polite, and told me that he was considered the best fisherman

in North Wales, and that I should not be able to find my way to Llanwddyn. I told him that not only to Llanwddyn was I going that day but even to Bala. But he shook his head at the trees on the opposite hill and laughed me to scorn with great show of wisdom.

Anyhow, he very kindly gave me most minute directions of how I might reach the next village of Dolanog, which I set down in my pocket-book, and then took my leave. Crossing the river again I started climbing the opposite hill. When I had ascended through several steep fields and gone up a little lane I bore to the right, and came out on to a broad common which was a table-land. Up here the snow was lying ankle-deep, and I began to wonder what it would be like on the mountains which I must cross before my journey's end. The edge of this common follows the course of the Vyrnwy, the river roaring far down on my right in the sheer confines of the shaggy wooded valley. The sky overhead was of the blue that colours steel when it is being tempered, and made me think again of snow and the Welsh mountains.

Following my directions I eventually came to Dolanog. There was a combined shop and post office here, which I entered, and asked the post-mistress if she could give me a cup of tea, whereupon she most obligingly said she could. My first act was to purchase a thing that is really an abomination unto me, namely,

a pictorial post-card. This miserable device for distorting people's impressions of rural England is only fit to be trafficked in by those who aver that they can see the country from a motor-car. For the flat anæmic landscapes and dull buildings and hideous streets these things wear upon their faces, without life or light or perspective or atmosphere, are the exact replica of the impressions one records in one's mind of the country when travelling in a motor-car, or still more when driving one. Of all the ugly children that that hag Mrs Camera is mother to, I think the ugliest are the pictorial post-card and the Picture Palace. And so having bought one of these and thereto a halfpenny stamp, I began to make friends with the little post-misses and post-masters, of whom there were a great number. I do not remember whether anybody under this hospitable roof spoke English, but it made a great and favourable impression on my mind that all the children had Welsh names. And beautiful names they were (when pronounced aright). There was a Goronwy and an Elvart and a Gladys and an Anwyl Daveis (Dear Daveis by interpretation), and a young ruddy-cheeked swashbuckler who delighted in the swashbuckling name of Rhywallon Llewelyn and more—but I must mention yet another, it struck me as so beautiful, Lili Blodyn (Lily flower).

And now the tea was brewed, and lo! what a spread. There were cakes and oatcake,

and honey and jam and bread and butter, and buttered scones and tea. When I had partaken, I asked what I might pay for my festivity, including my halfpenny stamp and my penny pictorial post-card. The good lady considered a while and then said, "Would three-pence be too much?" "No," said I, "I think it is exceedingly moderate, but for the sake of the pretty names of your children I will pay you sixpence, if I may." The master of the house was away. Of this I was very sorry, because his books were so interesting. I think, considering the size of the library, which was a cupboard with glass doors, I have never seen so large a field of information covered by so few books. There were books on all sorts of subjects in Welsh and English, from Art to Arctic Exploration.

But a bad thing had befallen without while I was within,—it had come on to snow heavily. The track that I had to follow now was an exceedingly rough one. I continued a long way over desolate uplands—the snow getting worse—till at last from the top of a brow I caught sight of the telegraph poles of the big road which I had heard at Dolanog I should soon cross.

Now when I am walking I always like to keep in touch with three things. First, my position on the map; secondly, a sort of general feeling and knowledge of the place I am travelling through, to provide if possible an atmosphere for

my spirit to dwell in (else what is the use of travelling?); and thirdly, the people. It is a great thing to carry away a voice from the place you pass through. Often after a long tramp I can remember nothing for a while but the many voices and the pretty eyes of the children I have talked to. For, after all, when you take a long walk, what is it but that you are making to yourself a sort of pot-pourri whose fragrance remains in your memory, to be drawn upon at any time whatsoever in your after-life—for only those things that are pleasant remain, and the others, like weeds, having no part or harmony with the rest, quickly disappear. And the most valuable ingredients of your pot-pourri shall be the voices and eyes of children.

So now, almost at the same time as I hove in sight of the main road, I also hove in sight of a boy standing at a cottage door. He had bright blue eyes and a freckled face and rich fiery hair. He grinned as I passed, which, I thought, might be a sign of intelligence. Anyhow, I was determined to come into touch with the voice of this desolate upland, so, for want of something to say, I asked him how far it was to the big road (I judged it to be three-quarters of a mile).

"How far is it to the big road?"

"The Turpick road?"

"Yes."

"Nine miles."

"Nine miles! Why, look,

lad, it lies yonder, right there!"

"Yes."

"How far is it, then?"

"Nine miles."

"How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

"Have you ever been to the turnpike road?"

"No."

"Good gracious! Why not?"

"I go to school *that* way."

"Were you born here?"

"Yes."

"Then the next fine day you walk to the turnpike road and back, and if you can prove that it is eighteen miles I will send you five shillings by return of post, and we'll go into the world together and make our fortunes."

After the turnpike road came a long weary ascent and more open country. The snow held off for a few minutes, and then came on again worse than ever. At last I got to a very steep descent, and all in a minute—it seemed—I was right in the thick of the hills. I say it seemed a sudden event, because, although the road had been very hilly all the way from Dolanog, the outlook from it was dull and plain as far as I could see—which was only a little distance, on account of the snow. Well, it was only another two miles to Llanwddyn, now on the highroad, which I had just rejoined. But two miles on a highroad in snow is far more dull than twenty miles on a rough track under any conditions. However, I overcame the spirit of monotony by com-

pleting the distance with a telegraph boy who was returning to Llanwddyn. The sight of his easy walking refreshed me, for boys born and bred in the hill country always know how to walk. It was getting dusk now. After bidding him farewell I took the path which led to the big hotel, which is one of those enormous edifices, like the railway hotels of Ireland, which perch themselves and all their luxury in the midst of wild surroundings, where their only neighbours are peasants and small farmers. Here they and their company stand (as a rule) aloof from every one else, a smear of civilisation, and as often as not spoiling with their hideous incongruities a beautiful prospect. Any one who has been to Tintagel will appreciate what I say. At the door of this grand hostelry, then, I arrived like Father Christmas, or a snow man—except for the top hat, for I had the pipe, whose crater being long extinct was likewise filled with snow. I entered, and stood dribbling on the mat, rather dazzled with this sudden transition from the post office at Dolanog, and the nine-mile boy to the first-class hotel. A boots came and inspected me, and I wondered how much he thought I was worth for a tip. It was wrong in me to think thus, for the next moment he did me the most humane service of lending me a coat, instead of my own sopping vestment. So I called for two poached eggs and tea, and asked how far it was to Bala.

"Fifteen miles, sir," said some one in the office.

"Can I walk there easily?"

"What!"

"Can I walk there?"

"Gracious me, no! You have to cross the Berwen mountains," said one.

"And there will be big drifts by now," said another.

"Besides, there is no moon," said a third.

"And there is nothing but a very rough track, and a precipice sheer off that," said the first again.

"You have no faith!" said I.

"Look here!" said one of them, coming forward, presenting me with a little guide-book open at a page. "It describes the road as it is in *summer*. You read it, and then think about whether you'll go."

"I will read it to-night in Bala," said I, placing it securely in my rucksack.

So I betook myself to my poached eggs, and gazed from the windows out into the twilight on the dismal snowstorm falling into the black waters of Vyrnwy Lake. This great piece of water, which is five miles from end to end, is the artificial product of a flooded valley. It is the Tivoli of Liverpool, and both water-works and hotel belong to the corporation of that city.

Day dies much harder when it is snowing. I suppose it is because there is so much white about. Anyhow it was by no means dark when at half-past five of the clock, having tipped the boots with cringing obsequiousness more than I had paid the postmistress of

Dolanog in the fulness of my heart, I sallied forth from civility.

As all scene-gazing was out of the question, and as the road was absolutely flat for five miles while it followed the lake—for my ascent to the mountains did not branch off till the head of the lake—I set to work to recite Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" to myself. Except for an old gentleman who crept silently past me on a tricycle of very ancient date, I saw no one on that great and dull highroad that leads round Vyrnwy Lake. For a few moments the snow ceased, and by that weird grey light that seemed born not of the sky but of the earth, I caught a vision of great hills like flying buttresses descending into the lake, with snow and desolation and smoking cloud upon their shoulders, and I was amazed at my stupidity in wanting to cross such things at such a time of night. But the snow soon came down again abundantly, and blocked out my future. About some thirty stanzas into the Third Canto of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" I arrived at my point of departure from the main road. First of all, I plunged into an avenue of dripping trees, dark as pitch, while a swollen river that I could not see roared past me on the right. It sounded uncomfortably close, but I kept up against the bank to my left till after a bit I dropped the river away to the right and got to more open country. "Ah," thought I, as I ground

my way up the hills and felt the snow go deeper and deeper, "now I am in a wilderness!" I had scarcely thought thus when I became aware of what seemed two red eyes glowering out of the darkness above me. On arriving at these orbs I discovered them to be embers that glowed through a heap of old kindling whose energy was becoming extinct. They were under a penthouse cover by a square stone building. I called out three times to see if any one were within, and at last on hearing a voice (though knowing not whence it came) this occult conversation ensued.

"How far is it to Bala?"

"Tobacco!"

"How far is it to Bala?"

"Oh, good bacco."

"What is good tobacco?"

"Yes, indeed, bacco very good."

"Do you want some tobacco?" (This in Welsh.)

"Yes, indeed, Tad Mawr, I want bacco."

"I have only one pipeful," said I, thinking of my own needs.

"That will be enough," replied the voice, thinking of his.

Feeling round the stone building in the direction of the voice, I found it issuing out of a burly head that was projected from a kind of long open window. The next instant the light of a lantern shone out, and I saw into a kind of barn half full of hay or bracken. The lamp had been lit by a woman. Both she and her husband were fully

dressed, and were apparently spending the night here for the looking after of mountain beasts in the snow. Anyhow, their night equipment was a simple one. When the pipeful of tobacco had been transhipped,

"How far off is the precipice?" said I.

"Oh, just a little farther on you shall fall over it when you keep to the left."

"And if I keep well into the right I shall be safe?"

"Yes, indeed — mind you don't tumble off!" and he put the light out, and I heard him bound into his depth of security and comfort.

Now, strange as it may seem, snow is a most companionable thing. The whole of this stretch from Llanwddyn to Bala, though I believe it lies over one of the wildest regions of Wales, and though it was dark and moonless and snowing, and though I knew myself to be set in the middle of many unknown dangers, I felt not the least atom lonely, and both lonely and awed I have often felt on a broad highroad at night, where I could suspect no dangers.

At last I came to what appeared to be the highest point of this long pull up. Here I stood still and looked round and wondered where on earth I was. The snow had now entirely ceased to fall, and above me I could see the stars shine brightly out of the deep black heaven. Far down below me on the left sounded the voice of a cataract, and a great undulating vastness of white

without shape or shadow marked all I could see of the Berwen Hills. It seemed to me that there was a wonderful solemnity here, and though this proceeded from the evidence of my eyes rather than my ears, it was as though some one was playing a great organ. And the symphony was not one of deep rolling notes and chords that shattered the air with their reverberations, but a small, sweet air, insistent and perpetual in the recurrence of a simple theme, with now and then high fluting notes and now and then low mournful ones. But the feeling was that it was a very great organ and capable of a tremendous volume of sound, but that now it was asleep and its performer drowsing over the keyboard, so that it breathed but the voice of a dreaming.

And now the way descended all the time, and I put my stick through the bracings of my rucksack, and pulling it tight against my back ran for four good miles. The track led me right down into a gorge, and from thence into the side of a very dark valley with trees on either side of the road. At about half-past ten I crossed the end of Bala Lake, just as the tawny moon rolled up out of the valley of the Dee.

When I got to Bala town, after inquiry, I made my way to the Aunt of the Maid of the Inn at Berriew, where I had supped with the aquatic children. After supper I made my way to the kitchen, having propitiated the eldest son with

the gift of a cigarette card, and told Mrs Jones that her niece had recommended me to go there. "I have no niece there," said she.

"But," said I, "you must have, or I should not have been here now."

"Well, I haven't!" said she with great emphasis. "And that is not the writing of any niece of mine, so far as I can remember."

"Then show me photographs of all your nieces that I may identify," said I, for people in this station of life always have plenty of photographs of all their relatives. When I had found the right picture, and luckily at the same time remembered the name of the girl, I submitted both my facts to the Unbelieving Aunt. Then she said that it was quite impossible that this niece should be at Berriew, as she had heard from her in Shrewsbury a year ago. What can one do with a mind like this? It is this oyster view of life which sees the world, the flesh, and the devil, and God and His angels too, through a crack, and shuts that crack up when anybody approaches, that is unfortunately so characteristic of many of the Welsh, from which cause springs that vindictive bitterness of feeling that the Chapel has for the Church in Wales.

"Where are you off to now?" said the little maid who stood on the step to see me away at seven o'clock in the morning.

"To Llanfairfechan," I replied.

"Where is that?"

"Near Bangor."

"Oh, you won't get there in a week," she cried.

"You have no faith," said I. "I shall be there to-night."

Llanfairfechan is about fifty miles from Bala. But I thought that by going straight across country I could get there in something less than forty. As a matter of fact, by the way I took it turned out to be thirty-seven.

It had been snowing a good deal during the night, and the road out of the town was sloppy and dismal and discouraging. All the more so as the sky was grey and threatening, and there was no view. A mile or two farther on, where there was little traffic, and the night's white work lay a soft two inches over the hard lumpy incrustations of the day before, I saw two pairs of small footprints going from me. A little later, right in their path, I came across a large signature which thus announced itself, "David Jones." In another half-mile I saw a boy and a little girl trudging on in front of me with a satchel full of school-books between them. As I came abreast of this couple I shouted out, "Good morning, Davie!"

The children stopped and looked at each other a moment, being obviously overcome with my clairvoyant powers, and then, without a word, the boy dashed through the snow-laden hedge into a field, pulling his sister after him. I made no doubt that they had mistaken

me for the Devil. Therefore, a little way farther on I wrote in the snow with the point of my stick "Diawl," which is the Welsh equivalent for our common enemy. A little farther than this I left the road and took a rough track which crosses a range of hills that lie between the Bala district and Pentre Foelas. Thus I should save nearly five miles, for the road goes round by Cerig-y-Druidion. The snow was very soft here, and the place being very uneven was full of little drifts. High up it was knee-deep very often for a long way, so that I was beginning to get rather tired of walking in the snow. But now the sky was brightening up and I saw a little patch of blue. There is an old saying which decrees that if you can see enough blue sky to make a pair of breeches out of, it is going to be fine. So I watched this patch with great anxiety, being convinced in my heart, however, that with care I could make small-clothes for a little lad out of it. Nor were I and my proverb wrong, for soon came not only blue sky enough to have clothed a mountain but the sun himself, and all the beautiful snow-bound hills lit up and sparkled. It is marvellous what a difference the sun makes on one's spirits when he comes out.

In a curious hollow in these hills I found a frozen stream surrounded by a little dwarf wood. And every branch and twig of this was decked and hung with either icicles or snow, and stooping my head

low I looked through such a vista of fairy splendour to the blue sky beyond as made my blood tingle with the joy of beholding such a lovely thing.

Somewhat farther on, round the elbow of a hill, I came in sight of some cottages in a distant hollow, and at the same time into sound of the call of a plover. The bird seemed to be in high feather, for the call was one that betrays festivity in the heart of the peewit who owns it. As I am sometimes fond of calling birds, I placed my rucksack in the snow under the hedge and started to imitate him. We had soon established an understanding with each other, and though the bird seemed to be approaching, he was doing so with cautious slowness, for I ventured to peep once or twice but I could not see him. So I let him blow his pipe alone for a little, making believe that I was grown sulky with his saucy caution, till at last on his coming closer I let out a most plaintive "pee weet!" At that moment I saw sneaking round the corner, with every observance of cunning and stealth, not a lapwing but a small boy. I don't know which was the more surprised at beholding the other. At the moment I could not think what was the Welsh for peewit, so for a while we two human birds stood and stared at each other; then I bethought me—"Lle mae'r cornchwiglan?" (Where is the peewit?) I asked. From his pocket he slowly drew a very ordinary

whistle that lacked a pea. It was far the best imitation of a plover I have ever heard, and I told him so, but he on his part was so disappointed that, instead of congratulating me on my performance, he went away on the verge of tears. I therefore made no doubt that in his other pocket was secreted a catapult.

The next hill commanded a most glorious prospect, and here at last I saw old Snowdon and all his venerable horned brethren, with the sun upon their ermine snows and the shadow blue and hazy upon their sweeping flanks and craters. It was a sight to make one breathe deep and praise God for all creation. What a thing it is to climb a hill and put a great valley below you, making you as it were a Lord of Creation, and it your footstool! Hereabouts were several mountain ponies standing fetlock deep with their heads bowed and hoary snow frozen to their shaggy manes. From this place I struck straight for Pentre Foelas, which I could see in the distance. Coming on to the plain I passed two farms that bore unmistakable signs of antiquity and nobility. The one I was closest to had a fine old walled garden and a gatehouse in the perpendicular style, but whose sometime haughty portal was now blocked by an impudent wheelbarrow which had even the absurd impertinence to be lying on its back.

I soon came into the highway again and entered Pentre

Foelas at a cross-roads. Here were standing two police constables and a small crowd of people. When I made my appearance these folk seemed much diverted, and while I stood and turned to gaze upon the hills I had just crossed, the two limbs of the law came sidling up and prowled suspiciously round me. After this performance I entered the inn and called for bread and cheese and cider. The landlady seemed rather to take offence at my lightsome tone of voice. She looked at me impressively and then out into the road at the policemen.

"Murder!" she said.

"Perhaps I am the murderer," said I, assuming a tone as morbid as herself.

"Duw Anwyl, I hope not," she cried, dramatically contriving to drop a fork. "But I saw them look all round you, so you can't be."

Having pointed out to me this convincing proof of my innocence, she straightway served me. I had determined to walk from here to Llanbedr, and then cross the mountain that lies between there and the sea. I could trace on my map a sort of road or track that went from Llanbedr to the top of the ridge and then entered at right angles the remains of a Roman road that led from north to south along the chine of this hog-backed hill. It seemed to be marked here more as a matter of antiquity than as serving any practical purpose. But I have always great faith in Roman roads when they are out of the

way and have not been tampered with by enlightened people. At any rate part of it was walled and seemed to end in a gateway. From this point there was four or five miles of trackless country down the other side of the mountain into Llanfairfechan. There was a more or less winding footpath marked in the neighbourhood, but I knew that it would be lying too far beneath the snow for any purpose of mine. So when I had finished my lunch I laid off three courses on the map and trusted to luck and the virtues of my compass to get me to my destination. Then after having purchased and despatched a pictorial post-card I left Pentre Foelas and the people who were looking out for the murderer behind me.

Getting up on to the high ground again I had a most wonderful view of the Welsh mountains from Cader Idris to the old bluff I was going to cross that night. The air was very still and frosty, and over the valley of the Conway hung a thin blue haze of smoke which seemed to make the old kings of Wales beyond look all the more grand and silent. When one looks at a dangerous thing on a calm day, such as mountains in the snow, or a sea full of treacherous currents, or the crest of a volcano when only steam is issuing forth into the placidity of morning, there seems to come from them a fascination like a spell of witchery that draws with all-compelling vehemence. Thus, when I looked at my old lump

of rock, did I yearn for the time that night when I should cross it.

It was a quarter-past five and growing dark when I got to Llanrwst. Here I partook of what the restaurants fondly call "A plain tea." I also sent a telegram to my Fairy God-mother predicting my arrival at ten o'clock. Then I set off again into the night, with twelve miles before me and twenty-five left behind. To my unbounded joy the sky was still clear, for it was freezing hard, and the stars were bright in the sky. But this great dead-level luxurious road that I had to traverse for the next six miles, though it was free from snow and equipped with every convenience for the traveller, wearied me to death, for my heart was in the highlands. When I had passed the great aluminium works at Trefriw I fell in with two Scottish mechanics, and we discussed the merits and demerits of the Clyde navigation companies, for this and the shortcomings of their employers were the only things that seemed to interest them. They were worthy fellows, though marvelously circumscribed in their views. Anyhow we all arrived at an inn at Llanbedr, where I had a glass of sherry and stood my Scottish friends something equally stupid. Here I entered the parlour to make a last survey of my way over the hill. I had not been there more than five minutes before three men entered. One of them was much more conspicuous in his bearing and general appear-

ance than the others. To him, therefore, I addressed my remarks.

"Do you know Cae Coch and the Roman road going south which is walled for half a mile and then ends in a gateway?"

"The Gap of Two Stones, I should know it," said he, and he gave a knowing wink at his companions.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because, young man, I own all the land just about there."

"That is very useful," said I, "because with your permission I shall cross your property to-night on my way to Llanfairfechan."

At this the other two set up a loud laugh, but he looked very serious.

"By gummy!" said one of them. "There's a rum 'un for you!" and the other said, "I'll lay any man two drinks he doesn't leave this house when Mr — tells him something about it." But Mr — said, "Though it's my own land, and I know every inch of it, I wouldn't cross there on a summer evening, let alone now."

"Sir," said I, "either you have no marching compass or you have no faith. Look here," and I took my compass out of its little leathern house and placed it on the table, shading it with my hand so that the radium points emitted a faint violet haze. This seemed to impress the company, for one of them shouted into the other's ears, "By gummy, there's a rum 'un for you!" and the other looked as if he were

prepared to lay drinks in any direction. But the third looked still more serious. "There's a big marsh up there," said he. "If you get into that you won't get out again." "By gummy! he won't," said his friend.

"Come! young man," said Mr —, for he alone seemed to take my proposition seriously. "There's snow to your middle up there, and there will be no moon; have a drink with us, sleep here, and go round by the lower road in the morning. It is nearly eight o'clock."

"So it is," said I. "Gentlemen, I must thank you and bid you good-night."

But nobody returned my salutation. Mr — shook his head solemnly, while one of his friends exclaimed, "By gummy! there's a rum 'un for you!"

And so at last I felt the push of the hill at my feet and the pull of it at my shoulders, and up I went in high spirits. The houses of the little town kept me company for some way, but at last I was out in the open once more breathing the fresh free air, and feeling at my heart all the nobility of independence. After the lights of the valley had all vanished away below me, and I began to think that I must be within two miles of the top of the hill and the Roman road, I came to a very puzzling fork in the lane. As my little electric lamp, which had fallen ill and would not light, had recovered its health under the surgical treatment of my own hand, I shone it on to the map, but I had rather lost my position, and I mistook

this turn for another, and so took the left branch of the fork. By the weird glimmering of the snow I could tell that the country was very wild. Right in front of me in the starlight loomed the great dome of Drum, and I began to be afraid that I had taken the wrong turn. But I pushed on a little farther and caught sight of a lantern glow which seemed to proceed from some farm buildings, for it moved backwards and forwards in a circumscribed area. This track that I followed led me to it, and rather abruptly, for I walked into a gate without seeing it. Climbing this and entering the yard, I saw a man with a hurricane lantern going into a stable. So I went up to him. When he turned about and saw me, I believe he thought that I was a spirit. I had been taken for the devil in the morning of this day, and for a murderer at noon, so I was not surprised now when he smote his brow with the back of his hand and cried out, "Duw Anwyl Mawr!"

"Where have you come from?" said he in Welsh.

"Bala," said I.

"With the train?"

"No, with my feet."

"Tad Mawr!"

"And I am going to Llanfairfechan."

"*Llanfairfechan?*"

"Yes."

"*To-night?*"

"Yes."

"*Llanfairfechan?*"

"Yes; what is the matter with you?"

"Well, what is the matter with *you*, I'm thinking."

"I am perfectly sound, thank you."

"*Llanfairfechan?*"

I assured him once more that this was my destination. He was a tall, strong man, with a deep black beard and keen, kindly eyes. He now stepped between me and the door, as though to intercept my egress. "By the dear God, you shall not go there to-night."

"I am sorry, my friend, but I must."

"No, you shall not; you shall have the best room and the best bed in the house; but you shall not cross the mountain to-night, for you would be surely lost, and guilt would be on my soul."

Just as I was preparing an answer the door of the house opened, and let out a long flood of light upon the snow beyond the yard. And a little girl came out, and stood and looked across the darkness to our lantern in the stable. She was only a tot, but I could see her pretty little face and the light in her golden hair, and her eyes big with wonder at the noise of a stranger.

"Father!" she called out in soft, pretty Welsh.

"Yes, little one," he answered. "Wait a moment for me, sir," and the good man was gone to the side of his daughter. But I dared not wait now. I slipped quietly by the outbuildings and climbed the gate, and was away again in a minute. However, I shall always remember this

man as one of the best and most hospitable I have ever met.

I now ran back to the fork in the lane, and took the other direction. In about two miles I attained the end of this lane, and got into the walled portion of the Roman road. The warm red glow from a window in Cae Coch farm was on my right, and I knew that this was the last light I should see till I picked up the lights of Llanfairfechan. So when I turned my back upon Cae Coch I felt like one who has burned his ships. The snow was very deep here, and drifted up nearly to the top of the left-hand wall, so that even keeping up to the right-hand wall it was over my knees at nearly every step. But the air was so fine and the night and stars so inspiring as I plunged on and on that I did not grow weary. I had come to notice that every time I flashed my little electric lamp to look at the map, a weird, husky noise invariably took place in my neighbourhood like the sound a broom makes when it sweeps aside dead leaves. It was a curious thing to stand quite still for a moment till the great silence of the stars and the night and the snow almost crushed you, then to turn on the little electric light and hear at once this mysterious noise like a spirit evoked. I am very superstitious, and so, as I always carefully cross out a magpie with my left foot, I took care always to take off my hat to this noise when I heard it, though I knew it was only caused by the

mountain sheep hurrying off, terrified at the light.

At last I came to what the men below in the tavern had called the Gap of Two Stones. The walls, which were enormous both in height and masonry, did not seem to me to serve any particular purpose. However, they now ceased, like the finger-tips of the outstretched arms of civilisation; and here seemed an end of all things—a real abomination of desolation. I think I have observed before that snow is a most companionable thing, otherwise I am sure I must have felt lonely in this place, where all sign of a track was lost in unknown depths of snow.

I got out my compass, and waited till the little radium points coincided, then I shaped my course on a star, and commenced the last stage of my journey. I had hardly gone two steps, however, before I tumbled head over heels into a drift, in whose bosom reposed a gorse bush. When I had emerged from this I held more cautiously to my way.

At last I came to a wall, and not only to a wall, but a stile in that wall, which meant that I was well on my course, and must have struck the footpath. Looking about me, I could see several rounded heights and eminences, which all looked very close. But nothing in distance is more deceptive than the crests of hills at night. The only test I know is to watch as you proceed how the stars move in relation to the hill. If there is very little apparent change of position,

the hill is a long way off, if otherwise *vice versa*.

Descending on the other side of the stile I held on my old course, but I had not gone far before I felt the ground quake and shudder ominously beneath me, and a dull noise of cracking ice came to me. Then I be-thought me suddenly about the words of the man at the inn when he warned me of a bog that was dangerous. I recognised at once that it must really be the source of the little river that flows through Llanfairfechan, and therefore it had only half-frozen. So I walked due north for some distance, and then altered my old course two points and went on again. After a time I came to another wall, but no stile this time. As I climbed over it I suddenly sighted what I took to be a bright star, but as I looked, to my astonishment, it went out. In a few seconds it reappeared, and in another few it went out again. I could not think that any star possessed such sober and regular habits of scintillation. So I flashed my little light on to my map, and lo! I had been looking straight at the eye of a lighthouse on the north coast of Anglesey, and I knew that I was dead on my course. A sailor would scoff at a landsman who navigated himself by

compass and then did not know a lighthouse when he saw one. Now, when I looked over the lower darkness, that I knew must be the sea, I could make out many a tiny point of light creeping on, outward or homeward bound.

At the bottom of this wall a little river was running. It did not appear to be either very broad or very deep, and so I prepared to cross it by the big stones that were sticking above it. But when I had placed my foot on the biggest I discovered too late that it was covered with a film of ice, and that my boots had nails in them, so losing my balance I flopped into a pool. After this I came to a very steep descent, and right below me, like a soft radiance, I saw the glow, though not the lights of Llanfairfechan. "I ought to be striking that lane where my course is laid to," said I. I had hardly uttered this sentiment, when my legs flew from beneath me and I found myself bumping down a steep slide. When I recovered my normal posture I found that I was in a cart-track, and in another five minutes I was in the lane. After that I lost no more time but ran with all my speed, and reached my destination at half-past eleven.

EDMUND VALE.

BURGHER SERVICE.

IN South Africa a man unwilling to serve in the defence of Land and People would hardly be regarded as a man. This was, of necessity, the case in the early days of European settlement in the Cape of Good Hope, when the country was occupied only to within a comparatively short distance of Cape Town. And down to the end of 1880, although it was not then enforced, the Burgher Roll was duly maintained, and the writer of this article, upon taking a house near Cape Town in that year, duly satisfied the law of the country by signing the Burgher Roll.

As time went on many "treks" towards the north took place. These were generally organised by *Boers* who disliked British rule and wished for a settlement where they could be free and independent. But the British Government followed them up, and fighting resulted in consequence, and Natal was thus secured to the British Government; in due course the Orange River Sovereignty (under British rule) was established, and after a good deal of disputation and conflict between the *Boers* themselves the Transvaal State (Republic) was established.

The first legislative enactment relating to service in the field by Burghers, an Ordinance which has ever since been followed in enactments of the

Free State and Transvaal, and even so recently as last year in the new Defence Law of the Union of South Africa, was the Cape Ordinance, passed in 1805, one year before the last and final annexation of the Cape by Great Britain.

This Ordinance of 1805 provided that field-cornets (a class of superintendents of districts) were to call out and lead the Burghers of their wards whenever required by the landdrost (district magistrate). The Burghers were to be classified—the first class to consist of those between sixteen and thirty years of age, the second of those between thirty and forty-five, and lastly, those between forty-five and sixty years of age. If all the men of a particular class were not needed, the unmarried and those without employment were to be called out before the others. Such as were not called upon for personal service were to be assessed to supply food, horses, and means of transport. When in the field the several divisions of the Burgher militia of each district were under the general orders of either the landdrost or of a commandant appointed by the Governor, and the field-cornets often had the title of captain bestowed upon them.

In this manner the whole European population of the colony was organised for military purposes.

The supremacy and dignity of the white over all other races has always been asserted throughout South Africa in any legislation providing for public defence.

It will presently be seen that the principle of contributions by Burghers not called upon for personal service has been followed in the Defence Act of last year.

When, in spite of representations against such a step, the British Government withdrew from the Orange River sovereignty in 1854, that sovereignty became the Orange Free State. The new State had a population of only 15,000, and these were exposed to constant danger by the proximity of hostile native nations. The Constitution provided that Burghers should comprise all persons who had resided in the State for six months, being persons of European blood, and this colour-bar was emphasised in the amended Constitution of 1864, which defined Burghers as all white persons born in the country, all white persons resident in the country and possessing fixed property to the value of £150, registered in their names, and all white persons resident for three successive years in the country.

The absence of classification as provided in the Cape Ordinance of 1805 will be noted. The enemies around the Free State comprised many thousands of brave and cunning natives, so the little Free State could not contemplate the exemption of any part of their small adult

population from the solemn business of self-defence.

In due course the South African Republic (Transvaal) adopted an Ordinance (in 1856) which defined Burghers as all persons over twenty-one years of age and born within the State, white persons possessing landed property within the State, and white persons of good conduct resident for one year within the State. Those coming under the last two clauses were required to take an oath of fidelity to the people and Government, obedience to the laws, fidelity to the independence of the Republic, before they could claim Burgher rights.

At the beginning of the last paragraph the word white does not appear before "persons," but as a matter of fact the Transvaal people have never regarded natives as people, but rather as inferior beings (*schepsels*).

It should also be noted that the field-cornet was elected by the Burghers themselves, his duties being a combination of civil and military. But even in the late South African War a commando of Burghers would, if they thought fit, hold a meeting, and vote a member to command in place of one whose capacity might not meet with their approval.

With the Union of South Africa under one Government, the unification of laws became inevitable, and, having regard to the greatly exposed position of the country in various possible circumstances, the South

African Defence Act of 1912, while fully endorsing the principle, adopted from the earliest times of settlement, that every "citizen" (Burgher in the Cape-Dutch) is liable to bear his part in the defence of the country, necessarily proceeds to elaborate many more details to meet modern requirements than the old Burgher laws were ever required to contemplate.

This Act then provides that every citizen shall be liable between his seventeenth and his sixtieth year (both included) to render, in time of war, personal service in the Defence of the Union. Training need not be commenced until the twenty-first year of age, when it must be completed by the twenty-fifth. Training may be commenced in the seventeenth year of age, but must be completed in the fourth year from commencement. Subject to a small margin (increase or decrease) of 5 per cent, 50 per cent of the population shall actually undergo training, unless provision shall be made by Parliament for a greater proportion. The "training" is, however, almost nominal. It consists of only thirty days in the first, and twenty-one days in the subsequent three years.

The prejudice of the country Burgher (the *Boer*) against anything approaching ordinary "drill" and "discipline" will doubtless endure for many years yet. But he can ride, shoot, ambuscade, "forelay," &c.

Doubtless to meet this consideration it is provided that persons who do not undergo training must belong to a Rifle Association, and, moreover, pay £1 per annum to Government for twenty-four years. They are, nevertheless, liable for service in emergency as a National Reserve.

In the event of the number of people enrolling for training, voluntarily, being inadequate, the deficiency is to be supplied by ballot. The first year's enrolment has been in excess of the required strength. This is no doubt due to the punishments prescribed in the Act. Under sec. 8 employers are obliged, under heavy penalty for contravention thereof, not to compel, influence, or induce, prevail upon, or to attempt so to do, any person in his employ to refrain from doing service.

The Act is certainly a very mild and moderate one, and the registering officer of a district is directed to classify citizens in his military district into three classes. The first is to consist of men whose circumstances admit of their attending training without difficulty; the second comprises men in circumstances of difficulty; the third consists of artisans and labourers, in receipt of daily pay, who are practically unable to go away for training. But members of the "Active Citizen Defence Force" while on training receive free rations, and pay from 3s. *per diem* upwards.

But no matter whether the

citizen trains or not, he ranks as one of the National Reserve, and in time of emergency must take the field.

In conclusion, every citizen on registration receives a personal record book. That book, amongst other things, is to serve—

“(a) As a proof that, with the object of fitting yourself to defend the country of your birth or adoption against its enemies, you have performed the peace training of which it contains particulars.”

And the citizen soldier is enjoined to remember as follows:—

“Remember always——

“To obey superior authority.

“That a well-drilled soldier must also be a good shot to be of much use in the fighting ranks.

“That you are a citizen of South Africa, and that as such South Africa looks to you for protection in time of danger.

“That patriotism in the form of self-sacrifice in time of peace is worth much more than a sudden wave of patriotism in time of war. It may prevent war.

“That in any case it is your duty to train yourself well for the protection of your home and country, and, if need be, to die in their defence.”

Such is the behest of the Government and Parliament of South Africa to the united people of that Union.

Will the Government and Parliament of Great Britain continue to put off doing that which South Africa and every other over-seas Dominion has already done?

It seems incredible that any Government and Parliament should hesitate to impress upon the people the common duty of patriotism, self-sacrifice for home and country, which, if worth living in, are surely worth dying for!

[A DIAGRAM.

A DIAGRAM, comprised in 'Union of South Africa,' &c. (H. D. Dernberg, Member of Provincial Council, Attorney of the Supreme Court), illustrates the System of Military Defence proposed for the Union :—

FIRST LINE.

THE ACTIVE CITIZEN FORCE.		THE COAST GARRISON FORCE.	THE PERMANENT FORCE.*
Composed of Citizens between their 17th and 25th year (both included) who are undergoing peace training.		Partially paid; composed of Citizens who enter voluntarily, and allotted to Coast Defence.	South African Mounted Riflemen.
SECOND LINE.			
A. C. F. RESERVE. CLASS A.	A. C. F. RESERVE. CLASS B.	COAST GARRISON RESERVE.	FIELD RESERVE. S.A.M.R.
Formed of Citizens, not past their 45th year, who have undergone 4 years' peace training.	Formed of Citizens, not past their 45th year, who are serving or have served in Rifle Associations.	Formed of ex-Members of C. G. F., to the required strength, who elect to the Reserve Service.	Formed of— 1. Ex-Members who volunteer. 2. Specially selected Class A, A.C.F. Reservists who volunteer.

THIRD LINE.

THE NATIONAL RESERVE.

Comprising all Citizens between their 17th and 60th year (both included) who do not belong to the First or Second Lines.

ORGANISATIONS WHICH DO NOT TAKE THE FIELD.

CADETS.	THE POLICE RESERVE, S.A.M.R.
Boys between their 13th and 17th year (both included). (Boys of such age served with the Boers in the War.)	Formed of Members of Class B, A.C.F. Reserve, not less than 30 years of age, who volunteer.

* The Permanent Force comprises the famous Cape Mounted Riflemen, and also the Cape Mounted Police.

GEORGOS: A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY PROFESSOR Y. WURRAY,

AUTHOR OF 'EURIPIDES MADE EASY, OR DON'T LEARN GREEK.'

INTRODUCTION.

THE text of the "Georgos," a hitherto unknown tragedy of Euripides, has recently been discovered in the process of excavating the foundations of a fifth-century temple, situated in the quarter of the city known as the Dounian Street or Road, where stood the kingly palaces of pre-historic, and the public buildings of republican, Athens.

The dramatist in composing a tragedy, the theme of which (like that of the "Trojan Women") has some reference to the political events of his time, has thinly disguised the name of his native country by substituting for it that of the central point, the nerve centre as it were, of the capital city. The drama appears to refer to a proposal supported by the democratic party which was in power at Athens towards the close of the Peloponnesian War, to purchase a truce with the enemy by the surrender to them of an important island colony which seems even to have been regarded by some as forming an integral part of Attica itself. The proposal was fiercely resisted by the opposing party, even to the point, it would seem, of threatening to add the horrors of civil to those of foreign war. It is characteristic of Euripides that he does not explicitly approve or condemn either of the opposing parties. He is content to bring out the tragic conflict of right with right, and his *deus ex machinâ*, who is the embodiment of philosophic reason, merely imposes upon both the combatants a compromise which involves the triumph of neither.

The name "Georgos," borne by the mythical tyrant or ruler of Dounia, signifies literally, "One who works the land," and there is an evident connection (see particularly the first chorus in the play) between him and the primitive nature deity of the same name, the Giver of Fruits and Fertility, known also as Pan, the Cloven-footed, or Faunus, the He-goat of the Western Hills. The Georgos of the play seems indeed as it were almost a re-incarnation of the simple rustic god, for his special mission it is to increase the fruits of the land and to distribute them among his followers.

Conspicuous among the supporters of the democratic party in Athens at the end of the fifth century B.C. were the members of a certain *hetairia*, or fraternity, known from their number as The Eighty. They appear in the form of the Chorus of the Play, manifesting throughout the utmost devotion to Georgos and the most lively sense of the blessings he bestows on his worshippers.

Eirenikos (literally, the Peaceful One), who appears in the heavens at the crisis of the play, though better known under his Latin appellation of Pacificus, is one of the less celebrated of the deities of the Hellenic Olympus. His altars never attracted the throng of suppliants that crowded around those of Zeus or Apollo, yet it is known that he was held in high honour by the cultured, and, in particular, by those who had been initiated into the inner mysteries which formed so notable a feature of the political and religious life of the time of Euripides.

The translator offers to the public this halting and imperfect version of

a great drama, in the hope that thereby some faint reflection of its beauties may be made visible to those whom the welcome progress of University Reform has deprived of the opportunity of perusing the original.

Y. WURRAY.

OLD COLLEGE, OXBRIDGE,
January 1914.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

GEORGOS Tyrant or Ruler of Dounia.
KARSON A Lord of Dounia.
MESSENGER.
EIRENIKOS.
CHORUS OF THE EIGHTY.

The scene represents a narrow street, behind which rises a brown brick palace, its gate facing the spectators. On the right a glimpse can be obtained of a wide populous thoroughfare cutting the narrow street at right angles. On the left is a flight of stone steps leading down into an open space, only a corner of which is visible.

The Chorus stand in two groups, one on either side of the palace gate, through which GEORGOS walks majestically forth.

Georgos. Ho! All ye dwellers in the Dounian land,
Hark to my words. I who before you stand,
Your King and Lord, behold! Am vexéd sore
With crafty foes who cowering before
My sovran gaze yet spare not from behind
To shoot their poisoned arrows of the mind.
Not all the shafts that angry Artemis
Let fly at Niobe can wound like his
Who smites a silent saint. Can sorrow teach
A harder lesson than to stay my speech?
But I'll be mute no more! Have I not toiled
To loose the servile bonds around you coiled,
Although you knew it not, by them who know
No care but this—to reap where others sow?
Have I not seen the starving of the old,
The poor man mangled by the man of gold¹
And all his hard-won wurzels torn away
By petty tyrants for their falcons' prey?
Have I not smitten them, these sorry kings,
And taken tithe of all their precious things?
But you! For you my bounty runs like wine:
For each four obols I have promised nine.
The old man starves no more. Secure from ill
The erring shepherd seeks again the hill

¹ "The poor man mangled by the man of gold."

The original text here contains an almost untranslatable play on words.

They haled him from. They rule no more, these lords!
 Ours is the power—to seize their evil hoards
 And share them fair! Nay, an they spare our lives,
 We'll share—some day—this power with our wives.
 Only be ruled by me. Let each man's hand
 Support my arm outstretched above the land,
 And laugh those foul-lipped whisperers to scorn
 That count my diadem unfairly worn.

[GEORGOS goes into the palace.

Chorus.

Strophe. O wonderful world of the western mountains,¹
 Where minds are misty and tongues unknown!
 O feet of the Faun 'mid the forest fountains,
 O God that wandered aloof, alone!

Antistrophe. He knew! He knew the secret hidden,
 That Pan alone and Demeter know,
 How high on the crags remote, forbidden,
 The corn and the vine can be made to grow!

Strophe. Come down! Come down to the lowlands Attic,
 From the barbarous hill-tops, the cold, grey stone,
 Where a folk ferocious, forlorn, fanatic,
 Deny our Gods and despoil their own.

Antistrophe. Bring down to us, bring thy fruits refreshing,
 That ripen rare where thy hoof has trod,
 The innocent oil and the grain for our threshing,
 The stocks for our cellars, O Goat-foot God!

Leader. Ho! Cease your singing,
 Your joy-bells ringing,
 Your feet from winging
 Their jocund path.
 One comes to darken
 Our daylight: hearken!
 His words embark on
 A sea of wrath!

[KARSON enters, from the right, with a frown of anger,
 carrying a great staff in his hand.

Karson. Ha, dotards, ye who round the palace stand,
 Where lurks Georgos, tyrant of this land?
 Where hides the caitiff? By this hand, my staff
 Is fain to cleave his coward head in half!

¹

"O wonderful world," &c.

For the interpretation of this Chorus, see the Introduction. The argument of the invocation of the God is as follows: "Leave the barren hills of the West with their barbarous (*i.e.*, non-Hellenic) inhabitants, and bring thy gifts of fertility to us. We, not they, are thy true worshippers."

'Tis he would drive mine island folk away,
In homeless exile to their foes a prey.

Leader. Rash words, good sir, proclaim the man of sin;
Our Lord Georgos did but now go in
Beneath the palace gate. Look! he returns.

[GEORGOS returns from the palace with guards.

Karson. O fiends of Hades! How mine anger burns.
Hold, tyrant! Harken ere the web of fate
To its last thread be woven by our hate!
Heed one last warning. If mine island kin
Back from the ways of war thou fain would'st win
Betray them not—else surely shall the frown
Of grim-browed Ares shake thy palace down.

Georgos. What! Wilt thou dare to brave the people's will?

Karson. Dare! Wilt thou dare to ask it? Coward still!

Georgos. The city's laws have spoken. Thou must yield.

Karson. Not while one islander can bear a shield!

Georgos. I laugh at all thy shields and spears of wood.

Karson. Belike thy laughter shall be drowned in blood.

Georgos. Thou prate of war! Thou and thy tyrant band!

Karson. Thou prate of tyrants! Robber of the land!

Look to thy guards—if any such there be—
To keep thy traitor soul alive in thee!

[KARSON rushes forth down the steps to the left, accompanied
by some of GEORGOS' guards. GEORGOS goes into the
palace, beckoning to the remaining guards to follow him.

Chorus.

Strophe. O woe for the lands of my neighbours!¹

O woe for the fatness to be;

For the profit of other men's labours,

For the wealth that was promised to me.

Antistrophe. For the crops that my hands have not planted,

But would ravish from others away,

For the palace my king would have granted,

With nothing to pay.

Strophe. O woe for our numberless legions

That should guard us in sleep as we lie!

They have followed our foes to strange regions,

They are gone as the flash of an eye.

¹

"O woe for the lands of my neighbours," &c.

In this beautiful hymn the Chorus appear to be lamenting that the deity should be interrupted in his beneficent work of bestowing the fruits of the land upon them by the necessity of resisting the assaults of his enemies.

Antistrophe. 'Mid the lightning of war and its thunder,
It is faded, my vision sublime,
For my king can't attend to the plunder,
He hasn't the time!

[During the singing of the last few lines a Messenger is seen running at full speed up the steps towards the palace.]

Leader. Who comes with foot swift as the eagle's wing,
Tidings belike he brings us from the king?

Messenger. A doubtful day, old men, of blood and strife,
The law's stout truncheon 'gainst the rebel knife!
There, where our sovereign's knights are wont to wheel
Their coal-black chargers in a ring of steel,
There are they met, the froward island throng
With them that chant Georgos' battle-song.
The red tide sets towards the Halls of State
From where the Column guards the Northern gate.
Karson is pressing hard; amid the throng
I marked young Tekton¹ galloping along
To cheer the fainting . . .

[A fierce yell is heard, and the sound of running footsteps rapidly approaching. The Messenger looks back down the steps at the scene of the battle.]

. . . Gods! we are undone!
Our stoutest towers are falling one by one.
The rival chiefs are met to quench their hate
In single combat by the palace gate.

[GEORGOS rushes out from the palace. KARSON dashes up the steps to meet him. Both are streaming with blood.]

Karson. Have at thee, traitor!

Georgos. Ha! ye rebel knaves . . .

[EIRENIKOS appears in the sky above the scene.]

Eirenikos. Peace! peace, my sons! Put up your swords
and staves.

Georgos, thou hast suffered. Let it be.

Karson has suffered too. Not less than thee,

¹

"I marked young Tekton."

The Greek word TEKTON signifies a Smith, but classical research has so far revealed nothing with regard to the hero here referred to. He may perhaps have been a warrior famed for the use of the hammer, like Thor in the Scandinavian mythology.

Love of his country moves him. In God's sight
'Tis direst wrong when right contends with right.
The throne ye struggle for let Peace divide,
Let equal chieftains lord it side by side.
Karson let his stout islanders obey;
The Western mountains own Georgos' sway.
Elsewhere let others rule, and as in Heaven
The Pleiads shine, so let your kings be seven;
And with mine amplest blessing shall be crowned
Your common counsels at my Table Round.

[EIRENIKOS *disappears*. GEORGOS and KARSON
fall on each other's necks and embrace.

CHORUS.¹

Strophe. A word from the Eastern water,
From the dark Enchanted Wave,
The Sea Maid bore to the souls that sought her,
And it fell on mine ear to save.

Antistrophe. Long, long ago was it spoken
By the Prophet dark and wild,
As he showed the Pleiads' sevenfold token
To the eyes of the Winsome Child.

Strophe. In a land where the apples golden
Are stored in a splendour of glass

Antistrophe. They stored the word of the Prophet olden,
And the Gods shall bring it to pass.

Leader. When counsel sage has banished every doubt
There will be nothing left to fight about.

¹

"A word from the Eastern water," &c.

The interpretation of this obscure and difficult Chorus must be largely a matter of conjecture. The argument seems to be this: The arrangement which Eirenikos has just ordained to put an end to the troubles that have been distracting the country—i.e., the substitution of seven separate tyrants or rulers for one—was foretold long ago. A mysterious prophecy that the number of rulers should be that of the Pleiads was brought, of old, from the sea to the dwellers by the coast where grew the golden apples. (These are probably the golden apples of the Hesperides, identified by some scholars with oranges.) This prophecy is now about to be fulfilled.

So much seems fairly clear, but much remains dark. The "Sea Maid" of "the dark Enchanted Wave" may very likely be the ship in which the mysterious Prophet or Prophets sailed. But the identity of "the Prophet dark and wild" and of "the Winsome Child" has so far eluded critical investigation.

The Chorus and the play end with two lines spoken by the Leader in a spirit of calm resignation to the will of Heaven.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE YEAR 1914—THE UNREST OF THE WORLD—THE PLIGHT OF ENGLAND—CANT OR SHIPS?—MR CHURCHILL'S FUTURE—THE YEARS OF REVOLT—A CENTURY OF PEACE—MR JAMES CABOT LODGE—THE SENSITIVENESS OF THE UNITED STATES—THE SINS OF CHARLES DICKENS—PARKMAN'S PROPHETIC WARNING—VISCOUNT BRYCE ON EDUCATION.

THE year 1914, unless it belie the portents of its birth, will prove all the world over a year of unhappiness and distress. Nowhere, from China to Peru, can we take comfort in the prospect. None but a crazy optimist or a Minister in office will find a genuine satisfaction in the disturbances which prevail in every quarter of the habitable globe. The Near East slumbers awhile that it may wake presently refreshed for the battle. The unrest of India might arouse from its lethargy any other country than ours, which has sunk to the sad level of a satisfied provincialism, and believes that so long as pensions are paid and easy offices found for political drudges all must be well. Mexico cultivates anarchy with a stout heart, confident that the brave words of that eminent college president, Mr Woodrow Wilson, will never be translated into deeds; and no one on either side the Atlantic has the energy to protect the lives and properties of his own countrymen. The dismissal of half a dozen men has driven South Africa to the verge of civil war, which has been averted by

a wise energy that we should do well to emulate. Ignorance and lack of interest have kept a veil tightly drawn over the happenings in China. We can only surmise the anarchy which has followed revolution in that ancient kingdom.

And Great Britain is in a worse plight than any other country in the world. The troubles which beset Germany in Alsace, the fickle insecurity of governments in Paris, are nothing compared with the superfluous trials which await Great Britain in the near future. The trials are superfluous, because they have been put upon us merely to keep a set of greedy men in power. They are none the lighter for their superfluity. It is not easy to see at this present time how civil war can be avoided. We are nearer to the verge of an armed rebellion than we have been since the seventeenth century. The men of Ulster are resolute for the fight, and they have the support of more than half of England. The old pretence that the Protestants of Ireland are merely bluffing has been abandoned, we believe, except by those intrepid spirits,

Messrs M'Kenna and Runciman, and by the fighting apostles of peace at any price. Yet the Government obstinately refuses to make terms with its enemies. It is resolved, at Mr Redmond's instigation, that Ulster shall be driven against its will from the Union. And Mr Asquith, seeing that his half-hearted offer, never meant for acceptance, has been formally rejected, hied him off to the Riviera as though nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the country which he is called upon to govern.

It seems, then, that nothing will bring our rulers to their senses in Ireland save the shedding of blood. At the first shot that is fired, fear no doubt will overcome greed, and the Radicals will retire from a position which they have never been able to dominate. Nor is the Irish danger the only one that threatens the Empire. It looks as though the more difficult problem of defence is to be shirked that a handful of cosmopolites, English neither in name nor sentiment, may not be driven from their Liberal allegiance. Now, the question of defence is far more urgent than any other, because if we refuse to give it a satisfactory answer our very existence is threatened. It is the one question which brooks neither uncertainty nor delay. Other monstrous mistakes in policy may be rectified with time and goodwill. The shameful Parliament Act is but a make-shift, as all the world knows.

We shall not always live under a suspended Constitution. Even if Home Rule were granted to Ireland, Ulster would recover her liberties with armed hand. But when once we make up our mind to substitute cant for ships there is an end of the British Empire. No amends can be made for a signal defeat, and yet a band of men, with no fatherland of their own, and aggressively German names, is apparently strong enough in agitation to weaken the defences of England at the very moment when her Navy alone can preserve the peace of Europe. No thought of Great Britain checks the zeal of those who preach the doctrine of suicide. The cosmopolites are satisfied that their wealth is secure, whatever happens. The Socialists and Radicals, whom they drag in their train, have never felt the spur of patriotism, and are valiant in the belief that the shout of economy will bring them thousands of added votes at the polls.

Meanwhile our Ministers, undisciplined and out of hand, talk whatever nonsense seems profitable at the moment. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Welsh Nationalist, thinks proper to usurp in public the functions of the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Foreign Secretary, that he may sketch a policy in direct opposition to the policy of his colleagues. He cares not, in his rage of self-advertisement, that he shakes the confidence of the country

and incurs the contempt of France, our faithful ally. No English Minister has ever brought upon himself so gravely deserved a reproof as that lately administered by M. Clemenceau to Mr George. Either our sympathy with France is sincere and to be enforced by the strength of our arms, or it is worthless. And when Mr George, in spite of German enterprise, declares the race of armaments insane, he proves that, in his mind at least, the pledges which we have given to France are worthless. And not only does he weaken our friendship with the great nation across the Channel; he insults his colleague at the Admiralty. Mr Churchill, having partially recovered from the profitable madness of Radicalism, appears to believe genuinely in the prime necessity of defence. He has foreshadowed with the utmost candour an increase in the naval estimates, and is met with the opposition not only of many Angloised foreigners, but of Mr George, once his nearest and dearest friend in the Government. The Prime Minister, as usual, holds his tongue. It is easier, no doubt, to let his colleagues fight it out; and a battle in the Cabinet is no worse than civil war in Ireland. But what of England and her security? They matter not at all, if only the passage of time can heal the breach and reunite the refractory friends in the bonds of peace.

Mr Churchill, however, can-

not so easily overlook the affront. He has no natural love of Liberal principles, which, to be sure, may be put off as easily as they are put on. He has been long enough, perhaps, at the head of a great department to understand that it takes something more than a sugary sentiment to protect an Empire. Which, then, will he sacrifice—himself or his country? The last time the alternative was placed before him he remained in office. This time it will be difficult for him to avoid resignation unless Mr George consents to eat his hasty words. Already Mr Churchill's friends are devising a brilliant future for him. Kites are ominously flown by his zealous supporters. Shall he return to the Tory fold? Or shall he, more wisely inspired, take the lead of a national party, like the younger Pitt or Benjamin Disraeli? It is unlikely that he will do either. The Tories cannot receive back into their ranks a foremost accomplice in the passing of the infamous Parliament Act. They cannot overlook the purposed acrimony, the envy of Mr George himself, wherewith Mr Churchill attacked the Constitution in the country. And the building up of a national party is not work for a demagogue in a hurry. Before he can inspire a national confidence Mr Churchill must be tried in the fire of retirement, and he is not likely to stand the test which has broken many a stronger vessel

than he. So we shall drift along towards disaster abroad with the same insouciance wherewith we drift along towards civil war at home, and the defence of the country will be made subservient once more to the petty jealousies of unpatriotic Ministers.

With the near prospect of civil war and a weakened navy we cannot look forward cheerfully to the issue of 1914. It is hopeless to expect such an outburst of popular indignation as should insist upon a strong and patriotic Government. Democracy has found its proper result, here as elsewhere, in the profound apathy of the people. The people, now it has usurped the power, doesn't care. Politics in its esteem is a mere matter of cheap food and pensions. It is indifferent to civil war if only it takes place as far away as Ulster is, and it professes to regard the invasion of England with perfect equanimity. Moreover, it will believe any falsehood that is pleasant to its ears, and as during the last eight years the standard of political honour has been reduced to nothingness, it has no lack of falsehoods wherewith to soothe its vanity. Worse still, the people is in a bad temper, into which it has been forced by noisy demagogues. Not a few of our Ministers have found it easier to arouse the passions of envy and malice in the minds of their dupes than to speak the language of political wisdom. They have persuaded the ignorant voters that they have

been robbed of this or that, that if only "they had their rights" they would be rich and the rich would be poor. Nor do they insist that thrift or self-denial or intelligence is necessary to bring about this transformation. The mere fact of numbers is sufficient to support the platform orator in his plea that the have-nots alone should enjoy whatever wealth and happiness the world affords. He never speaks of duties, this orator; duties bring him no votes. He is eloquent about privileges, sends his victims hot-foot to the polls, and leaves them to discover that the only privileges they are likely to get from him are vain flattery and the empty right of dropping a marked paper into a ballot-box.

The lack of truth and the carefully-manufactured bad temper, which are the marks of our time, remove still further from us the hope of security. An unrest has, as we have said, taken hold of the world, and will not be dispelled. Nor is the year 1914 the first which has suffered from this universal disease. Unrest seems to be both periodic and infectious. Were we far enough from the earth we might be able to express the recurrent disturbances of the civilised world by a curve. With imperfect knowledge and a confused perspective we can merely record that certain times and seasons have been favourable to revolution. The year 1830, for instance, was very fruitful of turmoil. The

spirit of rebellion seemed then to travel with the same mysterious secrecy wherewith news is carried through the desert. There were no signs of overt communication. One country was not observed to infect another. The same disease appeared to attack each and all of them independently. It is, indeed, a grim record of turbulence. In France the king was deposed, and the troops were driven from Paris by the people. A Committee of Public Safety was appointed in Brussels. The Duke of Brunswick was expelled from his Duchy. There were riots in Leipsic and Dresden, in Cassel and Hamburg. Even Switzerland tried her hand at a popular movement, and Warsaw expelled its Russian garrison. Thus the same fury infected the whole of Europe, and who shall say whence the fury came or why suddenly it spent itself? Eighteen years later the spirit of revolt broke out yet more fiercely than in 1830. Only Great Britain and Russia escaped the contagion, and Great Britain had her taste of rebellion in Ireland. The rest of Europe was for a while a vast battlefield. France declared herself a republic, and Louis Philippe only just managed to escape the danger by a flight to England. There was fighting in Munich and Berlin, in Cologne and Wiesbaden. Austria and Italy surrendered themselves fiercely to the impulse of war. East and West, North and South, blood was shed and shed fruit-

lessly in the cause of "liberty," and peace was not restored until the epidemic passed. To find an explanation of this recurrent fever is not easy. We merely set the truth in another light, when we say that politics is a thing of moods, and that moods may be catching, like the measles or scarlet fever.

In 1830, as in 1848, England escaped the contagion more happily than her neighbours. Of the unrest promised in 1914, she will, it seems, have more than her share. As her difficulties seem greater than the difficulties of others, so her means of defence are far smaller. And we have fallen into the mire through nobody's fault but our own. A nation, in temper and training essentially conservative, we have suddenly broken with our ancient traditions. We have cut the ties which bound us to the past, and we are like a ship that has lost her anchor. Our demagogues, confidently pitting their poor little shreds of knowledge against the accumulated wisdom of a thousand years, believe that they can create a new earth and change the nature of man, if only they walk often enough through the dismal lobbies of the House of Commons. But no country can with impunity separate itself wholly from its past. And Great Britain to-day suffers all the doubt and uncertainty which comes of shattered beliefs and vain disloyalties. Nor shall we discover the peace and tran-

quillity which alone can save us, elsewhere than in reaction.

But if we look forward to the year 1914 with insecurity, we can at least look backwards to 1814 over a century of peace with the United States. In 1814 the treaty signed at Ghent brought to a conclusion the last war that we fought with our cousins across the Atlantic. The Republic, still young—it numbered less than forty years—had vindicated its honour by land and sea, and has lived on terms of friendship, or at least of toleration, with Great Britain ever since. A community of language and law, the tie of common blood, which united us until the tide of emigration set towards Ellis Island—these should have been enough to keep the peace between us; and by the exercise of mutual forbearance they have kept the peace. It has not always been easy. Near relations are more apt to quarrel about small things than are complete strangers. But before we came across Mr James Cabot Lodge's book, 'One Hundred Years of Peace,' we did not know that ever since 1814—and before—the Great Republic had been living under a sense of profound discomfort, an acute consciousness that she has been misunderstood. Now, Mr Lodge has chosen the oddest method of celebrating a hundred years of peace that ever we have seen. He is the most

human brain could imagine. He talks of peace with his coat off and his dukes up. He is quite sure that England has never done right, nor said what she should, since the beginning of time. If he is forced now and again to approve her action, he does it grudgingly, as though the approbation were dragged out of him against his will. For instance, he is pleased to say a word in praise of the policy pursued in 1898 by Mr Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, and then, as if the admission were far too great for an American to make, he adds, "they came to us, it is true, in the hour of our success." That is what it is to be a generous citizen of the Great Republic, and if all Americans are made of the same stuff as Mr Lodge, we are surprised that they were ever at peace even for a year with any one.

It may be said at once that Mr Lodge, this grave censor of other men and other peoples, is not an impartial historian. The past of his own country is as vague to him as is the past of England. He is pleased to look upon Castlereagh as a "very inferior person." He makes an amiable reference to "the sound system of British education, which has a great deal to say about English victories, great and small, and is curiously reticent as to English defeats." Had he known anything of our English annals he would have recognised that history, having been for a century the province of the Whigs, had most often

regarded British defeats with a kind of exultation. He pictures the United States at the time of the French Revolution as eager and ready for an alliance with England, as a kind of patient wall-flower waiting only for the invitation of a proud partner to join the dance. How such an alliance or such a partnership could have been possible, with Jefferson as Foreign Minister, Mr Lodge does not tell us. There never was for one moment a chance of friendship with England. It needed all the prestige of Washington and all the genius of Hamilton to prevent a friendship with France and to ensure neutrality. But Mr Lodge obviously thinks any stick is good enough for the back of England, and perhaps from his point of view he is right. The back of England is broad enough and sturdy enough to bear all such thwackings as he could administer.

Even when England was engaged in a struggle for her very existence she should, thinks Mr Lodge, have found time to contemplate the wisdom and splendour of the great country, once beneath her dominion. "It would seem not unreasonable," says he, "to expect from able and responsible Ministers, certainly from a man of such commanding intellect as the younger Pitt, some slight perception of the American Revolution, and of the remarkable qualities of the Constitution of the United States, pointed out with terseness and force by Lord Acton."

Unfortunately for the younger Pitt, "the terseness and force" of that eminent Whig and pedant, Lord Acton, were vouchsafed to the world too late. Poor Pitt! Born out of due season, he was not privileged to read either Lord Acton's very low opinion of himself, or Lord Acton's lofty praise of the American Commonwealth. Perhaps, also, he had something better to do than to study political controversies. It was his business to save England by his energy and foresight, and as he succeeded in this enterprise we may forgive him for not having anticipated the researches of Mr Gladstone's eminent and ineffectual friend.

But it is not the Government of England which Mr Lodge believes principally to blame, though little enough is to be said in defence of that. The worst criminals are those who have dared to criticise the manners and customs of the great American continent. It is not merely the "marvellous stupidity" or the undying hatred of England that has blocked the way of friendship; it is "the slander and vilification" of such men as Sydney Smith. Now, Sydney Smith was not the happiest example Mr Lodge could have chosen for his purpose. In the first place, being a sound Whig, Sydney Smith cherished and expressed a profound admiration of the United States, which, said he, afforded "the most magnificent picture of human happiness" which the

world had ever seen. This compliment, we should have thought, was lofty enough to placate even an American patriot. And when Sydney Smith did attack "the drab-coloured men of Pennsylvania," he attacked them with perfect justice, and, since he himself had lost money by putting his faith in the State Bonds, with a proper sense of personal injury. Mr Lodge admits freely that Pennsylvania's default was "indefensible" and "utterly discreditable," an admission which, it appears, is no excuse for Sydney Smith's "slander and vilification." Moreover, the opinion of the United States concerning Sydney Smith's outspoken protest was by no means unanimous. "My bomb has fallen very successfully in America," he wrote, "and the list of killed and wounded is extensive. I have several quires of paper sent me every day calling me monster, thief, atheist, deist, &c." And again, wrote he, to show that there was another side to the dispute, "I receive presents of cheese and apples from Americans who are advocates for paying debts, and very abusive letters in print and in manuscript from those who are not." In brief, there is no doubt that truth and justice were on Sydney's Smith's side. Shall we, then, conclude that the United States must never in any circumstances bear the lash of honest criticism?

If the United States are exquisitely sensitive, it cannot

be said that they have short memories. The temerity of Charles Dickens still rankles, and Mr Lodge adds one more to the many stern reproofs which have been inflicted upon the author of 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' "Everything else," he writes, "sank into insignificance compared to the effect of one book, much more temperate than any of the others, but written by a great genius, who saw fit later to sharpen what he had said in a book of travels by carrying his animosity into the realms of fiction." Why "animosity," Mr Lodge, why "animosity"? Our American critic does not pretend that what Dickens wrote is false. "He said a great deal that was very true, and certainly deserved." "It may be safely said that Elijah Pogram and Jefferson Brick and Hannibal Chollop, General Choke and Mrs Hominy"—the creatures of "animosity"—"have an immortality more assured among the American people than anywhere else, for the anger has long since died away, while the truth of the satire and the comicality of those beings, by the magic touch of genius, still remain." Mr Lodge takes away with one hand what he gives with the other. If the anger has died away, if the truth of the satire remains, what is all the pother about? And why in praising the magic touch of Dickens's genius should he congratulate Thackeray upon his silence? There is one place, evidently, where the truth shall not prevail, and

where legitimate criticism is indistinguishable from slander and vilification.

Moreover, Dickens, like Sydney Smith, had a lawful grievance against the United States. He was, as he said, "the greatest loser" by the atrocious absence of any copyright law. If any living man had "a claim to speak and to be heard," it was Charles Dickens. It is true that the American people had, as Mr Lodge says, "loved, honoured, and taken him to their heart." The American people had also robbed him, and greatly daring he presumed to utter a protest against the thieves. He should have been silent, we are told, because he had accepted American hospitality. Shall we cover a pirate with compliments because he offers us meat and wine? Dickens, at any rate, was not silent. His friends were paralysed with amazement at his temerity; yet he did not hesitate to discuss what he regarded as a grievance. "The wonder is," he wrote, "that a breathing man can be found with temerity enough to suggest to the Americans the possibility of their having done wrong." The wonder still remains, if we may believe Mr Lodge, and helps to explain why friendship with the United States is not always attainable, or wholly pleasant if attained.

Charles Dickens suffered for his intrepidity. "Anonymous letters," he wrote, "verbal

dissuasions, newspaper attacks, making Colt (a murderer who is attracting great attention here) an angel by comparison with me; assertions that I am no gentleman, but a mere mercenary scoundrel; coupled with the most monstrous misrepresentations relative to my design and purpose in visiting the United States, come pouring in upon me every day." Dickens was not greatly perturbed by this paper warfare, and thus aggravated his offence. (It should be remembered that all these insults were hurled upon Dickens before he wrote his 'American Notes' or 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' so that the hospitality, which it is said should have sealed his lips, was not unanimous.) It is indeed the persistent indifference of England to insult which most bitterly annoys the Americans. "We replied to the criticisms," says Mr Lodge, "in a savage and intemperate manner. Sometimes we wounded, generally we produced no effect." The sting, for the United States, seems to lie in these last five words. The controversy, which on the one side still rankles, cost the other side scarce a pang. We have endured with equanimity all the hard words that have been thrown at us. We have not winced at "the twisting of the lion's tail." We have seen Ireland dragged into the party politics of the United States, and England grossly libelled to catch votes, without protest or regret. The public honouring of the two rebel Patricks,

Ford and Egan, has not roused us from our indifference. Even political discussions have not often disturbed our tranquillity. The affair of the *Trent*, in which, as Mr Lodge admits, the conduct of the Americans was indefensible, made vastly more stir in Washington than in London. And the imperturbability of England, it appears, has been a constant cause of offence. Clearly, then, we have done nothing right. On the one hand, we have dared to criticise the Great Republic, which should be immune from criticism. On the other, we have not sufficiently resented the hostile criticism of the Great Republic, and have proved by our very indifference an overweening pride.

But what strikes us most forcibly in Mr Lodge's strange and bellicose record of a peace, is the need which the United States admit of flattery. They must have compliments, or they are suspicious and uneasy. And the worst of it is, they believe that no compliment ever invented is commensurate with the grandeur of their country. The English have always been somewhat slack in applause. They praise neither themselves nor others very readily. To the constant demand, "What do you think of our great country?" they return somewhat halting answers. They do not, as no doubt they should, fall down and kiss the quay at Hoboken. But is it not time that the Americans should put aside

this childish love of adulation? It is but a poor excuse to say that they are a "new" nation, when they were, before the mixture of races began, but a very old people transplanted. We can imagine no wiser policy than a policy of friendship between England and the United States. But we must enter this friendship on a footing of blameless equality. We must not be asked to bring into the alliance a bad conscience and a repentant soul. Fifty years ago Lord Lyons pointed out that an attitude of firmness best became us in our dealings with the United States, and what Lord Lyons said remains true to-day. Friendship, deprived of candour, is but a useless hypocrisy, and England and the United States can never live upon terms of amity, so long as it is exacted of us, as a first condition, that we shall never utter a single word of reproof or criticism, though it be well merited and true. Indeed, if Mr Lodge speaks for his countrymen, there is but a small chance of approach. Not even in demanding peace can he hide the rancour of his heart; not even in a rare moment of approval can he refrain from grudging the praise which he bestows.

The fact is, that if the United States are to take the place they deserve in the world, they must make up their minds that they are children no longer, but full-grown men; that, therefore, they may claim no indulgence that is not given

to others. They have in their great continent all the elements of greatness, save pure, unmixed blood, and they refuse to rid themselves of their ancient petulance. Parkman, in concluding his famous history, gave his countrymen an unheeded prophetic warning. "Those who in the weakness of their dissensions," he wrote, "needed help from England against the savage on their borders, have become a nation that may defy every foe but that most dangerous of all foes, herself, destined to a majestic future if she will shun the excess and perversion of the principles that made her great, prate less about the enemies of the past, and strive more against the enemies of the present, resist the mob and the demagogues as she resisted Parliament and King, rally her powers from the race for gold and the delirium of prosperity to make firm the foundations on which that prosperity rests, and turn some fair proportion of her vast mental forces to other objects than material progress and the game of party politics." These wise words were written thirty years ago, and they have not yet lost their force.

If we put on one side such plain traitors to their own land as Fox and Burke, we shall find only one Englishman who has won the whole-hearted approval of the United States, and that is Mr (now Viscount) Bryce. He is the historian of their much-bepraised Con-

stitution; he was the champion of their projected reciprocity with Canada. But if only he spoke always with the wisdom which some time since he brought to the discussion of "Some Educational Issues," we should cordially welcome his return to English politics. He surveyed the system of education which fills with pride the heart of bumbledom, and he found in the survey not a little that is disconcerting. He pleaded with much good sense for the ancient ways. He "expressed an earnest hope that religious instruction and the Bible should not be left out of the schools," and coming from the United States he spoke with authority of the evils which followed the triumph of secularism. As to the material progress of education in England there can be no doubt. We are spending £30,000,000 a-year upon public instruction, and we have every right to ask, what are we getting for it? Elementary education, we believe, has proved an expensive and disastrous failure. Not only have we taught the children of our race little that is useful for them to know; we have hindered the growth of their minds, and educated nothing save a parrot-like faculty of repeating superfluous facts, and then speedily forgetting them. The petrifying hand of the State is upon our schools, and the State hates always diversity and independence, the two qualities which make the worth

of citizens, as keenly as it loves a barren uniformity. When, therefore, more money is asked to intensify the evil of the existing system, we agree with Viscount Bryce that the greatest care is necessary. "We ought to take stock," says he, "of the present situation, and make sure that the present expenditure was being wisely and economically applied."

It is elementary education which attracts the largest amount of money and is responsible for the most reckless waste. Instead of being sifting grounds of talent, as they should be, our elementary schools are regarded as a supreme end in themselves. If a child proves himself incapable of education, he is not dismissed to some such pursuit as better suits his temper. He is kept at school all the longer, because he cannot learn. To devise a more foolish system than this passes the wit of man, and nothing but a government department could ever have tolerated it. There is but one way of salvation: to divert the large sums of wasted money from elementary to secondary education. Now, it is only at the polling booth that the wise man and the fool are of an equal value. As Viscount Bryce says, "a nation moves forward less by its average citizens than by its strongest and finest minds." This is an obvious truth which the cant of democracy will never confute, and it follows that the welfare of secondary in-

struction is of the highest importance to the nation. It is clearly our duty, then, to choose from the elementary schools those who have the greatest aptitude for learning, and to prepare them in the secondary schools for a training in our universities. Viscount Bryce, taking the view of an optimist, estimates those apt for higher instruction at 10 per cent of the whole. They are probably far less numerous, and if we rid our minds of sentimentality, we should not find it a hopeless enterprise to send to the university all those who are able to surmount the educational ladder. But we must not make the ladder too easy. There is no virtue in forced scholarship, and the pretence that poverty should be a sufficient passport of itself to Oxford and Cambridge should not be tolerated outside a congress of labour members. Viscount Bryce, for his part, does not encourage these vague aspirations. He would choose 10 per cent or less of the elementary scholars, and sending them to a secondary school would thus contrive what he calls "the best investment that a nation can make."

Yet the very best investment that a nation can make may not be compared with the investment which the individual citizen makes for his children. It is better that our Education Department should take wise than unwise measures. It would be better still if the education of English children

were left to private intelligence and to the self-denial of parents. Even when you have got your 10 per cent into the secondary schools, the question remains unanswered: What shall they be taught when they are there? How can a public department, presided over by a politician who has won his place by party service, distinguish between the conflicting claims of science and the humanities? For our part we believe that

science long since proved itself bankrupt, and that the humanities will eventually recapture the place which they have lost. But these are problems to be solved by the expert, and we should have a better confidence in the future of our national education if we could take it out of the incompetent hands of interested politicians and intrust it to the wise care of such well-trained scholars as Viscount Bryce.

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BRITAIN AND HER ARMY.

IT has been said that every nation has the Government it deserves: the saying is, generally speaking, equally true whether applied to the authorities which direct, or the forces which defend, a country's destinies. In other words, the efficiency of a nation's armed forces is approximately commensurate with the money spent, the personnel supplied, and the interest and sympathy evinced towards them by the people at large.

Judged from this standpoint Great Britain undoubtedly possesses an army many times as good as she deserves to have.

This may seem a hard saying, a sweeping assertion. The following pages are devoted to an attempt to prove it.

In the opening paragraph sympathy has been mentioned last. But inasmuch as it is the fountain whence flow men, money, and other practical means of support, it is the first

point demanding our attention.

The writer of these lines—the son of a civilian—received his early education in an atmosphere entirely unmilitary. Visits to relatives in a garrison town and the narratives of various wars aroused in him an interest and enthusiasm which have never flagged, but rather increased during youth, early manhood, and into middle life. Upon such a mentality the general bearing of the people towards a much-loved calling could not but produce resentment and regret, coupled with a desire to defend it from the frequent and unjust attacks levelled at it.

Earnest were the remonstrances from the writer's relatives, friends, and teachers when his intention to serve the Queen became known. "So you have been seduced by the attractions of a red coat," quoth a schoolmaster, nettled at the defection of one whom

he had regarded as a "probability" for a scholarship at the university. "You are adopting a profession suitable only for rich and idle young men," said a lawyer. "On no account shall my daughters marry soldiers or even enter a garrison town," thus spoke about the same time a clerical acquaintance, whose attitude is that of many civilians to-day. In fact, the demeanour of people and Parliament towards the army then and now may be summed up as "grudging toleration."

The contemptuous indifference prevailing at ordinary times is tinged by a vague suspicion of militarism, which assumes a sharper form when some soldiers less "idle" and "stupid" than the rest rouse themselves to advocate a much-needed reform or point to some impending danger.

Here are a few examples—

A cathedral dignitary of a city with which the writer is connected, when speaking in July 1913, on a public occasion, of Britain's defensive forces, referred to the army as "*pour rire*." *Pour rire* certainly as regards numbers, for we cannot within a reasonable time muster as many trained men as several small Near Eastern States brought into line in 1912-13. *Pour rire* as regards the immature stripplings who cumber the ranks of regulars and territorials alike. *Pour rire* as regards the puerile and undignified methods to which our luckless recruiting authorities must stoop in order to fill an establishment dangerously low, but never attained in practice. All this

lies at the nation's door! As to the army's deeds in the wars of yesterday and the peace training of to-day we will consider presently the utterances of foreign experts. These know and care more about it than do even its educated compatriots, who are, for the most part, bent on ease and money-making, or obsessed by sentimental illusions.

During the discussion on the 1913-14 Army Estimates, Sir William Byles declared that we really did not require an army at all. As long as we "behave ourselves" no foreign nation will, according to him, do us any harm. The same gentleman told the House that he had "warned his constituents against Lord Roberts." Sir William Byles is an extremist, who does not occupy any responsible public office. But nevertheless a large constituency has repeatedly elected him, and his sentiments find an echo in many quarters. Let us hear him once more! When Lord Kitchener was appointed British Agent in Egypt he expressed a fear that we were becoming a "soldier-ridden" nation. Strange description of a people which denies to its ablest soldiers all executive power in the State whilst they follow their vocation, and securely muzzles them and all their comrades.

During the past twelve months cases have occurred where ill-mannered and unpatriotic manifestations by a crowd, or foolish offensive speeches by avowed enemies of

the army, have provoked certain senior officers to act or speak in a manner unpalatable to the anti-military party which is so well represented in the House of Commons. Each time the Secretary of State for War, when questioned, adopted, in accordance with the usual custom, an apologetic manner towards the soldiers' enemies. Believing as he does in a silent non-political army, the writer does not think that participation by serving soldiers in the strife of tongues can further the interests of their calling. But if the soldiers remain silent the Ministers must speak: must rebuke sternly those who traduce and vilify the army, and secure fair play for the soldier. In Germany we have recently witnessed Ministers defending in the most spirited manner deeds by officers which do not at first sight commend themselves to the ordinary man.

It is time to check the campaign against the British Army which, amongst other causes, is beginning to deplete its ranks. Competent judges cite as one of the reasons for the present serious shortage of recruits the anti-military propaganda which is making headway so fast in the large manufacturing centres of the North for instance, where the shallow but attractive theories of Mr Norman Angell have won many adherents, and where the bitterness of industrial warfare has prejudiced many workers against an institution looked on by them as the capitalist's weapon.

Speaking of the successful termination of the French railway strike of 1910 by means of a mobilisation of railwaymen, a compatriot of theirs said to the writer: "It was quite simple; only remind the average Frenchman that he is a soldier, and he forgets all about politics and labour disputes." Could we but speak thus!

But it is during war that the smouldering embers of dislike blaze up into a flame of denunciation and calumny. A general, well known on account of his kindly solicitude for his subordinates, was labelled murderer and madman after fighting an action in South Africa in which the loss was under 10 per cent. Every form of abuse was heaped upon our officers as a body at that time. The context of "methods of barbarism" is too trite a story to merit more than a passing allusion.

And all these outbursts were nothing new. In his 'Life of John Nicholson,' Captain Trotter reproduces a letter written by that illustrious hero to his relatives after the First Afghan War, and with reference to "the ideas of people at home" about it.

"One would imagine," he writes, "that the Afghans, instead of being the most vicious and bloodthirsty race in existence, who fight merely for the love of bloodshed and plunder, were noble-minded patriots. The stories told, too, of the excesses committed by our troops are false and greatly exaggerated. The villages of . . . only such people were destroyed as had signalled themselves by their treachery and hostility towards the

force of 1841 . . . Charikar, where a whole regiment was destroyed without pity ; Sardabad, where an officer and 100 men were murdered in cold blood."

During the great Indian frontier campaign of 1897 the various tribes found equally zealous apologists in Parliament, and the army equally bitter detractors.

Clouds of abuse and misrepresentation have long obscured the lustre of Hodson's memory. Hodson, the magnificent leader of Light Horse! He had his failings ; but do not his untiring zeal and resolute attitude during the darkest Mutiny days form one of the brightest pages in the history of that ghastly tragedy? Did ever men more richly deserve their fate than the miscreants of whom he personally rid the world?

And to go back further still, if depreciation and reproach had not dogged the memory of our greatest light infantry soldier, why were those immortal lines written?—

"Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him."

Truly Great Britain has ever been wont to stone her military prophets!

With such relations existing between army and people, we cannot be surprised that the latter should desire to keep its youth far from all influences

calculated to foster a liking for the military career. That strenuous opposition in Parliament should have wrecked the most valuable part of Lord Haldane's scheme of army reform, viz., compulsory cadet training. That Sir Robert Baden-Powell, anxious to make his Boy Scouts' scheme a success, should have emphatically dissociated it at the outset from all connection with army service or national defence in any form. And yet every movement in history which has had great and lasting results has striven for some definite and concrete object, be it the deliverance of a people or class, the propagation of a faith, or the introduction of fresh standards of life and thought. To tell a boy to perform at least one good deed a day savours of the nebulous, the abstract. But to impress upon him that a noble heart, keen eyes, handy fingers, and a healthy frame will make him a more efficient bulwark alike against foreign attack and internal degeneration, this is setting before him a tangible ideal, one bearing the same relation to the existing precepts as a lighthouse beacon to a flickering candle; or as a majestic waterway flowing seaward to those Central Asian rivers whose waters are finally lost in desert sands.

Under present conditions officers, who viewed the inception of the movement with much pleasure, cannot as a body be expected to give it the practical aid which they would under other conditions have

vouchsafed—to the great benefit of the Scouts, be it added. The kindred movements in certain Continental countries do claim fellowship with the nation's armed forces, inasmuch as their admitted *raison d'être* is not only to make the boys better citizens, but also more efficient defenders when the time comes to bear arms. This being so, officers in some of these countries are officially authorised to further the lads' training: material, practice-grounds, and even horses are at times provided under military arrangements. In others no direct official help is given, but it is tacitly understood that military instructors will voluntarily lend their aid; and the latter's duties are so arranged as to leave them the leisure and energy needed for a beneficent labour of love. The writer does not wish to decry or belittle the

valuable organisation which Sir Robert Baden-Powell's genius has initiated. His very admiration prompts him to express regret that just for the want of "a little something" its potentialities for good should be circumscribed.

Having concluded our brief analysis of the feelings evinced towards the British soldier by his compatriots, we will proceed to examine the latter's performances as far as the provision of the "sinews of war" is concerned, confining ourselves for the present to the military side. The following tables give some details concerning military expenditure incurred by several of the leading Powers, and show also the progress of their military forces since the year which witnessed the outbreak of the South African War:—

COUNTRY.	Army Expenditure.		Peace Establishment.		Estimated War Strength (including partially trained men).	
	1899.	1913.	1899.	1913.	1899.	1913.
Great Britain .	£20,617,200	£28,220,000	1 566,272	2 589,725	3 722,479	3 805,536
France . . .	25,979,841	38,286,240	616,475	687,655	3,091,350	3,869,000
Germany . .	33,426,500	60,000,000	491,136	693,000	2,996,000	4,186,000
Russia . . .	31,869,153	67,477,000	1,092,444	1,343,000	2,841,962	5,530,000
Japan . . .	5,255,120	9,966,607	132,135	250,000	341,154	1,638,000

¹ Excluding 73,157 in India.

² Excluding 76,811 in India.

³ Includes Special Reserve, Territorials, and Yeomanry: these are altogether some 80,000 under strength. This deficiency added to a shortage of 10,000 Regulars would leave about 715,000 only.

The foregoing figures show that whereas in 1899 Great Britain's military expenditure was about 61 per cent of

Germany's and 64 per cent of Russia's, it amounted in 1913 to no more than 46 per cent of Germany's and 42

per cent of Russia's. Japan in 1899 spent approximately 25 per cent of what Great Britain gave for the upkeep of her army. In 1913 the Eastern Empire, less menaced politically than in 1899 but in sore financial straits, spends over 35 per cent of the sum devoted by its ally to a like object; the latter having meanwhile passed through a period of plenty, but finding, on the other hand, formidable potential foes arising, its relative military strength having dwindled to an alarming degree.

Nor can the tale just unfolded be considered complete without a notice of the latest German Army Law and the French response to it. Germany's peace strength will shortly stand at 876,000, whilst that of the French army will within a few years attain some 727,000. Such large additions to an army naturally entail a corresponding financial outlay. Germany, after hugely increased expenditure in 1912 and 1913, is embarking upon an army budget of £60,800,000 in 1914, excluding extraordinary contributions; whilst Russia is reported to be estimating for £76,000,000, the exact nature and extent of her military expansion being still (in January 1914) unknown. France is raising huge loans, principally to finance her military additions. By the end of 1913 her military estimates had been outrun by 306 million francs, and another 100 million were required at once.

When considering the war

strengths just given, we should remember that the forces which exercise the most decisive effect upon the issue of a campaign are those brought into line by about the fourteenth day after war has broken out. The most optimistic forecasts place this number at about 160,000 in the case of Great Britain where war on the Continent is concerned. She may be prevented, however, by naval considerations or embarrassments elsewhere, from sending even these insignificant numbers. Germany could certainly marshal well over a million fighters within the first fortnight, and France little short of this figure. Moreover, the French and German reservists (scarcely numbering a third of the total force in each case) will have served with the colours more recently than the average of those included in the British figure, who will number some 60 per cent of the whole. For an outlay amounting to 47 per cent of Germany's we get, on a favourable hypothesis, barely 15 per cent of her fighting power. Compared to France, we obtain even less value for our money. This is due partly to our scattered Empire and world-wide responsibilities, but also to voluntary service, under which we can never get more than ten shillings' war value for a pound spent on the army.

Those reflecting upon these figures and facts must be equally struck by the comparatively stationary position of our military force, our small increase in military expendi-

ture, and the steady upward trend of expenditure and numbers in the case of the other armies cited. A law none the less inexorable for being unwritten, limits our military budget to the vicinity of £28,000,000, regardless of developments in the world around, preparations of rivals, our expanding national resources, or the indefinitely increasing expenditure by other Government departments in our country. The Territorial Army, which must remain a moderate fighting machine until its present standards are raised, absorbs every year a large slice of the military vote. Aeronautics—indispensable to-day, but nevertheless an *adjunct* to, not a *substitute* for, the man with the gun—do likewise. Surely this new branch, which fights neither on land nor sea, should be financed entirely independently of the naval and military forces, although it must of necessity operate in unison with them.

In reality, the sums expended on the upkeep of fighting men show a tendency to diminish. In 1906 the British Army counted nine infantry battalions and many guns more than it does to-day. The eighty-three infantry battalions stationed at home to-day have an establishment of some thirty men apiece less than they had then. A cunningly-phrased order appeared in 1913 "increasing" the artillery of our expeditionary force, but actually disbanding six horse- and field-

batteries—36 guns and about 900 men.

The gap between military establishments and strength already referred to is widening to an alarming extent. The shortage of 10,000 at home falls principally upon the infantry, "the Queen of battles," the arm which takes admittedly the largest share in determining the issue of a fight. Let us examine its plight! To the average deficit of 80 to 90 men per battalion must be added immature lads under twenty—present in peace, but incapable of marching forthwith to war. They totalled some 19,000 last October. The French in 1913 increased the term of military service by one year, but lowered the age of entry from twenty-one to twenty. A cry of alarm instantly arose! Twenty was considered too low an age, unless coupled with a stringent medical examination. Only some 60 per cent of those liable to serve were actually taken, the rest being put back. Many of our so-called "twenties" are not so in reality: and thus the dangerously small nucleus of well-trained men available on mobilisation will include a fair number who will break down almost at once. They will be replaced principally by older classes of reservists, more "rusty" in their duties, more wedded to civil life and averse from campaigning, more unfitted for the strenuous war existence owing to the sedentary occupations from which many will suddenly have been called. Thus the crisis of a

campaign will probably see British battalions containing perhaps a quarter of the men who were being so well instructed in them a few weeks earlier, facing battalions which will seldom include more than 40 per cent of reservists.

But the British public careth for none of these things!

Why do we take these child-soldiers? Because we cannot catch men. And why not? Because the man looks ahead and sees in the offing the grim spectre of unemployment and want. Do we not ensure our soldiers against this? Only to a disgracefully inadequate extent. What is the reason? The same "labour" which hates conscription will not assist voluntary service, and cries out when berths are reserved for those who have done what many more should be compelled to do. Nothing is more painful to an officer than to meet or hear of ex-soldiers, who have borne a good character whilst in the army—ay, may even have reached high non-commissioned rank—and are striving in vain, nevertheless, to obtain even humble and unremunerative posts; or, worse still, to come across ex-service men whose general appearance tells but too plainly that they are going under in the hopeless struggle for daily bread.

They manage these things better in democratic France, where labour likewise possesses a share in the Government. It might be thought that where nearly all serve, the same moral obligation

would not rest upon the Government to provide for the soldier whose service was over. Yet we find over there in full working order a carefully thought-out scheme, of which the outline is as follows: Appointments open to ex-service men are divided into four classes, for the lowest of which no qualifying examination is required. No. 1 class includes posts such as auditors, inspectors, instructors, higher police officials, &c. No. 2 embraces clerks, accountants, draughtsmen, &c. No. 3 signifies lower appointments of a kind similar to No. 2, and also mechanics, postmen, &c. No. 4 includes hall-porters, gatekeepers, posts in connection with barracks and canteens, caretakers of preserves, cemeteries, &c. For these various employments non-commissioned officers and soldiers are eligible, some four years' colour service being required. Since the obligatory term of service is now three years, it may be said that every Frenchman rendering voluntary service has an acknowledged lien on the State for civil employment. Not only does each Government department reserve a legally fixed proportion of billets, counting in each of the above-named classes (never less than half, generally four-fifths of those available), for ex-service men, but a good many private concerns (railway companies, &c.) have agreed to do the same. Commanders of regiments, &c., notify to the War Office names of eligible candidates serving under them, and who will shortly leave the army. Em-

ployers, &c., send notifications as to the number and nature of appointments which they have to offer. A committee assembles quarterly at the War Office to adjudicate on the basis of the data thus placed at its disposal. A general presides, and all Government departments and private concerns offering situations are represented. The classification of candidates effected by the committee is published officially.

Germany has few long-service privates, the bulk serving for two years only; but for non-commissioned officers most favourable conditions are ensured as regards civil employment.

When we compare the French system with the half-hearted manner in which the British Government has hitherto dealt with this crucial question, or with the spasmodic and ill-organised attempts of various societies whose activities often overlap, we are driven to confess that the British soldier, whatever his pay, is but poorly recompensed for his services. The wage paid to our young soldiers is high, higher than should be given to thoughtless improvident lads, although obviously no reduction could be effected having regard to the state of recruiting. But this good wage does not absolve the country from responsibility for the soldier's future. Every one of the listless, hopeless vagrants who roam along our highroads and flock to casual wards—many with faded medal ribbons pinned to their tatters—are far more effective anti-recruiting agents than the wildest anti-

military tub-thumper, or the most prejudiced parent and parson.

The French soldier, of even ten years' service, has—except in the case of Colonial Army personnel—usually spent his time in a temperate climate, amidst the amenities of civilised existence, and within a short journey of his friends. The majority of our soldiers spend four or five years in a tropical climate, thousands of miles from home. Proportionately greater is their claim upon the Government! May we regard the recent appointment of Sir Matthew Nathan's Committee—complementary to Sir Edward Ward's War Office Committee concerning soldiers' employment—as a sign that the Government is waking up in the matter? The terms of reference of the Nathan Committee are—

“To consider the conditions of service in the army and the requirements of civil employment, with special reference to the question of ensuring such employment in Government departments or otherwise for all soldiers of good character on leaving the colours, and to make recommendations.”

Let us trust that no noisy protest amongst the least patriotic sections in the country will deter the Government from adopting the recommendations made.

Is the British army officer better treated than his subordinates? He is usually described as the best paid in the world, excepting the American. The figures which follow need a few explanatory remarks. In France and Germany—coun-

tries selected for comparison because the standard of living there approximates more closely to ours than is the case elsewhere—officers of all arms, including those employed on the staff, are paid alike; staff officers enjoy, however, much quicker promotion than others. Officers' pay does not, in either country, include lodging allowance. British officers usually receive a bachelor's quarter, and lodging allowance is only exceptionally issued. The pay quoted in the case of Great Britain is the infantry scale. Field-artillery rates are practically identical. These two arms embrace the great majority of officers. Cavalry and Guards regiments, despite the higher pay given to officers, are more expensive to live in. The Indian Army, like the French Colonial Army, serves under special conditions, and is not considered here. The Royal Engineers, who throughout obtain a living wage, are a small body of highly accomplished specialists, fitted of necessity to fulfil the diversified rôles—some outside purely military requirements—which our world-wide Empire imposes. The Staff constitutes another small band of highly-trained and hard-driven officers

to whom better pay is given, not only for educational attainments and more exacting duties, but also to defray certain expenses incidental to their position. They serve periodically in command of troops, drawing the while the same pay as others. Accelerated promotion is less assured to them than to their Continental brethren.

We need not consider colonels on the staff, or generals. Comparatively few attain these ranks, which offer a fair livelihood in all countries, but are seldom reached before the age of fifty. In further elucidation of the question, it should be added that in the British Army lieutenant-colonels are "chiefs" of corps (cavalry regiments, infantry battalions, &c.); on the Continent, lieutenant-colonels and majors usually hold subordinate posts in formations commanded by colonels. British officers usually reach the ranks of captain and major respectively four and six years earlier than their French and German comrades under existing conditions; the difference diminishes successively in the case of the next two higher ranks; and in the matter of promotion to general the capable Continental officer is more favourably placed than the British one.

PAY OF BRITISH INFANTRY OFFICERS (Rate introduced in 1914).

Rank.	Yearly rate (pounds).
Lieutenant-Colonel (highest regimental rank, includes 5s. daily command pay)	£511
Major of over 24 years' service	328
Major of under 24 years' service	292
Captain of over 12 years' service and 3 years' standing	265
Captain of under 3 years' standing	211
Lieutenant of over 6 years' service	173
Lieutenant of under 6 years' service	119
2nd Lieutenant	95

Lieutenant-colonels commanding units receive a residence or allowance in lieu. Senior majors of units receive 1s. daily extra. Officers promoted from the ranks receive £150 outfit allowance, £50 a-year extra during the first three years; and the higher rate of lieutenant's pay (9s. daily) immediately on promotion to that rank, provided that they have served three years at least in the ranks.

PAY OF FRENCH OFFICERS (Universal Rate sanctioned in 1913, and to commence in October 1914).

Rank.	Yearly rate (pounds).
Colonel (highest regimental rank).	£440
Lieutenant-Colonel	360
Major of over 4 years' standing	324
Major of under 4 years' standing	288
Captain, 4 progressive rates between	£202 and 268
Lieutenant, a sliding scale between	144 and 193
2nd Lieutenant, a sliding scale between	112 and 128

An officer up to the rank of major inclusive is to receive £10 extra annually for each child under sixteen years of age.

PAY OF GERMAN OFFICERS (Universal Rate).

Rank.	Yearly rate (pounds).
Colonel (highest regimental rank)	£438
Major	328 (maximum rate)
Captain, sliding scale of	170 to 255
Lieutenant, sliding scale of	75 to 120

The foregoing tables show that as regards actual salaries the British officer enjoys an advantage, very slight considering the higher cost of living in Great Britain. We must now, however, look at the reverse side of the medal.

To the French and German stipends are added—as already observed—lodging allowances, assessed at various rates according to garrisons. In Germany subalterns receive under this head £11 to £28, 10s. annually; field officers and captains are entitled to rates varying between £31, 10s. and £65. British captains and subalterns are provided with one room, usually situated in

the mess buildings; majors have two rooms. In the rare cases where no quarters exist lodging money on a fixed scale for each rank is issued; a captain's rate is approximately £40 a-year. Officers' quarters, excepting colonels' and quarter-masters' residences, are obviously unsuited for married people, amongst whom must be reckoned about half the captains and more than three-quarters of the majors. These officers' rooms are a white elephant to them. A proportion of non-commissioned officers and soldiers fulfilling certain conditions are entitled to "married quarters" gratis, and there is no apparent

reason why this boon should be withheld from officers. Of late, Government quarters have been built at various stations where suitable houses did not exist; but the rents charged have been so high and the accommodation so indifferent that the occupants have reaped no benefit, but rather the contrary. Thus in South Africa some £90 a-year, plus water rate, was fixed as the charge for rough corrugated iron shanties. Junior officers were mulcted of the difference between this amount and the lodging allowance recoverable in their case. But seniors entitled to lodging allowance exceeding the rent charged, forfeited the residue due to them. Small wonder that the British officer cries "*Timeo Danaos*" when Government schemes for housing him are in the air. If to the six senior officers present with a unit equivalent to an infantry battalion were allotted free quarters or an allowance instead (assessed according to the garrison), an officer of thirty to thirty-five—an age when men are entitled to contemplate marriage—would be able to enter the holy estate without possessing the appreciable private means which are now a *sine quâ non*, unless existence is thenceforward to become a weary struggle for solvency.

When introducing the Army Estimates in 1913, Colonel Seely laid it down as a principle that an officer should be able to live on his pay. He did not add: "subject to remaining unmarried whilst serving." All foreign nations recognise officers' marriages

when fixing the latter's emoluments. We must do the same, or forbid them, failing guarantees as to the financial competence of the parties, such as are exacted in some countries.

Changes of station are a necessary incident of military life, especially in our army. We shall not be far wrong if we assume that the British officer moves his *penates* on an average every two and a half years. Senior married officers serving in German regiments receive some £25 moving allowance; married subalterns get some £10. Unmarried officers draw half the above rates. In France married officers are allowed to transport, free of cost, a very liberal amount of baggage: a further large quantity is carried at a rate much below the ordinary. The rates recoverable by British officers for the transport of their luggage are sufficient for bachelors with fairly modest belongings, but negligible in the case of married men; for although ladies are allowed some free baggage, no account is taken of the impedimenta inseparable from a married household. A married major, without children, in conversation with the writer, recently estimated the cost of a move at £60. Make it but £50, and reckon the recurrence of moves at the interval named above: This means an annual deduction of £20 from an income of £300 a-year or less. Foreign officers travel at greatly reduced rates even when not on duty. In France first-class tickets are issued to officers at quarter rates. French railways, with

one exception, belong to private companies, as ours do. Why does the British Government—never slow to put pressure on railway companies in the interests of working men—not exert itself on behalf of officers? At present certain companies grant slight concessions to the officer on a haphazard and very limited scale. Soldiers travelling on furlough invariably pay half rates on railways. Why should not the same rule be made applicable to officers?

Since the South African war, the strenuous existence led by Continental armies for the past fifty years has become part and parcel of British military life. This means long periods in camp and bivouac, far away from permanent garrisons. Foreign officers and ours draw allowances during such periods, intended primarily to compensate for wear and tear of uniform. But in the British army the additional cost of messing alone far exceeds the extra sum paid, generally 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. daily, according to rank. In South Africa some years ago, the writer's mess-bill during a fortnight's manoeuvres exceeded £16. A few years later in England, when in a mess administered by a large firm of contractors, his daily messing cost 11s. 6d. In foreign countries officers and non-commissioned officers whilst training at permanent camps take their meals in large messes supplied by contractors, whose charges are rigorously controlled, and who are compelled to supply fare superior to that for which the writer

paid so highly. Even if prices in well-managed British regimental messes are lower than in others, the officer's pocket is always adversely affected. During actual manoeuvres, foreign troops are generally billeted. In some countries the inhabitants at times supply food; in others they need only find shelter and cooking accommodation. An extension of our billeting laws, which is indispensable for modern military training, would incidentally go far to remove the financial burden which manoeuvres now impose upon officers.

Enough has been said to prove that a British officer devoid of private means has—even now that he enjoys the higher pay procured for him by Colonel Seely—a harder struggle to make ends meet than his comrade in any other country. At the time of the South African war a wealthy London stockbroker said to the writer: "We are willing to pay you well if you will learn your work properly." The officer has admittedly (in the eyes of competent critics at any rate!) fulfilled his part of the bargain. Has the voter? The slightly increased pay recently given is not the result of a demand amongst the electorate, but is due partly to a scarcity of suitable candidates, and partly to the desire of certain politicians to secure more frequent promotions from the ranks. Thence the comparatively favourable terms offered to men promoted thence. The payment to an officer appointed from the ranks of some £760 during the first six years of his service,

over and above what his comrade from elsewhere receives, involves a principle recognised in no other calling or country. It betrays the motives which actuated the gift.

Clergy, retired officers, or widows of either, who have given so many sons as officers, are no more able to give large allowances than are the politically more influential classes for whose benefit the revised emoluments cater. The new scheme will probably induce many of the less-gifted and hard-working scions of families who have hitherto officered the army to enlist, and thus gain a marked financial "pull" over their better educated brothers, let alone the saving of college and crammer's fees. It is less likely to attract to any great extent those before whom it is dangled as a bait.

"Whilst the officer's unavoidable expenses," says the 'Daily Telegraph,' "remain as high as they are, the slight assistance now offered hardly suffices for a genuine 'ranker' to serve as an officer. . . . The assistance proffered will perhaps enable such a man to live a few uncomfortable years as a regimental officer. . . . The change is more likely to be of use to the young gentleman who has been a failure at school."

But we must not look too closely into the mouth of Colonel Seely's gift-horse, the first present of the kind offered to the military officer for some 110 years. As the 'Times' Military Correspondent justly remarks: "It is no fault of Colonel Seely if the starvation of army votes enables him to do no more." The sum granted amounts to some £150,000 annually. France is

adding about two millions to her military charges on account of officers' increased pay.

How will the average Briton justify the indifference and unfriendliness complained of in these pages?

He will say—

That Great Britain scarcely requires an army (following Sir William Byles);

or

That the combined naval and military expenditure of the country is excessive, and that a powerful navy being essential relief must be sought in other directions;

or

That the British Army does not furnish a satisfactory return in the matter of efficiency.

Those who characterise a powerful British Army as a luxury think merely of immunity from invasion, and the safe carriage of food-supplies to these islands. To them the navy is an umbrella behind which they would shelter, regardless of what goes on around them. The defence of India does not trouble their thoughts. Colonies must shift for themselves! As for land operations in support of our interests elsewhere, friendly nations must do the work. Have they not done so before?

Yes! under conditions which will never recur. Those who will peruse several excellent historical works recently published about the British Army will be surprised at the number of oversea expeditions that left our shores in the eighteenth

and early in the nineteenth centuries: when on the one hand the subsidising or enlisting of foreign troops was still feasible and customary; and when, on the other hand, Britain's battle-fleets did not always have it their own way. Navies secure island Powers from starvation; are needed to convoy to the mainland ships carrying soldiers; form—as a secondary rôle — a barrier against invasion, assuming that this is attempted by a Power possessing other means of bringing an island foe to terms. But a great people possessing sea power only is like a stalwart boxer who has undertaken only to parry. Will not the most chicken-hearted tyro tackle such a one? Navies cannot cross mountains, ascend streams, or besiege towns! *Military* force alone supplies the *appui* to diplomacy which no great Power can forgo. Our fathers knew this! How feeble a rôle did Europe's leading nations play during the recent Near Eastern upheaval. For reasons which cannot be discussed here, none could apply military pressure. They adjured the intending contestants to maintain peace. The latter paid no heed. A few months later the erstwhile belligerents set aside the recently concluded Treaty of London, that very patchwork which kindled a fresh conflict! Turkey retakes Adrianople, ignoring admonitions and protests. And the end? Ruin, slaughter, and a peace which is but a truce!

Japan is an island Power. Invasion of her territory would,

however, be infinitely more difficult than that of the United Kingdom. But no enemy capable of attempting it faces her shores. For a few years after the struggle in Manchuria Nippon and Muscovy eyed each other suspiciously. But an ill-judged American proposal to internationalise Manchurian railways brought the former enemies together. Both are determined to secure what they hold against all comers. The bond thus created will not readily snap. What other enemy need Japan fear? Not China, which unceasingly produces armies on paper but is unlikely to possess anything worthy the name for a generation to come—if then! Not the United States, whose insignificant military power could not be brought into play. Not European nations whose Far Eastern possessions lie at the islanders' mercy. Yet what of the Japanese Army? The 13 divisions of 1904 have swelled to 19. Insistent demands for the early creation of two more wrecked a cabinet in 1912, but will be realised before long. The complete programme in view comprises 25, totalling little short of half a million first-line troops in war. Behind these will stand an equal number of fully-trained reservists; and another half million will have received more training than many possessed who fought in the great battles of 1904-5. The burdens of the late war weigh heavily upon Japan. Relations with the United States preclude relaxation of naval activity. But the wise men who have piloted

Japan through many crises do not ask "Can we afford it?" "We must!" is their cry. "Japan must speak the first and last word in Far Eastern affairs: without *military* force this cannot be."

We must be prepared to support effectively our friends' and allies' diplomacy if we wish to retain them. The military efforts of Continental countries in 1912-13 have diminished the influence which our Expeditionary Force could exercise. To-day we hold our own, and no more, even in the naval race, with potential opponents. In 1898 the Fashoda incident was rankling in France. British and Russian rivalry in the Far East was acute. In that year the tonnage of Britain's armoured ships was 905,320; France and Russia together counted 826,529. For cruising ships the figures were: Great Britain, 656,386, the Dual Alliance, 283,988. The Triple Alliance, despite domestic differences, is a diplomatic and fighting entity ranged against the group to which we now belong. Its armoured vessels had in 1913 a tonnage of 1,225,869 against Great Britain's 1,768,900; but in cruising vessels it could show 245,201 against our 454,145. Notwithstanding our efforts our superiority in the latter type has thus declined; and our armoured vessels contain a larger proportion of obsolescent ones than do those of the *Triple*. In March 1913 the following "Dreadnoughts"

(including battle cruisers) were in commission:—

Great Britain . . . 22

Triple Alliance . . . 15

In March 1914 the following will be the figures:—

Great Britain . . . 29

Triple Alliance . . . 22

538,580 is the warship tonnage now being built for Britain; 538,212 is the Triple Alliance figure.

Shall we not have to abandon ere long the attitude of "our navy is ours, but your army is both for us and for you," which is often adopted by Britons—not excluding Cabinet Ministers—when considering relations with friendly Powers? Any agreement with a military Power is to many Englishmen merely an argument in favour of military economies. Between 1905 and 1911 France's military expenditure went up from £31,604,472 to £38,300,000, Russia's from £38,841,000 to £57,726,000. We have seen what efforts these two Powers have made since. After a fall of several millions in 1906-7 ours has remained stationary. *Ententes* and alliances are born of mutual interest, and maintained by reciprocal sacrifices. *Welt-politik* knows no quixotic altruism!

Some would diminish armies and navies because they see universal peace dawning; they dwell upon the pacific dispositions of certain monarchs. In the preface to one of his works Von Moltke truly observes that it is people and not sovereigns who make war to-day. Even in days past forces beyond

their control have driven kindly and peace-loving rulers into conflict. "Whence come wars and tumults?" From unreasoning hate, such as the syndicalist displays to-day. From deep-seated antagonisms like those between Asia's millions and the white races. Great Britain's interests and responsibilities are world-wide: whatever she will, the storm will touch her!

If the writer—a whole-hearted "big-navyite"—thought that the trifling expenditure connected with his proposals could only be effected by taking money from the senior service, he would renounce his advocacy of them. But he is convinced that no nation bears its naval and military burdens with greater ease than does Great Britain. The day may come when she will have to choose between resigning her position as a great Power, and taking upon herself almost intolerable burdens; but it is still far distant! That platform commonplace, "crushing burden of armaments," has a real, a tragic meaning in some countries, but applied to Great Britain it is the merest moonshine. When did greater comfort and luxury exist amongst all classes, duke or drayman, marquis or miner? The increase in the cost of living since the nineties, which has affected all classes, is ascribed by eminent economists largely to increased gold production—not armaments. The rise in wages, of miners for instance, has more than kept pace with it. Many men who formerly

walked on their feet must to-day have motors, or at any rate cycles. Families who once spent their holidays on Hampstead Heath must now travel to Wales or Cornwall. Workmen cry for shorter hours and more play-days. Thousands of them will travel 200 miles to see a football match or bet several days' pay on its result. The cinematograph has taken the place of the fireside. They whose grandfathers ate meat on Sunday only, demand it every day. Numerous statistics prove that the rise in defensive expenditure since 1887 has left the poorer classes practically untouched. A British Labour organ admits that Income-tax and Succession Duties have since that year risen from £22,000,000 to £70,000,000, naval and military budgets having meanwhile jumped from £30,500,000 to £83,000,000. Surely Cabinet Ministers should not misrepresent these matters! At some recent political meetings speakers have intimated that these 80 and odd millions if not thus spent could succour that submerged fraction so numerous in our country. These unfortunates are largely the outcome of a commercial development which has outpaced social legislation. Indiscriminate doles alone could not remedy their lot; and the panics which are the inevitable outcome of unpreparedness for war would be especially felt by the poorest in the land. Germany, which foots a comparatively heavier armaments bill than we do, knows less of this appalling poverty.

Turn again to the Island Empire of the East! Its military expenditure in 1905-6 was a little under 16 per cent of the total: in 1910-11 it had risen to 16½ per cent. Ours was decreasing the while. In 1913-14 Japan spent £60,123,730: £19,827,520, or a little under 33 per cent, went on the army and navy. The figures for Great Britain in the same year were £195,640,000 and £74,529,300, making a little over 38 per cent. But how are things in Japan? The husbandman is almost starving on his land; a frugal and industrious peasantry is selling superior rice, cultivated with infinite labour, to buy instead insufficient quantities of inferior Chinese and Burmese rice; the poorer ones keep body and soul together by food which we should term offal. Truly the burden of Empire weighs on Japan's shoulders in a way that we cannot conceive! Our great rival Germany estimates its total expenditure for 1914 at £170,000,000, of which the fighting services are to absorb £85,200,000, or over 50 per cent. What would Sir John Brunner and his friends say if we proposed the like? And yet the average German has more money than formerly wherewith to amuse himself; nor does he whine in the way that some of our compatriots do at the cost of national defence.

Let us now hear what competent critics have to say about the efficiency of our much-abused army.

In the 'Revue de Paris' for October 1912 is a critical article entitled "Armée Anglaise et Guerre Continentale." The following are extracts from it:—

"Les progrès dans l'instruction ne sont pas moins sensibles . . . cette armée a beaucoup travaillé. . . . Pour l'utilisation du terrain, le soin méthodique apporté au tir, l'ardeur au combat, et l'endurance le fantassin anglais est incomparable. . . . Nous ne parlerons pas de sa ténacité et de sa bravoure légendaires. . . . La cavalerie est excellente. . . . Quant aux batteries . . . c'était un plaisir de les voir évoluer. . . . Les officiers travaillent . . . *il ne leur manque plus que de se familiariser avec la pratique des hautes études militaires.*" [The italics are the present writer's.]

In July 1913, the month in which an Anglican Canon (already referred to) thought fit to belittle the army in public, the 'Revue Militaire des Armées Étrangères,' which is published by the French General Staff, concluded an account of the British Army Manœuvres of 1912 as under:—

"En résumé l'armée anglaise présente une troupe bien recrutée ayant toutes les qualités des soldats de métier, avec de riches cadres de sous-officiers instruits et expérimentés, un corps d'officiers soigneusement entraînés et parfaitement éclairés par les épreuves de la guerre sud Africaine. C'est une des meilleurs armées qui existent."

In that self-same month an instructor at the highest French military educational establishment spoke as follows to the writer:—

"We cannot understand why you English lavish all your admiration on your navy. For, since Trafalgar—over a century ago—that service has seen no serious fighting, whereas

since then your army has fought and conquered in many places, and has been instrumental in adding vast territories to your dominions."

Far be it from us to institute comparisons between our fighting services at a time when these must stand shoulder to shoulder against faddists, ignor-amuses, and cosmopolitan plutocrats, who would imperil our very existence for the sake of short-lived financial gain! The officer's words are but a truism after all.

Lest it be thought that the mellowing influences of the *entente* have coloured these French judgments, let us listen to a German writer, ordinarily very censorious where our army is concerned. Describing in the 'Militär Wochenblatt' the British Army exercise of 1913, he characterises the progress made by our troops as "astonishing" (*erstaunenswert*), but classes the marching performances as moderate, and the staff work as "stereotyped and clumsy" (*schematisch und schwerfällig*).

So two critics agree that our weakest point is a lack of facility in the execution of higher branches of the military art. What are the remedies? Practical peace training of higher leaders and staffs. This means:

1. The assembly of large forces; 6 to 8 strong divisions instead of 4 skeleton ones.
2. Practice in distributing troops in billets, and re-assembling them thence.

Neither 1 nor 2 can be effected without legislation,

some extra expenditure, and popular co-operation. For 1, we must have units recruited up to strength; some reservists must be incorporated for manoeuvres to swell the ranks; territorial divisions must be trained for periods and up to a standard enabling them to participate in advanced exercises.

As regards 2, we have already seen that billeting would save officers' pockets. But it has a far more important side. Rapid and suitable apportionment of quarters over a wide area at the end of a march; early distribution in the right places of baggage and supplies; exodus on the morrow without delay, blocks, or roadside waiting,—these can only be ensured if all concerned have had constant practice. The present assiduous theoretical study of billeting, and various privately arranged much-restricted exercises, are but *pis allers*, which will not obviate blunders and hitches in war.

And does the British public realise the brutality of compelling weary troops to lie night after night on sodden fields, after exhausting days of manoeuvres? We certainly do not demand from our troops quite the exertions which Continental soldiers habitually undergo. But they rest under shelter (except on rare occasions), can look after boots and clothes, and do not start with limbs stiffened by September dews. The writer has two acquaintances who were struck down with lung

trouble as the result of this constant exposure. The authorities know that a change is needed, but they also know the howl that would be raised in some quarters if it were proposed to invade an "Englishman's Home." And yet in other countries this very billeting has drawn populace and soldiers closer together. Inhabitants often provide extra food and comforts which are not demanded, and will therefore not be paid for. Their uninvited guests show their gratitude by helping in housework. Kindly letters and mementoes are a frequent sequel. Our Manœuvre Commissioners have in successive reports testified to the troops' good behaviour and the excellent relations existing between them and the populace. Mutual acquaintance begets mutual esteem! We can, however, understand the "coyness" of certain sections *vis-à-vis* of the soldier. Generations of soldiery after that which "swore so horribly in Flanders" have been guilty on frequent occasions of language and conduct repugnant to decent citizens. But better surroundings, and the moral training which forms part of the modern military curriculum, have worked wonders; they will continue to do so! Increased occupation has also done its share. The acquaintance between army and people should not stop here. Schools and other organisations for training the young should visit barracks, camps, and

military exercises. This is done in some countries, where officers and non-commissioned officers explain what is going on and answer questions. To those who cry "militarism" and "lust for blood" the writer would say: Is this not better than afternoons spent amongst a seething concourse, amidst the rough and unsporting atmosphere of the typical football crowd? Let a system be introduced under which officers assist in certain tests for boys—tracking, judging distance, cross-country movements, &c.; and lecture on notable battles or military heroes. The hiatus between boyhood and manhood must be filled in by cadet corps. Let us not shudder at the fate of that ill-starred child of Lord Haldane's Army Reform family—to wit, compulsory cadet training. Throttled though it was at its birth by the anti-military party, its cousins in our colonies are thriving mightily.

Whatever the war efficiency of the Territorial Army, it has done infinite service by bringing together the busy, hard-headed civilian worker and an equally industrious class of officer. Many prejudices and delusions have already vanished; we must strive to remove many more if we are to put an end to the misconceptions, the depreciation, which still cloud the relations between defenders and defended, and are so saddening to the true friends of army and people alike.

MY SOUTH AFRICAN NEIGHBOURS.

MR COATZEE was paying us a spacious South African call, lasting several hours. We had reached to about the second hour, the pauses were becoming longer and more oppressive, and I had surreptitiously entered in my pocket-book, and underlined, with a view to my next visit to the dorp, the one word "spittoon."

The old gentleman was a right specimen of the true veld-bred article, very pastoral in appearance, tieless, and, any way you looked at him, large. Tie-less-ness when your beard is a foot wide and comes well below the third waistcoat button, is a matter of small import. Nor could one rightly describe Mr Coatzee as standing well over six foot in his stockings, for his unadorned feet were the sole occupants of his roomy veld-schoen. From the crown of his heavily-craped hat to the shoes on his feet, he was home-made. The shoes were from the back of one of his own beeves, the leather had been tanned by the owner, and the shoes made by the same person. His clothing represented the work of his old Frau's hands. He was washed (once a-year) by home-made soap and lighted by home-made candles.

After a silence of five minutes, during which I felt I must either shout aloud in agony or rush off five miles to the dorp to buy that which I had entered in the pocket-book, a chance

remark led to the subject of the loss of Mrs Coatzee's jewels. The scandalous episode of their loss and of the behaviour of a local justice of the peace must be here set down. Mrs Coatzee was in a fine taking when she found the jewels missing. They were of immense value, for the Jew who had sold them to her had himself said so, and had charged accordingly.

"Never mind, old Frau," said the Baas, "we'll make a plan and find them." The local dollar-thrower was of course the first person consulted. He threw his bones, and the bones indicated Martha—one of the maids—as the thief, and the garden as the place where the jewels would be found. Martha was placed in close arrest, and the establishment set to dig up the garden. As there were no flowers growing in it, that did not so much matter. But no jewels were found. Nothing shaken in faith in bones or their throwing, another dollar-thrower, less local and consequently more potent, was consulted. He blamed the theft on Mary—the other maid—and said that the missing articles were hidden in the floor of the house. Mary was arrested, Martha put back to duty, and the floors torn up. This did not so much matter, because they were not of boards but of beaten earth. Still no jewels. Recourse was now had to the Chief of all African Miching Malleco and Magic, resident

in Johannesburg. His reputation was immense, and so were his fees. But expense was not a matter to be considered in the recovery of heirlooms. This great specialist, not to be outdone by his confrères, said that both maids had committed the theft. But as there was no place to point to, barring the wide veld, as a likely one to search for the jewels in, the great man on this point maintained the silence of the Sphinx. The two maids, on this absolutely convincing evidence of their joint crime, were hurried off to the dorp, and cast into the lock-up. And here the scandalous and altogether shameful part of the whole incident occurs. They were in due course brought before the J.P., and he a Dutchman! This devastating knave and sceptic refused to convict on the dollar-throwing evidence, and so far forgot his duty of one Dutchman to another (at least when Englishmen or Kafirs are concerned) as to order the release of the two maids. And the jewels were still amissing.

Part and parcel of the old man is the old lady, whom he always addresses as "Ole Frau." She very occasionally pays me and a few others a visit of ceremony. Less rarely, and much less unwillingly, she takes her pastime by a round of sober visits to other farms, where she and her mate wrestle in prayer, under the auspices of the Predikant, with their hosts. Otherwise she is always busy in bread-making and bacon-making, or in the dairy,

for she is a famous housewife. She maintains a waggish twinkle in her shrewd old eye, and her tongue in rapier-play is both nimble and apt. I did once, however, take the wind out of her sails by suddenly putting to her the problem of the militant suffragette, and asking her for an instant solution. For a moment she was nonplussed, even dazed. Then she said, "Turn a few mice loose amongst them: a woman's work is with the children and the dairy." Indeed, a year or two at Mrs Coatzee's, or many a kindred establishment, might do any member of the screaming sisterhood a world of good. Here she would see the ladies not seldom waiting on the men at meals, and having their own afterwards. And here also any one who did not want to eat, would in no wise be made to do so. Mrs Coatzee, though hospitality itself, is a thrifty woman: and every penny saved is a penny gained. Cristabel would be at perfect liberty to die, or throw leaflets into the pigsty, or tub-thump to an audience of Kafir women. No one would be a penny the worse, but every one would be vastly puzzled.

A dismal perusal of the gloomier portions of the Old Testament is about the only reading that Mr Coatzee does. He could answer few questions in a "General Information" examination paper. From my point of view he is not even a good farmer. He belongs to other times when men chucked mealies on the ground, ploughed

them in, and awaited a crop of sorts. But he knows good stock when he sees it: and that is all he needs to know. Were I an Englishman, for instance, the old gentleman's vast shadows would never darken my doors. I am Scotch, and Mr Coatzee loves a Scotchman as a brother. All Scotchmen he holds (quite rightly) in the very highest estimation. He looks upon them (quite wrongly) as beneath the tyrannous Englishman's yoke. It was against the Englishman that he fought during the war. It was the Englishman that burnt his farm and ravaged his stock. And into no Englishman's house will this old Die-hard enter.

There is one thing that puzzles Mr Coatzee very sorely. Queen Victoria's picture hangs in his house—as it does, or did, in many another Boer's. She was a lady held in great estimation by Boers. Now touching her treatment of her Scotch soldiers, Mr Coatzee cannot impute a shabby act to so venerable a lady. And yet there it is—take it or leave it—she always made them fight on foot, while allowing any quantity of her English soldiers to fight, as Boers and any gentlemen do fight, on horseback!

Of the female members of his large family, the old man speaks but little. He indicates with a pawky smile the daughter whom he destines for my hand in wedlock. But otherwise he is, concerning them, reticent. It may be supposed that his young ladies,

having got education, are travelling from the orbit of the dairy and parental authority, to that of pianos and the higher arts. But of young Jacobus, more often called by the diminutive "Jaappie," the fond parent speaks with all the relish of successful cherisher of the extremely immature.

"I have sjambokked that boy," he says, "so that he now knows not how to leave work. He works so hard that he is always sick." Certainly it is a comfort to know that little Jaappie shows no sign of becoming a "Jong" (or Boer Nut), for Jongs jar on me sadly. I should mention that Jaappie is now quite a big boy, being well over forty, of an apostolic mien, and, as we may say, "five to a family."

With the onset of education, I fear that the "old Boer," of whom Mr Coatzee is a type, will soon be extinct. For it is a good type, a manly type, and physically always seems to be a large and patriarchal type. Its personal habits are not as ours; and it has a code of morals which terms "Verneukery," what we should call by a harder name. It can be slim and superstitious, ignorant and unwashed. But the old Boer is the man who found a good country, knew it when he saw it, and took it with his own right hand. For his existence he has fought against savages. For his country he has fought against ourselves. And he bears a stamp, both in character and appearance, such as only those men can bear who have done these things,

and have struck good blows in good causes. And one finds with it all an extreme courtesy, a neighbourliness in its best sense, and a simplicity which we may laugh at, but which most of us could do with a little more of. The younger generation, less sternly nurtured and far better educated, may have better parlour manners, but it has worse manners of the other kind. Of its elders—it too often speaks with its tongue in its cheek: and it has the appearance, generally speaking, of knowing a thing or two.

Our old neighbour has scarcely disappeared in his ramshackle old Cape cart, drawn by its two rough two-year-olds, than young Piet, son of old Piet, another neighbour, canters up on some farm business. He was once a nice little boy, and is now a complete "Jong," and may one day be as good a man as his father. In answer to our inquiries as to his parents, he says that they are away at a round of prayer-meetings, and adds with an up-to-date leer, that he himself does not hold with such monkey-tricks: that he has determined never to be confirmed. He would, however, sing another tune were his sour-faced old Predikant anywhere near. The hold of the Dutch minister over his very ignorant flock is not less, for good or bad, than that of the Irish priest over the peasant. Recently two of our local young ladies were named from the pulpit for going to a dance; and they will not dance again.

But if Boer parishioners cherish their Predikants, the latter have to work for their cherishing. The firstlings of the flock may be theirs, and the best house in the dorp, but much is demanded from them in return. Heaviest of their duties, perhaps, are the rural visitations to every farm in their far-flung parishes; and though coffee, in the intervals, may flow like water, the demands for leading in prayer, for lengthy readings of the Word, for the uplifting of souls in praise, are exceedingly exhausting. A Predikant friend of mine sometimes drops in between farm and farm, and in the strict privacy of the confessional, lets himself go. Indeed, in the characteristics of Scot and Boer, there is much that is analogous. The Boer language teems with good Scots words: and from the early days when trekking Boers felt the need of ministers of religion, and supplied that want from Scotland, they have continued to send young men destined for their ministry to a Scotch University, although many of these go later to Holland for a final Dutch polish. Two well-known Scottish names, both belonging to ministers of the Dutch religion, are at present household words in the land.

Considering the friendly relations existing between Boer and Britain of the country-side, and the way in which they rub along without any language question at all, the din of strife existent elsewhere over bilingualism is the more surprising. But the language question

is a racial matter, and so there is nothing really surprising in it at all. Of Racialism General Herzog is the champion: and although we may call him narrow and bigoted, yet we also all allow him to be honest and straight. And by "we," perhaps I had better explain, is meant those who differ from him and his followers, and are called "Slack-breeches." A slack-breeched man is one who is loose in his views as to keeping up the Dutch end, and favours the Imperial idea. My own breeches are of course of the very slackest.

The grace of humour can save us from much: but it can't save me from a vain regret or two in regard to racialism, now in full blaze among us. It is scarcely too much to say that until autonomy was prematurely granted to the two late Boer Republics, by a Radical Government, racialism was dormant, if not moribund; and might have died, given time, of sleeping-sickness. But true to its policy of cap-in-hand to your enemies and to the devil with your own countrymen, the Radical Government granted autonomy, and the mischief was done. The check then given to all Lord Milner's wonderful achievements can only be realised by those who have seen and those who have suffered. Much of the good done perforce remains, but much does not. It was to Lord Milner we farmers owe, or owed, the advent among us of the experts in forestry, sheep, cattle, and agronomy. The British Empire was there to

draw upon, and he drew of its best. To him we owe, or owed, our experimental farms—our thoroughbred stock, and a wonderfully successful Land-settlement scheme, still existent, but a dead letter. And of the many evils that we owe, directly or indirectly, to Mr Campbell-Bannerman's Administration, the last is perhaps the worst, and that is the Immigration Restriction Bill, aimed ostensibly at Asiatics, but really at a much wider mark.

For the second time in history the Boer resumed his place as top-dog and the Briton his as bottom one. Now bottom dogs suffer all sorts of unpleasant things, including euphemistic retrenchments. But on this occasion the suffering has been the more acute because they thought that the War had ended it finally and absolutely. However, this is neither here nor there, and given certain conditions, the two dogs may one of these days occupy positions in a horizontal plane, and all will be well. In the meantime the bottom dog may find some slight, if melancholy, satisfaction in the fact that other people have been given away besides himself, and in realising that, if his own case causes no concern to his country, she is wringing her hands in impotent (and well-deserved) grief over the treatment of her Indians in South Africa.

We can still raise a smile over certain humorous aspects of the bilingual question. Although we may often allude to a Boer as a Dutchman, Dutch

as spoken in Holland is not the Boer language. A Boer literally means farmer—I am called by my neighbours “a Scotch Boer”—and the “Taal,” the language spoken by Boers, is the language of the farm and of farmers. You cannot call it an unwritten language; but you cannot, on the other hand, describe a battleship in the Taal, nor discuss literature or finance in it. While we were all farmers it did well enough. But it will not do for an advancing South Africa, any more than Cornish, Welsh, or Gaelic would serve as the language for use in the House of Commons. So the Taal is put out of court as the language of South Africa. But the South African Dutch must have a language of their very own; and in deciding what it is to be, they have first created a dilemma and then impaled themselves on both horns of it. The one horn is the High Dutch language, as spoken in Holland—a language a great deal more foreign to Boers than is English. The other horn is the English language. All but very old men can speak English, and the young generation both can and does speak it. In adopting bilingualism—*i.e.*, the hated but familiar English tongue, and the desired but unfamiliar High Dutch language—South Africa has been caught on both horns. Racialism now sees to it that every official publication appears in both languages, only one of which is understood of the people. It may be amusing, but it is very cumbrous and very silly.

The horrid necessity of having to use English is, however, to be relieved by the invention of a language called “Africaans.” This exhibits neither horns of dilemma nor cloven hoof of the British language bogey. Of Africaans I cannot speak at first hand, for when Crown Colony Government came to an end, and the excellent school teachers and the best that the British Empire could supply were all euphemised back to their countries, and their places taken by Dutch teachers of very mediocre acquirements, I ceased to be a member of our School Board. But I believe that Africaans is a valiant attempt at having a working language other than British, of some kind, to wit, our old friend the Taal, eked out with High Dutch. I am told, and I can believe anything of Racialism, that “Little Miss Muffet” has been done into Africaans for the benefit of the Dutch infant scholar; and “Master Jack Horner” is even now being lisped by patriot baby lips in the future language of our great and growing sub-continent. But one may rest assured that Miss Muffet can never sit long on her tuffet, nor Master Horner address himself rightly to a Christmas pie in anything but the bogey language. Moreover, our South African wags are at the matter of the languages. Especially have they taken as a whetstone for their wit the dual words of command in our new Defence Force scheme. Given time and

some conditions hereinafter mentioned, the language question will answer itself in a manner practical, and therefore satisfactory, to all parties. Meanwhile a wealthy South African has offered half a million sterling for a university: but bilingualism demands a double set of professors, and creates so many other contingent difficulties, that at the present moment it looks as if the offer might fall through. I am quite aware that in writing the above I have written as racially as any one could wish. But, after all, not so very many years ago, we did spend a good many millions and a good many lives in rectifying a situation, in a part of South Africa, which had become intolerable for Englishmen. And the situation was relieved, and might have been permanently relieved. Then it was upset again by the cap-in-hand policy, and that is what causes bitterness in bottom dogs.

I have far too great a respect for the Boers as a nation to discredit them with forgetfulness of their nationality in the short period of years that has elapsed between the ending of the war and now. Is the Boer to be grateful all at once, and forget dreams not long since dreamt, and still a-dreaming, when complacent Britain says, "Now you have been well beaten? But we have spent millions in setting you on your feet again, and we are going to grant you autonomy!" Is the Boer to grin with humble thankfulness when Complacency adds, "Some

of our timorous ones think it is risky and premature; but we who have the say know that, after all we have done for you, you must be really quite fond of us, and almost quite British already? You shall be Master in your own house, but a good and loyal son in your Mother's." Not he! And, if we know the Boer women—not she either.

The Boers knew a freedom that no Englishman ever knew, much though the latter may talk about this precious jewel which he misuses so sadly. If deeds count more than words, the Boer was, and is, a much better patriot than the windy Celebrator of the Relief of Mafeking, or the snivelling panic-monger of a few days' reverses. And to the Boer his old freedom was sweet, nor will he willingly forget it. And not readily will he forget, nor all the many people of Dutch descent in South Africa, the dream which men and women still dream quietly, of a United South Africa under the Dutch Flag. And it is a dream that may come true, given the hour and the means.

Given twenty years'—better still, thirty years'—freedom from all European complications to Great Britain, then all will be well in South Africa.

Perhaps not quite irrelevant to all this is the tale that my friend Mrs Vandermerwe, a near neighbour of mine, has told me once and again. She is a perfervid patriotess, and likes to rub it into Great Britain (through me). She believes implicitly in what she says, and she tells the tale to

me as she has told it to hundreds of others, and will yet tell it to hundreds of others again. It is a tale of the Concentration Camps, and now forms a Dutch version of the

"Hush ye ! hush ye ! little pet ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye."

And there are hundreds of other nursery stories in free circulation very much like it.

Mrs Vandermerwe and her children became inmates, during the war, of one of our concentration camps. One of the children fell ill with a sickness, called "belly sickness," which Mrs Vandermerwe had always treated fairly efficaciously with a waggon grease and other horrors. (Fairly efficaciously, because she allowed that she had "buried three or four.") It was a disease called by the British enteric, and Mrs Vandermerwe was not now permitted to use her well-tried simples. The child was removed to hospital. Here everything was organised on a scale of colossal hypocrisy and demoniacal cruelty. There were beds; and they were white and dimity. There were Khakee doctors; and they were plump and suave. There were Khakee nurses; and they too were plump and suave.

But both nurses and doctors, anxious for just one Boer the less, set themselves to starve this poor little Boer child to death. They were deaf to the pitiful appeals of the mother. She was even watched to make sure that she did not defeat their wicked purposes by introducing

food. Despite everything, the child seemed to be recovering, and now at last the mother found opportunity to give him, from her own rations, a little of the solid food of which he had so long been deprived. But too late. The child died, —murdered, as all Mrs Vandermerwe's hearers like to believe, and do believe, by the English; or, as we might say, were there any use in saying it, killed by his own mother. I will not be put in the wrong by an ignorant Boer woman, who would quote the sayings of our own Ministers against me, were I to try to convince her how wrong the version of her tale is. And so it goes merrily on; and it does not lose in the telling. That is the reason of my plea for twenty or thirty years' peace in Europe.

A few pages back I was repining at one of our lengthy South African calls, not that I am not always glad to see Mr Coatzee's broad face, nor sorry to see his broader back. But the bustle and the time limits of my own small and stirring native land are too much in the bone of me to permit me to bear very gladly these neighbourly visitations. Yet for all that it needs no very prophetic eye to look forward to a time when men shall recall the spacious days of the First Union Parliament, and speak of them with the regret that we now speak of the times of Queen Bess. And already our spaciousness is not so large as it was. The signs of the times have begun with a small

thing, for we, who recently had no use for anything meaner than the threepenny-bit, do now purchase our daily paper with a penny. Passing from the less to the greater, no longer do we deem ourselves cramped for space on a farm of anything less than a few thousand acres, nor suffocated, as we behold from our own the distant smoke of a neighbour's house. Under closer settlement and higher prices for land, the abounding spaciousness of the veld is slowly but certainly dwindling. The Great Farm, of which mine now forms but a part, passed into the hands of the owner (still living) in exchange for three goats, and is now valued at more than three times as many thousands of pounds. No longer do we allow unnumbered buck to share with our sheep the veld. Nor may the sheep, in unfenced freedom, trample to waste as much grass as they please. Not long ago the law demanded from the farmer a strip of his veld 500 yards in width for the erratic passage of the public road. Now the law demands about 50 yards; and we grudge that. In the occasional bumping passage of a motor-car, we, the Great Untaxed, foresee the metalling of roads, the bridging of spruits, and the incidence of a tax to provide the wherewithal.

At present we would as soon think of putting milch cows to the plough, as our mares with harness. And at a white man going afoot we still look askance, as at one not quite

respectable. He will be a poor white, and one of the genus who live by walking, not by working, and who will one day die by the wayside or in the chance shelter of a farm outhouse. The poor white is of all professions or of none. Sometimes he does not so much hate work as love the nomad's life. Although born and brought up in a fixed abode, he is no less a wanderer by nature than the Bedouin. My last visitor—for this class can always claim a meal and a shelter—was by profession a diver; and at diving, so he said, he had made "good money." I did not seem able to find a job for him anywhere. Of wells I had never a one, and my dams were all too shallow for the practice of his craft. Such as have no profession carry what they cheerfully call "their income" with them, in the form of soldering material,—for there is never a farm that has not a leaky pot the better for plugging. These vagrants have still a few years more wherein to cultivate the philosophic calm, engendered by watching, in a healthy climate and perfect idleness, how other men, by getting and spending, lay waste their powers. But one of these days the poor white will be denied the space and hospitality of the veld, and enjoy instead the limits and the labour of the workhouse.

Whether or no it may be accounted for spaciousness to these our present times, I know not, but the fact remains that we may still here stand on the

railway line at midnight, and by burning a newspaper arrest a passing train. Yet I feel sure that it is a privilege that will soon be wrested from us. Our spacious calling habits show as yet no signs of dwindling.

To the veriest dullard living in a young and growing country, the potentialities of the future cannot but be of interest and a matter for speculation. England can look back on a glorious past, but in many ways she must now act the Grandmother and find her chief interest in life in watching the growth of her children. There is little in South Africa's past that one cares to look back to, but much in the future to look forward to. What shall we be twenty or thirty years hence? Again and perforce the Racial note is sounded, for one cannot contemplate the future without considering the part that we Britishers will take in it. Immigration into South Africa can never be either in quality or quantity the same as that to Canada.

There the capital of the immigrant is his hands and his health. Here the Kafir does the work at present: and he and the poor white will do it in the future—our immigrant must have money. Still, and despite restrictions—he is coming with a steady flow into the country: and he has begun to make his mark. Much of that was done by the Land Settlement scheme, now a dead letter. Then there is the drift of the British townsmen landwards, and of the Dutch

farmer townwards—which will mean that the British, who at present have little to say in the government of the country, will soon have a say, and a large say.

The Boer farm, owing to a very common custom of the owner leaving it equally to all his children, tends to become in time a non-economic holding and to pass into other hands. I know of one at present reduced to a few acres, owned by forty individuals. It is in the market. The Boer is thus passing from the farm to the small town, and is becoming a handy craftsman and even a miner, to the sore discomfort of the much more highly paid British striker. The townsman, on the other hand, chiefly British, shows a consistent tendency to acquire land. Be he lawyer, doctor, miller, or store-keeper, he is buying land where he can, or stock to place on the land he means to buy. In the province in which I live, the farmer, and consequently Dutch and retrogressive interest, is alone represented in the Union Parliament. There was only one contested election, and the town which ventured on it has been made to feel it since.

Then there is South Africa's hardest nut to crack—the native question: the question of the native on our farms, permanently with us and essential to our existence, not the migratory native of the Mines, who enjoys a separate question of his own.

If anything is certain, it is that the Kafir, to give him his

generic title, is not going to remain *in statu quo*. From missionaries and other sources he is getting education: and he has begun to have the vote. In the various provinces in which he is located, he is held under a variety of restrictions, some of them seemingly drastic, all of them wholesome. But these will not hold good for ever,—or even for long.

The attitude of the average South African towards the Kafir is that rather of the aggressively nervous than of the benevolently despotic: a legacy doubtless of the days when the supremacy of the white man over the black was not so certain as it is now. The old written Boer constitution made short work of this racial question. There was something at least honest in the words that neither in Church nor State should the black man possess equal rights with the white. The black man had, in fact, no rights at all, not even that of walking on the footway of the street. Practice at least went hand in hand with precept, and to my mind the old Boer way of it was infinitely more honest than the way of another country who screams of Freedom's equal rights, and then acts far otherwise to the coloured races that dwell in its midst.

But the old Boer constitution will not do for us now. And yet we shall want time to attune ourselves to altered conditions. We were a few months ago visited by a courtly product of Western India. His name was spelt and

pronounced by us in so many different ways that it boots not here to give it. His errand concerned the welfare of his doubtless disgracefully treated countrymen in South Africa. He received from Constituted Authorities bags and bags of that cheapest of all commodities, commonly called Soft Sawder; and so departed, leaving his Asiatics not one penny the better off. The Home Government had handed them over body and soul to another Government, who are not Benevolent Despots. The latter had been asked by the former to be decently civil to Mr What's-his-name: and decently civil the South African Government was, which brings us to the point. All the little mayors of all our little towns through which Mr What's-his-name passed during his tour, were ordered to receive him with official tenderness, including an official handshaking. And most of these little mayors are still in the state of coma common to people who have received a severe shock to the system. To await on station platforms the arrival of a black man was bad enough; but to have to shake hands with a nigger, and a worshipper of idols (if anything at all) was more than mayoral natures could bear or systems stand. Our mayors are still reeling and chaotic. The Indians are still oppressed. And their brethren in Hindustan are in consequence still objecting, very rightly, to celebrate Empire Day with any great enthusiasm while this truly unimperial state of affairs exists.

I was recently fellow-passenger with a most amiable South African during an ocean voyage. The crew of the ship was a Lascar one: and the mate swore by his Lascars. There was a coldness between mate and South African, dating from the day when the latter, alluding to the Lascars, asked the mate "whether, if one of these nigs fell overboard, he would stop the ship to pick him up?" Therefore, I say, give us time, reasonable time, to adjust the attitude of our jaws and our dentition generally, and we shall crack the nut, never fear, to rights.

Now there are other countries who should be able to give us a hint as to how to deal with the Native question.

America is one. She has, indeed, quite an assortment of colours to deal with, the black predominating, but the yellow and red each claiming a share of her attention. Until, however, her enlightened citizens find some other way of proving their belief in the brotherhood of man than by hanging niggers on lamp-posts and burning them alive in streets, we need not expect much guidance from her, and she does not seem to be going to do much better with her other colours.

Cecil Rhodes' pronouncement as to equal rights to all civilised peoples in South Africa does not help much. For if one half of South Africa should ever allow that a black man was civilised, or could ever be civilised, the other half assuredly would not. To the Mother of Nations across the Indian

Ocean, where the Indian has begun to feel himself and make the white man feel him, we may turn: and we may learn that concessions, apparently wrung by bomb-throwing, are not looked on as the acts of a strong paramount Power, and lead only to more bombs. That education of an entirely wrong type, imparted by the wrong teachers, in the worst possible way, to a people capable of gorging book-learning without acquiring knowledge, is a disaster much better avoided by South Africa. We may also pray Heaven to shield us from the calamitous interference of a Lord Morley, and to permit us to worry through our own business in our own way. We may note that if India is beginning to move forward and to burrow the way out of her ancient barriers of Caste, Religion, and Custom, the Kafir, who has few or none of these obstacles to progress, will move still faster.

In this respect I may perhaps be pardoned for recording my observations on the actions of my horsey young groom Aaron. On a Sunday morning, and before escorting my cook Albertina to chapel, he may be seen, in the vicinity of the stable, endeavouring to brush an English parting into his African wool. Failing in this, his sprightly companion, Moses, the house-boy, will lay aside his mouth-organ and clip the desired parting with the sheep shears. Before Aaron's time, was John Osgood, a young Englishman straight out from home. But though John was a good groom

in many ways, Aaron is better, because he does not beat his horses with spades. John seemed obliged to do this to prove that Britons never would be slaves. He had to go. And it was a pity, because Aaron's way of grooming a horse is to cover him with horse-dung, and then scrape it off with the curry-comb. The brush he keeps exclusively for use on his own head. When the parting has been accomplished, and a paper collar and a German-made shirt of devastating appearance donned, Aaron is ready for Albertina, and Albertina should be ready for him. Together they fare to the Methodist chapel ten miles away across the veld. At the last gate but one they cease skylarking. At the last gate Albertina puts on the high-heeled shoes which Aaron has been carrying. As they enter the unlovely precincts of the dorp they assume the air saintly, bordering indeed on smugness. And frozen butter, did it chance to be in their mouths, would remain frozen. Aaron is a powerful singer of hymns, and if he bawls in chapel as lustily as he does in the harvest-field what time the Kafir beer is circulating towards midnight, he must be a serious nuisance to the devout. Albertina is giving a house-warming next Saturday, and is known for a fact to possess a table and two cups. The party will contain many elements of the heathen orgy: the revels will be led by the native Wesleyan minister, and will last till sunrise on Monday

morning without a break. But the table and two cups, together with others ravished from my own crockery, will stand for the Kafir drift to us-ward, and may give us to think. In time Aaron and Albertina will marry. Their eldest son will—or I shall know the reason why—be called after my own Biblical name. And the other items, resulting with monotonous incidence from this probably fecund union, will all have Old Testament names.

If it has occurred to any speculative persons to wonder what becomes of a scarecrow's clothes, when they are no longer fit for a scarecrow to wear, my employees could tell them, for they prefer English rags to any kind of native dress. In short, I see signs and read omens in Aaron's English parting, Albertina's high-heeled shoes, the Methodist chapel, and the house-warming.

The next two or three decades should produce South Africa her poet: and he will sing not of the richer province where stalled ostriches bring in their millions, and where wealthy farmers gather wine and summer fruits very much. Nor of the rolling sugar lands and rich alluvial flats of Natal, seamed with tram lines and smudged into the smoke of cane-mills. Nor will our poet find inspiration in auriferous reef or where diamonds grow. But he will find a thing or two to sing of in the bare and open veld as seen from the verandah. What is its charm? As well

ask what is the charm of the splash of waves on shingle, of close intimacy with some beloved child, of a hundred things that charm us, we scarcely know how. I feel that there are elegies and enough, had we but a Gray to whisper them, when David the ploughman—silhouetted, battered hat, pipe, whip, and all, against the wintry sunset—comes limping over the sky-line: and the cows, black against the glowing west, saunter forth released from the milking to their night's pasturage, or snuffle odorously past the window in the frosty dawn. And at night when the song of the harvesters, heard from afar, beats up to old Scorpion as he straddles glittering over the veld, there is matter, and good matter, to indite of. And with the veld are its chiefest tenants, the sheep. If old Titz, the shepherd, can see something in them, perhaps our poet will. Perhaps there is second-sight in a Bushman,—for Titz belongs to that much-despised race. To us he appears a very ancient wreck of humanity, more tattered, more drunken than any human being of our acquaintance. On his fingers he may perhaps be able to count up to five; yet if there is one sheep from his five hundred amissing, he will know it. If there is one errant stranger from the next farm among his charges, he will spot him. And he knows every individual sheep. He's altogether beyond our understanding: but it makes us realise that education can't teach us what a total lack of it has taught Titz. We

see in a sheep but mutton done up in wool, capable of motion, and bringing us in, if all goes well, 30 per cent on our money. We see an animal so brainless that we can but think that his few wits have all gone a-gathering the wool on which we are learning to improve and increase, and which one of these days will rival that of Australia. We see an animal so lost to his own individuality that he accepts the leadership of a goat, who, pacing solemnly at the head of his silly following, inducts them into kraals or railway trucks, or other tight places; and having got them there, sees the door shut, and then hops out and goes about his business. Given an emergency, such as a hail-storm or a dust-storm, and a sheep in the midst of it, and you may count on him to take the surest road to destruction. He will manage to smother himself in a dust-storm; and in a hail-storm he will break bulk, and rushing wildly apart, will impale himself on an aloe blade or be killed by the hail.

The vastness and bareness of the veld have clean swallowed up the 7000 odd trees planted with so much labour, cherished with so much anxiety by myself, and looked on with so much disfavour by my neighbours as "likely to bring birds." Of birds I have no fear, but to plant places naked since the beginning of time seems to be almost sacrilegious. Yet wind-screens I must have, and the more trees the less my farm will find its way by erosion to the Indian Ocean. And what,

after all, are seven thousand against so much? Here and there a plantation shows up like a faint cloud-shadow against the drab; or, after rain, against the wonderful and sudden green of the veld.

Passing rich are we in sky-lines, and with never a ridge or an absolute flat to jar on the restfulness of our large, gentle undulations. Here a man may speak of travelling so many sky-lines in the day, and give one as good an idea of the distance covered as he does when he says he has ridden so many hours. Here are "bare slopes where chasing shadows skim." Given the day, you may watch them hour after hour, slipping silently over a hitherward crest, sliding down the long incline to the wide valley bottom, and then smoothly skimming up the farther slope, they dip, and once again appear, and then, six miles away, dip, and are seen no more. Coming from whence? Flitting, who knows whither? Travelling with the whispering wind which drives them over leagues and leagues of grass, turning here and there the amethyst of a breeze-swept dam to momentary red colour, or dulling the vivid green of the

irrigated barley-field close by. Here one may see, though but rarely, and at sundown, the shadow of a passing cloud, smudging with a purple smear all the space which lies between cloud and its earth-thrown shadow. Grass, sunshine, shadow, and sky-line; but the greatest of these is the sunshine, for without that we are indeed the abomination of desolation.

Bare and open to the eye though the veld seems to be, it yet possesses many an unseen bosom, where it hides that which is unseemly to it—the hideous township, the unlovely farmstead, standing naked and unashamed beneath their corrugated iron roofs. Scars these are on the landscape, rendered yet more conspicuous by an edging of funeral blue gums: and star and landscape will never, never blend.

The keen winter wind whispers through the dry grasses: a lark starts skywards, pours out brief and incoherent ecstasy and sinks. From the unseen flock comes a quavering bleat. Then the sigh of wind through grass, the great silence, and the loneliness of the veld.

THE SAGE.

MISS AMELIA.

BY ST JOHN LUCAS.

I.

FOR the Londoner, a walk across his own city from any one point to any other is a cheap and easy method of adventure. Late in the afternoon of a Saturday in October which I had spent in the vain endeavour to obtain a sight of some rare birds reported as visitors to Hampstead Heath, I decided to return in a straight line from that too-populous Paradise to the Temple. Gospel Oak and Kentish Town were merely romantic names to me, and of Camden Town itself, famous in art and song, I possessed only a dim and gloomy idea which I owed to the works of Mr Walter Sickert.

I had not gone far before I began to share all the sensations of the unfortunate poet who looked on smoky dwarf houses and felt his soul oppressed by a vague dejection. Gospel Oak, instead of being a vast and heaven-pointing tree, was a labyrinth of ugly streets in which I lost myself until I came to the tram-lines, and there were no orchards in Kentish Town. Instead, there were grimy tenements with a great quantity of dishonourable underclothing hanging from their balconies; a rabble of infants, mostly anæmic, and all dirty, and a large percentage of persons with "faces whose like one is not glad to find." More depressing, even,

than the squat houses and the gaunt tenements were the rows of frowsy villas, with untidy creepers hanging in dank festoons from their peeling stucco, and sombre little gardens in which grimy laurels and mouldering statues drooped in mournful decadence—pathetic remnants of a decayed gentility, they seemed to have given up in despair the struggle to be respectable, and to be wearily waiting for the advent of the housebreaker who would eliminate them from a scene where their presence was no longer decent. Many of them were to let, and I was able to observe, on the boards which announced this fact, various examples of the unfailing optimism of the house-agent. This one was commodious, that one desirable; another, distinguished from its fellows by a tottering trellised balcony on the ground floor, was elegant; yet another, a sinister abode fit only for owls and troglodytes, was actually delightful. None of the villas which were inhabited betrayed any symptom of a sense of life's amenities on the part of its occupants,—unless the presence of abandoned straw hats, outworn boots, and empty sardine tins could be regarded as evidence of a certain luxury. Occasionally the inhabitants of these drab houses regarded me from their windows, and though I

felt sorry for them, their aspect was sinister and I loved them not. They seemed all to be women; I saw no vestige of the other sex.

I pursued my way, wondering vaguely why England should have been especially cursed, both materially and spiritually, by this plague of the genteel gone to rot and ruin, and attributing the curse, as I like to attribute most things evil in our social system, to the deadly early-Victorian passion for class distinction and worship of a respectability that was for the most part sham, showiness, and score-off-my-neighbour-ness. In the midst of these highly original reflections, and whilst I was passing yet another row of villa residences, I was confronted with a singular spectacle.

The street was deserted, except for a group of errand-boys and children who were congregated round a figure that seemed to be clinging to the rusty railings in front of one of the houses. As I approached, the figure resolved itself into an old woman who was dressed in black, and wore a small bonnet which would have been fashionable, I suppose, in the epoch of the crinoline. She had dropped her umbrella, and was clutching the railings with both hands; apparently she was trying to drag herself along, but her feet refused to move. The cluster of children watched her with apathetic interest; the errand-boys were grinning and making remarks in their own horrible dialect.

I pushed my way through

the little crowd, and saw that though she was bent, she was a very tall woman, and, to judge by the lines on her face, extremely old. Her eyes were closed, and she was terribly pale. When I asked her if she was ill she did not seem to hear me. One of the errand-boys, however, responded for her.

"Garn, gavner!" he said cheerfully, "she ynt ill. She's bawmy, that's wot she is. Orterbe run in by the pleece."

I ignored this youthful moralist, and spoke again to the old woman. She suddenly opened her eyes, which were astonishingly brilliant, and looked at me.

"I'm afraid I fainted," she said, in a very low voice but quite coherently. "It's nothing—results of influenza. If you would be so kind as to give me your arm—I live at number eighty-two—this road. Very sorry to be a nuisance."

Even the effort of uttering these few words was too much for her. She closed her eyes again, released her grasp of the railings, and would have fallen if I had not caught her. I put my arm round her waist—an action which gave huge delight to the errand-boys—and then questioned the children as to the whereabouts of number eighty-two. They stared at me in solemn silence, but at length a little girl, who wore painfully obvious pink flannel underclothing, withdrew her thumb from her mouth and held it, pointing backwards, over her shoulder. I scowled like a thunder-cloud at the errand-boys, and began to propel the old woman forward

in the direction indicated. She could only just manage to walk, and our progress was very slow and had possibly a comical aspect; the errand-boys, at any rate, agreed to appreciate the humour of the situation.

The old lady seemed to become feebler with each step that we took; I began to despair of reaching number eighty-two, and had almost decided to take her into the next house that we reached, when a welcome ally appeared on the scene. A quiet-eyed, decently-dressed woman of about fifty suddenly confronted us, and without wasting time in speech, placed the old lady's right arm round her neck and supported her with a method far more practical than my own. This reinforcement entirely altered the position of affairs; we proceeded steadily down the street, and in a few minutes had reached the gate of number eighty-two. I helped to carry the old lady up the steps, and when she was safely at the front door I asked the woman if there was any one in the house who would look after her.

"She is my mistress, sir," said the woman, producing a latchkey. "She often has these fainting fits. She oughtn't to go anywhere by herself, but sometimes when I'm upstairs she slips out. If you'll just help me with her into her room, she'll be all right in a minute."

We passed into a dingy little hall: the floor was covered with frayed linoleum, and the paper on the walls was dark with

age, but it was spotlessly clean, and there were some good artists' proofs of various Academical pictures. Whilst the maid was shutting the door and I was supporting the old lady, I noticed a number of tweed caps and hats, several fishing-rods and a cricket-bat, on a rack fixed to the wall; evidently there were young people in the house, and it was not, as I had imagined for no particular reason, the abode of a desolate spinster. The maid opened a door on the right of the hall.

"This is her room, sir," she said. "We'll bring her right in and put her on the sofa."

As we lifted the old lady on to that piece of furniture I noticed how terribly emaciated she was; I seemed to be holding a skeleton in female apparel. The maid went to a cupboard, returning in a moment with some brandy in a wine-glass, which she poured into the old lady's mouth. Its effect was immediate; the old lady made a very wry face and opened her eyes. She stared for a few seconds at the ceiling, then she suddenly sat bolt upright. Her eyes were extraordinarily vivid, and her lips took a comical twist.

"Jane," she cried, "what were you doing out of doors at this time of day?"

The woman watched her intently. "What were you doing there, Miss Amelia?" she said, speaking, however, very quietly and respectfully. The old lady looked guilty.

"I only went to meet Master Dick on his way from the station," she explained. "And

then I had another of those tiresome fainting fits. I'm growing like those silly girls in that book you read to me—Miss Ferrier's, wasn't it?" Her eyes wandered to me. "Meroy! I forgot!" she cried, almost briskly; "that young gentleman gave me his arm and I never thanked him! I'm very much obliged to you, Mr Stranger, I'm sure. If my nephew had found me fainting in the road I don't know what he would have said. He's always telling me not to go about by myself. He'll be here in a moment; you'll stay to see him—he'll want to thank you, and you'll have some tea. Jane, tea! and the Spode cups."

I looked at Jane; Jane looked at me, and made an almost imperceptible movement of warning. I liked Jane's aspect: she had an old-fashioned air of dogged faithfulness that was not too common amongst her tribe, and I took the hint at once. I thanked the old lady, and said I was certain that she ought to rest after her adventure. I added that I would call to inquire how she was on the following day. She smiled and nodded. "I shall be delighted,—that's charming of you," she said. "But I believe you're running away now because you're afraid of Jane. Jane's a dragon—aren't you, Jane?"

Jane smiled discreetly. "You know you *ought* to rest, Miss Amelia!" she said. Miss Amelia heaved a comic sigh.

"Well, well!" she murmured, leaning back on her cushions.

Then she turned again towards me. "Do come to-morrow, if you care to, but I can't promise——" she broke off abruptly. "You don't live in this awful place?" she cried after a moment.

I explained that I lived in the Temple. "The Temple!" she said. "I knew it forty, no fifty years ago, when my brother was a young barrister,—hardly a barrister; not full fledged. He became a big-wig afterwards; I expect you have heard of him, though he's been dead these many years. Dick's father was his son. Lord Arlesfont was his name—he was only a law lord, of course, and invented it himself. How we used to laugh at him about it!"

I had heard much of the late Lord Arlesfont, and, in particular, that he had died worth several hundred thousand pounds. It occurred to me as odd that his sister should be living in an undesirable villa residence near Kentish Town. I glanced round the room: the furniture was old and for the most part ugly, but there were some good pieces of oak, many books, and a number of framed photographs which were mainly portraits of army officers in uniform and young women in bridal or presentation dresses. All these things were superfluous evidence of a fact which I had already realised,—that the old woman had nothing whatever in common with those of her neighbours whom I had seen as I wandered through the drab streets. Though she was wizened and bony, she had

a tremendous distinction, she was—as one felt that the male originals of the photographs would have forcibly asserted—every inch a lady, with a breezy and vigorous personality which age and illness had been unable to tame. There was breeding in every line of her: in her broad brow, her queer long nose, her mouth with its deeply furrowed corners and the way in which she wore her shabby old black silk dress.

"You're looking at my photographs," she said. "Plenty of soldiers, aren't there? We're a fighting family; one of us has been in every big battle since Ramillies to a certainty, and probably since Crecy or Agincourt. I'm proud of it; I'd have been a soldier myself if I'd been a man. Dick laughs at me when I boast about them all, but there's no doubt it's in our blood. Jane will tell you that I'm quite silly about them; when I was stronger I used to walk to Whitehall just to look at those fine big fellows standing sentry on their black horses; but I can't manage the journey now, and there are no soldiers here—only the Salvation Army, poor things!"

"Do you like living here?" I asked. The old lady laughed, but not bitterly.

"I abominate the place," she said emphatically; "but there are several good reasons why I live here. One of them is that Dick would be miserable in the country, and likes an out-of-the-way part of London where he won't meet——" She checked herself suddenly; the aspect of her face changed.

"I'm a garrulous old woman; I'm not going to weary you with my affairs," she concluded after a moment, and set her lips resolutely.

I went over to her and pressed her bony fingers. "Then I may call to-morrow?" I asked.

She nodded briskly. "That's very gallant of you," she said. "I wouldn't let you come all this way just to see a worn-out old woman, but I really believe that when I tell Dick all about you he'll want to thank you and talk to you. I can't promise, of course; he's very shy, poor boy." She thanked me herself once again, in graceful phrases, for helping her in the street, and waved a hand to me as I went out of the room. "I shall call you my *preux chevalier*!" she cried.

The faithful Jane came to open the front door for me. She, too, thanked me quietly and without any effusiveness. I took my hat from the rack, and as I did so I saw the fishing-rods and the cricket-bat.

"I see that Mr Dick is fond of sport," I said.

"Yes, sir," answered Jane. There was a queer note in her voice that made me look swiftly at her, and then I realised that she was regarding me with the keenest scrutiny that my very mild personality had ever undergone. Next moment she turned and opened the door. I wished her good evening, and walked down the steps, wondering if she regarded me as a possible burglar. Yet there was no suspicion, I thought, in her eyes; nothing

but an intense desire to read my secret soul. I concluded, as I walked away down avenues of gas lamps, that Jane was merely a keen student of human character; but it was a long time before I forgot her expression.

II.

There was no trace of it, however, in her broad, honest face when I went to call on the Sunday afternoon. She seemed really pleased to see me. But when I made inquiries about Miss Amelia's health her smile faded, and she admitted that she was anxious. The old lady had fainted again several times, and her usually strong recuperative energy seemed to have deserted her. I expressed a fear that my visit would tire Miss Amelia, but Jane alleged that it would have a beneficent effect if I did not stay too long.

"You mustn't mind if some of the things she says seem a bit queer, sir," she added. I thought privately that Jane tended to underrate the mental faculties of her mistress. There had been nothing "queer" about Miss Amelia on the previous day; for an old woman who had just recovered from an attack of faintness her mental clarity had been distinctly remarkable. I said something of the kind to Jane, who made no reply, but opened the door of Miss Amelia's room and announced me.

Miss Amelia was lying on the sofa, she looked amazingly gaunt and white, and her eyes shone with unnatural brilliance. As soon as she saw me she smiled and held out her hand.

"This is very kind of you,

Mr *preux chevalier*," she said. "I revise my theories on the manners of modern young men. But, oh dear!" she continued with a comical grimace, "some young men certainly aren't like you, and, after all, I've lured you here for nothing."

"What do you mean by fer nothing?" I demanded when I had shaken her hand and found a chair. She laughed rather ruefully.

"I mean that what I was afraid of has happened," she explained. "That naughty boy Dick is too shy to meet you and has gone off for a long walk all by himself. It's really too bad of him, and I shall give him a good scolding when he comes back. As I said to him, it isn't as if you were one of his relations."

I expressed a polite regret that I had frightened the elusive nephew away. "Doesn't Mr Dick like his relations?" I asked.

The old lady pursed up her lips and looked mysterious.

"He has very good reasons for not liking them," she said. "But I know that he would like you, and he ought to have a man friend. It's very lonely for him here."

"What does he do?" I asked. "I mean, has he a profession?" Miss Amelia shook her head.

"He's not doing anything just at present," she answered.

"Of course, he'll find something soon. Then he'll be happier. Poor Dick! he used to be such a happy boy, always laughing and making absurd jokes. And he was just the same, I believe, in his regiment."

"He was in the Army?" I inquired.

"Yes, in the Thirty-fourth," she replied. "But he left it last year,—wasn't it last year? Time runs on, time runs on so fast." She became silent abruptly and the light in her eyes faded.

"What a pity!" I said after a while. She turned her head swiftly. "Eh?" she cried.

"A pity that he left the Service," I explained. "He is very young, isn't he? And from what you said about him I imagine that he liked soldiering."

She nodded slowly.

"He's only twenty-four," she answered. "Oh! he loved the life! And he was getting on so well; he was so smart and popular. The Colonel admitted that." Her eyes brightened; she looked at me with something of the kind of scrutiny to which Jane had subjected me on the previous afternoon. "I feel certain you're a sympathetic person!" she said, smiling very queerly. Then her expression changed; she frowned, and looked as if she were troubled by some baffling train of thought. "If I told him that you knew everything and sympathised," she said after a pause, "he would like you."

I made the not very subtle deduction that the military career of the elusive Dick had ended painfully or scandalously. "Wouldn't it be better to wait

before you tell me anything intimate about him?" I suggested. "I'm only a stranger, after all, and he might resent it now."

She thought over this suggestion. "Perhaps," she said, "but I should like you to hear the truth. You will know his name, and I expect people are still telling lies about him everywhere. It happened so short a time ago. His name, you know, is Welburn—ex-Lieutenant Richard Welburn."

She leant forward and stared at me. I ransacked my memory in vain for any history connected with the name. When I informed Miss Amelia of this she looked slightly incredulous.

"Dear me, very odd!" she said. "But perhaps you don't read the newspapers. Well! If you really haven't heard the lies, perhaps there's no particular point in telling you the truth at present. Later, when you have met him and see what a fine manly fellow they have ruined—but here comes Jane with the tea. Jane, Mr *preux chevalier* says that it's no use your protesting; you really are the most perfectly finished specimen of a dragon. As for you," she went on, turning to me, "you're to give your whole attention to admiring the Spode tea-service. It's only produced on solemn occasions. Have you brought an extra cup in case Mr Dick comes back, Jane?"

"Yes, Miss Amelia," said Jane.

The bony old hand which poured out my tea was very tremulous that afternoon, and the wonderful Spode, which I duly admired, had several nar-

row escapes. But though Miss Amelia was so weak physically, and certainly ought to have been in bed, her spirit was undaunted, and she proved herself a most charming conversationalist. She catechised me concerning my tastes, my aims and ambitions, and afterwards she told me a great deal of her history. In her youth she had travelled widely, and I found that her passion for Italy was at least as warm as my own; she spoke of old pictures and old books with knowledge and enthusiasm; she had a real sense of humour and was refreshingly free from prejudice. I found myself thinking very soon that the blighted Mr Dick, if he had any appreciation of personality, was not greatly to be pitied; if he had experienced ill fortune in the Army he had certainly been lucky beyond the wont of man in the companionship of his aunt. In earlier days she had known a great number of interesting people, and she had remembered countless anecdotes, not one of them dull; her reminiscences, however, did not include the last quarter of a century, a period which, I decided, she had spent in retirement that was enforced by unexpected poverty. Oddly enough, she seemed to have no sense of the length of this later stage in her life, and spoke of the time when she had suffered a serious financial reverse as if it were merely a few months before.

Mr Dick did not appear, and I am afraid that I was scarcely troubled by his absence. At the end of the hour allotted

to me by Jane I felt that I had really found a delightful friend, and I was well on the road to believing that if he had joined us I should have been capable of experiencing a genuine sensation of jealousy. There was no doubt of Miss Amelia's devotion to her nephew; whenever a footstep sounded in the street outside she would listen for a moment and then shake her head. "Not *his* step. Not springy enough!" she would murmur with a regretful smile. She reverted to him again shortly before I went away, told me various amusing anecdotes of his boyhood—he seemed to have been a really jolly scapegrace—and produced photographs of him in frocks, in Etons, and in uniform. The last showed him to be a good-looking, frank-eyed young fellow, with a weak mouth; the uniform seemed oddly old-fashioned, I thought; but my ignorance of things military is gigantic, and I made no comment to that effect.

The sight of the photograph of Dick in his tunic evidently produced a great emotional effect in her; she murmured some incoherent words and there were tears in her eyes. Next moment, however, she was looking at me almost defiantly.

"I'm a foolish old woman!" she cried. "He isn't done yet. He's only beginning his life, his real life. Very soon all that went before—all the misery—will be like a forgotten dream." Her voice became splendid; it rang a challenge to the whole world. "Look at his face," she concluded, thrust-

ing the photograph into my hands; "look at him, and tell me if *you* think he's done!"

She was like an inspired and bony prophetess, and her enthusiasm was really infectious. "Of course he's not done!" I said. "His real life is all before him, as you say. I only wish that I could be of some use to him," I added, rather feebly. "If *you* think he has been badly treated, I'm prepared to assert it everywhere."

She smiled and put her hand on my arm.

"*You can* be of use to him," she said. "Be his friend."

"If he'll allow it," I said. "I feel as if I were his friend already. You'll let me come again."

"Oh, of course *we* are friends!" cried Miss Amelia. I thought that it was a very graceful answer to my demand. A few minutes later the watchful Jane entered the room and drove me forth.

III.

Nearly a week had passed before I was able to pay another visit to Miss Amelia. I found her very feeble and somewhat annoyed because her eyes had failed, and she could not read, or even play Patience. "Jane reads to me," she explained, "but she never will learn the difference between a comma and a semicolon, and always says 'hem!' every other minute." She was in good spirits, however, and gave me a warm welcome. "I've a nice surprise for you to-day," she said, after she had answered or parried my questions about her health. "The doctor came this morning—Jane quite absurdly insisted on sending for him—and I told him all about you and Dick's stupid shyness. He's a vulgar little man, but he has a great liking for Dick, and he promised to talk to him seriously about you. I don't know how he managed it—but Dick told me this afternoon that he would be glad to see you."

"Good!" I cried. "If he had avoided me much longer I should have begun to think that he was a myth."

Miss Amelia laughed. "Oh! Dick is substantial enough," she said; "though I wish he would eat more. It's my belief that he smokes far too much; I expect that when you go into his room you'll find a dense blue fog. But it's his only luxury, so I never say anything to him about it."

"I'm a great smoker myself," I said, "so I'm afraid that I shan't set him a good example. Where is his room, by the way?"

"At the top of the house," answered Miss Amelia. "The door is on the right at the head of the stairs. I wish I could go up with you, but I'm afraid that's out of the question. However, the dragon shall show you the way when you've told me all the news."

"I won't trouble the dragon," I said. "I'll steal up and burst upon him unannounced."

That'll be more informal and jolly."

Miss Amelia nodded approval. "I thought at first that he had better come down and meet you here," she went on; "but I'm sure that you would both prefer to be alone together and smoke your pipes and cigars. Dear me! I feel quite excited about it! It's rash to prophesy, but I don't mind telling you in confidence that you're perfectly certain to get on together splendidly. You're not unlike each other; when I first set eyes on you I do believe that if I hadn't heard your voice just before, I should have mistaken you for him. But your mouth is weaker than his." I could not help smiling as I remembered my unuttered criticism of Dick's photograph. "You're much the same build, and nearly the same height; at least if you had been in the Army, and had to hold yourself properly, you would have looked nearly as tall. I like tall fellows; and, would you believe it, when I was young the only men who fell in love with me were little niminy-piminies. I laughed at them all; a nice figure of fun I should have made with a beau as high as my elbow, shouldn't I? So here I am a poor old maid, and no one'll marry me now. Don't look alarmed, Mr *preux chevalier*; I'm not trying to catch you."

"I only wish you would," I replied. "I wasn't looking alarmed; I was looking sulky, because first of all you said that I resembled your wonderful nephew, and then you pro-

ceeded to explain that I was in all respects his inferior. I believe that really I'm far better and wiser and equally beautiful."

She leant forward and smiled. "I'll tell you one thing," she said, "in which you resemble him exactly. I can't tell your footsteps apart. Each time that I've heard yours outside the room I've thought that you were Dick."

"Oh, I shall supplant him yet," I said. "And now I shall go to call on him. You look tired," I added; "I had better say good-bye to you."

"No, no!" she cried. "You must come back and tell me all about it. I expect Dick will come down with you, and we'll all have tea together."

"Jane will have something to say about that!" I said. Miss Amelia looked naughtily defiant.

"Bother Jane!" she remarked.

As I went upstairs I found myself wondering what kind of a reception I should be given by the recluse in the attic. In spite of the pæans that Miss Amelia had sung in his praise, I was tolerably certain that Master Dick was rather a bear, and disapproved of my intrusions; otherwise he would at least have had the grace to thank me for rescuing his aunt from the regardant errand-boys. I was conscious of a sensation which had scarcely visited me since my school-days,—a sensation produced by a summons from a master to visit his study for reasons unknown or gloomily

suspected. This was ridiculous, I told myself; I was without reproach, and if any one had behaved badly, it was the morose Dick; yet the fact remained that as I climbed the last flight of stairs I was strangely nervous, and when I halted outside the door on the right, I felt that nothing but my affection for Miss Amelia would have forced me to face the ordeal of knocking on its panel.

I *did* knock, however, but heard no voice that summoned me to enter. I waited for a moment, then knocked again, equally fruitlessly. Probably, I thought, Mr Dick, like most bears, was indulging in a protracted siesta. Once more I heartily thumped the panels, and then I turned the handle, opened the door, and entered the room.

I found myself in a large attic that was comfortably furnished in ordinary masculine taste; there were large leather arm-chairs and an oak table; stags' heads looked mildly down from the walls, and the few pictures were of a sporting character. Mr Dick, unlike his aunt, evidently did not care for photographs; there was only one in the room, and that was the portrait of a girl in the costume, I think, of the late seventies or early eighties; she wore a jersey and a pleated skirt, and her hair was frizzed like a Zulu's. I observed these details after I had realised that the owner of the room was absent. Mr Dick had evidently avoided me once again; the only trace that remained

of him was a strong smell of stale tobacco smoke.

I was annoyed when I found that, after all, I might have spared myself my doubts and fears on the staircase, and after I had waited for five minutes, I made uncomplimentary remarks concerning Mr Dick's methods of behaviour, and decided to return for another talk with Miss Amelia. Then it occurred to me that she would be very much worried when she heard that my errand was fruitless; so I planted myself in one of the arm-chairs and resolved to await my absent host until midnight, if necessary. He had made an appointment with me, after all, and it would be an uncommon pleasure to put him to shame when he tardily appeared.

The stags' heads contemplated me with mild and respectful interest, and I stared at them, at the pictures, and at the lady in the jersey for about twenty minutes. I was beginning to feel heartily bored when I heard the sound of feet that ascended the stairs. At last, I thought, I was to meet the mysterious nephew, who, by the way, seemed even then to be in no particular hurry. I rose, and by the time the door opened had prepared a neat speech which would heap coals of fire on his perfidious head. But it was lost labour, for no male figure appeared on the threshold. Instead, I was confronted by the sturdy shape of Jane.

Though she had walked so leisurely upstairs she seemed slightly out of breath, and

looked at me in a peculiar manner. Once again I had a momentary idea that she regarded me as a burglar; but before I could explain my presence in the room her words showed that she knew what had happened.

"Miss Amelia has just told me that you were here, sir," she said quietly. "I'm afraid from what she said that you've been waiting for some time."

"For nearly half an hour, Jane," I answered, in the tone of a patient martyr. "She arranged with Mr Dick that I should meet him here, but he seems to have discovered a subsequent engagement."

I sat down again in one of the arm-chairs. Jane stood regarding me with the same intent expression for some moments, then she entered the room, closed the door, and walked deliberately towards me.

"I think it's high time that you were told something, sir," she said, halting in front of me. "I would have done it before, but I thought perhaps you would find out for yourself, like the doctor did. You've heard a lot about meeting Mr Dick. I'd better tell you once and for all that you'll *never* meet him."

She spoke firmly, but I could see that she was agitated.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that Mr Dick refuses to have anything to do with me—that he doesn't like my coming to the house?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, sir!" she said slowly, "haven't you seen it all? There is no Mr Dick."

I gazed at her with intense astonishment.

"No Mr Dick!" I echoed. "Do you mean——" She cut me short.

"I mean that he's all imagination," she said. "The real Mr Dick died more than twenty years ago. Whether his ghost haunts this house or not is more than I can say, but I've never seen it, at any rate. Sometimes I wish I could, for to hear Miss Amelia talking and listening to some one you can't hear or see is a great strain on the nerves. I'd have borne it for no one else but her."

I gasped. I had formed so complete an idea of the personality of the nephew, I had felt the sense of his actual presence in the place so strongly, that for a moment I was visited with a wild suspicion that he had suborned Jane into collaborating with him in a mad joke at my expense. But the aspect of that faithful retainer's face was enough to explode this theory.

"Well, it's extraordinary!" I said feebly. "And how long has he—has this state of things existed?"

"More than twenty years, sir," answered Jane. Her agitation seemed to have passed away, and she spoke calmly. "It's twenty-two, I think, since I first began to pretend he was still here."

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you've managed to—to keep it up; to go on pretending for all those years?"

Jane nodded. "Yes, sir," she answered. "It wasn't very difficult, with poor Miss Amelia always seeing him and imagining that he talked to her. I knew very soon that if I *didn't*

pretend she would get miserable and perhaps come to her senses."

I stared again at this remarkable woman.

"But why didn't you want her to come to her senses?" I cried.

Jane looked at me almost pitifully.

"Don't you see, sir," she explained, "that if she'd come to her senses she'd have realised that Mr Dick wasn't there, and she'd just have died of grief? It was far better to keep up the pretence and leave her happy. The doctor said just the same; he pretends he's a friend of Mr Dick's and comes here to have a talk with him whenever he calls."

"Ah!" I said, "that accounts for the smell of smoke."

"Yes, sir," replied Jane. "Though when he didn't come I often burnt some tobacco on a tray. Any little thing like that, or leaving the room untidy, just as Mr Dick used to, helps to keep Miss Amelia happy, and keep her from doubting that he is still here."

For some moments I meditated silently over Jane's astounding revelation. "By this time you must almost feel that he is still here," I said.

"Sometimes I do, sir," Jane answered. "And in a kind of a way he really is here; he lives on, you might say, in Miss Amelia's heart. I don't think that any one quite dies when they're remembered as she remembers Mr Dick. But if he knows, and does live here in spirit, I haven't seen him."

"Then Miss Amelia has forgotten all about his death?" I asked.

Jane smoothed her apron with both hands.

"Thank God for that, sir," she said simply. "After the news came she was at death's door herself for two months, and when she was better we found that she remembered nothing later than the time before he died, when he was living with her. Sometimes, on one of her bad days, she'll have a dim sort of idea that she has had dreadful news from Paris—Mr Dick died in Paris—and she'll be miserable, but as soon as she sees his things lying about in this room she begins to imagine that he's back here again. It's at times like that when I have to be extra careful to keep up the pretence. I've even told her that I thought Mr Dick looked well, or tired. Those were lies, I suppose, and I don't know what you'll think of me, but I do believe, sir, you'd have done just the same if you'd been in my place. It all helped to give my mistress a happy old age."

"Was Mr Dick's death sudden?" I asked. Jane replied that he had been found drowned in the Seine. His history, of which she gave me an outline, was apparently as follows. He had been obliged to leave the Army because he had become involved in some discreditable gambling affair. Whether he had been accused of cheating, or whether he was the scapegoat of others, I do not know; but at any rate there was a vast scandal, and at the time when he resigned his commission he owed very large sums to money-lenders. His relatives, who were furious that

he had disgraced a name famous in the military annals of England, refused to have anything more to do with him, except Miss Amelia, who quarrelled with them all on his account, realised most of her capital in order to pay his debts, and buried herself with him in the obscure street where I had met her.

They lived together for about a year; Dick attempted in vain to find any employment, and became, I imagine, more and more miserable. At last he went to Paris; a fortnight later his body was recognised in the Morgue by a former brother officer who was engaged in visiting the artistic attractions of the city.

Jane concluded his history with a gesture in the direction of the young woman in a jersey.

"That was his young lady, sir," she explained. "We thought her pretty and good, but she threw him over, like all the rest of them. Miss Amelia won't have anything to do with any of the family," she went on. "'If Dick's not good enough for them I'm not good enough,' she says. She's a lady of great spirit, sir, as I expect you've seen."

I did not answer. I was engaged in reflecting that my idea of Kentish Town and Gospel Oak as places where only unimportant persons dwelt and only drab and sordid events happened was singularly foolish. For me, Miss Amelia and her Jane shone with all the splendour of heroines of romance, and the dark little house be-

came radiant with a fine light of love and devotion.

"So this," I said at last, "was why you looked at me so queerly that day when Miss Amelia fainted in the street?"

Jane smiled. "I didn't know what sort of a person you might be, sir, and I heard Miss Amelia ask you to come again and meet Mr Dick. I didn't know whether you'd be able to do as the doctor does. He's very kind about it, though of course he looks on it all as a joke, and pretends that Mr Dick is fond of ladies and a gay life." She paused for a moment, looking at me almost anxiously. "You will be able to do it, I hope, sir?" she asked.

"You mean—to keep up the pretence?" I said.

"That's it," said Jane. "It's got to be done," she added firmly.

I was silent for a short time. In the excitement of hearing her story I had ignored the new complication that was created by my visit to Dick's room. "It will be rather difficult, won't it?" I asked.

Jane's expression instantly became stern.

"Difficult or not, it has to be done," she said quickly. "You must make up your mind to that, sir. If you can't do it, if your conscience won't let you——" she paused.

"If I can't do it I mustn't come here again, you mean," I said.

Jane made a grave gesture of assent.

"Never again," she said. "And that would be hard on Miss Amelia. She's taken to you, one can see." She looked at me steadily and then she

smiled. "Oh! you'll do it!" she cried suddenly.

And at that instant I certainly felt that I would do anything for Miss Amelia—and for Jane. "I believe you're a witch!" I said, and held out my hand. We stood there for a moment like two conspirators swearing some infernal pact. "I'll have a try, at any rate," I said.

"I knew you would, sir," said Jane. "But don't go to see her now. She's tired, and it would be difficult for you. Next time you come I don't think you'll find it hard."

"Jane," I said, "you're a treasure among women."

"I've done my duty," said Jane briefly, "though it has been one long lie."

I am almost ashamed to add that, after forming this alliance in duplicity, I sneaked past Miss Amelia's door with the utmost caution, and drew a deep breath of relief when I was safely in the street. As I walked home I began to realise the difficulty of the task to which I had pledged myself, and I confess that I quailed before it. Nevertheless, Jane was right; nothing should be allowed to disturb Miss Amelia's illusions. I told myself that if I proved incapable of playing my part decently, my obvious duty would be to retire from the stage altogether. But this, now that I was deeply in love both with Miss Amelia and with Jane, was a thoroughly impossible prospect.

IV.

Five or six days passed, I think, before I was able to present myself again at Miss Amelia's door. I had still some doubt as to whether I should be able to take a successful part in Jane's conspiracy, but none concerning the morality of joining it; the more I thought about it the more I was convinced that this was the only possible course for me to follow. My *rôle*, I knew, would be more difficult than that of Jane; it was easy for her, a servant, to keep silence when Miss Amelia was talking to the invisible presence of her nephew; but I should be obliged to join in such conversations, a proceeding that would demand intense tact.

In spite of this imminent

difficulty, and in defiance of a yellow fog that brooded over Kentish Town, I was in high spirits when I knocked at Miss Amelia's door; the prospect of seeing her again really was wonderfully elating. When Jane opened the door I beamed on her with the utmost benevolence, and was surprised to observe that she received me without a smile. Her honest face looked drawn and anxious, and there were dark semicircles below her eyes.

"Oh, sir," she said, "Miss Amelia can't see you to-day. She's in bed, and I'm afraid she's very bad indeed. She's never been like this before. But please to come in."

I followed her into Miss Amelia's room. There was no

fire, and in the jaundiced light of the foggy afternoon the place was depressing and shabby.

"How long has she been ill?" I asked. Jane waited for a moment before answering.

"Ever since you went away on Saturday," she said. "And the doctor doesn't like her looks at all. She doesn't recognise any one; her sight's nearly gone, but I'm afraid that it's not only because of that. She's dreadfully miserable!" Poor Jane ended with almost a groan, and for a moment I thought that she was about to break down.

"Miserable?" I echoed. "What is making her miserable? Does she think that something is wrong with him—with Mr Dick?"

Jane nodded, looking very grave.

"Yes," she said. "That's what's the matter. On Saturday, just after you had gone, she thought that he came to talk to her, and she got the idea that he didn't like you, that he was kind of jealous of you, and that he was going away to Paris. Her memory seemed to come back, partly at least, and she has been in a dreadful state, crying and talking about bodies being found in a river."

The tears were running down her cheeks as she finished speaking. I stared at her blankly, feeling a heavy weight growing above my heart.

"Then it's all my fault," I said. "I oughtn't to have come here again. But can't you persuade her that Dick has returned?"

She shook her head. "I've

tried and tried," she answered, "but it's no good; it only makes her angry. She's quite certain that he's in Paris and that he's in some danger. I'm dreading every moment that she'll realise he's dead; several times to-day she's remembered things that have happened just before she got the news of his body being found."

"And if she realises that he is dead?" I asked.

"It'll kill her this time," replied Jane. "The doctor says so. When a person has been queer like that for so long and becomes right in the head again suddenly, it means that it's the end. And a miserable end too, poor thing! I'd always thought that she would die happy, thinking that Mr Dick was with her to the last."

I inquired if the doctor came often. "He's very good," Jane answered; "he comes twice a-day, and he sat up for a long time the other night. The sleeping-draught couldn't calm her. He made me have a nurse, but she's a giggling thing and mad about play-actors. She talks to me about Lewis Waller, or some such name, until I could turn her out of the house. She's upstairs now trying on a new bonnet. Miss Amelia's asleep, for once."

Silence fell upon us. The fog had thickened, and the room was almost dark. Outside some sparrows were twittering disconsolately in the bedraggled shrubs. I felt wretched, and reviled myself for not having discovered earlier that Miss Amelia's nephew was a hallucination,

and that my visits to the haunted house were likely to have a troublesome result. Yet how could I have known? Jane was certainly not to blame; she had warned me as soon as she perceived that I had realised nothing and that my visits were likely to be frequent. The whole affair was a most unfortunate accident, though, for a moment, I felt almost inclined to believe that Dick had been actually present—in the spirit, as Jane expressed it—and had behaved exactly as he would have done if I had put in an appearance at his aunt's house during the time of his trouble.

"Do you think it would be of any use," I asked at last, "if I went up to see her when she is awake, and told her that there isn't any truth in her idea that Dick doesn't like me?"

Jane dismissed this suggestion at once.

"She wouldn't know you," she said. "And if she did, she wouldn't believe you. And, anyhow, it would make no difference. What's worrying her is that she thinks he has gone to Paris."

"But if I could persuade her," I said, "that he has just gone for a holiday and not because he is annoyed at my coming here, wouldn't things be better?"

Jane shook her head.

"You wouldn't be able to persuade her," she answered. "You see she thinks he has told her all about it. It's your word against his."

Once again I felt a sharp sense of the reality of Dick.

"Confound him!" I murmured.

Jane overheard me, and I saw, much to my surprise, that she was regarding me sympathetically.

"I've often felt like that too, sir," she said. "Times and times it's seemed as if he was really there and was just being aggravating on purpose. But it doesn't do, I found, to let oneself think that. If I hadn't made up my mind not to believe in him I don't know what would have happened to my head."

I looked at her. "I suppose he wasn't really there, Jane?" I said.

Jane made an almost violent gesture with her hands.

"Lord save us, sir!" she cried. "Don't *you* begin to believe in him!" She was silent for a moment, then continued: "It's only in Miss Amelia's memory that he lives, as I told you before. But the funny thing is that she remembers him so well—his character, I mean. His ghost, as you might say, behaves exactly as he would have behaved if he had been alive and remained a young man of four-and-twenty. He wasn't always a nice gentleman, was Mr Dick; after he left the Army his temper was very queer, and his ghost—you know what I mean when I say ghost—is just the same. I've often heard Miss Amelia talking as if he were in a dreadful rage, and she was trying to calm him down. It was just like him—like the real Mr Dick, I mean, sir—to go off in a huff because you were coming to the house."

"But did he do that when other people came?" I asked.

"No other people *did* come," Jane answered. "Lady Soames, Miss Amelia's sister, tried to, a great many times; but he couldn't bear her, and made Miss Amelia tell her to keep away. 'Oh dear! oh dear!' she cried suddenly. 'There we go again!'"

"What is the matter?" I demanded.

"It seems as if we neither of us could help talking as if he really existed," said Jane. "And I won't do it!" she concluded almost violently.

I rose to go, telling Jane I would call again very soon for news of her mistress. "And

if I can be of any use," I added, giving her a card, "telegraph to this address. I'm nearly always in, and I'll come at once."

Jane thanked me rather perfunctorily. Evidently she was convinced that for the present I could be of no use whatever. I went back to the Temple and attempted to work, but I could think of nothing but Miss Amelia. Of course it was absurd, but try as I would, I was unable to dispel the idea that the long dead Dick was a real and malignant entity who was compelling her, merely from spiteful motives, to endure again all the anguish that his suicide had caused her twenty-two years before.

V.

I called at the house every afternoon during the following week, and on each occasion I was confronted by a white and anxious Jane, who had no good news to impart. Miss Amelia was terribly weak; she continued to recognise no one, and lived entirely in a painful world of her imagination. The one consoling fact about her malady was that she was convinced that Dick was alive, though absent, and she seemed to have forgotten about his suicide. But she was terribly worried because he did not return, and lay listening for his footsteps all day and for most of the night. She was almost blind, and it was nearly impossible to persuade her to take any food. I was not allowed, of course, to see her, for she still, apparently, regarded me as the

cause of Dick's absence, and spoke of my intrusion with warm resentment.

On the tenth day of her illness I found Jane in a state of deep despondency; Miss Amelia had sunk into a comatose condition, from which she only awoke at long intervals to demand if her nephew had returned. To soothe her, Jane had tried to pretend that he was in the house; but Miss Amelia, after sitting up in bed and staring at the ceiling with sightless eyes for some moments, had shaken her head wistfully, and then, falling back on her pillows, relapsed into torpor. The doctor, Jane added, took a gloomy view of her condition, and asserted that unless she could be induced to believe that Dick had returned safely, there was

only the slightest hope of her recovery.

I had gone back to my room each day feeling more and more depressed, and Jane's latest bulletin made me sick at heart. Poor Miss Amelia! If any one deserved a peaceful death, she was the person; her long devotion to her nephew's memory seemed, whenever I thought of it, both noble and beautiful, and if she had been mad, there were many worse things in the world than a madness which took the form of single-hearted loyalty to an unfortunate boy. I reproached myself for having returned to the little house, and reviled the fate which had led me to explore Kentish Town on that Saturday afternoon. I was the cause—although a quite innocent cause—of all Miss Amelia's later sufferings; if she died I should be indirectly responsible for her death, and I could do nothing but wait. It was a singularly disheartening position.

I sat by a dying fire for an hour, the prey of most melancholy foreboding; then, I suppose, I went to sleep, and dreamt that I was back in Miss Amelia's room, for I remember that a loud knocking at my door made me spring up from my chair and stand staring about me in stupid bewilderment. There was another series of tremendous knocks, and I opened the door, to discover a small telegraph-boy, who thrust a yellow-brown envelope into my hand. I tore it open. The telegram which it contained was very brief: *Come at once.*—*Jane*—was all that it said. I told the boy that there was no

answer, and that light-hearted bearer of evil tidings departed whistling. That the tidings were evil I had no doubt; Jane would not have telegraphed unless Miss Amelia was worse. I ran up Middle Temple Lane, colliding with various belated barristers, and found a cab opposite the Law Courts. Twenty minutes later I stood once more on the steps of the little house.

Jane opened the door before I had rung the bell; evidently she had been on the look-out for me. Without speaking, she led me into Miss Amelia's sitting-room. Her face was dreadfully haggard, and her lips were set in a tense line.

"How is she?" I asked in a low voice.

"Very, very bad," Jane answered in the same tone. "It's the end, I'm afraid. The doctor says so; he's with her now. She's fretting and fretting."

"Does she think that he is dead?" I demanded.

"No," said Jane. "She's expecting him to come back every minute, and worrying because he doesn't come. It seems almost as if she were too weak to imagine him any more—to trick herself into seeing him and hearing him, I mean. She does nothing but moan, except when she stops to listen. I feel now a kind of certainty that he won't come, that he's disappeared for ever, poor Mr Dick. And that's why I sent for you."

"You think she won't dislike me now?" I asked.

Jane shook her head. "It isn't that," she said. She

looked at me once more with her strange penetrating scrutiny, and went on: "She won't know you. She's nearly blind, and no one exists for her except him. That's why I want you to go up to see her."

I stared at her, hopelessly bewildered by this obscure speech. She continued to regard me with intensely solemn eyes. "You understand, don't you?" she said, after a moment.

I shook my head. "Oh! don't you see," she cried sharply, "that I'd do anything for her to die in peace,—even trick her and deceive her? It's only a chance, of course; she may find it all out at once, like she did before when I pretended he was in the house; only she's much weaker now. There's only one thing that you've got to remember,—you mustn't speak. Whatever she says, remember that she hears the answer in her mind."

I realised then what Jane meant.

"You want me to be—him?" I said.

She nodded eagerly. "Don't say you can't do it, sir!" she cried. "It's the last chance, and whatever you may think about it, I know it's right. You've heard of doctors giving dying people drugs to keep off the pain,—well, this is like giving a drug; one wouldn't do it except to stop her suffering, and let her die in peace."

I felt very uncomfortable. No doubt Jane was right as usual, yet there was something dreadful in playing any kind of trick on one who was dying. "I'll come up," I said; "but I won't promise anything ex-

cept that I'll not speak. And you mustn't tell her that I am Dick."

An expression of deep relief came over Jane's face. "I won't do that, sir," she answered. "For one thing," she added, "it wouldn't be any use."

After we had ascended one flight of stairs, I heard Miss Amelia's voice. She was moaning on one note, like a child in pain. The sound sent a chill to my heart, and for a moment I felt that I would give everything that I possessed to be able to rush out of the house. As we reached the door of her bedroom, however, the sound ceased with an abruptness that was almost shocking. Jane knocked at the door, waited for a moment, and then opened it.

The scene that met my eyes will haunt me until I have lost all power to think. Miss Amelia was sitting up in bed, leaning forward. She was thinner than I had imagined it possible for a living creature to be; her shoulders were like knife-blades beneath her nightgown, her hands, which gripped the bedclothes, had become yellow claws, and her neck was like twisted parchment. But the splendour of her face was indescribable; her eyes were two burning stars, and her smile had an unearthly sweetness that recalled all the pictures which one had ever seen of saints in ecstasy. She held out both her wasted hands with a wonderful gesture.

"Dick, dear Dick," she said loudly, triumphantly. "I knew your step! You've come at last! And I know that you'll

never leave me any more." I stood there, torn between wonder at her face and shame at the part that I was playing. It seemed impossible that those brilliant eyes could not see me, or, if they saw me, transfigured me to a vision of the dead. The doctor, who was standing by the bed, made an emphatic sign to me; I went forward and took Miss Amelia's hands. She kissed me, and then sank back on her pillows.

"Now I can sleep," she said, with a deep sigh, and closed her eyes.

The peace in her face was the most beautiful thing that I have ever seen. I sat by her bedside for an hour holding one of her hands. When I went away she was still lost in deep slumber.

Was it a disgraceful trick to play? She died without pain three days afterwards, perfectly happy, convinced that her nephew was with her to the last. I attended the funeral, which was honoured by the presence of several of her distinguished relatives. They were truly magnificent types of aristocracy, and their demeanour, whilst exquisitely correct, betrayed no hint of inward grief.

When it was all over, and the tawny earth was being shovelled on the plain coffin that contained Miss Amelia's worn-out body, I walked out of the cemetery with Jane. Jane was calm once more, though she had broken down at the graveside, and seriously interrupted the somewhat per-

functory periods of the chilly curate who conducted the service. I questioned her about her future; she informed me that she was to live with her sister in Birmingham—a town which she seemed, Cockney that she was, to regard as the most rural of retreats,—and that she had saved sufficiently to assure herself a comfortable old age. We did not speak of Miss Amelia until we were about to part at the cemetery gates.

"You won't forget her, will you, sir?" she asked me, as we shook hands. I replied that Miss Amelia's memory would be with me always. Jane gave me one of her grave, slow nods.

"That's right," she said. "When that happens people don't really die. All this," she made a gesture indicating the cemetery, "all this is nothing. It's in other people's hearts that one really lives. *She* taught me that."

I felt suddenly inclined to choke. "Poor thing, poor thing!" I said.

But Jane corrected me with her usual wisdom.

"Don't think of her like that, sir," she said. "She lived happy, except for that one great trouble, and she died happy too. It's a funny world," she added after a moment. "I sometimes think that the people it likes to call mad have all the best of things, and aren't the worst in it either."

And with this profound sentiment Jane went out of my life.

ROUND NANGA PARBAT.

BY EDMUND CANDLER.

I.

THE Hindu does not climb the mountains where his gods live; he goes round them as he would any other shrine. There is great virtue in this. The most devout measure the length of the path with the length of their limbs. They lie prone and draw themselves up, the heel touching the spot where the forehead last rested. This is the *Ashtanga Danddwat*, the pilgrimage of progression by pressing the eight parts of the body to the ground. I have seen yogis make the circuit of Benares wriggling like the green looper caterpillar in the dust. And I have seen Buddhists, mostly maimed or blind, crawling in the mire of the *Lingkor* that rings the Potala at Lhasa, the holy rock on which the incarnation of *Avalokiteswara* is throned. Buddhists and Hindus alike circumambulate Kang Rinpoche, the chorten-like Kailas in Tibet by the sacred Mansarovar Lake. I have seen a shock-headed Bairagi drifting round the lesser Kailas in Bussahr, mumbling and inarticulate. It did not enter my head that some day I too should feel the same compulsion, that I should be drawn round the divine Nanga Parbat like a bit of detached weed in a current.

When I knew that I must

go round, it was natural that I should become interested in the psychology of an instinct which I shared with such inscrutable neighbours, and I asked a Sanskrit Pundit if he could find anything in his Scriptures to explain the springs of the motive. He brought me texts in plenty, but I should have known how fruitless these inquiries are. Words, more especially translated words, are too arbitrary to convey the spirit. In the Yaju Veda (xxvi. 15) it is written—I quote the learned Pundit's rendering: "Intellect of man is sharpened by going round mountains." In the *Ngaya* (Philosophy of *Gautama*), iv. 42: "Meditation in cavities of mountains adds to a man's spiritual knowledge." In the *Kedarkalpa*, i. 1: "A visit to Kailas contributes to intellectual happiness at all times. There is no doubt of it." And again, in the *Mahabharata*, xxxiv. 2: "Oh King, those who visit Kailas become of godly temperament." In the *Panchtantra Mitrabhada*, ix.: "A man cannot attain knowledge, wealth, and technical education unless he has been to mountains."

It would seem that the Hindu is more practical than we. He does nothing for nothing. When he exerts him-

self some sort of profit, spiritual or material, must come of it. Now, I had no object in going round Nanga Parbat. I was drawn by a sort of undefined attraction, an irresponsible curiosity. And there was something of the hair-shirt instinct in it. You will not provoke a like confession from Buddhist or Hindu, whether in speech or written word. Yet I never see an Asiatic pilgrim without wondering if he may not be afoot just for the pilgrimage.

The Anglo-Indian too, saving a few wanderers like myself, is practical, like the Hindu. With him exercise of any kind must contribute to some traditional sport in which achievement is an asset. None of the orthodox could understand why I wished to walk round Nanga Parbat.

"Going to shoot? There ought to be markhor in those nullahs at the back."

"No."

"Fish?"

"No."

"I see; just going round. Foot-slogging in fact!"

My good-natured friend did not see. But he wished to cover the nakedness of my projects as decently as he could.

"Going to climb it?" he asked hopefully.

Further humiliation. I had to confess that I had designs on the girth and not the summit. I was going to circumambulate the blessed peak like any ordinary Hindu.

My friend looked at me with sorrow. Climbing mountains, though an odd freak, is nevertheless a recognised pastime.

There is a volume in the Badminton on it, like polo or cricket or golf. But going round!

"When do you start?"

"The next Friday that ever is."

"Well, I hope you'll enjoy it."

He spoke doubtfully. Here a disagreeable man, who had been listening, broke in—

"Thank God I don't spend my leave skinning up rocks!"

Then fat good-natured Yorke put in a word for me from the depths of his arm-chair. He was on leave from Gilgit, and nothing less than a 44-inch ibex would have induced him to climb a *khud*.

"You like the hills?" he asked in an understanding voice. The atmosphere softened at once; the disagreeable man was mildly rebuked. Nevertheless I knew there would come a time before I had made my ring round Nanga Parbat, when, tired of shale and glare and false summits, I should envy Yorke in his long chair with his long cold drink and newspaper, secure against every possible contretemps.

The wanderer needs no logical impulse to start him on his travels, but thinking of the scene afterwards and of others like it, it occurred to me that I might have partially re-established my sanity in the eyes of my friends. There are folk who will put themselves to discomfort to see anything with a big label on it. I think the disagreeable man would have "passed" Everest as he might have passed Niagara or

Yellowstone Park. It is true Nanga Parbat is not the highest mountain in the world,—there are three or four peaks higher; but there is no rock-face anywhere comparable to the drop from the summit 26,620 feet on the north-west to the bed of the Indus nearly 24,000 feet beneath. Everest, Kanchenjunga, K², all the giants of Nepal, Sikkim, and the Karakoram, rise from great mountain-chains or high tablelands; their highest pinnacles are invisible from below. Nanga Parbat, the incomparable, alone reveals her whole naked majesty and beauty, rising from the river-bed in Chilas at a little more than 3000 feet above sea-level to as near heaven as may be. And she stands alone, a patent goddess, 9000 feet higher than any other summit within 120 miles, save the subordinate peaks of the same massif.

Every mountaineer has his own idea as to what is the most impressive rock-face in the Alps. In picturing sheer declivity one thinks of the east wall of the Finsteraarhorn, the Mer de Glace face of the Charmoz and Grepon, the south wall of the Marmolota, one tremendous precipice, or the south faces of the Ecrins and Mont Blanc. But to conjure up an image of Nanga Parbat from the north we must pile these on the top of one another like Ossa on Pelion. Take for the base the east face of Monte Rosa, where it rises 11,000 feet above Macugnaga. Pile on the Meije as seen from La Grave, 8000 feet of preci-

pice rising in tiers above the road. Top all with the tremendous north cliff of the Matterhorn, and your idealised mountain may bear some resemblance to Nanga Parbat—save for the savage wildness of the setting—where one looks down from the hills above Gor into the black trough of the Indus, and then lifts one's eyes slowly up to the peak above.

The southern face of the mountain seen from the Pir Pinjal is approached by passes of from 13,000 to 14,000 feet, so that this view, the only one familiar to the folk who "go to the hills," is surpassed, in extent at least, by others in the Himalayas. The rare and exquisite beauty of it lies in the suggestion of something unearthly and remote. On clear mornings, and at sunset after rain, she is seen across the valley of Kashmir a wraith-like vision hanging between earth and sky, her base hidden in clouds remote from the pedestrian ranges at her feet. She alone is of the Olympians; the peaks all round are of a different birth; the gross dromedary back of Haramokh to the east is of the earth beside her. When I had watched the rose, the opal, the amber lights of dawn dissolving in the mists that covered the intervening ranges, and seen the head of Nanga floating in the air far away and ethereal, I was ill at ease, until I had started on the road with my tent and baggage. I have never seen a peak that draws one so irresistibly towards it.

II.

On Friday, the 1st of August, we started off. Longden came with me, no mountain-lover, but a philosopher curious of experience. We rode the first two stages to Sopor on the Woolar Lake, where I had sent on my camp. Here we met Guffara, our headman, and twenty permanent coolies of his choosing, picked men all, and not too terrified of ice and snow. Many of them had already been through some of the stiffest country in the Himalayas with the Duke of Abruzzi and other mountaineers. This was as well, for one meets coolies who sulk, and sometimes bolt, if they are asked to leave the road. We had no mountaineering before us, but our walking tour would include some rough scrambles. In case any of our men deserted, I had arranged for another batch to meet us at Niat across the frontier. But there was no need; all our men came through with us. Guffara had them well in hand; where he went they would go, and we had no trouble with them from start to finish. We took five ponies with us to carry rations for ten days and to ease the loads until the road became impracticable at Damel Nurinar, seven miles beyond Shardi, on the Kishengunga. As no supplies could be raised near our camps under Nanga Parbat, we had arranged for rations to be sent up the nullahs from the villages of Chilas, an

unfertile country which barely supplies its own needs. It is for this reason chiefly that permits to shoot or climb in the district are limited to two or three travellers each year. Guffara was an acquisition. He is a mountaineer, and has been trained by Bruce, with whom he has been climbing for the last fifteen years. And he knew the country. He had been on the ill-fated expedition to Nanga Parbat in 1895, with Mummery, Collie, Bruce, and Hastings, in which Mummery and the two Gurkhas Ragobir and Goman Singh lost their lives. I do not think any mountaineer has attacked the peak since. Bruce sent Guffara to us, and came down from Tragbal² to Sopor to see us off, and helped us in many ways.

We rode the two next stages from Sopor, still in the hot valley, through grassy lanes, between avenues of poplar, willow, and mulberry, fragrant with the sweet earthy smell of the rice. There were little bubbling water-channels on either side, which meant a double border of flowers; by the edge of the road a line of homely English wayside herbs, agrimony, succory, vervain, mullein, bird's-foot trefoil; and on the banks of the streamlet familiar marsh-plants, water plantain, arrowhead, willow-herb, forget-me-not, loosestrife. But the most beautiful thing we saw was the starry chains of light blue succory spread

over the maze of intersecting bunds between the rice-fields, like a web of stringed turquoises. Every now and then we came to villages embowered in groves of walnut and elm and chenar, apple-orchards and clumps of hawthorn. Masses of briar in seed and faded irises spread over the humble graveyards told us that the valley must have been even more beautiful in spring. Then the road would lead up to a stony Ghat, and the lush water-flowers would give place to the dianthus, white and pink, and the deep blue salvia.

When the marches were not too long we halted for two or three hours in the middle of the day. I packed 'L'Immortel' and 'Cosmopolis' in the tiffin basket for the first half of the journey. There is a double zest in a book with a scene remote from one's surroundings, especially when one's surroundings fit one's mood. At Bunji I read 'Under the Greenwood Tree.' Longden's yakdhan was heavy with literature. By different rills and streams he digested four volumes of Economic History.

When we left the shade of the grass lanes the heat was intense. The only relief was a subconscious one in the babble of the network of water-courses which spread everywhere, feeding the rice-fields and turning little mills like rabbit-hutches laid across the stream, from which some old Semitic crone or naked little wide-eyed girl would peep at us curiously and salaam.

We reached the foot of the mountains at a village called Marhamma. The walnut-trees here were the largest I have seen. The grass under them was starred with balsam and larkspur and a white umbelliferous plant like sheep's parsley. Looking up through the leaves we saw the blue hills we were circumventing, and down the path the white and grey of the willows and poplars and the vivid green of the young seedling rice. We pitched our tents on a narrow plot between the graves of the village fathers and the house of an aged mullah who prayed and intoned all the while we were there, now playing the imam to a group of reverent elders, now the instructor of equally reverent, but more abstracted, youth.

Those pastoral scenes have an indescribable charm to one on the road to or from the snows. If one hears more of the beauty of Kashmir than of other parts of the Himalayas, it is because the pastoral bent is as strong in most wanderers as the love of wild scenery, and no one can resist the blend of the two. The moods play upon one alternately—Pan's flute and the Alpenhorn calling one up to the echoes of the moraine; the shade of a fruit-tree by a rippling stream and the cloud-shadows racing over a mountain-tarn where the tall gentian and primula peep out of their crevice in the rock.

The hackneyed Mogul simile of "the emerald set in pearls" is often quoted in descriptions

of Kashmir. It might be applied to almost any valley in the Alps, but in the Himalayas, pasture, rock, forest, snow, and still water are not combined so often in the same picture. Everything is on a larger scale. When the water is at your feet the snows are far away; when you are under the snows it is a far cry to forest and pasture. In Kashmir, a greater variety of scenery is contained in a small compass, and that is where the charm of the country lies. We had still six short stages to the frontier, but no two marches were alike. Our first small col, the Seetalwan Pass, took us into a typical valley of the foothills. The road kept falling down to the stream, crossing it and rising over cliffs on either side, and dipping into the bed again, blocked here and there by lumber of driftwood, through

which the ponies were led with difficulty. The faint smell which the sun draws from the rotting pine *débris*, which litters the side nullahs and almost chokes the stream itself, mingles with the familiar artemisia scent, and as we cross exposed sunny slopes, with the delicate almost imperceptible fragrance of the balsam. *Impatiens*, which always grows as thick as a sown crop in these valleys, varies in colour with sun and shade and soil, so that one sees it descending the ravines like a marshalled procession, group behind group, in uniforms of pink or white or yellow. Another cleft of the rock will be invaded by the giant *Senecio*, which sweeps down from some hidden upland to the stream in a rich golden flood. One wonders what battalions are coming on behind.

III.

We dropped down the Jimigam nullah into the broad valley of the Kishengunga, which we followed to Shardi, where the Kamakdhori river comes in from the north. We followed this valley, an unfrequented route, to the pass by which we entered Baltistan. From Damel Nurinar, where we sent back our ponies, it is a long approach of two days to the col by an easy gradient, terrace after terrace of pasture and snow-bridged ravine. At last one comes upon a long, level, uncompromising wall, a

thousand feet above the floor of the valley. North and north-west, a buttress is lifted into a peak, which enfolds the green frozen lake from which the Kamakdhori rises. One attacks the wall where one will. There is no dip or gully in it. You can see the top from below, and it looks as level as a piece of masonry. A physical barrier like this, so pronounced and arbitrary, heightens the sense of expectation one always feels when approaching a frontier. We had expected a change in the

character of the country the other side of that wall, and we were not disappointed. From the Kamakdhori you look down into Baltistan. The hills are red and golden in the evening light. You have left a garden for a rough-hewn Titans' quarry; colour of flowers for colour of stone. And leaving the snow behind, you are soon treading down an appropriate backyard vegetation—dock and polygonum, nettle and swart juniper and reeking southernwood, and the little persicaria which you will welcome, especially if the floor of your tent pitched in the twilight turns out to be a dry matted bed of it so that the creamy pink spires greet you, when you wake, with the steam of your morning tea. Having breakfasted, you will spend hours descending stony cliffs and water-courses before you reach the wood-line, and when at last you come upon the forest, you will see in it the very spirit of the soil, dark and stately deodars unrelieved by any softer green, springing from rock barren of moss or grass or flowers, and giving the valley a sombre beauty of its own.

A wild country and a wilder people. For centuries the Chilas raiders have terrorised the Kashmir peasants—now falling under our protection they have become the meek, the raided. The Kamakdhori valley is still invaded yearly, not by the Chilas, but by their neighbours of Jalkot, the nearest of the Shinaki tribes to our borders. And so it will

always be wherever we move our boundaries, the protected by a strange anomaly suffering at the hands of the unprotected. Had we come up the Kamakdhori valley a month later we might have met a horde of these raiders, a hundred to two hundred armed men carrying off their spoil, cattle and women and sheep and goats. The women are sometimes returned.

More prized is the *Khat*, the real object of these expeditions, a root jealously preserved as a State monopoly in Kashmir. This the Jalkotis sell to the Chinese. The Kamakdhori villagers offer no resistance; they fear reprisals too much, nor dare they give information. The tribesmen have their own ideas of retributive justice. A *lambardar* once turned informer, and in revenge for the betrayal they came across unexpectedly in the snow of late November and carried off sheep and goats and mares and foals. The villagers followed with lamentations right up to the Kamakdhori pass, where the tribesmen turned on them and beat them and stripped them naked in the snow, even as Hanun, King of Ammon, stripped the ambassadors of David naked to their buttocks and shaved off the one half of their beards. They fled wailing down the valley to the Political in Chilas.

The Political came to see us at Niat. We learnt from him that Government in its wisdom had found a way to stop these raids; already a fine had been levied on the tribesmen. It

was a simple expedient. The Jalkoti cannot live without his salt; salt must come through Kashmir; if the Jalkoti does not stop his raids the Sircar will stop his salt. The expense of a punitive expedition is of course out of the question; though a youthful subaltern, more sporting than wise, returning from his shoot at the moment of a raid, only a day's march higher up the valley, thought it the chance of a lifetime for a "scrap." He offered to lead a force against the Yagistanis if the *lambardar* would raise him fifty men and persuade the pensioners in the fort to join in. Happily for the subaltern the *lambardar* was not militant, and the pensioners who lend money at usury were busy collecting their dues. "Young D—— would have got no marks for that," the Political commented drily when I told him the story.

We made our first halt at Niat, ten days out of Gulmarg. We had passed through some beautiful country, and no two camps had been alike save that we were never far from the murmur of a stream. Wali Muhammad Khan, an orderly of the Chilas levy, joined us here, and stayed with us till we reached the Gilgit Road; it was his business to arrange supplies for the high camps. He had brought with him the ten extra coolies, but we only took two with us, as none of our men wished to turn back. We chose two powerful young Chilasis to lighten the loads. Ration coolies could be had in the villages farther on.

The "Mulki Sahib," as the Political is called, came with us to Khaya, smoothing the way and greatly augmenting our prestige. And he doubled the interest of the border, for he told us about the people. In the East the crossing of a frontier awakens one's curiosity more than in Europe, and satisfies it less. The traveller has little chance of seeing more than the outside of things. He notices the new flora or the strata of the rock, the colour of the peasants' dresses, their houses and graves, the shape of their tools and utensils, the new rhythm of speech, the pitch of the voice, the depth from which the accents are thrown out. In Europe the change is more than physical. One enters an inn, or one may make friends with the people and visit them in their houses. A hundred little subtle differences in eating, drinking, gestures, manners, aid in the new impression. Here the household life remains a mystery. Perhaps that is why externals strike one more. The Niat, Gasher, Khaya villages look like timber-yards, every house the same, fir-trunks lying one on the top of the other like stacked wood without cross-piece or stone, and indistinguishable roofs. We saw no ornamentation anywhere until we came to a cemetery of holy men, each grave in a long wooden pound with the four corner-posts carved like pew-heads. Humbler folk lie under a heap of stones guarded by a dejected-looking wooden bird, a pair of markhor horns, and

a mast like the Buddhist praying-flag. The horns are auspicious—they help the dead on their lonely intricate path. Longden questioned the villagers, and he quoted Hesiod and Prosper Mérimée with reference to the symbolism of horns and crosses on graves. A suggestive talker, full of strange lore, and more interested in men and books than in mountains.

We camped at Khaya, a

Pathan settlement of gold-washers from the Indus. They leave the heat of the river for these summer quarters, and farm a few terraced fields until the season comes round again when the valley is inhabitable. The Chilas fly comes up with them, a striped wasp-like insect whose bite leaves an itching blister. It is an ugly village, built on a bare ledge of the hill, without shade.

IV.

It was from the Khaya pass above the village that we first saw Nanga Parbat as a reality and not a dream, a wraith no longer, but a very substantial part of this earth. I started before daybreak and raced up to the top as hard as my lungs would let me, a three and a half hours' climb. I arrived just as the sun stole over the ridge. There was no cloud on the Niat side, but I was prepared for a repulse, or pretended to myself that I was, though inwardly I had great hope. And I had reason. The great hidden mountain was naked to the sun. The peak and her satellites filled the whole East. The ridges descending to the west and north which we were to cross in the next ten days lay almost bare of snow. I looked down into the Indus for the first time, surprised at the width of the valley. The rocks on my left cut off the view of the river abruptly, so I climbed the peak above the pass, another two

hours' ascent. Gradually the course of the Indus unrolled itself to the east and north, and whenever I looked behind me more of the western continuation of the Nanga Parbat chain, hidden before, had risen into view, the Diamirai and Mazeno peaks, the Mazeno, Thoso, and Barei passes. But what I was most eager to see was the unknown country north and west of the river, the home of the wild Shinaki tribesmen, all the land between Jalkot and Swat. If no ridge intervened I should look down on this country from the peak for the first and probably the last time of my life. And there was still no cloud.

It was as I hoped. Chilas itself was hidden, but I could follow the course of the Indus through leagues of unexplored country to the west, and beyond it the snow-peaks of Swat, a long straight barrier more than a hundred miles away. Nearer Chilas I could see where the Darel river comes

in from the north, whither Stein had descended only three days before on his skin raft, in which he was sent down the stream by the Chilasis, rotating horribly but auspiciously by way of *salaamat* to the river. No living white man had entered the Darel before. All the Indus valley to the west and south-west of Chilas, a hundred and fifty miles from Thur to Amb, is unexplored. Range upon range lay before me like the undulations of the sea.

And to the north Haramosh and Rakiposhi, the mountains of Bunji and Gilgit and Hunza Nagar; and farther north still little cones and needles indistinguishable by the map, the sentinels of the great divide, outposts of the Karakoram, their crests just peeping above the barren slopes of the Hindu Raj, their northern flanks falling away into the territories of the Czar. These mountains enfold the greatest ice-fields in the world outside the Polar circles—the Baltoro, Siafen, and Hispar glaciers. Many of them are unnamed, as they are too numerous to impress the imagination of the nomad herdsmen, though they may exceed the highest mountains in the Alps by more than ten thousand feet. Some have been given ugly British names, the sound of which is a profanation to those who love the mountains—like a barrel-organ heard through cathedral doors.

There were three summits, lately discovered, hidden somewhere beyond the farthest horizon. I had heard that a courageous American lady mountaineer,¹ who had these peaks in her pocket, so to speak, and thus claimed the right to stand gossip over them for all time, was not going to treat them over well. They were to bear the titles of kings and queens and viceroys. Where native imagination fails, it would be better to beat one's Balti coolie over the head until he thinks of a name.

One can forgive K² and the like, the honest, workman-like formulæ of the surveyor, who must count the indentations of a range as the notches in a stick or teeth in a saw, but to drag in braced and booted man is the last offence. And the more he is gilded the greater the outrage; for herein lies distinction, and the essence of mountain lore is that man is of ant-like proportions. The eternal hills are like the lark—

“Seraphically free
Of taint of personality.”

An emulous man on a mountain is a profanity. He should be there as a worshipper, impersonal, a pilgrim without a name, lost in the quest. A boast is unthinkable. One likes to dwell on these lonely, soaring peaks in their true human relations, as lying between distant habitable regions,

¹ Mrs Bullock Workman. Interview in ‘The Daily News and Leader,’ May 25, 1913.

viewed by the shepherd as the seat of his brooding divinity, beckoning to him or repelling him, filling his imagination as they glint in the moonlight through a chink of the rude stone hut which he has built round him like a cairn. Shepherds and goatherds should have the naming of the mountains, or the nomads, the Kirghiz in his wicker-built *kibitka* with its felt roof, or the Chang-pas who live in black tents and hunt the wild yak, or the Tartars

“who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of
mares.”

The Asiatic has an instinct for sound in a name as unerring as Milton. A mere list of the summits which his fancy has invested would make an epic in itself,—symbolical as a poem of Mallarmé. The names of some are so apt and representative that they might

conjure up a true impression in the mind of a mountain-lover who had never seen them. Take the three main peaks that are seen from the vale of Kashmir: Nanga Parbat, lifted above the clouds, wraith-like, ethereal; the rugged Minotaur face of Haramokh; tapering Kolahoi. Or Masherbrum, whose name is like a pilgrim's gasp of wonder and cannot be uttered without awe. Or the giants of the Sikkim group—Kanchenjunga, Pandim, Kabru, Siniolchum,—the first three massive, but-tressed, four square under the tent of heaven; the last mystic, fay-like, of a rarer mould. And Chumulari, most divine of all, a present deity whose image sleeps in the turquoise water of the Bam-Tso,—but for the grace of God she might be named Mount Younghusband, or MacDonald, or Curzon, or Brodrick, or King Edward VII.

V.

From the col we descended to Bunar village, and found our camp pitched in a willow grove on green turf beside a running stream—a happy oasis in this burnt, stony land. The main village is clustered round the top of a steep, flat hill standing out in the centre of the valley; the brown houses, the same colour as the earth and rock, overhang the cliff; and on the south a watch-tower fort dominates the whole. We descended a deep gully under this stronghold, completely shaded by walnut-

trees. The strong rich green of their leaves filled up the gap between the isolated hill and the nullah wall, in vivid contrast with the dun and brown all round.

The Diamirai nullah, which receives the greatest glacier of Nanga Parbat, debouches into the Bunar valley only two miles north-north-east of the village; but the peak is inaccessible this way, and we had to ascend the valley some eight miles to Gashut and cross the Airen pass due east. Here again one stands above the

nullah; but a further detour south is necessary, as the Lubar stream beneath the col is impassable. At Gashut we arranged supplies and coolies for Diamirai. One man carries a day's rations for the camp. These local coolies received eight annas for the day's march, and every morning one was sent back.

It is a stiff climb up from Gashut out of the vines to the ool, high above the wood limit. We camped that night two and a half hours short of the summit, at a parting of the ravines which the goojars call Qhoqush, where there was barely ground to pitch a tent. We had hacked away a 'gite or two; our seven camp fires were already blazing; the moon had risen, silvering the barren cliffs opposite and beautifying everything, when a little old man rose from the abysmal chasm at our feet, who might have been the genius of that wild moonlit gully.

"Sahib," we heard, "Lor Khan has come."

The little, benign, gnome-like man stood in the firelight smiling. He had come to join us just as he had joined Mummery eighteen years ago.

"He came up from Gashut," Collie¹ wrote, "and insisted on stopping with us." He is drawn from his quiet valley into any adventure. Two years ago he had joined a Sikh surveyor on the Mazeno, where he fell and broke his leg. And here he was with a clucking

hen under his arm by way of offering, a quiet, gentle little man, short and squat and square, with a large goitre, and a face like a soapstone idol, and eyes always rapt in a dream. A palpable Mongol, most reposeful he looked among our furtive-glancing coolies.

I had thought of Lor Khan as a stripling of somewhat heroic mould, having read how he had bridged the Lubar stream, stemming the torrent almost unaided when others failed, and how he had climbed with Mummery and Collie in the most difficult places, and showed no fear from the start, though the Chilasi, like other Himalayan tribesmen, excellent as he is on naked rock, approaches ice as a rule with undisguised terror. Indeed he is not shod for it. It was on the Diamirai Peak, during the most sensational traverse Collie had ever made, that Lor Khan slipped out of one of the steps, a drop of four or five feet, and hung with his face to the glistening ice, "whilst under him the thin coating of snow peeled off the face of the slope in great and ever-widening masses, gathering in volume as it plunged headlong down the mountain-side, finally to disappear over the cliffs thousands of feet below." It was a perilous moment for the others, but Lor Khan never lost his head or his axe. I saw him slip afterwards on pine needles and on snow, but he falls as if he had a gyroscope inside him, like one of those little weighted Bridge

¹ 'Climbing on the Himalaya and other Mountain Ranges.' By J. Norman Collie. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

totems to whom balance is a natural law. And he is very like those kindly little demons in face and figure.

The next morning he was waiting by the fire in his grey woollen cap with upturned brim and coat to match, tucked in at the waist, whence it fell loosely over a pair of divided skirts of the same stuff. He wore putties and loose strips of sheepskin tied anyhow round his feet. It was in this gear that he had tempted the ice-slopes of Diamirai and Nanga Parbat. Lor Khan took the lead naturally; it never entered our heads to question his presence or his guidance. On each point he was sure and emphatic, and he saved us many miles of rough going. He moved with the slow easy steps of the veteran, halting every now and then like a guide in the best chamois country, Claudio Perotti of Crissolo or his brother, to search the cliffs as we rounded each new shoulder. We were in the heart and centre of the markhor country. A herd was sighted, tracks were seen everywhere, and we came upon a small cave where one had sheltered in the night.

From the col we had the same view of the mountain as from the Khaya pass, only we were two days nearer, and no ridge intervened. Again there was no cloud, the massif filled the whole east. The mountains to the north and west were hidden by the jagged Gonar ridge, which falls from the Dima Pass into the Indus: and the Mazeno continuation to the south hid all the peaks on that side. But it was to

the Diamirai glacier that we looked most eagerly.

At Niat and Bunar we had heard a rumour that the ice had broken away from the mountain and come down the valley like an avalanche in the spring of 1912. The rumbling had been heard at Chilas. Reports were vague. Lor Khan said that it had advanced four miles, the lumbardar six; but none of these folk recognise any measure of distance beyond the whole or a fraction of a day's march. Guffara, who believed the villagers, was full of forebodings. Longden and I were curious. We waited for Guffara, who was bringing up the lagging coolies. When he looked down from the pass into the valley his astonishment was visible. The whole face of the country had changed, he told us, since he was there with Mummery Sahib eighteen years ago. And he pointed to the sea of dirty ice falling away, as it seemed, from where we stood, below the entrance of the Lubar stream twelve miles beneath the head of the glacier. The bottom of the valley was hidden, so we could not see where the ice ended. "That was a *maidan*," he said, "all grass and trees." Longden and I smiled. Guffara forgets many things. Also he believes in spooks and fairies.

But Lor Khan, the most sober, unimaginative of men, said, "It has descended many miles. It has cut off my pasture. I can no longer feed my goats on the hills there." And he pointed to some green patches on the rock far down on the north side of the valley.

"Was it a *maidan*, Lor Khan?"

"*Bilkool maidan*, Sahib."

We laughed at Lor Khan's "veritable *maidan*"—a figure of speech often in the mouth of the Chilas shikari to reassure the perspiring sahib on the edge of a precipice. "Sahib, a little higher you will find a veritable plain." And the sahib takes heart, though he interprets the phrase rightly, "After ascending a little, if you fall, it will be but two hundred feet, and not two thousand as here."

But Lor Khan could not feed his goats, he had lost his pasture. Here was fact dis-

tinged from fiction. The next day would show what forces were at work in the valley.

The torrent beneath us was unbridgeable, and we turned reluctantly south to Lubar, a wide detour. Here, where the Mazeno, Thoso, and Airen passes meet, is a small shepherd's encampment, a stone pound like a sangar, with the usual barking dogs and naked children. The shepherds seize the dogs and hold them down as we approach; the urchins run away and hide. We kill a sheep here. It is the last outpost of the goojars. Any tracks beyond will be made by our own men.

VI.

The next day, August 17, a ten hours' traverse over the Butesharon ridge and a descent of 3500 feet brought us to the head of the Diamirai glacier. Standing over the valley we looked down upon the most savage devastation. It was the wildest glacier I had seen, so high were the black and splintered pinnacles raised above the bed of the valley. I felt sure the havoc was in the making. Guffara exclaimed with biblical gestures; Longden said it was like a huge cemetery or stone-mason's yard, it reminded him of Père Lachaise. Our footsore Pathan cook said it was not a country—it was hell. Little of Nanga Parbat was visible, but our one thought was to reach the ice, and we made our traverse so as to strike the glacier near the old moraine, where Mummery

had his main camp, just within the wood limit. We pitched our camp there at six in the evening. Guffara was very reminiscent. "Mumri Sahib . . . Colvie Sahib . . . Bruce Sahib . . ." Over the camp fire we heard of the prowess, the sufferings, the extraordinary privations of that gallant band once more.

Guffara and Lor Khan would approach after coffee and squat down by the fire, holding their hands almost in the flame,—Guffara dramatic, descriptive, reminiscent, with his old tale of Mummery's neck; Lor Khan silent, like an idol, the repository of experience, only gently communicative upon occasion. We would hear how Bruce Sahib went up a hill like a bullet shot from a gun, and how "Mumri Sahib" climbed rocks that had neither

hold for hand or foot, crags that would have baffled the markhor and the ibex; and how — here Guffara's voice would become softer—without immediate reason, but simply out of the goodness of his heart, he would put his hand in his pocket—it might be on the top of a peak when he was pleased, or it might be on a grassy plain beside his tent after an idle day, "as here"—and take out five rupees and say, "Guffara *pakharao*," Guffara, take this. Here Longden and I would glance at each other and wish our coffers were heavier; and how he would have a sheep killed for the coolies after a hard day—a fat sheep—and it was not always after a very hard day. And then he would tell us about the ridge of muscle on Mummery's neck, which he had never seen on any other man, and how he thought it had grown out of the perpetual attack on mountain-faces, and how he would watch it from behind when the Sahib was cutting steps in the ice. A dramatic touch this, and perhaps imaginary, as his invariable conclusion to the tale, "And all the Sahibs wept."

"And how do you think he died? An avalanche?"

"No, Sahib, there are no avalanches on that side"—another imaginative touch. "I have two thoughts. Either there was new snow on the ice, which fell away, and he with it, or the demons on the mountain changed him into a fairy."

"And what do you think, Lor Khan?"

"They say in Chilas that

Mummery Sahib is still on the mountain."

"A fairy?"

"No, Sahib. Among the fairies. The djinns have kept him there."

It was that very night, eighteen years ago, Mummery and Ragobir had started to make their attempt on the peak. They had slept at the head of the glacier at 15,000 feet, and after a second night on the mountain they reached a point of over 20,000 feet, when Ragobir fell ill. Collie writes that nowhere in the Caucasus had Mummery seen anything to compare with the ice-world of Nanga Parbat. "Avalanches had fallen down thousands of feet, set at an angle of over 60 degrees, that would have almost swept away towns. The crevasses were enormous, and the rock-climbing excessively difficult." But it became easier as they ascended. Most of the difficulties had been already overcome below the upper snowfields, and Mummery believed that if he could have reached these higher snows, and been able to spend another night on the mountain, he might have reached the summit the next day.

If the party had attacked the mountain first from the Diamirai side instead of from the Rupal nullah, they might perhaps have made the ascent, for from July 13 to August 6 the weather had been fine. It was owing to a fresh fall of snow that Mummery decided to abandon the Diamirai face. A purely snow route now seemed the only chance, and they turned to their last

hope, the Rakiote nullah. On August 23 Mummery and Ragobir and Goman Singh ascended the Diamo glacier between Nanga Parbat and the Ganalo Peak (21,650 feet). Hence they intended to cross the Diamo Pass and, if it were found practicable, to descend direct into Rakiote; but if this proved dangerous or very difficult, Mummery said he would turn back, as "it was not worth risking anything on

an ordinary pass." Sufficient food was left behind in case they had to return the same way. They were never seen again.

Longden and I followed the route taken by Hastings and Collie, crossing into the Ganalo nullah by a col they named the Red Pass, and thence by a second pass of 16,500 feet into the Rakiote nullah, where they were to have met Mummery.

VII.

On August the 18th, thin mists veiled the mountain intermittently; the summit was not visible until sunset. We explored the glacier all day. The Diamirai valley is broad and straight, facing north-west. One looks down from Nanga Parbat over the tumbled chaos of the sérac, beyond the dip where the ice is lost to view, on to the snows of the Trans-Indus range. On both sides there is jungle. Down the centre the lateral moraine stretches clean cut for miles and miles like an enormous railway embankment. Two old moraines on the south side, one overgrown with birches, show that the increase of pressure seems to have been more vertical than horizontal. The great wall, which rises at its highest two hundred and fifty feet above the valley bed, is being dislodged by the impact of new forces, and will soon crumble away. Huge blocks of ice, shiny turrets and pinnacles, are lifted up forty or fifty feet

above it and hang on its edge, supporting boulders which are continually slipping away, so that the hollow below our tents was being pelted by a stone-shoot all night. Half-way up the moraine the willows and birches are laid flat, still living; lower down their trunks are broken and bowed and bruised four feet from the ground as if exposed to a regular and continuous fire. We sat on the edge of the new moraine and listened to the forces that were at work all round. We heard a door bang, tins rattling, the clatter of pans, a kitchen dresser upset. The thin shelves of ice crackled and talked all day. Then there would be a quiet furtive burrowing in soft snow, or the slow grating sound of small boulders rolling down shale, the angry snap of solid ice, the plunge and slide and impact with the rock. And up above, in the great unseen heights, the snow avalanche gathering its thunder, or the still more awful sound

of falling crags,—a double menace, the sharp quick crack of the smitten precipice, and then the heavy detonation as they find bottom below.

It is an eerie world to be alone in. One can understand how the old monks of Novalesa believed in the devil who threw stones at them when they dared the ascent of the Roche Melon, and how the Buddhist pilgrims of Fa Hien's narrative feared the dragon of the Tsung Ling mountains, who spat poison and gravel-stones at them as they passed by. One can even understand how awe and respect could have survived such indifferent marksmanship.

In the evening I found a high-perched crag where I could sit and smoke my pipe in peace, immune from the dragon's malice, while he hurled rocks down a stone-slide on either side of me. Between the volleys I watched the shapes in the mist. Down the glacier, in the slanting light after a shower, the jagged towers of dirty ice looked like smooth damp coal. And there was a group of curled polished blocks contorted like a cubist's nightmare; another cowed and hooded, their dripping black garments falling from their shoulders like the wings of lost angels in an old print. As the sun set, the clouds which had been sweeping over the face of Nanga Parbat and the Diamirai peaks all day lifted and revealed the great north-west

wall, fourteen thousand feet of ice and snow and precipice, closed in again and rolled backwards and forwards in eddies of soft amber light shot with pearl and rose.

When one is directly under a peak which one has not seen from the base, these intermittent glimpses revealed through floating cloud, suggestive of a hidden majesty and aloofness, impress one more than the complete revelation under a clear sky. Perhaps when the curtain seems irrevocably drawn you look up and see a black precipice, a hanging glacier, a red-veined rib of rock, framed momentarily in a patch of blue, higher in the sky than you believed possible, and then, higher still, an outline of the mountain's white glistening rim, so infinitely remote that you cannot imagine earth raised above it, until near the zenith, as you think, deceived by the cloud-perspective, the real summit swims into view. Early the next morning, perhaps, just as the moonlight is merging in the false dawn, you look out of your tent and see the whole massif, with all its unexpected satellites, sovereign peaks in any other chain. Your pulse may beat quicker, but when you think of the mountain afterwards, it will be the cloud-swept soaring summit, with the rosy mists gathering and dissolving, that you will remember as the true divinity.

(To be concluded.)

THE NEW ROAD.

A ROMANCE.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CANDLE-LIGHT.

THAT night, while it was early yet, Drimdorran walked about his house, with hose untied and flopped down round his ankles like a tinkler man's. In every nook and chamber, every landing of a stair and twist of passage, there were candles burning. He tended them himself. He tended them as though they were his final days. When, sometimes, he would come on one that guttered low and looked like dying, he would give a crazy twittering cry—most eerie!—pluck a fresh one from a pouch that he had filled with dips, to light it with a trembling hand, and nurse the new flame with his palms about it, labouring in his breath, his bosom heaving. He stared into the lowes of them with apprehensive eyes, but not so fearful as he peered at windows, shutterless, that had the black night squatted on their sills.

Since dusk had fallen had he thus been busy—gardener of the candles; so had he ministered, a week of evenings, to this curious passion. Nobody dare tend them save himself; his household sat down in the stanchioned under-storey, whispering, or they lay awake at

night and listened to his shuffling from room to room, and ever and anon would shiver at his twittering cry.

He slept, himself, but in the mornings, when the dawn was come, and through the forepart of the day, but fitfully, and all the common duties of the house were stopped to meet a daft demand for candles. He never ceased to cry for candles—candles—candles! They made them in a cellar at the back, beside the brew-house—dips and moulds; himself came down to them a score of times a day to urge them on, to stretch the wicks with them, and slice down tallow. He counted every candle made as if it were a guinea. The cellar's shelves were stacked with them; the moulds were never cool; the tallow always simmered, yet he cried for more.

There was, in this craze of his, for those who had to suffer its inconvenience, some quality of mystery that latterly oppressed the house like fever. His servants were afraid. It was not him they feared, poor man! but the house itself, so monstrously aglow night after night and all night long, with no discoverable meaning in its

waste of light. They, too, would look askance at windows, cautiously open doors, and start up tremulous at a rap. They loathed this riot of illumination, yet were nigh as sedulous as himself in snuffing candles when his back was turned.

In all else save this strange extravagance he seemed rational, though something of a shattered body. He had had, as they thought, a stroke, on the week of Michaelmas; since then he had not left the house except one night when they had found him in the grounds, bedewed and maundering, in his gown. He kept his correspondence going; sat on term-day, dressed, in the business closet, lifting rents for Islay with his old alertness; he had the shrewdest eye on all that happened round about him, and would talk on anything, by day, with great composure, even when he dipped the candles; only the night unmanned him, and his craze attained its summit.

They set it all down to a stroke more stunning than the palsy—he had lost his daughter, and had proved himself unfit to keep a ward. Margaret and Islay's son had gone away together, only a letter left behind to say they went to England. It was a blow, undoubtedly; the lass had been the apple of his eye, and this precipitation of a union he had cherished ruined all his plans for her; the thing to any worldly eye would seem a scheme himself devised, and Islay, now abroad, would be implacable.

He did not wince, Drim-

dorran, when he read the letter (so they said), but after that he never dressed nor trimmed himself, but went about the house dishevelled in a tattered gown, his hose slipped down his shanks, his face like parchment, and his eyelids flaming red. No step was taken to discover where the fugitives had gone; he never mentioned them; it was as if he cast them from his mind.

This night, since gloaming, he had sped about the business of the candles, shuffling from room to room with snuffers in his hand, and coming back between each round to quaff at water from a pitcher in his closet. Its window had a tartan plaid tacked to the lintel—something new; for usual it was left uncurtained. No breath of air came in, and with a fire that burned high up the chimney, and the candles stuck around, the heat was stifling.

He had come back to rest him and to drink, and sank down in a chair with elbows on his desk. He leaned his head on hands, and there, as overcome by weariness or woe, sat breathing heavily.

A dog outside began at barking.

He started up, and drawing back the tartan screen, looked out into the darkness. The stars were shining bright above his property; so do they twinkle on the garden and the tomb alike, on trysts in country lanes and men tormented. Beyond the fields, indifferent, sang Aray to the sea.

There came a rattle at the

entrance door, and hearing that he gave the twittering cry and skipped about the room and wrung his hands. A voice was on the stair, and footsteps in the lobby: with effort he sat down and put the pitcher to his lips.

"Come in!" he mumbled, on a knock; the Muileach opened, Ninian Campbell entered, still the stour of travel on his clothes.

"My God!" cried Duncanson.

The Muileach left and shut the door. They looked at one another for a moment, Ninian like a gled, his eyebrows meeting, not a word from him. He saw a ruined man.

For twenty years had Duncanson to him seemed made of granite or the whin—proud jowl and haughty eye, trim habit and stiff frame; he had been so when last he saw him. Now was he like curds that shiver in a basin. 'Twas almost unbelievable a man in three weeks' time could shrivel so and look so much a wreck of what he was, and yet be living. What most astonished was that he should look like pulp, and yet his knuckles gleam with bone, the veins of his temples stretch upon a skull. It is the heart that stiffens, and the heart was gone.

"*Tha 'm fear so air falbh!*"—This man's away with it!" said Ninian to himself in Gaelic, and for a moment felt some pity.

"I thought ye had been drowned!" said Duncanson, and every nerve of him was quivering.

Ninian gave a girn; to pity such a thing were folly. "Na," said he, and sat him down, unasked, "but gey and close on't! MacCailein nearly lost his *beachdair* in Loch Laggan. Ye heard of it?"

Drimdorrnan nodded. It was as if he could not speak. Through white gums parted showed his tongue, extraordinarily thickened, moving, but as mute as wood.

"Ye're not well, sir," said Ninian. "I see that ye have had a shake. They told me in the town."

Drimdorrnan waved his hands. "I'm an ill man," said he, a husky voice recovered. "It would shake any man, ill or well, to see a ghost." He fumbled in his gown, and got a mull, and drenched himself with snuff, then gave a glance about him at the candles.

"There's no' as much o' the ghost in me as would fright a bairn!" said Ninian. "Ye didna get my letter, then, from Corryarriok?"

"No," said Duncanson, and gulped, and Ninian looked at him with a peculiar air.

"I sent one, then," said he, "explaining everything. It's likely on the road. I only got home myself an hour ago, to find I was a ghost for Inveraray."

"And him that was along with ye?—Macmaster?" said Drimdorrnan, writhing at his hands.

"I lost him."

"Lost him! Where, man, where?"

"The strangest thing, Drimdorrnan! Ye see I came on

him at Bridge of Orchy, and the two of us went North together. Oh, man, but we had the mischief's time! First the Watch of Barisdale came round us nibbling like fleas in hose, and then it was Loch Laggan with Macdonalds snapping at our heels. We won away from that and over Corryarrick into Inverness, and there the very devil seemed n every step we took——"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes! But ye say ye lost him?"

"I did. He was dragged on board a vessel."

Whatever blood was left in the recesses of Drimdorran's frame now gushed into his face. He purpled at the cheeks; the veins along his temples stood out thick and blue; he swallowed. And his eyes grew big and bright. He put the pitcher to his head and drank from it; its spilth streamed down his chin and soaked his breast.

Ninian watched him curiously.

Drimdorran put the pitcher down and sighed. "Ah!" said he, "I'm an ill man, Ninian Campbell; the least thing staggers. Who was it took Macmaster?"

"A man called Grant from out of Rothiemurchus. Yon's a rascal place, Drimdorran! They make a trade of picking young men up for the plantations; they would have picked myself up too, but for my own manœuvring."

The most astounding change was come on Duncanson. His eyes were dancing. "A good riddance!" said he. "I'm

through wi' him, at any rate! But this'll be a blow to Bailie Alan! What was the young one doin' North?"

"I'll tell ye that!" said Ninian agreeably. "He went up on his uncle's business, wi' pockets full o' money; that's what played the mischief. Yon's no place for flourishing the sporran; and I warned him. Well, anyway, his uncle had great notions of the Road to open trade on; Æneas was to look about and see what business might be done in wintering. There's something in't for trade, perhaps, but no' much in the Road for pleasure; I came back that way, and many a time in coming damned George Wade. There's nothing beats the old drove track!"

Drimdorran screwed his face up. "That's what I think too," said he, and checked himself; then slyly glanced at Ninian. "I like," said he, "a good thick wall of hills between us and the North. The less we have to do with it the better."

"That's just what I was thinking to myself; for all that, Badenoch's no' canny for a *beachdair*."

"Your girl went off, I'm told, to search for you, and Bailie Alan later at her heels."

Ninian smiled. "Alan mounts," said he, "a good half hundredweight more beef than Janet. He hadna much o' a chance, wi' that, to run her down. She's back with me; she came to Inverness, and I'll wager the Bailie's still

about Loch Laggan dragging for his nephew."

Up got Drimdorran then and seized a stick with which he pounded on the floor. "Ye'll need to have a dram," said he, as cheery as a man new come to fortune. "I'm vexed for young Macmaster, but ye ken he was a rascal."

"Ye mean the snuff-box?" Ninian said. "He never took it. I charged him wi't as soon's I met him on the Orohy, and he nearly struck me down. *It's in your desk!*"

Duncanson turned round. "Did he say that? Did he say that?" he cried.

"No," said Ninian; "I guessed. Whether it's there or no', Macmaster hasna got it."

"He was in my desk!"

"Not him, Drimdorran! He never had a hand in't."

"I'm telling ye he took a key from out this desk, and opened up the doocot."

"He didna. I'll let ye ken the truth, Drimdorran, though Macmaster wouldna. The whole thing started wi' a cantrip o' your daughter's. She and Campbell werena in the mood that night for lessons. 'Twas she who got the doocot key, and Æneas, looking for her, found her in the doocot."

The old man stood with his hand on the back of his chair a minute, speechless. Incomprehension, light awakening, doubt, conviction, and dismay successively showed in his aspect; last of all, an air of relief that puzzled Ninian.

"Ah!" he said at last, "I have it now! . . . The randy!" He plucked his hose up from his ankles, ran his hands through his whisp of hair, and took a drink. For the first time was his manner like the old Drimdorran Ninian best knew.

"I was all astray! I never dreamt of that! From the start I blamed Macmaster, and she never said a word to change my mind. I was sure it had been him—that he had rummaged. There's many a thing in this desk of mine that's no' for prying eyes—you understand?—the Duke's affairs: there was in't that night some State concerns that, blabbed too soon, would bring confusion to his Grace and ruin to me."

"I see!" said Ninian gravely. "It well might make ye anxious."

"Ye were here yourself that night; ye'll mind I left ye for a little? I saw, from the window there, the doocot lighted, and jaloused. I went to the door of it, to find all dark; but I felt the smell of a smouldered candle, and I knew there was some one there. The thing so staggered me, that I should have a spy on my very hearthstone, I couldna speak, and I left without a word."

"Just that!" said Ninian.

"Man, that was a pity! If you had got them to declare themselves it would have saved misunderstanding. Macmaster couldna guess what ailed ye at him; he had done no wrong."

"I see that now, but think

of my position! My desk was ripped; the siller box was gone; ye would yersel' have been the last to blame a daughter. . . . Ye've heard she's off wi' Campbell?"

Ninian nodded. "Youth," said he. "It'll soon blow by!"

"Na, na!" said Duncanson, with bitterness; "it'll no' blow by. What will his family think? That I connived at his entangling, and him my ward. His Grace came home to-day—they tell me, furious. I havena seen him yet; I canna!"

He broke down utterly. His voice trailed off to a whimper; the tears ran down his face, and he was leaning on the desk, a spectacle of shabby grief.

"For what do we breed children? Is it to plague and torture us? I gave her all indulgence; I moiled and toiled for her, and granted her every whim; improved this property, and starved myself for it that bairns of hers might have some cause to mind their grandfather. I come off a good stock——"

"*Mo chreach!* we all do that in Gaeldom!" said Ninian, shrugging.

"A good family, though in the money bit of it declined before my time. My grief was that I hadna got a son. But even through a daughter I could make a name to last beside Loch Fyne—Drimdorrán. For that I would jeopard life, one time, and sell my very soul!"

He beat on the desk with a

bony hand; he was clean swept off with feeling, and Ninian himself was a little moved.

"And now it's done!" said Duncanson. He took the stick and thumped again the floor for an attendant. "It's finished! She has ruined all."

"Indeed and it wasna nice of her to leave the blame on Æneas," said Ninian. "It might have ruined him. The ugliest thing of it all was that damned snuff-box."

Drimdorrán sighed. "Had I but known," said he, "the snuff-box cleared Macmaster. I found it two days later in the desk in a drawer where I never put it, so far as I could mind. But still there was the doubt, I might have put it there myself. I see now Margaret did it. She got my keys again."

The entrance of the Muileach interrupted. He came with a tray, a bottle of spirits, glasses, and a kettle; placed them on the table and retired, a customary evening office.

Drimdorrán brewed. His hand shook as he filled the glasses. Ninian looked closely at him fiddling round the tray, surprised to see how greatly he had rallied in the last five minutes. The look of doom was gone from him, his back was stiffened, and though the outburst of a moment since concerning Margaret might naturally have left him dull, he actually seemed livened. There are men who brighten at the first glimpse of a bottle, but Duncanson was not that kind, and Ninian knew it. The man was inwardly rejoiced at something. As for himself, he

sweated in the chamber's heat and longed for a release. He wondered at this multitude of candles, and the tartan screen particularly commanded his attention.

"And now," said Duncanson, his brewing finished, pushing a steaming glass across the table to his visitor; "take that, and tell me how ye sped in Inverness. I heard ye got some guns."

Ninian half-shut his eyes and cracked his fingers, quite unconscious that he did so.

"I did," said he; "but who could tell ye that?"

Drimdorrán for a moment hung; his eyebrows knitted.

"The man who came from Badenoch to tell me ye were drowned," said he.

"Oh yes!" said Ninian. "I see! Of course that would be the way of it. Yes, I got a pickle guns, Drimdorrán—three hundred stands in a heather chapel on Loch Laggan-side. They werena worth a spittle—broken pieces out of Holland. But there's a splendid trade in them; George Wade gives a pound apiece." He twinkled. His glance for Duncanson was very sly. "They're the first trade the New Road's brought to Badenoch. I'll have to mention it to Islay, but I'm swair."

Drimdorrán looked uneasy, plowtering with his ladle in the glass that tinkled to his shaking like a bell. The tone of Ninian was much too confidential.

"Are ye sure of this?" Drimdorrán asked a little weakly.

"Tach!" said Ninian, and stirred his drink. "As sure as death! I saw Himself; he didna take the trouble to deny it. But he said there was more than him in't."

"Ninian," said Drimdorrán, and leaned across the table, "did he mention me?"

"His lordship's quite discreet. He mentioned nobody."

Drimdorrán rose and snuffed a candle. He bent across his guest. "There's money in't," he whispered, "both for you and me. And it's not against the law, as ye say yourself. I've known it for a year. There's money in't! There's money in't!" He clenched his fists and shook them.

"That's what I was thinking to myself," said Ninian calmly. "If Wade's so keen on guns, just let him have them! He's just an Englishman."

"I can get ye a pair in this. Mind, now, it's deady private! It would never do to placard Lovat, and his wife a Campbell. Say not a word about it; let Islay think the guns are for a Rising if he likes."

"Very good!" said Ninian, stirring with his ladle, drinking nothing.

And then there came his final opportunity.

Duncanson had got into his chair again, and quite a new man from the wreck he seemed when Ninian entered, quaffed his liquor, smacking with his lips. A candle flickered out, and he saw it, but he paid no heed. Now conscious of his flopping hose, he pulled them up, and snuffed with gusto.

"Did ye see anybody else in

Inverness?" said he. So far, no sign had come from him of interest in Macmaster's fate, and Ninian felt grim.

"I gave a cry on Forbes."

Drimdorrان winced. He could not hide it.

"It wasna about the guns?" he asked with some anxiety.

"I went to him about another matter altogether," Ninian said. "I got the strangest story on my way up North, and I went to him to ask about it. Duncan's a clever man, and not much misses him, but here he was no use to me. The drollest thing took place on the Moor of Rannoch. Col-of-the-tricks came down on us—a man with a leather coat and a boaster's feathers, and what was he on but to stop my passage? Just listen you to this, Drimdorrان! I had Macmaster with me. Barisdale had never seen the lad before, and still he knew his stock whenever he clapt eyes on him. That man is just a dirt, and I wouldna trust his word upon the steel, but he said something yonder gave me thinking."

He got up and walked the floor, with three steps up and three steps down like a beast in cage. Drimdorrان sat bent forward, sunken at the chest.

"The thing was this. He

knew Macmaster's father. They had fenced together. And where should they fence, do ye think, but in Castle Dounie? It was after Glen-shiel, and Paul had a wounded arm. Are ye following?"

The glass of Duncanson upset. Its liquor spilled across the table, ran over the edge, and made a puddle on the floor. A plashing sound made Ninian look down; the old man's heel was drumming in the puddle, out of his control.

"Is there anything in it, do ye think?" he asked, in a queer flat voice.

"There's in it that the man was never drowned," said Ninian. "He went abroad. We found it out from Lovat."

Duncanson got on his feet and reached for the water-jug. "A dubious tale," said he,— "unless—unless, like the son, they shipped him."

"But the son's no' shipped," said Ninian. "I got him off, and he's home in Inveraray."

As if the legs were cut from him, the old man dropped. The chair had been against his knees; he plumped into the cushions with a jar that shook the floor, and he gave the twittering cry. And then of a sudden he got up, put his palms across his ears, and shuffled from the room.

CHAPTER XXX.—A SEARCH.

Ninian stood five minutes waiting his return. In the midst of the house he heard a door go bang. He plucked at the tartan curtain; raised it;

opened a window pane and held his face against the breeze.

The desk next tempted him. He hurriedly tried the lid; it was locked.

Plainly Duncanson had no thought of returning. His guest took up the glass which he had not drank from, and emptied its contents upon the fire; then out and through the lobby and down the stair in a blaze of guttering candles. He quit the house.

Having walked across the gravel to the grass, he stood for a little pondering. The house lay in a flood of light; it gushed from every window, even from the attics, very strange to see. In that wide solitary haugh of glen so dark itself, without another house, it seemed preposterous. It might have been a dwelling of rejoicings, only that festive sound was missing. He searched his memory and was beat to recollect that he had ever seen it lit like this before. Since Duncanson had come to it, at least, it had no social gleam; there never had been dancing there, though the parish danced in winter-time in every loft, nor yet a supper for the tenants. Black Sandy, when a younger man, was no way slack at gaiety, and when he lived in town had many an evening ploy in Fisherland, but that all stopped when he became a laird.

For what should a craze take the shape of such silly waste of candles? In a grasping man—and Sandy had always a grasping reputation—extravagance was not the natural thing to look for should the man turn daft. And yet there must be something—Candles? . . . Candles? . . . A thrifty man. . . . What freak

of memory in a madman would suggest the candles?

The *beachdair* drummed on his teeth with his finger-nails, and tried to make himself an old man crazed, and think of things that through the labyrinth of an old man's brain might lead to a candle passion. Though mighty curious, when in the house, to see such blazing round him, he had not showed, even by a glance, that he thought it odd. He had not asked the Muileach, when he first arrived, what it might mean. It would not have been good Highland manners to say anything even though the candles had been ten feet long. But now they cried importunate for explanation.

Instead of starting off down through the garden, he went quietly on the grass about the gable of the house. It had a fosse or ditch, some four feet deep, to light the basement. There were windows in it at the back, some of them built up, but the others glazed and lighted; this was the kitchen quarters. Beyond the kitchen windows, however, was one a bit apart which he knew to be the Muileach's. He picked some pebbles up and threw them at the glass.

In a little the man came out, and up some steps to reach the level. It was because gravel is plentiful, and nights are dark, and human beings will go courting, that stanchions are on basement windows. He thought he had caught the lover of a kitchen-girl, and was quite aback to find the Messenger.

"*Dhe!* is it you that's in't?" he said, confounded.

"Tell me this!" said Ninian, and took his sleeve. "In the name of fortune, what's this great parade of candles?"

"You may well ask that!" said the Muileach. "We're rendering the very kitchen-fee."

"Tach! Never mind the kitchen-fee!" said Ninian, impatient. "Thou needst not want for that so long as the castle jack is going. What is thy master meaning, blazing there?"

"It is aye for some end of her own the cat croons. Myself I cannot tell you; but I wish to fate I was back to the Islands!"

"Is he frightened?" Ninian asked.

For a second or two the man said nothing, his hand on the railing of the fosse.

"There nothing wrong with him," said he at last, "except at night, and then, *mo chreach!* he's in the horrors."

"Another thing," said Ninian hurriedly. "What does he want with a curtain on his window? He never used to have it, and it's nailed."

"If I could tell you that I would be wise. Day and night it's there, and it's never lifted."

"He's a done man!" said Ninian, reflecting.

They talked for a little longer and then he took his leave.

He went down the grounds; across the fields; took a short cut to the dovecote. The stars were thick as dust. Some young roe-deer were from the

hill, he came upon them browsing. They fled before him. To the west Craig Dubh rose black with plumage of the fir, in whose midst were night-birds questioning. There was a little frost.

He had never been in the cote, for his interest lay in the bold and wild, not innocence and pigeons, but he knew its outward features, and even in the thicket's gloom he walked straight to the door. It was locked; he had not expected otherwise. On finding this he went down to the river's bank; walked up the water for a bit, and came on a drifted tree, a thin young birch. With his knife he lopped its branches, then carried it to the cote and thrust it at the window, which fell in. With the tree for ladder he got up, squeezed through the narrow opening, and dropped. He landed on the bin.

Having struck a light to tinder, he fed it to the lantern; looked about him; opened the lid of the bin and searched it, even below the moulded grain; emptied the sacks of their mildewed corn till it piled up to his ankles. The dust rose round him in a cloud; he sneezed.

When he had finished here he got up the ladder through the hatch to the second storey, and there came on other boxes, a barrel without a lid half full of pitch, and a mattress filled with feathers. He searched in everything; the boxes were the lumber of a flitting, and held musty papers. He turned them out and found them

drafts of tacks, which he put to the closest scrutiny. They were read to the very testing-clause, and then thrown back; there was nothing in them.

Nor yet was he done. He went to the topmost storey where he stood below the sarking, stooped, his head against the beams. Nothing was there at all but the soil of doves; he turned to leave, then noticed something that had hitherto escaped him—every pigeon-hole was boarded up. In this there was some apparent interest, for he put his lantern down, took out his knife, and cut a skelf from the boarding of one hole, and chewed it.

To get out of the place without the tree to help was not so easy as to enter; he got upon the bin and made a great attempt, gave up at last, and felt in the dark about the door. The bolt of the lock was shot in an iron staple which could be levered out; he thought of the mattocks, groped for one, and putting the pick-point in the staple, forced it at a push. When that was done and the door stood open, he hammered the staple back; whoever should find the door unlocked would think it carelessness. But the door itself, shut to, he jammed at the foot with stones. His last precaution was to take the tree and throw it in the river.

The wind was from the north and stirred the thicket, which shed no longer leaves, since all were blown and scattered. They rustled below his feet. He stood a little, and stared at the flaring house.

A wild-cat on the Scaurnoch wailed. Dark shapes of cattle moved on the farther bank. The river brawled, but yet above its brawling sounded something to the north that had an echoing beat as if of metal.

As it came sounding closer, Ninian moved up beside the road, and stooped to get between him and the stars the figure of a man who trotted on a horse.

"*Sin thu*, Alan, it's thyself!" he thought, and cried the Bailie's name.

"Is't you that's there, Ninian?" said the rider, pulling up.

"That same! I put a welcome on ye. Man of my heart, but you ride heavy! I heard ye a mile away."

Alan-Iain-Alain-Og got off the horse and painfully stretched his legs; he rode with a short Kintyre stirrup.

His first words were of Æneas and Janet; when he heard that they were home he was much relieved. His own experience had no stirring incident; in that respect he found his journey very different from Ninian's. On the road, with the reins looped in his hand, he gave a brief account of what befell.

He had been from home on the forenoon when the news came from Loch Laggan, and Janet had three hours' start of him, with no clear notion left behind of how she meant to go. At the head of Loch Awe there was no one who had seen her pass, and he was in a quandary, but he reasoned that her goal would be Loch Laggan, and he

rode up through Glen Orchy to the inn, where he stayed the night. She had not passed the inn; it was clear now she had gone down through Glen Dochart, but he kept on his way to the Black Mount, eastward by the Cruach to Loch Laidon, whence he turned to reach Loch Treig and up the Spean to Badenoch.

"How long did ye take to get to Loch Laggan?" Ninian asked.

"Three mortal days!" said the Bailie, groaning. "And my skin's not mended yet."

"Janet beat ye! She took only four to Inverness."

He had with him in wallets the key to every pass in the wilder Highlands—some sweetmeats and tobacco, and to give his coming a hue of unconcern he pushed inquiries everywhere regarding cattle, posturing as a dealer. Wherever he went he found folk hospitable: Badenoch came trooping to make terms with the Merchant Mór. In the hamlet of Druimbeg he spent a night in the very house where Ninian and Æneas had supper, and in Druimbeg he learned that they were safe. They had been seen on Tarffside on their way to Inverness.

"I thought of going to Inverness myself," he said, with a lift of the shoulders, "but the snow, they said, was three feet deep on Corryarrick, and I'm too thick in the girth, *me-thruaigh!* to face the drift, so I just came home."

"The best thing ye could do!" said Ninian with conviction. "Yon's no' a place for Christian men."

"It took me two days at Loch Laggan finding out what I was after, for I had to use some caution. They fed me on kippered fish and ham till I was parched so dry I could have drank the loch, and then I took my leave of them and through Lochaber into Appin. I spent last night with the tacksman at Bonaw."

To this itinerary had Ninian listened with an absent air, his eyes on the glowing mansion hung up in the dark where it seemed at times to rise and float.

"Isn't that the great house?" he said when the Bailie finished. "There's a stone of candles burning in't this minute."

"It made me wonder," said the Bailie, looking up. "I saw the scad of it beyond Carlunan, Is there some Occasion?"

"I canna think of one," said Ninian, "except that another man is going to keep his daughter after this." He caught the Bailie by the arm and squeezed it, whispering. "I've just been there. Drim-dorran's fey! Ye never saw a man more under weather. The shroud's upon the breast of him!"

"I heard about his daughter and young Campbell," said the Bailie. "That a blow to Sandy!"

"It's not the only one, I'm thinking, nor yet the worst. I gave him a blow myself this night that shook him to the found."

"Ye'll tell me all of that wi' a bite of supper," said the Bailie, and turned for the horse's mane. He gripped it

with one hand and with the other caught a stirrup.

"Stop you!" said Ninian. "I've news for ye that's no for bellowing to a man cocked on a horse. If you will just play legs wi' me, and lead the beast, I'll tell ye something I told your wife a little ago, and it left her dumb."

With a last glance at the lighted house they walked down the road together.

Ninian first recounted how he had got home, with a verdict on the Road as the dullest he had travelled, and then swerved back to the affair with Barisdale.

"I heard about that at Buachaille Etive, at the inns," said the Bailie, "and I couldna make heid nor tail of it. I know that Col's a rogue, but his booty's cattle, or the cess the cock-lairds pay him for blackmail. What could he want wi' you?"

He stopped, with an alarming inspiration. "Ye're no' goin' to say it was my nephew's money?" he exclaimed.

"Na, na!" said Ninian, "it wasna that. The money's safe and sound, though it gave me manys a fright. . . . Keep on! It's better walking. . . . Col was put on my track by a fellow from Glen Strae. Ye wouldna think they were so clever in Glen Strae? Ye would wonder what a body in Glen Strae would herd a man like Col on to a Messenger-at-Arms for? I never plied my trade in Strae in all my life—I couldna. It was once my people's and their bones are there, and the folk there now

are not to blame that we are landless. . . . Well, well, *coma leat!*—the lad and me took the twist of Col, and got to Badenoch, and ye ken what happened yonder. 'Tis he can flash the pistol! We left some work for women there, and to make my story short, we got to Inverness. It's a bonny town enough if one were looking at it from a steeple, but get to the guts of it and it's a different story. I mean in the quirks of men. There's a spider yonder, hoved up in the belly, sitting in a net that's spread from ben to ben, and has a string the length of Inveraray. The whole time we were there he kept us skipping. We were leaguered in our inn by ruffians, my head was split, and Æneas was carried on a vessel. If it wasna he was smart to swing an eitch I wasna here this night, and he was on the way to Carolina."

"*Dhe!* that's a fearful story!" said Alan-Iain-Alain-Og, astonished.

"It's no' a story yet; it's just the start of two. I'm glad you're home, Macmaster! I'm here wi' a tangled hank that's worse than the search for Duncan Cameron in Lochaber, and I'll want a hand. Ye're wondering to yourself, I'll swear, the spider's name. Who is it throws a web across the North and catches flies and ships them off, and feels a quiver of the net, ay, even as far as Inveraray?"

"Ye're meaning Simon Fraser!"

"Just him! *Trusdar!*

Filth!" cried Ninian, fierce. "Oh-h-h man, if he were young and I had just his thrapple!" He grated with his teeth. "But there's two beasts at the web—Lovat and another, and the other glues the strings in Inveraray—Alasdair Dubh."

"Black Sandy!" said the Bailie, stopping his horse. They were in the midst of trees.

"Just him! He might well sit wakened all night long wi' lights; by day he's at the weaving—here a strand, and there a strand; one in Islay's mail-bags and the other up to Dounie; one in MacCailein's castle, and the other among the clans. Give me a besom till I sweep him down!"

Macmaster clicked his tongue. "I never thought much of Sandy, but he's surely no' so deep as that?"

"To the very eyes! He thought this night he had me. 'There's money in't for us,' says he: I had him open like a mussel ye would shell! Little does MacCailein know the snake he's warming! This is the way of it, Alan—Lovat is shipping arms from Holland to the Forth, old scabby muskets, no' a belch left in them. They come up the road in creels, like haddocks, and a widdie of them's dropped off here and there in the slyest glens to wait for market. Beef's cheap the now, but iron's up in price, and more's to be made of iron since ye needna fatten't. When fair-day comes at Ruthven, and Fort Augustus, and Fort-William, Donald comes up in the name of the Disarming Act

wi' the faithful weapon of his fathers on a string, and gets a pound for it from the English sodgers. It wouldna cost a shilling in Amsterdam! The clansmen get the credit o' being loyal, escape a search that would discover what they had hid below the thatch, and Lovat shares the pound wi' them, and clears a profit on his cargo."

"I don't believe it!" said the Bailie firmly. "He's maybe rogue, but not in that packman fashion."

"Trade, Alan! Trade! What's the Road for, if it's no' for trade? I always thought that trade demanded cunning! But do ye no' see that the packman bit of it is least important? He wants to keep the real stuff in the thatch; he doesna want the North disarmed no more than he wants roads and schools. So long's the North has gun and claymore ready, Simon is king beyond the Spey. It's no' for the money he's in the trade wi' Holland, but it's for his share in the money Sandy is in the pact."

"It's like enough."

"I'll warrant ye! Sim would be a poor spider wanting the help of Sandy. The whole affairs of Islay and the Duke come under his eye: he milks their mail-bags, and will whiles send up a cheese to Sim. There's no a move in politics but Simon's warned; that's the way ye find him first on one leg then the other. I know now who spoiled many a jaunt to the North for me by leakage. And this time it was him put Barisdale across my track."

"Isn't that the rogue!" cried Alan.

"Oh, but there's more than that! Far more than that! He had his knife in Æneas. It was at his command Lord Lovat lifted us. Barisdale was watching only me. When it came to Inverness, though, Lovat was far more keen on gripping Æneas, and that had nothing at all to do wi' the trade in guns. . . . I want to ask ye this: did your brother go to France? I'm meaning Paul."

They stopped on the road again; the horse cropped stunted grass in a happy world of beasts where is no mischief.

"To France?" said the Bailie. "Yes."

The *beachdair* gave a whistle. "My grief! I never heard of it," said he, confounded.

"I daresay no'; it wasna a thing to flourish in Inveraray. It wasna wi' my will he went, I can assure ye! Nobody knew but me and Duncan-son, who sent him out his rents."

Ninian scratched his head. "Ye've knocked the feet from me!" he said in a voice depressed. "I'm fairly wandered. And did he write ye?"

"Paul? Yes, every month."

"I'm the silliest man in the whole of Albyn!" Ninian said, disgusted, starting to walk again. "I never guessed it."

"Ye see it was a ticklish business," said the other, tugging at the horse. "He was among the Jacobites, and I darena breathe it here."

"I'm done! I was sure I was on the track of everything that happened this past month, and now I'm more in the dark than ever. It's strange to me that Æneas didna ken of this."

"He was but a child at the time."

"But your wife doesna ken either. Surely to God ye wouldna keep a thing like that from Annabel! She thought the story of the drowning was quite true, and so did I; ye've kept it up wi' me yourself for fourteen years."

The Bailie groaned. "I'm just as sore," said he, "as if I had been lashed. I havena slept much in the last three nights; ye put me in a whirl. What has poor Paul's drowning got to do with France?"

Ninian stopped, as if he had been shot.

"When was it he was in France?" he cried.

"In the year 'sixteen. He went in Aprile and came back the following March."

"And ye think he never was there again?"

"No, poor man!"

"That's where ye're wrong! My grief! but ye gave me the fright there, thinking I was wandered! Your brother wasna drowned at all; he died in France!"

"What *cailleach's* tale is this?"

"It's no' a *cailleach's* tale at all; it's the God's own truth. And you have been the blindfold man these fourteen years that never found

it out! Drimdorran knew. He feared your nephew might discover, in the North, and put Lord Lovat on to him. Thank God he did! for otherwise we might have never found the truth."

He gathered into one im-

petuous burst of speech, without a pause in it, his evidence.

Beside them where they stood, and falling in a pot, a little well was singing to the stars with which the whole arch of the night was trembling.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE MAN FROM GUNNA.

The castle, when they passed, was mournful dark, with no light in it—at least that could be seen. Its evening rooms looked to the courtyard; outwardly its walls rose blank, expressionless, below the star-bright curve of night. A breeze fanned through the ivy; stirred the laurels. The low town, crouched beyond it, lent it height: the tower would seem to lift gigantically. Bats were abroad; at times they gave a cheep. To the east, on the Cowal hills, was a fleece of cloud that hid the risen moon.

The two men and the horse were on a private way that took them through the policy; between them and the walls was but a garden border, and they spoke in whispers. It was as if they feared to spoil MacCailein's sleep.

"Rats at nibbling, MacCailein! Rats at nibbling!" said Ninian. "The wonder is to me Himself can sleep, even in a turret, with so many crannies for the rat in Scotland."

Alan-Iain-Alain Og put in his horse at the back of the land where he had a stable; left a man to groom it, and

took Ninian up the stair with him to find a supper ready. All Annabel said to her man was, "There you are!" and pinched his elbow. She took from him the wallets.

He pulled her ear. "*Mo rùn!*" said he with a smile, "what a fine enduring woman! Many a wife left to herself would take the chance to run. Were ye no' feared I was lost among the mounts?"

"I feared for nothing," she answered, happy. "What always happens is the thing one never thought of, and I took time and thought of everything that could befall."

Æneas and Janet were already at the table; the girl had not gone home.

At another hour the spirit of a company thus gladly brought together would be different, but over them to-night there was solemnity. The mystery of Paul Macmaster clamoured for solution. They scarce were seated when Ninian brought it up.

"I ask you to excuse me," Æneas interrupted. "Was I a good soldier this month back in your command?"

Ninian beamed. "Ye couldna have been better! Ye did

what ye were told, the sodger's first concern, and held your tongue. If I was ever in a corner I would cry for Æneas-of-the-Pistol."

Æneas flushed. "That bit of it," said he, "is neither here nor there. I only ask assurance that I played my part as a soldier should, nor questioned anything you did, nor pushed decisions of my own. I went with you on suffrance; led you into trouble, and I felt the least that I could do was to be the humble private. Now that the campaign's over, and a new one's started closely concerning myself, I must take another rank."

He spoke with great decision, yet without offence, and Ninian clapped him on the shoulder.

"Well done!" he said, with heartiness. "You're a man for the brindled hill, where each man does his own bit stalking."

"With me it stands like this," said Æneas. "I am greatly in the dark about affairs at the period when my father disappeared. Particularly I know little about Duncanson, and instead of working back from that amazing story we got from Lovat, I think it better to begin at the other end. How came my father to have anything to do with Duncanson?"

It was a somewhat lengthy history he got from Alan-Iain-Alain Og in response to this inquiry. The Bailie went into the most minute details. He began with a wet spring day when Æneas was unborn, when a shabby-clad man with a canvas bag and a bundle in a

napkin stepped from a fishing-smack on Inveraray quay and asked the first one whom he met where he might find a lodging. The man was Duncanson. He had come from the Lowlands, where, for some years, he had followed the law in an obscure capacity. There were Duncansons in Inveraray; they were a Campbell sept, but long established in their own cognomen. It was thought at first that he was a relation. But there was no connection. In less than a week it was known in the town that his real name was Maclean. He belonged to the Isle of Coll—or rather to an islet 'twixt Tyree and Coll, by name of Gunna. His father had had a croft in Grishipol in Coll, and dealt in swine. He was a man of race, by all accounts, declined in fortune—a kinsman of Lochbuie. Coll, at the century's start, was a rebel and unruly island, though within a strong man's hail of the Hebridean garden called Tyree, the holding of Argyll; there was always trouble with it, and the elder Maclean, to escape a prosecution, went over the narrow strait to Gunna and settled there, befriended by the Duke.

If he could not change his blood, at least he could change his name, and he aimed at a continuance of the ducal favour by taking the name of Duncanson, his father being Duncan dubh a' Chaolais. When he died he left a son grown up—this Alexander, who had for some years made a living of sorts, in Tyree or Coll, indifferently, as the season

suited. He had the name of a clever lad; the family of Argyll were interested; he was sent to a writer's place in Edinburgh, and there he had been till he came to Inveraray.

His coming to Inveraray was a shift of ambitious policy. In Edinburgh he was lost; there seemed no rung he could reach to in the ladder of success, so he came to the very seat of patronage. In a day, with MacCailein's influence, he was perched at a desk in a lawyer's office; in a year he was indispensable to his master; in three he had bought him out of the business. The money which bought MacGibbon out was a scanty part of a fortune Duncanson fell heir to from a distant cousin; he was now a man of substance, so sure of his own importance that he paid attentions to the lady who was later to be Æneas's mother.

From his first appearance Duncanson had courted Paul Macmaster's favour, even though Macmaster was at times suspect of politics repugnant to that quarter of the shire. Himself, he had no politics that could not be trimmed and twisted to pass with either side, but mostly he avoided disputation in these matters, and with Paul the bond was one of sport. They fished and shot together, and had a taste for fighting cocks which came to an end when Paul took up with pigeons, to whose fancy he was led by the other man. They spent long nights by the dovecote fire, one winter, playing dambrod.

"Stop, stop! . . . By your

leave, Sir Æneas! . . . Are ye sure it was in the winter, Bailie?"

Ninian broke in upon a narrative whose interest sadly marred the supper.

"There's no mistake in't," said Alan-Iain-Alain Og; "I've seen the doocot lighted up when I was coming back from curling."

"What light, now, would they have?" said Ninian, but not with a show of much concern. "Besides the fire," he added.

"Oh, candles, of course! Or a lantern," said the Bailie. "That's not of great importance, is it?"

"Go on!" said Ninian, buttering bread. "I only wondered. My mind *will* run on candles," and history was resumed.

Paul's interest in pigeons slackened when he married, and ceased entirely when, a twelvemonth later, his young wife died. He was, thereafter, a homeless man, who could not bear the house of his inheritance. His wife for a year had been its warmth; its stairs (the doctors said) had killed her; he never set foot in it again. The infant Æneas was sent to the care and nurture of his aunt, and his father made the world his pillow. It was a time of great conspiracy with Jacobites; for the first time seriously Paul became involved, and spent both time and money on a cause too easily made attractive to his restless spirit by the guiling tongue of an old friend, Campbell of Glendaruel, a laird impoverished and pro-

script. 'Twas rarely he came home, and then but for a flash, to see his child, and stay a night with his brother, and meet with Duncanson to audit his accounts.

For Duncanson was now his doer—factor of his land, and always ready to accommodate with money. Moreover, he was tenant of Drimdorran House, with a five years' tack from Paul: he had got married. As well as Paul's affairs he managed Islay's, and in time was Baron Bailie to the duke as well as secretary. The son of Para-na-muic was thriving! Aware of Paul's political engagements, he kept them secret, but in the year 'Fifteen, when Paul was drumming up in France, the knowledge of his doings leaked at home, and but for Islay's pity for the child, Drimdorran would have been escheat, its owner outlawed. It was only a fate postponed. Four years later he engaged with Glendaruel in the rash adventure checked abruptly at Glenshiel. Drimdorran had not been forfeit to the Crown—MacCailein had seen to that—but Duncanson, who had for years made overtures to buy it, stepped into possession.

"I would have fought him! I would have fought him!" cried Ninian, pushing back his chair: their meal was finished.

"That's what I aye said," said Annabel.

Her husband shook his head. "And what were the good of that?" he asked. "I had no standing. Neither had the boy. Sandy had his ledger

and my brother's pledge. I wasna goin' to fight a law plea for the Crown. . . . That's the story, Æneas. Now, what do ye make of it?"

"Nothing," said Æneas. "It leaves me where I was. I thought to get some clue that I might follow through my father's later days and——"

He stopped with a glance at Janet; her eyes were fixed on something in her father's hands. It was the tangled hank, with the free part coiled on stick; the *beachdair* wrought with it as though beside a burn.

"Good lad!" he said to Æneas. "Aye get at the start of things! And what more clue do ye want just now than that Sandy came from Gunna, and a Maclean at that? I never knew't before. *Theid dùthchas an aghaidh nan creag*—the family blood of a man goes down to the very rock! I ken Gunna; I was one time yonder, there! The solan builds on Gunna, and the solan is a bird that gets his fish just where he can; it makes no difference to him, the herring or the saithe."

He rose and walked the floor with short steps, eager.

"Stop you, Æneas! Although ye're in command, I'm no' so good a sodger as yoursel, and must get talking. A man brought up in Gunna between a loyal isle and Coll is like the gannet,—he will take his toll of fish from both. I know the springs of Sandy now—they're envy and ambeetion. Since ever he stood in your father's house

a tenant, and looked out upon the fields, he meant to be their laird. He got his wish. What way? By God's goodwill, or accident? Na, na! God has no particular fancy for the clan Maclean no more nor me, and it wasna accident. He got it, first and last, wi' his own endeavour! Your father—God be with him!—was the brawest pigeon Sandy ever flew, and then he plucked him. The thing's as clear as day! 'Twas he that blabbed in the year 'Fifteen; the man was in a hurry to sit down, and seeing your father wouldna sell, he must himself be sold. Sandy is like the ptarmigan or weasel, beasts that take the colour of the season; ye may be sure he wasna Whig in private wi' your father, whatever he might be before the duke, and he would egg your father on. He would lend him all the money that he wanted, and never give a cheep till your father was so deep in treason there was no escape. His chance came in the silly splutter of the clans that ended at Glenshiel. Sandy, as MacCailein's man, was bound to know the Government was going to crush that rising like an egg, but he wouldna warn your father. Na, na! Drimdorran he would have! And Glenshiel served his turn, though your father didna perish there; he was good as dead, and could never show his face again in Scotland."

Æneas was aflame. "I think you're right," said he. "It seems a very reasonable assumption of how things

were standing. Duncanson was the only man in all Argyll who knew my father was yet alive, and he smuggled him off to France. Then he proclaimed and proved himself the owner of Drimdorran before the estate could be forfeit to the Crown, and he kept him there."

"Just what I was thinking to myself."

"It defies the face of clay to think how any man could be so wicked!" Annabel cried out.

Throughout was Janet silent, listening. In her mien was some dissent or hesitation.

"What troubles me is this," said the Bailie; "Paul was my brother-germain. We were the best of friends, although I quarrelled with him on the head of Glendaruel, and all that rebel carry-on. His son was in our dwelling. I *can* not think that Paul, if he was for a whole year hid in France, would not have sent some word to me."

"I'll warrant ye he sent ye word!" said Ninian.

"I never got it,—not a scrape!"

"Of course ye didna! Sandy would see to that. It was through him he would send your letters; and Sandy, when it comes to letters, has a tarry hand, as Janet there kens to her cost."

"That, too," said Æneas, "is a very likely thing. He was done with us, and had his own skin to consider. It would never do to have it come out he was in league to hide the man whom himself, as Baron Bailie, had proclaimed."

They stood on the floor, the men, and reasoned hotly.

"Mercy me!" cried Annabel, "can you men no' sit down and come to the bit that pierces me—what happened to poor Paul?"

Her husband clapped her shoulder. "Patience, a *ghalaid*, patience!"

"Is he dead at all? We have no proofs of it."

"But think of it, Annabel! . . . fourteen years . . . and a son of his loins with us. And he was Paul. He couldna keep the silence of the tomb for fourteen years!"

"But he might have been imprisoned. He might, like Æneas, have been trepanned on board a ship. Do ye no' think that is likely, Ninian?"

"Anything on earth is likely, me'm, when a bad man mounts the saddle. Your brother may be slaving in the cane."

Janet touched his arm. She had sat with a pale face, looking at him. "No," she said in a curious low voice to him. "He is not there. He is dead. . . . He was killed . . . Duncanson."

They stared at her.

"How ken ye that?" her father asked, astonished.

"Because you think so. I know you do! And it would be cruel wrong to build false hopes."

"I've never said a word to make ye think so——"

"No. It is in your air."

He made a grimace. "The young bird kens the father's chirp! . . . It's quite true,

Alan; your brother's dead, and Duncanson destroyed him. I don't know when. I don't know where. I don't know how. But he brought about his end! I wasna goin' to say that till I saw his grave. My hank is still much fankled. He had him killed. There's not a doubt. I've kent it for the last two hours."

"How?" said Æneas.

The *beachdair* gave a flicker with his hands and pouted. "I've smelled it! I'm like the fisher who can smell the herring shoal at sea. A hundred things cry out that Sandy's guilty. They have been pouring on me since we left the North, but to-night the most of all. Æneas, lad, I've seen your foe! Yonder he was in a lowe of candles, and I made him squeal. He thought he had you settled like your father, and I kept him in that notion till I saw my chance. When I told him at the last that ye were here, and that ye knew the story of the drowning was a lie, I pricked his liver. I got no more from him, but——"

On the porch of the house was a tirling-pin, which Annabel preferred to knockers. Ninian's speech was stopped when it gave a harshly grating rasp.

"The lassie's out," said Annabel, starting up.

"I'll answer the door," said Æneas, and left the room.

He came back at once with an air of agitation. "Duncanson," he said, "has sent for me. I'll go."

(To be continued.)

PRIZE - MONEY.

THE gallant knights one reads of in the candid Chronicle of Froissart were not always dealing their swashing blows. When the combat was over, they were wont to proceed to "make their finances"—that is to say, to bargain for the ransoms which they were to receive, or to pay, as the case might be. There was a large element of financial speculation, not to say of money-grabbing, in the wars of the age of chivalry, and it by no means ceased to work when they came to an end. The noble cavaliers who followed the honourable profession of arms were in all lands, and to very recent times, apt to comport themselves much after the manner of Dugald Dalgetty when he levied contributions in the whole stift of Dunkelspiel, and failed not to lick his fingers like a good cook. Does not all the world know how Nicholas Soult, Duke of Dalmatia and Marshal of France, formed his famous picture-gallery?

"Prize-Money" is the recognised and regulated indulgence of the primitive practice by which those took who had the power. Let us concede that, as ancient writers do affirm, whatever belonged to the conquered passed to the conqueror by the laws of nature. But the municipal law of all countries has ever improved upon, restricted, and reduced this same "law of nature." The division of the spoil has been

regulated. When the great Catalan Company raised by Roger de Flor to fight the Turks had turned to other enterprises, and had made an end of the Duke of Athens of the House of Brienne, and of all his knights, on the battle-field near Thebes, the prize of their javelins and broadswords was distributed by their "municipal law." It went by lot drawn from a helmet held by a bare-armed page, under the vigilant eyes of such lawful and sufficient men as the Almugávares had chosen to perform that function. When Jaumé Mascop of Peralada, a rude Catalan "Almugávar," took his share of the prize—say, one French damsel, one peaked saddle, and two swords—he did so under the sanction of the Almugávar law. — All prize was not for all persons. The plain gentleman who received the surrender of a King did not take his ransom but only such reward as his own King chose to give him. David II. of Scotland was the prisoner of Edward III. of England, and Francis I. of France was prisoner to Charles V., Emperor, and King of many kingdoms, though Edward and Charles were hundreds of miles from the battles in which they were taken. In the end, and with the growth of the royal authority and of law and of order, all prize came to be treated as King's ransom. Whatever was

taken from the enemy was taken for "the Prince," who might be Emperor, King, or reigning Duke, but might also be the States-General of the United Netherlands. The Prince gave to the actual captor such portion thereof as to him seemed good.

If a man will save himself from being entrapped by a certain sophism much played off on the unwary in our times, he must first learn to distinguish between "plunder" and "prize." Plunder was what you took after victory by sea or land, wherever it was to be found, and, having taken, kept. That soldiers who had stormed a town had a right to the plunder thereof, was an ancient belief. Wellington's army held it and acted on it, at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and San Sebastian. In old wars on the sea the captors were held to be entitled to take whatever they found above the gun-deck, and not stowed under hatches, excepting such articles as their own sovereign forbade them to treat as "plunder." This practice is, and for generations has been, forbidden on land and water alike—and for a most sufficient reason. When men turn to plunder they are instantly reduced to the level of brigands and pirates. They quarrel among themselves, they disobey and even murder their officers. They forget the enemy. Many a promising victory has been turned to defeat because the victorious assailants have scattered to plunder. It is, in short, the ruin of all discipline, and is

disastrous to the very men who practise it. But prize is that which is taken orderly and in the bulk, is duly adjudged to be lawful by authority, and is distributed *pro rata*. The distinction is obvious. Those who say, as some well-meaning persons do, that private property is exempt from capture on land and ought to be free on the water, are confusing plunder and prize. The contributions levied by invading armies, and the war indemnities extorted when peace is made, come from the pockets of private persons, and can have no other origin. They are prize. The soldier who pillages a house, or who extorts money from the householder by threats of violence, will be dealt with by the provost-martial in any well-regulated army. But the sailor who plunders the persons he finds in a captured ship commits exactly the same offence, and is equally liable to punishment.

Navy prize does indeed differ from army prize, after a sort. It is more concrete, more easily understood to be a loss to a particular person. It is not distributed as a war indemnity is, so that it becomes general, and appears as loss to the abstract State. We see the individual loser of a ship or cargo, but who sees the individual Frenchmen who were the worse off because of the five milliards extorted by Germany?

The history of our own navy supplies clear and abundant material for a study of Naval Prize—and prize-money. It

has been the subject of not a little legislation, of Orders in Council, of discussion and quarrel. There was a time when it had a very direct interest for Government. Before 1708 the State took a share, more or less. But it is well not to forget that until the later part of the seventeenth century naval wars were not carried on only by the King's ships. All ships were, in a sense, the King's, if only because he could summon them to serve for the defence of the realm. They were the "fyrd," the general levy of the host on the sea, or they were the feudal forces of the Cinque Ports and other vassals who provided ships for the service of their fiefs. But there was a distinction between the general or feudal levy and the King's own ships which were his property. Of these there were few, and in a serious war they had to be reinforced from other sources. The State hired ships or entered into a species of partnership with shipowners. Now these last came into the war as a speculation, and on what was sometimes slightly called the plundering account. When Elizabeth had to meet the Armada she called on the general levy of the realm. When she sent fleets to the West Indies or on voyages "to the Isles"—i.e., the Azores or the Canaries—to lie in wait for the galleons, she made a partnership with "adventurers," shipowners, merchants, private gentlemen or nobles, who provided vessels and men and ex-

pected to share. A special contract or the ancient "custom of the sea" regulated the division of the spoil, and the great Queen was in fact as much an "adventurer" in this sense as any of her subjects. She risked a few of her cherished handful of warships—there never were but a score and a half or two score of them—in hope of making money to eke out her small revenues and diminish the painful necessity for appealing to Parliament. She shared as an owner, and in that capacity took—or rather, if she had had her rights, or could have been forced to keep to them, would have taken—one-third. But she did not always secure her rights, for her devoted subjects were wondrous expert in plunder, and in concealment of the same. And she, for her part, had a way of interpreting her share which the gallant men who sailed on their own account with her ships found grievous. In 1592 a squadron of ten vessels, of which one, the *Foresight*, whereof Sir Robert Crosse was captain, took the great Portuguese carrack *Madre da Dios* on an Island voyage. Sir Robert, a man "approved in marine causes," was forward and gallant. He laid the carrack aboard and set an example. But the *Foresight* was a small vessel, and was severely mauled. If the "gentleman adventurers," the captains of the Earl of Cumberland, Raleigh, and others, had not come eagerly on, the *Foresight* would have been left behind in a very

tattered state, or might never have seen England again. Indeed so approved an officer as Sir Robert would never have risked a single-handed attack on the carrack. The *Madre da Dios* was taken and carried home. And now, her Highness considering that one of her ships had been at the taking, and not considering that it was but one of ten and had been in pressing need of rescue itself, would insist on distributing the prize, and on taking a vast deal more than one-third of a tenth. What proportion she really secured of the original value of the carrack is a question which no judicious person will take upon him to answer. Sir Robert Crosse, taking authority as the Queen's officer, strove to bring the *Madre da Dios* intact to port. But he was swamped amid so many eager to plunder, including, of course, his own crew. The carrack was pillaged by them and by longshoremen when she was brought in. The Queen's highness gained less than she thought her due. On the other hand, the adventurers thought she took more than she had any fair claim to. Cumberland concluded that cruising with the Queen's ships did not pay, and in future he ventured by himself.

The regulation of prize-money on a fixed system dates, together with the organisation of court-martial and the establishment of a permanent code of naval discipline, from the Commonwealth. Partly at least because the Parliament had more need

to buy service than the Crown, the sailors were promised one-third of all prizes over and above their pay and rewards. I say promised, but will not adventure to say were always paid. The Commonwealth was hard pressed for money, and so was the Protectorate towards the end. The temptation to draw on the funds in the hands of the Commissioners for Prizes was strong, and was not resisted. Certain it is that the sailors made long and loud complaints of the delays suffered in the distribution of shares. So long as the State was poor those complaints were sure to be renewed. In Elizabeth's days the State was very poor. Five thousand pounds was a considerable matter, and twenty thousand pounds a mass of treasure, to a potent monarch. The seventeenth century was coming to an end before that ceased to be the case. Being pressed for money, Governments could not afford to abstain from making a profit out of prizes. In 1686 King James II. gave the whole value of ships taken from the Barbary pirates to the captors, but this was much an exception.

King Charles II. gave encouragements to his officers. By the establishment of 1664 he promised to pay (it is well to bear in mind that *prommy pas payyey* was much in the ways of those times) 10s. per ton for every ship taken, and £6, 13s. for every gun, whether for merchant-ship or man-of-war, and £10 per gun for every man-of-war destroyed. A 70-gun ship of 1200 tons

would produce £1060, 10s. This may not have been a despicable sum, but it had to be divided, and even the whole of it did not amount to a fortune. And then it was reward, and not prize-money. How much of that a man was entitled to depended on "the custom of the sea" and the royal benevolence. Now the custom of the sea was an ear-filling phrase, but in practice the Navy had to be content with what it was allowed to get by royal grant. As King Charles looked to the prizes to be taken from the Dutch to supplement the money voted by Parliament, or even to avoid the necessity for going to the House of Commons at all, it follows as the night the day that the captors stood to gain very little. With this dominating fact to guide us, we can understand how it was that the Earl of Sandwich came to fall into temptation in 1665.

He had taken several Dutch Indiamen. He had, in fact, shirked going where he would meet their warships for the express purpose of capturing this prize. The sailors, a body of men led by custom, and therefore constant to ancient ways, had freely plundered above the main decks, and it would be weak to suppose that they interpreted the restriction rigidly. The superior officers could not well go a-rummaging with Wappineer tars. They must look to the generosity of the King. They knew his Majesty's necessities, and were well aware that the court included a

bevy of fair women and many gentlemen of pleasant wit who would assuredly put in claims during the liberal after-dinner hour. It occurred to them that the best course was to take first and ask for the royal permission afterwards. They collected round their admiral and put the case. The Earl was a gentleman of easy disposition, profuse with his own, and not likely to be rigid against giving what cost him nothing. So he fell into the backsliding which his devoted kinsman Mr Pepys judged in one of those delightful utterances which tell us more of the manners and morals of the Restoration than whole volumes of doctrine. "Indeed his [to wit the Earl of Sandwich's] miscarriage about the prize-money is not to be excused, to suffer a company of rogues to go away with ten times as much as himself, and the blame of all to be deservedly laid on him." It was doubly disgraceful for a cavalier of honour to be called to account for a petty delinquency. The Earl distributed parcels of the goods to the superior officers and took a share. We need not waste attention on the estimated value of each share. Who estimated it? The very men who were taking the goods, and who had every motive to underestimate what they were taking. What was called £2000 when it was snapped up was offered for far larger sums in the market. It was the inept way of doing the thing which exasperated Mr Pepys. The purpose he could sym-

pathise with. Lord Brouncker and Sir Edmund Pooley took him over one of the prizes when it was lying down the river. He saw heaped up pepper, spice, precious unguents, silk, and what not, the potentiality of wealth not unworthy of his dreams. He said it was "as noble a sight as ever I saw in my life," and put in for a share.

Things did not turn out so well as the Earl, the Clerk of the Acts, the flagmen, and captains had expected. The court was not pleased. Even his liking for a cynical joke could not prevent the King from being annoyed when money was intercepted on its way to him. And then the East India Company was seriously aggrieved. Of course all ranks who had plundered the Dutch Indiamen, with or without the consent of Sandwich, made haste to turn the booty into money. What had cost the seller nothing could be profitably sold at a moderate figure, and could then be put on the market cheap without loss. The Eastern produce taken from the Dutch competed with the Company's goods and brought the price down. Sandwich fell into disgrace and was sent away on an embassy. The punishment was not terrible, but he was under a cloud.

At the beginning of the Second Dutch War of King Charles's reign new regulations were made. The officers were promised ten per cent of the value of all the merchantships they took, and a better

allowance of "tonnage and gunnage" for captured ships of war. It was also ruled that all goods found above the main deck were to be sold for the benefit of the men—except plate, bullion, and jewels, which were royal perquisites. All the rest was to be prize for the crown, and would, it was hoped, help to cover the expenses of the war. But the war of 1672-1673 was not a prize-taking war, except for the Dutch privateers. The establishment of 1672 did not last, and although the earlier model of 1664 was restored in 1688, the restoration was very temporary. The vital year in the history of prize-money, as it was understood in the following generations, was 1693, for then was settled the proportion in which prize-money was to be divided among the officers and men of the Navy. It is perhaps not superfluous to stop for a moment to note that privateers also took prize-money. But their gains were distributed according to their contract with the owner of the ship. As the privateer has disappeared and is pretty certain never to reappear, we may leave him aside. It is, however, most decidedly not superfluous to note that the question how such part of the value of a ship as is prize-money is to be divided, is quite independent of the other question—namely, how much of the value was prize-money for the whole body of officers and men. The Government of William and Mary deducted one-tenth of the total value of the prize and ordered

it to be paid into the hands of the Treasurer of the Navy, to be employed by him in striking medals, and for special rewards. The nine-tenths were then divided into three equal parts—one to the officers and men; one to the Treasurer of the Navy for the benefit of the sick and hurt, and to be given in gratuities to the families of those slain in action, including “impotent parents”; and one to the Crown. To make an end of this matter, let it be understood that in 1702 the share of the officers and men was increased to a half, and in 1708 the whole was granted to them. That is to say, they were to become entitled to it whenever the Crown issued a proclamation conferring the boon on them. Unless the grant was made they had no right. In 1739 it was provided that a part of the prize taken from the Spaniards in the war then beginning should be applied to compensating the merchants who had suffered from the “excesses” of the Spanish guarda costas in the West Indies. But this was an exceptional measure. After 1708 the rule was that the total value of the prizes was taken by the captors.

Whether they took a third, a half, or the whole, their takings were divided into eight parts: one-eighth went to the flag-officer, or officers, on the station, and two to the captain. If the prize was not taken on a station, and by a captain acting under an admiral, then he took the whole three-eighths. Two-eighths went to the com-

missioned and warrant officers, one to the lieutenants, captain of marines or soldiers serving as marines, the sailing-master; one to lieutenants of marines, or soldier-officers serving as such, ensigns, and quarter-masters (of troops), admiral’s secretaries, second masters, boatswains, gunners, pursers, carpenters, masters’ mates, surgeons, pilots, and chaplains: all members of each class took equally. The three remaining parts of the eight were divided *pro rata* among the petty officers (including midshipmen), mariners, and seamen.

This was the scale of distribution which prevailed from 1708 to 1808. It was indeed a boon for “our gallant tars” of all ranks. Suppose we proceed to distribute a prize worth £20,000 according to the rule of 1693, and then after the liberal rule of 1708. Under the first all ranks divide £6000. The Flag takes one-eighth, £750; under the second it takes £2500. If “the Flag” was one officer commanding the station he took all. If there were two, the senior took two-thirds and the junior one. If there were more than two, the senior took a half and the others divided the other half equally, and of course the same proportion held good for everybody. So far all was right as right could be. But there is a perpetual variation in the affairs of men. When the epoch which began in 1708 was a century old, some of the ranks of the Navy were no longer as satisfied with the

establishment of 1693, even when it was bettered by the boon of Queen Anne, as they had been; we may indeed say that none were except the admirals and captains. The discontent of the other ranks is capable of easy explanation. Whereas there was still only one captain in each ship and the number of admirals on a station had not increased, large additions had been made to the commissioned and warrant ranks. Ships which carried four lieutenants and eleven warrant-officers in 1708, carried six and sixteen in 1808. There were in fact half as many more to divide the same share—speaking in a general way. And then there was a prevailing belief among the petty officers and men that the division was unjust as between them and the favoured commissioned and warrant ranks. They thought, and public opinion was beginning to agree with them, that there was unfairness in a system by which a captain who captured a £20,000 prize when he was on some station took £5000, and when he was not took £7500—that is to say, a sum equal to the whole amount divided among the petty officers and men. As compared to his £5000 or £7500 their individual gains were trumpery. They might not be more than £6, 10s. Absolute fairness was perhaps not attainable. There was bound to be an element of luck—not in itself unpleasing to a gambling instinct—in all the pursuit of prize-money. It is obvious, for instance, that there was

a vast difference between the cases of a ship with a complement of 750, and another which mustered 250, when each took a £20,000 prize. It mattered little to the Flag and the captain, who took £7500 in either case. But for the officers and men it did matter. There were many more in the bigger ship to divide the same sum. This difference, by the way, explains very clearly why service in a frigate was preferred. The line-of-battle ship was devoted to blockade, or to cruising in squadrons and the major operations of war. Prize came far less in her way than to the active frigates. Not only were there fewer in their crews to divide, but they had a far better chance of taking prizes.

That, however, was luck, and does not appear to have been considered a grievance. What was complained of by the officers was that their position was, owing to the increase in their numbers, relatively worse than it had been. As for the men, they thought they did not get enough. The Admiralty decided to propose a new establishment. That the course My Lords took was unpalatable to the admirals and captains will need no demonstration, and I doubt whether it was quite satisfactory to other ranks. One of the three-eighths hitherto given to the Flag and the captains was transferred to the petty officers and men. The commissioned officers and the warrants were left to divide two-eighths as before, and they were assured that they were

now replaced in the relative position they had held to the captain in 1708. So they were. They had lost a third by the increase in their numbers, and he now lost a third by the transfer of the eighth to the men. He had to resign a third of what was left to him to the Flag. Whereas he could when not on a particular station take £7500 of a £20,000 prize, he could not now in the best of circumstances win more than £5000. As a rule he was on a station, and that sum was therefore subject to a cruel deduction of £1665, 13s. 4d. Other changes have been made since 1808, all going further in the same direction.

The flag-officers and captains will, it is clear, lose heavily under the new establishment. How serious the loss could be can be easily shown. The Commissioners of Naval Inquiry of 1803 who inquired into the business of "prize agency," found that during "the late war" (*i.e.*, between 1793 and 1802) nine-tenths of the prizes carried into the island of Jamaica had passed through the hands of one firm. The amount was £2,143,000. One-eighth of this sum is, in round figures, £268,000. The captains' two-eighths would be £536,000. Under the new establishment the admirals would take from the two-eighths of the captains £178,666. The amount left to them both was still not contemptible, but the loss was serious. The Commissioners also found that the agents made a practice of advancing the shares of the flag-

officers without waiting till all the formalities of condemnation by the admiralty courts had been fulfilled. We see, therefore, that these exalted officers hit their bird on both wings. They not only gained a great deal, but they received it quick. We can also understand what Nelson was thinking of when he, rather peevishly, compared his own bad luck in being condemned to barren blockades of Toulon with the good fortune of St Vincent, who had held a lucrative command in the West Indies. A flag-officer on a rich station might, and in many cases did, gain wealth. The East and West Indies were the best. No wonder a man was thought to be in luck when he was sent to either of them, and not to cruise off the Texel in the cold North Sea, where prizes would be few and poor. How happy was the captain who was cruising in the sunny Antilles, picking up prizes, as compared to the brother officer who was serving with the in-shore squadron of the Brest blockade. To the first fell the wide ranging cruises in the "true breeze," or the land and sea breezes under the western coasts of the islands, the pursuit and capture of some Spanish register-ship, the discovery of a handful of traders in a bay from which the eagerly-manned boats could swiftly cut them out. To the second came dreary patrolling to and fro, close up to the shore in the easterly winds, or, when the westerly gales were blowing, then at

anchor in Douarnenez Bay, just out of range of the French guns, with rocks under his lee and the painful certainty that his cables were showing signs of wear.

To be sure, it was not enough to pick up the prize. Legal steps had to be taken to prove your right to her, and here it is that the agent came in. Prize, as has been said, was a gift of the Crown given by Proclamation, and divided according to the Prize Acts. It follows that the captor was bound to show that the vessel he had taken was fair prize, and this he could only do by going before the King's Admiralty Judges and demonstrating the justice of his claim. Now, the Navy could not do this for itself: it must name an agent, who could act for it. As a mere matter of doctrine, each of the eight classes concerned could name an agent for itself. In practice, the whole ship's company usually took the agent named by the captain. There was a measure of danger to be incurred by refusing to take the captain's nominee. In the American War of Independence a lieutenant was brought to court-martial and charged with seditious and mutinous practices because he tried to persuade his brother officers and the men to name their own agents. And why were the captains so particular on this point? Because in the eighteenth century and flowering time of perquisites and jobbery, there had grown up

a practice by which the captain required the agent to accept a person named by him as partner for the business of the prize-agency of his ship. The agent's hire was 5 per cent of the gross value of the prize. What private arrangement might be made between the captain and his nominee was known to themselves. It is sufficiently obvious that the practice allowed the captain to take not only his three- or his two-eighths, but a part of the 5 per cent. Since that was the case, he had a visible interest in giving the whole agency to one man. Against this we have to set off the fact that when his agent acted for the whole ship's company, the captain was responsible for the legal expenses of the proceeding in condemnation, and they were considerable. As the bold sea-rovers, sailing under His Majesty's flag, swooped down on Spanish Register ships and French Indiamen, so a black cloud of legal long robes settled on the distribution of the proceeds. Dundonald asserts that he once made a list of the law charges incurred in the condemnation of a prize. He adds that it was written on one slip, and that it was long enough to extend all across the gangway of the House of Commons.

The agent saw to the legal formalities and paid the lawyers' fees. The gross value of the prize was what it produced when condemned and sold. The net was what remained for the captors when percentages and expenses had

been paid. When the prize was of little value there was nothing left to divide. It was eaten up by lawyers' fees. This was so well known that our cruisers would not put themselves out of the way to take vessels of little worth. They would not incur the strain and hard work entailed by lying close to the shore in the night for no better reward than the chance to capture small French coasters, which would not pay for condemnation. And that was one reason why the French coasting-trade went on all through the great wars. Nor were the legal proceedings always favourable to the captors. The goods found in an enemy's ship might belong to friends. In that case they were not confiscated. A neutral ship could be brought in if she was found to be carrying enemy's goods. But though they were condemned she was not, and she was paid her freight. And then there were difficulties in proving foreign ownership, appeals, and delays. The Commissioners of 1803 found that the captors were often driven to submit to compromises by which they suffered. Prize-taking in fact was not all rum and jollification.

The very agent on whom the captor must needs depend was at times his worst enemy. In the case of the officers there was, in the opinion of the Commissioners, not much fraud. But there was misfortune. The agents had commonly considerable sums of money on hand pending distribution.

They were tempted to make use of it in speculations, and from time to time they failed. In that case the sailors' prize-money vanished. Rodney and all his squadron suffered heavily in that very way, and the disaster was not peculiar to them. And if there were "land sharks," so there were sea sharks. The first persons who had an opportunity to make away with the contents of a prize were manifestly the prize-masters—that is to say, the officers put in charge of captured vessels to take them into port. It must be recorded with a blush that some of them developed positively piratical instincts when subjected to extreme temptation. During the American War (1778-1783) the master of a ship in the Channel who had been sent in a French prize full of silks and brandy, and with orders to take her to Plymouth, found what seemed to him a better way. He anchored in Cawsand Bay and ran a part of her cargo on his own behalf. It is true that he was brought to court-martial and sentenced to dismissal and imprisonment. But then he was found out. Some were certainly more fortunate. Court-martial was very fierce with this class of offenders when they were caught.

It was inevitable that the common sailors should be the worst sufferers, and that in various ways. Their pay was but bad—23s., then 25s., and then 30s. for a sea month of twenty-eight days. And they got it late and at irregular

intervals. They were tempted—indeed, they were practically driven to run into debt with shady lodging-house keepers, crimps, bumboat-men—with all the small traders they lumped together as “Jews.” They gave them powers of attorney to draw their prize-money for them. Of course they were outrageously fleeced. But the sailors did not suffer only from mere swindling. It very frequently happened to them to be turned over to another ship and sent away in the interval between the taking of the prize and the distribution of the money. They were not at hand to put in their claim. It was duly recorded in a neatly arranged book, but they were not on the spot. Then the money lay in the agent’s hands for three years—the period known as “the recall.” If it was not applied for within that time, it was given to Greenwich Hospital. The rightful owner could, indeed, recover it from the Hospital. But how many poor fellows who had won a few pounds in the West Indies, and had been drafted off to the Mediterranean or the Bay of Bengal, lost their gains? The Commissioners were certainly of opinion that many did. Nor did the Hospital always profit. Agents did not always hand the unclaimed balances to Greenwich, and, of course, when they became bankrupt, there was nothing to be handed over.

The question, How far did the Navy as a whole, and taking all the wars between 1708 and 1815—the great era of prize-

money—benefit by this form of “encouragement for seamen”? is not so easy to answer as it may seem. Now and then, no doubt, sudden wealth came to a few captains and crews. In October 1798 four British frigates, the *Naid*, *Ethalion*, *Alcmene*, and *Triton* captured two Spanish frigates, the *Thetis* and the *Santa Barbara*, on the coast of Spain. These two vessels were coming back from America with treasure. The share of the captains in the bullion, and apart from the value of the ships themselves, was £40,730, 18s.; of the lieutenants, £5091, 9s. 3d.; of the warrant-officers, £2468, 10s. 3½d.; of the petty officers, £791, 17s. 0½d.; and of the seamen and marines, £182, 4s. 9¼d. This was the kind of story of which all the world heard, and the sailors of every class delighted to think of. But how many such cases were there? Very few. When hard pressed, the Spanish government stopped the export of its treasure from America, and then there was nothing to take. On a rich station, as we have seen, money was to be made; but most stations were poor. Blockade and convoy made up the bulk of the work of the Navy, and they produced little prize-money or none. Enough has been said of the inequalities of the distribution as between the various ranks. But there was the inequality, of which we have also spoken, as between those who were doing the hard work for their poor pay and allowances, and those who were filling their pockets by easy captures, with little

effort and no danger. The first was the lot of the vast majority. Nelson calculated that the value of the three French battleships he caused to be destroyed after the Nile, because they were too battered to be worth bringing off, in tonnage, gunnage, and the rest, would have been—for the Commander-in-Chief on the station, St Vincent (who was at the other end of the Mediterranean), £3750; for the junior admirals, each £1625; for the captains—actually present at the battle—£1000; for the lieutenants, £75; for the warrant-officers, £50; for the petty officers, £11; and for the seamen and marines, £2, 4s. 1d. One West Indian prize, carrying bullion, tortoiseshell, cochineal, and cocoa, taken perhaps without the firing of a shot, would have been a far better bargain. And the fewer the captors the greater the gain. And then it is to be observed that in exact proportion as the British Navy gained the upper hand, and drove the enemy's commerce off the sea, the prize-money diminished till it disappeared. It was helped to vanish by the fact that when we were in need of our enemy's

produce, or of a market for our own, the British Government took to issuing licences which protected traders carrying goods sold for the benefit of our enemies from capture.

To be sure, the question of licences is another story, and a tolerably obscure one. Our own proper subject, naval prize-money, has its obscurities also. But there can be very little doubt as to what its effect was for the service. In a time when there was really no permanent corps of the Navy except the commissioned and some warrant officers, when employment was temporary and uncertain, and pay was poor and given late, prize-money brought profit to some and inspired hope in all. The mass of the Navy gained very little by it, and would lose very little, or even as good as nothing, if capture at sea were used simply as occupation of territory on land is—that is to say, as a way of bringing an enemy to surrender, and not as means of exceptional profit to a favoured few. To give it up altogether would be like giving up invasion on land, which is absurd.

A MIRACLE.

BY MARGARET BOVILL AND H. C. LUKACH.

IT is said generally, and to some extent truly, of the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church that the spirit which once animated her has long since fled, leaving behind it little else than a shell of lifeless formalism. The subtle controversies and hair-splittings of her Councils, the fierce disputes over minutiae of dogma and ritual, whereof her history is in such large measure composed, do something to justify the criticism; but they who only consider this aspect of the Church gravely under-rate the significance at the present day of her hold upon her flock. Their religion, mechanical as it may appear to the outsider, is to the Christian peoples of the Levant a very living force in more than one respect; it is particularly so in the intimate—nay, personal—relationship which binds them to their Saints, and to the Panagia (All-Holy) Theotokos (Mother of God).

A wanderer in the Levant cannot fail to realise at the very outset of his journey the ubiquity of Orthodox Saints. Let him travel by a Greek or Russian ship: he is immediately confronted in the saloon with an icon of Saint Nicolas. Let him land and walk on shore and rest by a spring of water: in all likelihood he will discover it to be an *ayasma* (*ἀγίασμα*, holy and beneficial spring) sacred to Saint George. Orthodox Saints and the many

localised manifestations of the Panagia are often the immediate successors of pagan gods, as familiars and patrons of some grove, or valley, or stream, differing from their predecessors only in name; sometimes they inherit their specific attributes, as in the case of the aforementioned Saint Nicolas, who follows Poseidon in the guardianship of seafaring folk. But it is principally as healers of disease and of sorrows, as menders of broken hearts, as performers of what, for want of a better term, we must call miracles—in short, as the alleviators of all ills, physical and mental, which humanity is heir to—that they are venerated; it is to the successes, fraudulent, fortuitous, or genuine, with which they are credited, that they owe the extent of the cult of which they are the objects. Many so-called miracles are no doubt due to coincidence or credulity or suggestion, or to a combination of all three; but it is beyond dispute that a certain proportion of supplicants see the realisation of their hopes. Did they not, the Saints would have been discredited long since. Neither the Panagia of Tenos nor She of Lesbos would continue to attract annually their thousands of pilgrims; the little country churches and chapels thickly dotted over the lands of the Levant would

cease to be visited by ever-faithful devotees at the time of their fair, or *panegyris*. Manifestly, a single miracle creates more stir than a hundred failures; it is equally manifest that year after year the faith of the disappointed finds confirmation. Of one of such miracles, one which occurred in 1912, and aroused deep interest throughout the island of Cyprus, we here propose to tell.

The circumstances were as follows. In 1895 one Maria Georgiou, a Greek peasant woman and a widow, living in the village of Alaia on the borders of the vilayets of Adana and Konia, Asia Minor, lost her son Panteli, a lad of thirteen. The boy had gone to a neighbouring village to visit an old friend of the family, the *papas* who had baptised him, and was not seen again. His mother, after waiting in vain for his return, set out for the village, in the hope of finding him there. But neither the priest nor any one else had seen Panteli, all trace of whom had completely vanished. Inquiries were set afoot, but without result; and the only way in which the boy's mysterious disappearance could be explained was by the supposition that one of the roving bands of brigands which infested the neighbourhood had kidnapped him as he was walking along the road. Years passed, and the sorrowing mother abandoned all hope of finding her child.

Seventeen years later, in the early part of 1912, Maria declared one morning that in

the night she had seen a vision of Saint Andrew. The Apostle, so she affirmed, had appeared to her as she slept, and had communicated to her a clear and precise injunction. He bade her, if she desired to hear news of her long-lost son, make a pilgrimage to his shrine in Cyprus, to the Church of Apostolos Andreas; and she announced her intention of proceeding thither with as little delay as possible.

Now the Church of Apostolos Andreas is the remotest object in all Cyprus, lying at the extreme end of the Karpass peninsula, that long and narrow strip of land which, like an index finger, seems to point at the Syrian coast. A visit to it is even for natives of other parts of Cyprus no mean expedition, entailing many days of weary journeying on donkeys; and it is very noteworthy that this lone old peasant woman, a stranger to the island and unused to travel, should have placed such implicit faith in the vision that she had no hesitation in undertaking what must have appeared to her a most formidable pilgrimage. The Church is not, indeed, without some reputation. Miracles had already been performed at its shrine; and it is possible that reports of these had crossed the Karamanian Strait into Asia Minor, and had served to encourage Maria in her venture. Here, at this Land's End, half concealed among the rocks at the water's edge, is a tiny Gothic chapel, dating from the time when the Lusignan dynasty ruled in Cyprus, and enclosing

three *ayasmata*, three sacred springs of water, which are believed to have issued from the spot where St Andrew first set foot on Cyprian soil. Immediately above and behind it, massive substructures support a modern Greek church, large, bare, and whitewashed, which one Hajji Oeconomou, a priest of the village of Rhizo Karpass, near by, built toward the middle of the nineteenth century with the funds that had accrued from the annual pilgrimages to the little chapel below.

For many years before the building of the new church, these pilgrimages had been dwindling in importance. The little chapel was becoming neglected; one rarely heard of a cure effected at its springs. Then, so said old Hajji Oeconomou, the Apostle Andrew began to visit him in his dreams, urging him to revive the prestige of the shrine by undertaking the erection of a more imposing sanctuary. The priest accordingly set to work, and in 1867 the church was finished, and consecrated by His Beatitude Sophronios II., the late Archbishop of Cyprus. The completion of the building, whose white campanile is a beacon to mariners and a landmark to the villagers who approach it from the north, was celebrated by a large *panegyris*, and a new era of the shrine's prosperity was inaugurated. Again suppliants and sufferers were to be seen wending their way thither in long procession, some riding on donkeys, others walking and carrying their heavy top-boots in their hands,

as is the habit of the parsimonious villager; again the Apostle exercised his beneficent influence over the holy water, clinching his popularity by a remarkable demonstration of its healing properties. Thirty miles away, in the Turkish village of Galatia, there lived an old Turk who for a year had been blind in both eyes. A Christian friend urged him to bathe his eyes in the holy spring, and the Turk, albeit a native of the most zealous Moslem community in the island, consented to go there with the Christian, who related the story to the writers. Entering the low and sombre little chapel, in a corner of which, some feet below the level of the floor, are the holy wells, the Moslem knelt and anointed his face with the water. For some minutes he remained, unseeing, within the chapel. But on being led forth into the sunlight, he cried out to his astonished companion that he could see. It was even so. His sight had been restored; and he returned to his village filled with gratitude to the Apostle who had shown compassion on a follower of the Prophet.

This and other tales had probably come to Maria's ears before she set out from Alaia on her weary journey. At Adana she took train for Mersina, which is over against Alexandretta, the new German port for the Baghdad railway; and at Mersina embarked for Larnaca in Cyprus. It was the week before the Orthodox Easter, and the ship was filled with Cypriots, labourers on the

railway, who were returning home to celebrate the feast, τὸ μεγάλο Πάσχα, with their families and friends. Among the deck passengers, silent and unobtrusive in the midst of their voluble fellow-travellers, were also two Turkish dervishes, with one of whom Maria fell into conversation. It transpired that they were bound for the same destination, and that the dervish and his companion were proceeding to Cyprus on business connected with the property of their *tekylè* or convent. It should, perhaps, be explained that in parts of the interior of Asia Minor the Greek peasants are almost wholly, and in some cases wholly, ignorant of Greek, and employ the Turkish language not only in everyday life, but even for the celebration of the liturgy in their churches. Hence Maria engaged more naturally in conversation with the Turkish-speaking member of a Moslem religious confraternity than with her Cypriot co-religionists. For some time they talked of the events of the voyage and of the unknown island, their objective, until a chance question from her companion moved Maria to tell him of her loss and marvelous vision, the cause of her journey to the distant shrine.

For awhile the dervish listened in silence, then, unable to control his agitation, asked her, almost roughly, if her son had had any distinguishing marks on his body.

"Yes," said Maria; "a mole on his chest and another on his shoulder."

On hearing this the Moslem opened his robe and showed the very marks Maria had described, while the woman first gazed dully, then leaned forward and touched them, as if unable to believe the evidence of her eyes. Her companion poured out a flood of explanations, unintelligible to any one but the mother, whose quick instinct had now been convinced of the truth which the bearded face and strange dress had concealed. With a cry she clasped him in her arms, and he, with a wild gesture, tore off his high brown bonnet of camel-hair, the head-dress of his Order, and flung it far into the sea.

Though stunned at first by the sudden joy of their reunion, the pair were soon able to talk connectedly. The son told the mother how, as he was going to the priest's village on the fateful day, he had been kidnapped by Turkish brigands, who had eventually disposed of him in Constantinople. There, after passing through various hands, he was instructed in the tenets of Islam, and educated as a dervish. He was never left alone, and was moved constantly from place to place, so that his childish memories had very nearly become effaced. He had forgotten his native village and the name of his parents, yet some strange and instinctive attraction had drawn him to his mother, whose story, with its details of events and places, reforged in a flash the missing links in the chain of memory which still bound him to his early

life. When Maria was calm, she turned to the passengers who had gathered around her, and, with the slow tears of age running down her wrinkled face, told them of the miracle which had restored her son after so many years. The Cypriot labourers, many of whom hailed from the Karpass, where the Apostle is regarded as the tutelary deity, raised shouts of rejoicing, and fell on their knees to praise the Saint for the sight which they had been privileged to witness. Willing hands helped the ex-dervish out of his dervish dress, and clothed him in the baggy blue trousers, loose shirt, and embroidered waistcoat worn by the Christian peasantry of Cyprus; the men contending for the honour of providing them from their scanty store. A collection was made for Panteli and his mother, who announced their intention of going together to return thanks at the shrine for their happiness; and thus, surrounded by their newly-made friends, and in an atmosphere of religious fervour, the two eagerly awaited their arrival at Larnaca.

Almost as soon as they had landed, news of the miracle spread like wildfire through Larnaca; and when Panteli had visited a barber for the removal of his beard, he and his mother were taken to the Bishop of Kition (the classical name of Larnaca), who, after satisfying himself as to the facts of the case, rebaptised the ex-dervish in his former name. And on the following day the pair set out for the

Ultima Thule of Cyprus, driving to Famagusta, the eastern port of the island, where they hired the donkeys which were to carry them over the last and most arduous stage of their journey. They passed the scanty remains of ancient Salamis, immortal in memories of five centuries before the landing of St Paul, and rested that night in a *khán* by the sea at the picturesque pass of Boghaz. The Orthodox Easter was approaching; and in the early dawn of Good Friday the patient Cypriot donkeys bore them into the Karpass, through a green and prosperous country where the shining crops were as yet uncut, and spring flowers made the air fragrant with their sweetness. From time to time they encountered groups of peasants homeward bound for the Holy Feast, and were called upon for their story, whose fame had already preceded them. In return they received the congratulations of the pious Karpasiti, men and women, who all their lives had depended on their well-loved Saint for healing and comfort. Towards evening they neared the crest of a long hill, topped by the red roofs of Leonarisso; and on arrival at the village were given shelter and a frugal meal of black bread and olives by the kindly village folk. Nothing else was available, for the Lenten fast would not end until Easter Sunday.

Night fell, its stillness broken by the clanging bell of the church, and together they went through the soft darkness to obey its summons to attend the

Requiem whereby Eastern Christians commemorate the night of Our Lord's Passion. It was a strange sight to Panteli, and he gazed, somewhat bewildered, about the crowded building. Heavy glass chandeliers, now ablaze with lights, were suspended from the vaulted roof. At the east end the iconostasis, heavily gilt, gleamed fitfully beneath swinging lamps. The central icon of a dying Christ gazed mournfully down upon the surging crowd. High up in semi-darkness at the western end of the church was the women's gallery, partly concealed by a grille, behind which the murmur of girlish voices mingled with the querulous cry of babes. By one of the doors was a tray full of yellow wax tapers, and every one, on entering, took one in return for a 10-para piece, the smallest coin of Cyprus. The ex-dervish, holding his lighted taper, looked reverently at the rose-covered bier containing an embroidered figure of the crucified Saviour, while around it a circle of priests in sombre Lenten vestments, rent and greasy with age, intoned a chant weirdly melancholy, a wailing intercession which was taken up by the congregation, who now, with bowed heads, crossed themselves, groaning mournfully. At intervals throughout the service a priest removed his high black bonnet, the *kalemavkion* of the Orthodox Church, and, prostrating himself, embraced the bier and sprinkled rose-water upon it. One by one, his companions did likewise, then, in a wave, the

congregation surged forward, Panteli and his mother being swept on with the rest. In pairs or singly the villagers advanced to give the kiss of peace, the little children sitting wide-eyed in their mothers' arms. The priests stood aside now, and their shaggy white hair, flowing on to their vestments, framed faces wrinkled with age and exposure in the fields, faces almost Jewish in type, which only Rembrandt could have painted. Two acolytes, one holding a smoking brazier, the other a bottle of rose-water, censed and sprinkled the worshippers, who dried their hands on their heads and faces and turned away to mingle again with the crowd. The church darkened as the tapers burned low. Clouds of incense, "strong, thick, stupefying," hung in the air; the feeling of indescribable solemnity increased. Panteli knelt beside the bier, while those nearest to him murmured prayers of thanksgiving; then, rising, and crossing himself, joined his mother and went out into the night.

Only two days now separated them from the shrine, which lies some fifteen miles, or five Cyprus miles, beyond Rhizo Karpass, the principal village of the peninsula. They rode towards Rhizo Karpass beneath a blue sky flecked with feathery clouds, and along paths bordered by anemones and cyclamen, and shadowed by silvery olives where flocks of goldfinches flashed from bough to bough. Rhizo Karpass is a garden village whose every

house stands within its own parcel of ground, and from the plateau on which it is built throws out a multitude of suburbs, green in spring-time with the glossy foliage of the mulberry. In the house of the Mukhtar, or village headman, they sought and found lodging, and, resting in the arched courtyard, watched a group of women who, at a *mankal*, or brazier, were cooking unleavened bread and biscuits, covered with sesame seeds, destined to accompany the Paschal lamb on the following day. A busy stir of preparation filled the village as the people made ready for the great feast. Up in the belfry of the church a boy was lighting the lamps for the Easter Eve service, and Maria and Panteli were soon wakened from the tired sleep into which they had fallen by the clashing of bells. The night was faintly luminous with the light of a few pale stars, and through the gloaming the dim shapes of those approaching the church were outlined against the bonfire which was burning outside it. Inside, the church was brilliantly lighted, and the floor was strewn with fresh branches of myrtle, the emblem of victory. An icon of the bleeding Christ, crudely and grimly realistic, hung over the table at which, with joke and laughter, the people were buying their tapers; and as they pushed their way forward, a child's laugh rang out shrilly, heralding a note of gladness. For the rigid Lent of the Orthodox Church was spent, the waiting and fasting all but accom-

plished; and in all simplicity the villagers exemplified the words of the Psalmist: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

The crowd swayed backwards and forwards, opening a passage to enable worshippers to approach the iconostasis; and now a young girl, now a village dandy or *palikari*, now a blooming matron, ascended the steps and reverently kissed each sacred picture. Little children, even babies in arms, were held up to press their tiny lips to the painted boards—boards incrustated with the dirt of ages, and depicting emaciated and unlovely saints in the unchanging Byzantine style. To these a contrast was afforded when a group of men approached slowly, supporting an old woman so bent and decrepit that she looked a living corpse. The rather large features, yellow and inexpressibly wrinkled, protruded from under a white sheet, and the slippers on her tremulous feet clattered beneath the loose Turkish trousers as she was lifted up the steps. Feebly she mouthed the icons, groping her way along; and it was so surely her last Easter that, when she disappeared, there remained behind her the chill shadow of death. A villager, holding two branched candlesticks above his head, emerged from behind the iconostasis, and was followed by a priest bearing an icon of Hagios Synesios, the patron saint of the church. Two acolytes, dressed in ragged cassocks of scarlet, brought up the rear, swinging censers, from which

the blue smoke curled slowly to the dome, filling the church with its penetrating smell. The little procession reached the end of the church and passed outside, followed by the congregation holding their tapers. It circled the building, while the priest chanted a hymn, and entered it again by another door, the people struggling at the narrow entrance. Then, with a few prayers, the service was ended, and the congregation straggled out into the grey light of the dawning Easter.

The pitiful bleat of lambs about to be slaughtered heralded the sunrise, and a confusion of sounds filled the village as the people forsook their homes to throng the streets. These presented a gay aspect. Over the door of every house there now hung the Easter garland of roses and wild flowers; every one was dressed in holiday attire. The old Cypriot dress has survived more completely in the Karpass than elsewhere in the island, and the men vied with the women in picturesqueness. The former wore high boots, baggy trousers of white or dark-blue Cypriot cotton, coarse and strong, double-breasted waistcoats fringed and embroidered, and astrachan caps set jauntily on the sides of their heads. The latter were resplendent in brilliantly coloured skirts, purposely cut short so that the white Turkish trousers should be seen beneath them, and in tightly laced bodices, while the more fortunate boasted of necklaces of Venetian ducats, relic

of the day when The Superb Republic held sway over Cyprus.

Maria and Panteli set out from Rhizo Karpass before noon; but, attracted by the sound of music, stopped for a few minutes to watch some men and women dancing before a rustic coffee-shop. Under a little arbour of vine-trees two fair and blue-eyed girls, dressed in scarlet and green, faced one another with downcast looks. Slowly, and as if half asleep, they began to move with shy, sidling steps and mincing movements of hands and arms, as the blind fiddler played a Cyprian melody, one of those plaintive *mélopées* in the Dorian mode, reiterant and monotonous, which seem to have no beginning and no end. Presently two young men sprang up to take the girls' places, rubbed the palms of their hands in the dust, and, throwing their arms above their heads, proceeded to dance with extraordinary lightness and abandon. They slapped their thighs, they punctuated the music with heavy stamps; and the vitality which was lacking in the girls' dance was here most noticeably present. From time to time a man would step out from the audience, and, licking a coin, plaster it on the blind musician's forehead; the musician played on unconcernedly, merely wrinkling his brow to allow the money to drop into his lap. Then, in a thin cracked voice, which admirably suited the accompaniment, he droned a native love-song in the Cypriot dialect.

Here is a rough translation :

For thine eyes' sake kind sleep forsakes
my bed ;

God is forgotten, and I cannot pray ;
Thy broken promise haunts my fevered
head,

That, lulled and dreaming, I should
rest away.

Clasped in thine arms, while flashing
eyes, jet black,

Gazing in mine, turn all my blood to
fire :

Have mercy on me, torn as on a rack,
By hopeless love and pitiless desire.

Around my throat each silken hair,
like cord,

Strangles the life which bubbles out
in pain.

And others, too, have felt the piercing
sword

Of golden glance, and died for thee,
in vain.

O happy mother, she who gave thee
birth !

Might it have been that thou in
heaven hadst stayed,

Nor come in loveliness and cruel mirth
To be my fond heart's tyrant, fickle
maid !

Our travellers now urged
their beasts forward, and the
word spread that the Christians
from Alaia were really going.
The fiddler rose, still playing
his instrument, and with the
audience accompanied them to
the outskirts of the village.
And as they passed through
the winding street, women ran
out of their houses with narrow
jars of rose-water and with
small earthenware bowls of
fragrant burning olive-leaves ;
they waved their hands over
the sacrificial smoke, and sub-
mitted gratefully to the bap-
tism of rose-water. For many
hours they followed a rough
track, the sea sounding more
clearly in their ears as the

promontory narrowed ; and
towards evening saw the cam-
panile of the monastery as
it caught the last gleams of
the setting sun. Skirting
old Hajji Oeconomou's lonely
grave, in a waste place over-
run by pigs and chickens,
and unfurnished with any
tombstone telling the dead
man's virtues, they entered the
ancient chapel and fell on their
knees before its rude altar.
Here we will leave them, weary
but grateful, and happy in
the fulfilment of their hearts'
desire.

And as to the truth of the
story we have told. It is not
our purpose, nor does it lie
within our power, to explain
or account for Maria's vision
and its marvellous accomplish-
ment. We are content to
assume that it was one of
those occurrences of miraculous
nature whose prevalence in the
Levant we have alluded to at
the outset of this narrative.
Our concern has been but to
relate the concrete facts of this
particular instance of such
happenings, as they are well
known throughout Cyprus ;
and of these there is ample
corroboration. By law, all
works published in the island
are registered by Government
and their titles set forth in the
official 'Cyprus Gazette' ; and
in the issue of that periodical
for the 17th of January 1913,
more than half a page of the
section devoted to the list of
works so published is taken up
with the titles of books and
pamphlets dealing with the
miracle of the ex-dervish of
Alaia.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

ENGLAND'S VIEW OF NAPOLEON—THE PAMPHLETS AND CARICATURES—THE TREACHERY OF THE RADICALS—BRITISH CURIOSITY—NAPOLEON'S VIEW OF ENGLAND—A MONUMENT TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—CHATHAM AT WASHINGTON—A NEW LIFE OF CERVANTES—THE EVIDENCE OF LEGAL DOCUMENTS.

It is an illuminating comment upon the British temperament that a grave work may be written and published which sets forth the views held concerning Napoleon by his contemporaries on our side the Channel.¹ We should have thought that only one view was possible. Only one view was possible elsewhere in Europe. When a man of genius is doing his best to place you beneath the heel of slavery, it seems natural that you should not stay to consider his talents, or to sketch for your own pleasure his intricate character. As Coleridge said with perfect truth, "a cold self-possession, a complete tranquillity" are out of place in matters of this great import. If a nation is to survive the stress of war, it should repay hate with hate; it should regard its adversary with the same serious distrust, the same fierce hostility with which that adversary watches its thought and policy. National existence is not a thing to be preserved by quick sympathies and unprejudiced criticism. There is no more comfort in surrender if it be made

to a man of genius than to one of baser clay. A wise householder who discovers a stranger working at his safe will resent the intrusion, even though the burglar be at the very top of his craft. And Napoleon to English eyes should have appeared a brutal disturber of the peace, whose skill in administration might not mitigate for an instant the savagery of his intentions. He at any rate contemplated us with a level eye. He hated but two things in his life: England and Mme. de Staël, and there were those in England who worshipped him as a hero.

Even Mr Maccunn, whose book is admirably supported by documents, is not free from the vice of impartiality. When Scott and Coleridge fall upon the enemy of their land with fury, he charges them inappositely with prejudice. He deplores the difficulty of an unbiassed view, even when he admits it. "It is too much to expect an impartial survey of Napoleon's qualities in an Englishman," says he, "when any moment he might be across the Channel with a hundred thousand men." In-

¹ The Contemporary English View of Napoleon. By F. J. Maccunn, B.A., B.Litt. London: J. Bell & Sons.

deed it is too much, and we think very ill of those among our countrymen who, blinded by Radicalism and dazzled by Napoleon's vast prestige, would have welcomed him amiably had he landed on our shores. Now Napoleon's attempt to subject all Europe to the dominion of France is unparalleled in modern history. It may be true, as Mr Maccunn says, that the attempt of Henry V. on the French crown was an unjustifiable outrage. At any rate, it was based upon a sincere belief and a loyal conviction. Napoleon, on the other hand, could plead no divine right; he discharged no hereditary duty when he essayed the conquest of Europe. He could not urge the one excuse of tradition, which might have justified his victories. He broke with the past from the very outset. He was not even a Frenchman, that he should force upon France the ambition of universal governance. He was a man of genius, with no other theory of life than ambition; and it was Great Britain's business not to praise his genius, but to do her best to see that it was successfully and irremediably foiled.

To attain this end all means were justified, and Mr Maccunn seems to lose his sense of proportion when he censures the coarseness and brutality of the pamphleteers and the makers of caricatures. It is true that Gillray was often clumsy and savage in attack. It is true also that the writers of leading

articles and pamphlets did not measure their periods by the standards of accuracy and good taste. But, in the moment of struggle, what Mr Maccunn calls the refined cartoons of our modern 'Punch' would have been wholly ineffective, and what was wanted was not "refinement" nor "elegance," but the rough obviousness which should keep alive the spirit of a rough and obvious people. That Gillray (among others) achieved this there is no doubt, and he is not the less entitled to our gratitude, because his politics are often confused, and because his humour does not conform to the rules of modern controversy. At any rate he is not malicious. When he wishes to hit he hits hard. He was not of those who, willing to wound, are yet afraid to strike. There was indeed a sound reason to encourage exaggeration and bitterness. The time had not come to understand Napoleon. It was our business to check his progress. And to check his progress it was necessary to sustain the spirit of the people in face of a characteristic treachery. For it is the Englishman's peculiar disgrace that he is always ready to comfort his country's enemies. When we were at war with France, there was Fox, with glib tongue and a ready insolence, to rejoice in the victories of the Republic. Nor was Fox the only traitor in our camp. Lord Grey never ceased to admire and to sympathise with Napoleon. The Radical party was so sternly

intent upon its silly little reforms that it preferred triennial parliaments and the majesty of the people before the safety of the Empire, forgetting in its passion the simple truth that if it opened the ports of England to the invading French, there would be no more talk of liberty and reform. With a hostile party at home, with eminent demagogues loud in support of the enemy, with the burden of defence laid upon the single back of Mr Pitt, it is not remarkable, it is even praiseworthy, that writers did not weigh their words, that draughtsmen did not check their rancour. Even after Waterloo, when the country breathed a sigh of relief, Hobhouse, and Knight, and Lord Holland deplored the fall of their hero.

At the very beginning the importance of Napoleon seemed to have been recognised. In 1789 the "Secret Committee" of England, which Mr Maccunn does not convict of prejudice, sent the following message to the French Directory: "We now only await with impatience to see the Hero of Italy and the brave veterans of the great nation. Myriads will hail their arrival with shouts of joy; they will soon finish the glorious campaign." The 'Anti-Jacobin' took another view of the situation, and is dubbed "virulent and prejudiced" for its pains. It saw clearly that the plunder of Great Britain, if conquered, would be used for the destruction of Northern Europe. "If

foiled," it asks with perfect reason and a clear prevision of the future, "can it be doubted that the Directory will immediately endeavour to indemnify themselves for the loss of the booty they had promised themselves by devoting the whole of Germany to the fate which they had prepared for Great Britain?"

After the peace of Amiens was signed another sentiment took possession of the usually apathetic English. The sentiment of curiosity consumed them. They flocked to Paris in their thousands to be received at the court of Napoleon, and happily they did not escape the censure of the just. "Men of such different views as Romilly and Lord Whitworth," writes Mr Maccunn, "united in condemning it. The latter early in 1803 speaks of the mischief done by 'some people here who disgrace the name and character of Englishmen' in encouraging Bonaparte to believe that the vigorous measures of the English Government are merely intended as a menace," while Romilly, more sweeping in condemnation, is "disgusted at the eagerness with which the English crowd to do homage at the new court of a usurper and a tyrant." Fox, of course, was among them, and it must have been a sore disappointment to him that his hero fell below the brilliant image formed in his mind. He found him to be no more than "a young man considerably intoxicated with success." Napoleon, like the diplomatist that he was,

laid himself out to be agreeable to the English sightseers, with indifferent success. Some found him suspicious, others discovered that he was unpopular. The disgrace was not that the travelling English should have framed reckless opinions. The disgrace was that they should have gone to gape at him at all. Wordsworth set forth the argument once and for always in a famous sonnet :

"Is it a reed that's shaken by the
wind,
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?
Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of
low degree,
Men known, and men unknown, sick,
lame, and blind,
Post forward all, like creatures of one
kind,
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend
the knee,
In France, before the new-born Majesty.
Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate
mind!
A seemly reverence may be paid to
power;
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown
In haste, nor springing with a transient
shower:
When truth, when sense, when liberty
were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an
hour?
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery
prone!"

There is the large utterance of a man, and it is characteristic of England's infatuation that she passed it idly by. The class which to-day we should call the "intellectuals" was ranged solidly on the side of the enemy. If they could, they would all have crossed the Channel to gaze upon the marvel of the world. If they could not, they sat at home and wove phrases in his honour.

Hazlitt, for instance, could see no spots upon the Napoleonic sun. Whatever the great man did was right in his eyes. He was eloquent in admiration even of the clause in Napoleon's will which left money to the miscreant who had attempted to murder Wellington. And Hazlitt was but the mouthpiece of hundreds of inarticulate Radicals who burned incense at the shrine of England's foe. It is consoling to reflect, on the other hand, that the Tories never wavered in their hostility. They did not mitigate their resistance because the Code Napoleon evoked their wonder. The decree of Moscow did not persuade them to connive at the destruction of their own country. Even Mr Maccunn, though he look with stern disapproval upon what he calls "prejudice," cannot but admire the spirit of the Tories. "There is something fine," says he, "in the fact that to the Tories Napoleon at Austerlitz and Napoleon at Erfurt was, equally with Napoleon at St Helena, nothing more than General Bonaparte." As we should suspect, Walter Scott took the sane view of the matter. He had no love of the man who threatened his country's peace, and whom Wordsworth aptly called "Robespierre on horseback." He thought as little of him as of his birth. "From a low isle his lowlier lineage came." The spirit of revolution, he believed, breathed in a *parvenu* Emperor. Here is the sketch of Napoleon's character quoted by Mr Maccunn from "Don Roderick":

"An iron crown his anxious forehead
 bore,
 And well such diadem his heart
 became;
 Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave
 o'er,
 Or checked his course for piety or
 shame;
 Who, trained a soldier, deemed a
 soldier's fame
 Might flourish in the wreath of battles
 won,
 Though neither truth nor honour decked
 his name;
 Who, placed by fortune on a Mon-
 arch's throne,
 Recked not of Monarch's faith or
 Mercy's kingly throne."

Scott took the view of Napoleon, which belonged naturally to those of his mind and temper. There is no surprise in his eloquent denunciation. Byron, on the other hand, wrote precisely what we should not have expected. The hatred which he professed of England, his passionate love of Jacobin principles, might easily have persuaded him to make a hero of Napoleon. There was a time when he backed him against the world. But after Waterloo he professed no sympathy whatever with the tyrant who had failed. He thought he should have fallen on the field of battle, a victim of the general ruin brought upon himself and his arms—

"'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
 And arm'd with Kings to strive—
 And now thou art a nameless thing
 So abject—yet alive!
 Is this the man of thousand thrones,
 Who strew'd our Earth with hostile
 bones,
 And can he thus survive?
 Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
 Nor man nor fiend hath fall'n so far."

Thus the poets were on the side of their country in the struggle

with Napoleon, nor recked of the golden age, which they thought the Revolution promised the world.

However, the striking truth is that, if the Tories and the poets upheld their country's honour, there was in England no unanimity. It was otherwise in France. No faction could be found in France, outside the small and impotent circle of the *émigrés*, to flout her policy and to belittle her victories. Napoleon himself was assuredly what Mr Maccunn would call a man of violent "prejudice." He did not care to tell the truth about England. He desired to arrive at a certain end by a certain road, and he was not to be deterred by any scruple of fairness. A true disciple of Machiavelli, he knew that it was his business to advance the power of France, not to illustrate a theory of morals, and he was wise enough to throw upon Great Britain all the discredit that he could. Mr Maccunn has told us what contemporary Englishmen thought of Napoleon. It is worth while to look upon the other side of the picture, and discover what Napoleon thought and said of Englishmen.

In writing of England Napoleon did not aim at accuracy. He was not upon oath. He was attempting neither a political exposition nor an essay in psychology. He deliberately set himself to prepare what he deemed a useful opinion, and he overlooked nothing that might contribute to his purpose. The impeach-

ment of Dundas, for instance, was far too good an opportunity to be lost. "Have a short pamphlet written," he writes in 1805 to the Minister of the Public Treasury, "on the affair Melville, to show up the immorality of Mr Pitt and the English Government. An incisive pamphlet will make it plain to all the world, and the immorality of the chiefs will not leave their credit unaffected." Napoleon knew well enough that Pitt was not immoral. There were few men for whom, when speaking at his ease, he expressed a higher respect. Had he had so wise and brave a Minister, he thought he would have escaped the final disaster of Waterloo. His friend Lord Grey took a less favourable view of Pitt, whose administration he placed far below that of "the mighty genius who, trusting to the resources of his own mind, restored life and energy to the Government." But Napoleon, intent upon manufacturing public opinion, was not misled into speaking his own mind. And who shall blame him? One day he assures his brother, the King of Holland, that the only policy of which the English are capable is to pillage the colonies of others. On another he bids his Minister of Foreign Affairs see to it that the British Embassies are closed in every capital of Europe. And never did he display his interested animosity more clearly than when the English were adding victory to victory in the Peninsula. "The

English," he writes to Fouché, "are abandoning the Spaniards in the most cowardly and shameful fashion. We are pursuing them with energy. . . . It appears that the English had sent for 10,000 horses that they might run away the faster. Insist that all this should be brought out in the newspapers. Have caricatures made, and songs, and popular carols (*noels*); have them translated into German and Italian, and send them broadcast over Italy and Germany." With the utmost frankness he suppresses all the news from England which might discourage the French, and his complete control of his own press enabled him to present the nation which he hated most bitterly in an unamiable light. He did not wait for a Gillray to inform his drawings with a brutal insolence. He ordered caricatures, as he ordered insulting articles, by the dozen, and in so doing acted, as he thought, for the good of his cause. He was at war with us, and believed that in war all means were fair. We have only admiration for his ceaseless vigilance and his untiring ingenuity. The man who boasted that he invented his famous system not to bring money to his treasury but to inflict an injury upon England, was not likely to test the truth of profitable statements. In other words, he was candidly "prejudiced." Nor can we reproach him for his candour. We would insist merely that the privilege of looking upon

the enemy with a hostile eye is not granted exclusively to the other side.

This habit of paying homage to those bent upon our destruction is not a virtue, since it proceeds from apathy or indifference. And it is ineradicable. Even at this moment a splendid example may be observed of the national folly. It is proposed to set up in the noble church of St Bartholomew the Great a monument to the honour and glory of Benjamin Franklin. If only subscribers are active and numerous, a tablet of marble or brass, breaking the solemnity of the dim-lit mysterious church, shall set forth the virtues of an American hero. The reason for this act of homage is not far to seek. Franklin in his youth worked for a printer, who carried on his trade in what once had been the Lady Chapel of the Augustinian Monastery, and which is to-day the Lady Chapel of the parish church. The link is undoubted. If we are to commemorate Franklin, by all means let his name be honoured at St Bartholomew's. But before we approach with our subscriptions, it is as well to consider whether after all Benjamin Franklin deserves to receive at England's hands this singular mark of distinction.

"Let us now praise famous men." It is a worthy sentiment and worthily indulged. Let us, at the same time, choose such men for our praise as have given their lives and their energies to the service of their country. It is no business of ours to exalt the fame of our

country's enemies. And surely England never knew a bitterer, more relentless foe than the printer who once was privileged to work under the shadow of St Bartholomew's. English by birth and breeding, Franklin warmly espoused the cause of those who were at war with his countrymen. Nor did he espouse it openly and fairly as did some others. He assumed for the men of his own blood a friendship which he did not feel. He was clever, insidious, cunning. As George III. said: "Hatred to this country was the constant object of his mind," and George III.'s shrewdness is above suspicion. It is not pleasant to contemplate the ascendancy which, for his own purpose, he acquired over the brain and heart of Chatham. History can show no more pitiable picture than that of the proud English Minister waiting humbly upon the leisure of Franklin, intent to deceive him. At the very moment that Quincy said he was "American in heart and soul," Franklin was telling Chatham that though he had travelled from one end of the country to another he had never heard "from any person drunk or sober the least expression of a wish for separation or a hint that such a thing would be advantageous to America." Wherever he went abroad he was received with the acclamations which were freely offered to England's enemies. His hatred of his own kind procured him a noisy welcome in Paris. When the terms of peace were signed in 1782, it was his amiable suggestion

that they should include the surrender of Canada; and it was not due to any generosity of his that the final scheme of surrender failed. That Franklin was a man of rare and conspicuous talent cannot be denied. That he served his adopted country with loyalty and devotion is obviously true. And for this very reason it seems inappropriate that his eulogy or his effigy should desecrate our noble English church.

The forbearance of England long ago became a legend. We seem to be naturally incapable of resentment. We cherish no rancour even against those who betray their native land. No sooner have we finished a fight than we want to applaud the courage of our foe. When Soult visited England, he was received with the wild enthusiasm which in those days was reserved for popular monarchs or the heroes of the Prize Ring. The curiosity of a British mob instantly converts a hardened foe into a rapturous friend. We accept the buffets of fortune without a murmur, and have lost the habit of protesting even against insult. A few months ago a memorial was unveiled at Bloemfontein to the women and children who died during the Boer War. "The designs," we are told, "roused at one time a certain amount of resentment among the British population of South Africa. It was thought that they were intended to reflect upon the treatment of Boer women and children. But the feeling seems

now to have died out almost entirely." There it is in a phrase: the feeling seems to have died out. We easily forget our own humanity. It escapes us that there still exists the Boers' own acknowledgment of our complacency. Rather than make a fuss, we are ready to accept the exaggerations of the other side. We should not protest if "hecatombs of babes" were cut large and deep upon the monument; and perhaps when Miss Hobhouse comes home we shall receive her with all the honour that belongs to a favourite of the Music Hall.

This lack of resentment looks at first sight like magnanimity. The formulæ are familiar. Life is a game, politics are a sport, and if our opponent wins in arms or diplomacy let us cheer his victory so long as breath remains in our body. Alas, our good-nature deceives itself and us. Our tolerance is based not upon magnanimity. We lack resentment because we lack energy. If others do us an injury the easiest way out is to murmur "it doesn't matter." But, indeed, it matters very gravely. An excess of good-humour comes near to idleness, if not to cowardice. And it is estimated by others at its proper worth. Our enemies despise our generosity, while they magnify our lethargy, and they will not give us our due meed of respect until they are convinced that we take neither injury nor insult, that we are as jealous of our honour as is the rest of the world.

The cause of our slackness can bring no balm of flattery to our souls. It is bred of an ancient and inordinate vanity. The foolish legend that one Englishman is as good as three Frenchmen has done its work of corruption. We feel all the superiority of untravelled ignorance. We are certain first of all that nobody could ever dare to insult us, and, secondly, that it doesn't matter if he does. And so we go through life ohurlishly amiable and magnanimously apathetic. We are more ready to praise an enemy than a friend. We cheerfully breed a race of cannibals ready to devour their own countrymen, and if a foe came upon us as great as was Napoleon, we should probably turn him into a national hero. It is a common superstition that Englishmen are serious. The country of fog appears to our neighbours to be the necessary inevitable home of gravity. And we are so little serious that we are ready to buckle to our hearts even those who betray their country. Is it any wonder, then, that patriotism dwindles in our midst? The love of country is best fostered by honouring the country's heroes, and we are asked to set up a monument to Benjamin Franklin, who was in all bitterness of heart the friend of our foe and the foe of our friend. To forgive an enemy is a divine command, which we should obey in all humility of spirit. There is no reason why we should commemorate that enemy in shining marble or in eternal bronze.

And to illustrate the proverb that one good turn deserves another, at the very moment when Franklin may be honoured in an English church, if only money be forthcoming, it is proposed to set up in Washington a statue of Chatham. Why this superfluous honour should be done to a patriotic statesman it is difficult to understand. Chatham was before all things a great Englishman. He was not tainted by the vice of cosmopolitanism. So long as reason was enthroned in his mind he did not love his neighbour better than himself. Had he died in 1760 he could have left behind him an unblemished name. There were some years in which his biography could be read only "in the history of the world." His confidence in himself equalled the loyalty and talent of the brave men whom he appointed to serve England. "I know that I can save this country," he said, "and that no one else can." He upheld the British supremacy all the world over. He broke the power of France in India as in Canada. His autocracy was justified and unchallenged. He had a genius for putting the right man in the right place. He promoted Wolfe fearlessly over a hundred heads, and if he took counsel with himself alone the event defended him against adverse criticism. "If I see a child driving a go-cart close to the edge of a precipice," he said, "with the precious freight of an old king and his family, I am bound to take the reins out

of his hands." It is no wonder that, in response to such a sentiment expressed in such an image, the English people gladly entrusted Chatham with the supreme power.

But the Chatham who listened to the cajolery of Franklin was not the Pitt who had prepared the victory of Quebec. In the interval his will had weakened, a cloud of depression had settled upon his brain. He wavered hither and thither, or shut himself up in a moody retirement. His dealing with America reflects no glory either upon him or upon the Americans. When he rejoiced that "America had resisted," he was no longer the man who had sent Wolfe across the seas; he was an unhappy changeling, the sport of itinerant demagogues, the child of his own metaphor, who was driving the go-cart too near the edge of the precipice. Yet even he pierced the clouds of darkness which enveloped him when the Americans accepted the alliance of France. His last words were spoken in a bitter defiance. "My lords," said he with his dying breath, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most able monarchy. . . . If we must fall, let us fall like men." Such a hero as Chatham needs not "the labours of an age in piled stones." Least of all does he need it in Washington, the political capital of the country to whose discomfiture, had he lived, he would have devoted

all the courage and energy which were his.

Clearly, then, each country will be wise to do honour to its own rulers and statesmen alone. In the domain of international rivalry we cannot be too rigidly exclusive. There are heroes of another kind, who justly deserve and justly win the applause of all the world. The great writers know no other boundary for their fame but the boundary of speech, and this boundary may be easily levelled by the skilful translator. Thus while we grudge a tribute paid in England to Benjamin Franklin, or in America to Chatham, Spain and England will look with equal approval upon Professor Fitzmaurice Kelly's 'Life of Cervantes' (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press). Professor Fitzmaurice Kelly has long been renowned as one who writes with the highest authority upon Cervantes and his works. He has written his life; he had edited his works in Spanish and English. To him we owe an unimpeachable text of 'Don Quixote.' And if he has returned to his ancient studies, it is on account of the discovery of no less than fifty-six contemporary documents, brought to light by the patient research of the late Cristóbal Pérez Pastor. What would we not give if what has been done for Cervantes had been done for our Shakespeare! Fifty-six documents cannot but tell us a vast deal that we did not know before, even though they be the

documents of a lawyer's office. This, then, is Professor Fitzmaurice Kelly's aim: to reconsider or amend the life of Cervantes in the light of Pérez Pastor's discoveries. He has carried out the work which he set out to do with a business-like decision. He has wasted no time in praise or blame. He has written of Cervantes in the stern spirit of research, as though he had been a merely indigent householder and not a man of genius. The device found by Leslie Stephen for his Dictionary of National Biography might well stand as an epigraph for this scholarly work: "No Flowers."

Whatever touches the life of a great man deserves to be recorded with care and solemnity. The mere mention of Cervantes can never be indifferent to us. But one reservation is always necessary. Legal documents are inevitably partial in what they reveal and what they withhold. They are the very reverse of the sundial, which marks only happy hours. They are commonly a register of dark days and of a troubled life. The man who has no dealings with lawyers is as highly favoured of fortune as the country is said to be which has no history. And when we begin to construct the biography of a great man from the dealings which he has with gentlemen of the long robe, we are apt to look only upon the obscurer side of his career. We forget the joy of literary composition and the triumph of success; we forget the cloudless days

spent in contemplation and companionship. And especially are men of letters apt to cut a sorry figure in the archives. It is, we suppose, by some unobserved law of compensation that those who give pleasure to others must suffer themselves the pangs of disappointment and poverty. Cervantes drank to the dregs the cup that is commonly set to the lips of genius. Of him every word in Johnson's lines are true:

"There mark what ills the scholar's
life assail,—

Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the
jail."

As we read the bare enumeration of Cervantes' troubles, we recognise that Johnson's lines might have been written for him. He spent his life in toil, for the most part unworthy of him. The writing of his books was but a series of splendid intervals. That such a man should squander his energies in the purchase of corn is pitiable enough. It is a yet deeper cause of pity that he should have confused his accounts, and been held responsible by a harsh Government. He whose noble temperament knew no malice was envied by such a miscreant as Avellaneda, who not only forged a Second Part of 'Don Quixote,' but assailed its author in a piece of violent and ruthless scurrility. Cervantes, no doubt, would have been more wisely inspired had he left the rascal alone. But as Professor Fitzmaurice Kelly rightly says, "No one, however urbane, likes being fleeced and flouted. No author, however meek and lowly in heart,

enjoys being told that he cackles; that his attitude to his readers is aggressive and bumptious; that his tongue wags more freely than the one hand that fate has left him; that, though a soldier old in years, he is but a fop in airs and graces; . . . that his best book was written in a dungeon; and that it bears the convict brand upon it, inasmuch as it has the growling, snarling, fretful, and splenetic tone characteristic of jail-birds." That all this is untrue was not to the purpose. It was devised to wound, and Cervantes, like the gallant gentleman that he was, properly resented it.

If Cervantes suffered from toil and envy, it was largely because want was his constant companion. Rich in genius, he was poor in all else. Whatever seems squalid in his career comes from poverty, and poverty alone. Had he been the master of wealth he would not have been involved in the cunning schemes of his designing, avaricious daughter—schemes which do her infinite discredit, but which need not involve him,

the victim, in disgrace. And as to jails, he had far too intimate an acquaintance with them in Africa and in Spain for his own comfort, even though he did compose his masterpiece under the free air of heaven. Nor was he happy even in his patron, for the Conde de Lemos seems to have forgotten, like many others of his kind, that the supreme qualification of the patron is generosity. Yet out of Cervantes' misery there came a vast happiness to the world, and while the scholars of England and Spain continue to do him honour by uncovering all the secrets of his life, his mere readers will gladly forgive whatever indiscretions may be charged upon him. For them he is the author of 'Don Quixote,' and that is enough. Yet no consideration can lessen the debt of gratitude which we owe to Professor Fitzmaurice Kelly. He has done what he set out to do with perfect lucidity and restraint. It is not his fault that his book is far nearer to a *dossier* than to a *Life*.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

HAVILDAR BUR SINGH—PENSIONER.

SALAAM, SAHIB. It is many years now since I have seen one of my own Sahibs from the old regiment, and I am greatly pleased that by the favour of God your Highness has now visited my village.

Your Honour wishes to hear about the old days when the regiment was on the Koh-i-Suliman, under the command of Crawford Sahib Bahadur. Ohé! Sham Singh, bring out a charpoy for the Sahib, and place it in the shade of yonder pipal, so that the Sahib may sit at his ease whilst we talk of the regiment and old times. Take also the Sahib's horse, and give him to eat and to drink.

It is true, Sahib, Sham Singh grows to be a fine youth, and in a year or two he will be fit for service with the regiment. Without doubt, he will of necessity serve the Sirkar, even as I, Bur Singh, did till I earned my pension, and came back to my father's fields.

But you would hear, Sahib, about the Koh-i-Suliman, and the days when the Ghilzais swarmed over the hillside, when they burned Haripur, and Havildar Ishar Singh, ah! but he was a bahadur—and the men who were with him perished in the flames. We watched that, Sahib, from the

walls of Killa Akbar, and rage ate into our hearts, and we swore on the 'Grunth,'¹ Sahib, we would take heavy payment for their deaths; though in very truth Ishar Singh and the men of the 60th Sikhs took, each one, their ten lives apiece before the end came. It was then that my own brother, Sunder Singh, died, and if the Heaven-born be not wearied I will make plain that tale later, and the story of my lost vengeance.

Your Highness was not with the regiment at that time, for it comes back to my recollection that your Honour joined at Khanpur some few days after the black day of Shal Ditta, when Crawford Sahib Bahadur and Browning Sahib, who was at that time the Adjutant Sahib, died fighting. That was a day of much sorrow, as the Presence knows. But, without doubt, as your Honour says, it is not of that day you would hear, but of the days before, when the regiment was alone on the Koh-i-Suliman. No, the whole regiment was not there, for we had a depot at Jalala, and detachments in other places, such as Thana, by which road we used to signal to Sangistan, after Haripur was burned. Does the Heaven-born know the Koh-i-Suliman ridge? how it rises

¹ The Holy Book of the Sikhs.

steeply out of the plain near Bad-khela, between the Khost nullah on the north and the Sarda river on the south? Your Highness came up to the Koh-i-Suliman with the regiment which relieved us, when we went on down to Khawaspur under General Elliott Sahib Bahadur. That is a good word, for then, doubtless, the Presence knows the little posts of Moorcha and Hartop which stood on the spurs below Killa Akbar.

It happened that it came to be my turn for duty at Moorcha, and I had command of a detachment of twenty-five men. By day we had no trouble, for we could see a long distance, and the enemy were unable to approach unseen, whilst in my section I had many good shots, and all were "bara bahadurs," so that in truth the Ghilzais feared us and would not come near.

By night, however, it was a different word, and very difficult, for the sons of Shaitan would creep near the wall, hidden by the darkness, and they shot at our sentries, also shouting abuse and much evil talk, for the Presence knows well that the Pathan has no love for the men of the Khalsa. Thus we got no rest. Often, too, we would hear the enemy moving at the foot of the wall, and the jowans,¹ by my order, would fire volleys into the darkness, but though without doubt we killed many, their

brothers would remove the bodies of those slain before the morning. It happened also that all this shooting used to give the alarm at Killa Akbar, which, as your Honour knows, was less than half a kos² distant. Then the garrison there also had to fall in on their alarm posts, so that there was never a night that the sepoys could sleep in their beds without being disturbed. For this reason the Colonel Sahib was very angry, and it was in his mind that we wasted much ammunition without cause, so that one morning he sent for me at the orderly-room. Being much displeased, he would not listen to me when I said that without doubt we had killed many of these budmashes, but told me that I was senseless, and that doubtless I was shooting at nothing but stones and shadows. Further, he said that he would try me by court-martial and break me, if I again disturbed the night without cause.

For this reason I returned to Moorcha much disturbed and ill at ease, for your Highness knows that Crawford Sahib always did as he said; besides, there was much shame in my heart that the Colonel Sahib, who was without fear himself, should think that I, Bur Singh, was frightened of shadows. And much indeed I considered how I could give him proof that it was not stones or ghosts we shot at.

¹ Youths.

² Kos=a distance varying from one mile to three miles. Strictly speaking, it means the latter.

The jowans also of my detachment had much shame, as they feared the laughter of the men of the regiment when they returned to Killa Akbar. So we talked much together about the matter, but were unable to arrive at a plan.

By chance that night again the enemy came below the walls, and they called us pigs and unclean, besides many more evil words; and we, growing angry, could no longer stop ourselves from shooting, for indeed our faces burned and were blackened by the evil talk they shouted at us. And it happened after we fired that by the favour of the Sri Guru we heard one man call out, "Ai, Sher Ali Khan, aid me. I am hit." Then by the kindness of God a plan came to me, so that I might show the Colonel Sahib I had told nothing but true words; and calling two of my "bhaibunds,"¹ Bir Singh and Attar Singh, we dropped silently from the parapet, and after listening for a short while we heard near by groans as of a man badly hurt. From this sound we came upon him lying near the wall, and he being a Pathan, and therefore of no account, I ordered Bir Singh to fix his bayonet and make our faces clean of the shame that these evil speakers had put on us that night.

It is a true word, your Highness, he was badly wounded; but what did that matter? Was he not a Pathan? The

Presence wonders that I should order a wounded and defenceless man to be slain? That is the custom of the English, Sahib, who strike with one hand and raise up with the other, burn villages and destroy the crops, and yet buy grain and fodder from the country people at such a price that these have profit from the war. But we, who know the Pathan, and whose fathers have known him for generations, know well that all Pathans are without honour and shameless; for has not their want of faith passed into a proverb in the Punjab? And we know this too, Sahib, that every Pathan is as harmful as the karait,² unless he is dead; besides, was not this man the enemy of the Sirkar, in whose service we were?

With minds therefore at ease we carried the body into the fort and placed it on the guard-room floor. I was much pleased, for, by your Honour's favour, the plan which God had put into my mind was this, that I would send the corpse up to the Colonel Sahib the next morning, and let him know with my salaams that I, Bur Singh, had not been wasting the ammunition of the Sirkar nor shooting at stones or shadows. Thus we had peace, and slept till morning; and as was in my mind even so I did, so that later the Colonel Sahib, having sent for me, told me that I had done what was right.

¹ Brothers in friendship, as opposed to "sakha bhai," brothers by blood.

² A very deadly snake.

The Presence asks if the Colonel Sahib had been angry the night before when he had heard the shooting? In very truth I was told that he was much displeased, and had made an oath that he would show me that his threat was not empty words and without meaning; and sending for the Adjutant Sahib, he had given an order and said, "Place Bur Singh under arrest when morning comes and bring him before me, for without doubt I will reduce him to the ranks." When, however, my jowans arrived at the gate of the fort, bearing with them the dead body, and repeated to him my message, he burst forth into loud laughter, and the fire of his anger was completely extinguished.

It was but a few days later, Sahib, that the regiment received the order to march to Khawaspur, which, as your Honour knows, lies in the valley at the foot of the Marghalla Pass, by which road we entered into Kohistan. Without doubt, as the Presence says, that was after the taking of Dakka, in which the "Gogra Pultan"¹ gained much honour, though it is a true word that the men of the Khalsa gave great help; for my uncle's son, who had service in the 5th Sikh Regiment, has told me that their Sikh companies joined in the rush and mingled with the "Gogra Pultan" and the Gurkhas as

they climbed the steep footpath which leads up to the village of Dakka. We watched that fight, Sahib, from the Takht-i-Suliman, the high hill which rises at the end of the ridge beyond Sangistan, and we doubtless gave much assistance, for we fired volleys at long ranges on to the Afridis who were on the farther side of the valley. Before the last attack was made the mule batteries on the Amandara Kotal, which, as the Heaven-born knows, is in the valley which lies between the Takht-i-Suliman and the Sufed Suk, which is above Dakka, spoke for a long time to the enemy, and we could see their shells bursting on the ridge.

It was a great fight, Sahib, but it was not of this that it was in my mind to tell the Presence, but rather of how a Sahib robbed me of my vengeance for my brother's death at Haripur. Sunder Singh was younger than I, Highness, and after the General Sahib had come from Bad-khela with his brigade and we had driven the Ghilzai lashkars² from the Koh-i-Suliman, I found his body lying under the stones of Haripur. Sahib, his death was not from his wounds, but from the flames, and I swore by the "Durbar Sahib,"³ the holy place at Amritsar, that I would have payment in full from these pigs of Pathans.

As the Presence doubtless

¹ A term used by the Punjab sepoy for a Highland regiment.

² Lit., armies.

³ The Golden Temple, one of the most sacred spots in the Sikh religion.

knows, we halted for some days at Khawaspur, and the Pathan people would come by night and shoot into the camp, wounding and killing many. For this reason the batteries would shoot "ishtar shell,"¹ which cast a bright light over the hillside, making for a time the night as bright as day, and by this light we used to shoot at the enemy. Often also the scouts of the Gurkhas, who themselves come from a country of hills, crept out at nightfall "chup chap"² with their kukries, and lying on the hills waited for these budmashes who troubled our rest. Thus it happened that by chance one night, after the battery had opened fire, we saw a band of men on the hillside, and at them we shot, but darkness covered the hill before we could be sure whether any fell, nor could we see the men again, though the battery fired many more shell over the same place. Later we heard that a Sahib of the Gurkhas had gone out with his jowans, and was creeping silently towards a hill whence there had been much shooting, hoping to take the enemy by surprise, and that our bullets had fallen thick on the hillside all around him and his men. Was he hurt? No, Sahib. By the favour of God both he and his men escaped, but it is in my mind that he was ill-pleased. There was a rumour in the camp that the Sahib's own brother was in command of the battery

which showed him to us, but I know not if this is a true word.

But the Presence asks what has this to do with the tale of my lost vengeance? I grow old, Sahib, and the old always talk much, but if your Highness will forgive and are not wearied, I will make the matter plain.

It chanced one evening at Khawaspur that I was on picquet duty on a hill about half a mile from the camp, and, as I have already told the Sahib, these sons of dogs used to creep about the picquets and sangars of the camp, seeking to do damage. As we lay in our post the sentry called softly to me, and going over to him I heard something moving in the darkness just below our sangar. I caused the picquet to fall in very quietly, and after a short while I heard the sound again. We fired at it—there was a noise as of a heavy fall, and after that all became silent, nor were we further troubled that night. But when the day came we saw a Pathan lying in a cleft of a rock. He was so still that I thought he was dead, but, calling three or four men, I left the picquet and went towards him. We found the pig still lived, so, taking from him his weapons, we bound him hand and foot and carried him inside the sangar. For it was in my mind that he should die even in the same manner that my brother Sunder Singh had

¹ Star shell.

² Silently, or by stealth. Used here to mean very secretly.

died. But I was not willing that he should be senseless when we placed him on the fire. I therefore ordered that he should be given to drink, and whilst we waited for his senses to return, the men of the picquet collected much brushwood and piled it up in one place. Then finding that his mind had come back, and placing him so that he might see, I ordered a light to be set to the brushwood, and as the fire burned up I made my heart plain to this son of Hell, and caused him to understand by what road I would send him back to his own place. Then when all was ready and we were about to place him in the flames, it happened that the General Sahib with his brigade-major arrived at my picquet, and the General Sahib, seeing the prisoner, gave an order he should be taken under an escort to the quarter-guard of

the regiment. Thus was I robbed, Sahib.

The Presence must be going? Ohé! Sham Singh, bring the Sahib's horse. This has been a fortunate day for me, Heaven-born, that I have again seen one of my own Sahibs. Give my salaams to the Colonel Sahib and the other sahib-log, and speak a Fateh¹ to the regiment. If your Honour will grant me permission, I have a small petition. I have leave to speak? The Sahib is my father and my mother; I have heard that land is soon to be given on the new Jhelum canal. Will your Honour cause my name to be written down that I may have a square granted to me? It is your Honour's kindness. May God make your Highness a Lord Sahib. Salaam, Hazoor. "Wah Guruji ka Khalsa, Sri wah Guruji ke Fateh."²

E. F. KNOX.

TWO SONGS FROM THE KHOWAR.

Khovar is the language of Chitral. It has no written literature, and these songs were taken down from the lips of the singers. The Khovar

text with a literal translation may be found in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, 1908, vol. iv., No. 7, N.S.

I. A SONG OF WAR.

The events to which this song refers took place in 1895. In that year Sir George Robert-

son, the Political Agent in Chitral, was besieged in Chitral Fort by a force of Chitralis,

¹ A form of Sikh salutation. See translation at end.

² Sikh war-cry or salutation—lit., "The Brotherhood of the Guru, the Victory of the Divine Guru."

whom the author of the song represents as the National party. They were headed by Sher Afzal Khan, a claimant for the vacant throne of Chitral. With Sir George Robertson in the fort were one or two prominent Chitralis, against whom the besiegers were naturally extremely bitter, regarding them as traitors to the national cause. Hence the reference in the second stanza.

Sher Afzal's most active lieutenant was his foster-brother, Muhammad (pronounced Muh'mad) Isa, in whose honour the song was composed. It was he who took Lieutenants Fowler and Edwards prisoner, by treachery, at Reshun, and put their handful of Kashmir troops to the sword. It was under his leadership that the two companies of Sikhs, under the command of Captain Ross, which were hastening from Mastuj to the relief of Reshun, were caught in the defile between Karak and Gudār, near Korāgh village, and driven to take shelter in a cave by the river bank. In the endeavour to extricate themselves, Cap-

tain Ross and many of his men were killed. A few men under Lieutenant Jones succeeded in cutting their way back to Mastuj. But the bulk of the Sikhs, after the death of Captain Ross, returned to the cave, where, without food or water, they held out for several days. Being then reduced to utter exhaustion, they surrendered on condition that their lives were spared. The agreement was no sooner made than broken. The Sikhs were all put to death, some of them, it is said, by torture. I have good reason for believing that this song was first sung at the feast which brought the proceedings to a close.

It may be noted that the bard seems to recognise no difference between Sikhs and Englishmen. They are simply classed together as infidels, and all apparently supposed to come from London, which no doubt the singer believed to be in India.

The reference in the fourth stanza seems to be to events at Reshun, and the remainder of the song deals with the destruction of the Sikhs in the Karak defile.

Infidel, the fight hath rolled
 From Karak to Gudār away;
 Our chieftain's noble foster-twin
 Shall finish what our swords begin,
 And drive thee headlong far away.

*Infidel, gaunt, wolfish, grim,
 Of monstrous hat with sieve-like brim,
 Now shall I hew thee limb from limb
 And make thee rue the fate or whim
 That brought thee here from London!*

Robertson in Chitral is pent,
Pent is the traitor by his side
Now Muh'mad Isa lend thine aid
Till treachery hath been repaid
And I the widow's couch bestride!

Infidel, gaunt, wolfish, grim, &c.

Where are his vaunted goods and gear,
Who still from us would plunder?
Shame on him, can they save him now?
His men are scattered—blow on blow
His corse is hewn asunder.

Infidel, gaunt, wolfish, grim, &c.

With guile our leader's net was spread,
With guile his prey was ta'en.
Can Mastuj stand before his wrath
Who carved himself a levelled path
O'er Maimana's purpled plain?

Infidel, gaunt, wolfish, grim, &c.

In Karak's cliff there gapes a cave—
Hide thee, infidel, ah! hide.
At its mouth the raging flood,
All around 'tis raining blood—
Death awaits thee close outside.

Infidel, gaunt, wolfish, grim, &c.

Infidel, come forth, come forth,
See thy warriors stricken fall—
See the rocks upon them rolled,
See the jackal come to hold
O'er their bones his carnival.

Infidel, gaunt, wolfish, grim, &c.

Infidel, come forth and fight,
Fight till thou or I be flung;
And a haft for a spade
Of thy bones shall be made,
For a spade to shovel dung.

Infidel, gaunt, wolfish, grim, &c.

Hear their wondrous rifles roar,
Hear their bullets strike our walls,
Hear them ricochet again—
Yet infidels in heaps lie slain,
Of us Masār only falls.

Infidel, gaunt, wolfish, grim, &c.

Driven by thy Gurkhas oft
 Have I borne a weary pack;
 This day brings the dawn of hope,
 And down by cliff and shaly slope
 Leaps the burden from my back.
Infidel, gaunt, wolfish, grim, &c.

Infidel, come forth, come forth,
 Seat thee on these sun-warmed sands;
 See the winds toss to and fro
 The papers that ye treasure so—
 And write the story on thy hands!

*Infidel, gaunt, wolfish, grim,
 Of monstrous hat with sieve-like brim,
 Now shall I hew thee limb from limb
 And make thee rue the fate or whim
 That brought thee here from London!*

II. A SONG OF LOVE.

The singer is conceived as seated on the cliffs above the village of Reshun, whence he can see both Reshun and Shu-girām, a village opposite Reshun across the river. The point of the refrain is the alleged antithesis between the monotony of the beauties of nature and the ever fresh charms of womankind. An attempt has been made to reproduce in the English the effect achieved by the very elegant metre of the original.

From the cliff's brow I see
 The fields and homesteads of Reshun fair—gleaming;
 Comes no variety
 In fields and homesteads weariness redeeming.

*But dainty a maiden's every word
 And her teeth like pearls a-row,
 And ever dainty her luscious lips,
 Dainty the laughter that from them slips,
 As she keeps what she'd fain bestow.*

On thee I gaze, on thee;
 My heart thou piercest, then, thine own glance turning,
 Courtest mine enemy—
 How long, how long for thee must I be burning?
But dainty a maiden's every word, &c.

In Shugirām two days—
Come back to Reshun. Who is there to blame thee?
Roses in flower a-blaze
Offer a crown to thee. Can roses shame thee?
But dainty a maiden's every word, &c.

To me the shepherds cry,
"Ah, madman," calling, "whither rovest, whither?"
"Pilgrim of Love am I,
And seek my nightingale hither and thither."
But dainty a maiden's every word, &c.

In Afghan countries now,
And now to Badakshan am I removed.
Peace, peace, thou cawing crow,
Vex not my fretful soul in quest of my beloved.

*But dainty a maiden's every word
And her teeth like pearls a-row,
And ever dainty her luscious lips,
Dainty the laughter that from them slips,
As she keeps what she'd fain bestow.*

EVELYN HOWELL.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION.

THE new Session of Parliament is dominated by one question only—the question of Home Rule. Notwithstanding the apathy of the country, notwithstanding the attempt of the Government to confuse the public mind with falsehoods about the land, it is the fate of Ulster which engrosses the minds of those who have any care for their country and their Empire. Even before the meeting of Parliament it was clear that Ireland would absorb all the interest and energy of both Houses. Plans and pamphlets were showered upon us in profusion. The ingenuity of wise and patriotic citizens was devoted to finding a way out. Sir Horace Plunkett, who has done more to benefit Ireland in the last twenty years than any other Irishman, was ready with a scheme whose fatal objection was that it was clearly unacceptable. Mr F. S. Oliver, the prophet of Federalism, came forth with a pamphlet to explain to an expectant world what Federalism is NOT.¹ But even in the moment of supporting with eloquence and sincerity the cause of Federalism, Mr Oliver is forced to advocate, as a temporary makeshift, the exclusion of Ulster. He is fully alive to the objections, in our view insuperable, which lie in the path of exclusion. He sees that from a Nationalist point of view the segregation of Ulster, and the

other proposals for special vetoes, for over-representation, or for fancy provisos, would defeat the ideal of unity and peace. And if the Nationalists would reject this special treatment of Ulster, it appears to Unionists in a still uglier light. “It is,” in Mr Oliver’s words, “a very futile contrivance, which will not diminish by one iota the dangers with which the Home Rule Bill threatens the men of these islands, while it will leave the minority in Munster, Leinster, and Connaught in a position of far greater danger.” And then, having exposed all the risks in which exclusion would involve us, he insists that Ulster should be allowed to remain outside, as a step to the federal system, “until the whole of the constitutional change is carried through.” He thinks that it would have a good effect in putting the rest of Ireland on its metal. “If Ulster remains outside,” he writes, “awaiting incorporation when the federal system is complete, the aim and object of the Dublin Government and Parliament will be to win the respect and confidence of Ulstermen by affording, in the meanwhile, a spectacle of just and considerate administration. Unless the Nationalist statesmen are bent on discrediting their own institutions and defeating their dearest hopes, they will be ever on the watch to prevent Tammany rule, job-

¹ What Federalism is *Not*. By F. S. Oliver. London: John Murray.

bery, religious exclusion and oppression, and indeed all those other evils which at present appeal to the Unionist imagination." It looks very well on paper. If government were a pretty game of skill, which did not affect the lives of men and women, Mr Oliver's scheme might be practicable. But we do not live in a vacuum, and this half-way house to federalism would be too ingenious to be made a public trial of, even if it satisfied the mandate, which the Unionists justly expect to be respected by the other side.

While the preliminary discussions have led to no clear and definite purpose, the conduct of the Government on the meeting of Parliament still further obscured the issue. Only one thing is certain: the Home Rule Bill as it stands at present will never become an Act. Mr Asquith and his friends have changed their tone. There is no more foolish talk of bluff and bluster and wooden guns. The men who would not bend to argument have shrunk before the certain prospect of 100,000 men in arms. The King's Speech contained one paragraph which is almost without precedent. These are the words that are put in the mouth of the King: "I regret that the efforts which have been made to arrive at a solution by agreement of the problems connected with the government of Ireland have so far not succeeded. In a matter in which the hopes and fears of so many of My subjects are keenly concerned, and which, unless handled

with foresight, judgment, and in the spirit of mutual concession, threatens grave future difficulties, it is My most earnest wish that the goodwill and co-operation of men of all parties and creeds may heal dissension and lay the foundations of a lasting settlement." If for the moment we accept the King's Speech as an expression of his personal view, if we look upon the King as intervening wisely from a high place above the clash of politics in a national crisis, the declaration is of very serious import. We must take it as it stands in all respect and without criticism. But when we remember that the King's Speech is composed by the Cabinet, we have a right to examine its statements rather more closely. We shall then discover that we are listening to an appeal for pity, an appeal addressed to us by men who have deliberately and for their own purposes created the grave difficulties which threaten us. We do not suppose for one moment that Home Rule for Ireland is a matter of principle for which Mr Asquith and his friends would go to the stake. They took it up because without Mr Redmond and his dollar-fed companions they could not continue to hold office. The dissensions which appal them and us are not created by any natural force. They were impossible in 1907, for instance, when there was an independent majority of Radicals. And it is a little late to plead for goodwill and co-operation after years of autocratic and unscrupulous government.

The truth is that good will and co-operation are impossible with the men who passed the Parliament Act. Brief as is the world's memory of politics, that piece of duplicity cannot yet be forgotten or condoned. The politicians who destroyed our Constitution that they might obey the behests of eighty necessary supporters, are no longer entitled to the trust and confidence of their opponents. We cannot believe them, even though they come to us with stories on their lips of healed dissensions and lasting settlements. There is only one method by which Mr Asquith can undo what he has wantonly done, and which to-day he does not underrate, and that is the frank and instant withdrawal of his Bill. He will not do this, and therefore he must be fought as zealously as possible with all the arms that are left in the hands of a strong and united Opposition.

The speech which Mr Asquith addressed to the House was strangely at variance with the solemn words which were read from the Throne. It was clever and adroit, the closely reasoned argument of an advocate who knew his case was bad, and so was intent upon the creation of prejudice. Mr Asquith did not address himself to the real question at all. He played the electioneering hero, which we all know, without variation. Civil war is threatened by Ulster, and Mr Asquith settles down to discuss, for the fortieth time, what he and others said at the election of 1910. The

Tories, apparently fearing a trick, warned the country that the Radicals meant to pass Home Rule, which they did not mention in their addresses, under the provisions of the Parliament Act. Therefore, says Mr Asquith, our mandate is clear. Even if the argument were sound, it would be irrelevant. But it is not sound, and there is no wonder that Sir Edward Carson interjected, "I think you are trifling." However, in this tangle of irrelevancies two things emerged. Firstly, that Mr Asquith had at last come to the conclusion that the duty of initiating changes in the Bill was laid upon the Government; and secondly, that the secret of these changes would be kept in the dark mind of Mr Asquith for some six weeks.

In other words, Mr Asquith is still constant to his ancient policy of "wait and see." Though his tone is not arrogant as of yore, his resolution to hide his meaning is as firm as ever. It matters not that Ulster is armed, that her men are held back only by the strong hand of Sir Edward Carson, Mr Asquith has no other counsel to offer than the counsel of delay. "Wait and see," says he, with wearisome iteration. And there is, we believe, no reason why Mr Asquith holds back his intention except that he knows not what it is. He has not the freedom to make up his mind. His tenure of office depends entirely upon Mr Redmond, and he is asked not to discover what he believes to be best for Ireland, but what

terms Mr Redmond is likely to accept. Were he to speak now, he would surely alienate Mr Redmond or exasperate Ulster. If he speaks in six weeks, he has at any rate gained so much time, and put off a little longer the inevitable breach.

The debate concerning Home Rule in the House of Commons revealed very plainly that one quality only is supreme in controversy — sincerity. Mr Asquith failed because he dared not tackle the real question. Sir John Simon failed, even more disastrously, because he too avoided the issue, and with less adroitness. The future of Ireland is at stake, and he complained that the other side wished to discredit the Parliament Act. Of course the other side entertains this wish. It has no desire to make the best of an Act which has destroyed the Constitution, and which leads logically and pitilessly to Civil War. Mr Asquith himself has acknowledged it a makeshift, and has owned to a debt of honour which he has not been able to pay. A promise is even made in the King's Speech, a promise which must be taken for what it is worth, to lay before the House proposals for reconstructing the Second Chamber. But these arguments, as we have said, are wholly irrelevant. And it was left for Sir Edward Carson to lift the debate to the high level which is demanded by a national crisis of unparalleled importance. Of Sir Edward's speech it is impossible to speak too highly. It was not better than the speeches of his opponents, in

degree, but in kind. He made, with the fervency of conviction, a clear acknowledgment of danger. He swept away with a gesture all the silly quips and cranks which make up the most of Radical oratory. He faced the truth with courage and good faith. He was heard with respect, even by his bitterest opponents. And it may be said of his speech, what is justified only once or twice in a century, that it profoundly changed the whole situation. Whether it convinced his opponents or not, it made the present Home Rule Bill an impossibility. With his sole voice Sir Edward Carson has killed it. With perfect justice he poured scorn upon those who insist upon making suggestions about the future of Ulster. "They are always talking of concessions to Ulster," said he. "Ulster is not asking for concessions. Ulster is asking to be left alone. When you talk of concessions, what you really mean is—We want to lay down what is the minimum of wrong we can do Ulster. Let me tell you that the result of two years' delay, and the treatment we have received during these two years, have made your task and our task far more difficult. You have driven these men to enter into a Covenant for their mutual protection. No doubt you have laughed at their Covenant. Have a good laugh at it now." With a close reasoning he pointed out that the men whom the Government had insulted could not sign a Covenant one day and break it the next; that the men who

had been branded as bluffers and cowards and braggarts could and would never go back. They were fighting only to stay in the Government to which they had been invited, and under which they had flourished; they refused to go under a Government which they loathed and distrusted. "Men do not make sacrifices," said Sir Edward, "or take up the attitude that these men in Ulster have taken up on a question of detail or paper safeguards."

And then in a passage of admirable strength and scorn he sketched the only possible method of treating Ulster. "Believe me," said he, "whatever way you settle the Irish question, there are only two ways to deal with Ulster, and it is for a statesman to say which is best and right. She is not a part of the community which can be bought; she will not allow herself to be sold. You must, therefore, either coerce her if you go on, or you must try in the long-run, by showing that good government can come under the Home Rule Bill, to win her over to the case of the rest of Ireland. You probably can coerce her, though I doubt it; but if you do, what will be the disastrous consequences, not only to Ulster but to this country and the Empire? Will my fellow-countryman, the Leader of the Nationalist Party, have gained anything? I will agree with him, I do not believe he wants to triumph any more than I do, but will he have gained anything if he takes over these people, and then applies for

what he used to call—at all events his party used to call—the enemies of the people to come in and coerce them into obedience? No, sir, one false step taken in relation to Ulster will, in my opinion, render for ever impossible a solution of the Irish question; and I say this to my National fellow-countrymen, and indeed also to the Government, you have never tried to win over Ulster. You have never tried to understand her position. You have never alleged, and can never allege, that this Bill gives her one atom of advantage; nay, you cannot deny it, it takes away many advantages that she has as a constituent part of the United Kingdom. You cannot deny that in the past she has produced the most loyal and law-abiding part of the citizens of Ireland. Yet, after all that, for these two years, every time we came before you your only answer to us—that of the majority of you at all events—was to insult us and to make little of us. I say to the Leader of the Nationalist Party that if you want Ulster go and take her or go and win her. You have never wanted her affections; you have wanted her taxes."

There, in a phrase, is the whole point. The Nationalists want her taxes, and truly if they want them they must go and take them. The argument of Sir Edward Carson is unanswered and unanswerable. His speech filled the Radical speakers with a panic fear. So long have they browbeat their opponents, relying upon the strength of a slavish coalition,

that they have lost the habit and the power of defence. Mr Birrell, for instance, made confession, shrouded in the white sheet of repentance. "I am painfully aware," said he, "that I am not qualified or the sort of man at all to occupy the position which I do." These are true words, but are they not spoken a little late? Mr George placed himself in a yet more ridiculous position. The orator of Limehouse and Bedford, who has gained the position which he holds insecurely by flaunts and gibes, urged the Opposition to avoid "taunts." He, also, has spoken too late. "Taunts," he said in a moment of inspiration, "have only one effect." Well, he ought to know what that effect is, if any one knows it, and perhaps when he next speaks about the land he will suppress the inclination to taunt others with the crimes which he ought to know they have never committed. Meanwhile a sense of humour, in which he is sadly deficient, might have saved him from ridicule. For the rest, he supported his leader in his policy of silence. We are to learn nothing of Mr Asquith's or Mr Redmond's will for six weeks. "We do not think it desirable," said Mr George, "in the interests of peace that we should put down amendments of the character we propose to suggest." The character of the amendments must be bellicose, indeed, if they may only be suggested at the last moment.

This memorable debate was brought to a close by Mr Bonar

Law in his speech of transparent candour and honourable sincerity,—a speech which deepened the impression made by Sir Edward Carson's that argument and conviction were wholly on the side of the Unionists. To keep their majority intact and themselves in office, the Radicals have been willing to risk the peace of Ireland and the destruction of the British Army, which, as Lord Roberts has pointed out, would assuredly follow civil war. At the last moment even their levity and cynicism recoil from the sinister enterprise. This, then, will be the business of the session — to make Home Rule impossible. There are other questions to be discussed, other enterprises to be essayed. The return of Lord Murray from his long journey has made the revival of the Marconi affair inevitable. The land must be taken out of the hands of ignorant men and treated by those whose knowledge of it has not been obtained from a mob of hired, incompetent inquirers. The Church of Wales must be defended against those who vote themselves £400 a-year, and believe that a poor curate in the hills must be robbed of his miserable stipend. Ere the end much remains to be done. But it is the fate of Ireland above all which depends upon the conduct of this session, and we are confident that, relying upon the help of Sir Edward Carson and Mr Bonar Law, the loyalists of Ulster will not be betrayed.

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SKETCHED IN WAR TIME.

BY A WOMAN RED CROSS SURGEON.

GENESIS AND EXODUS.

TING-A-LING-A-LING! and the porter's voice, "Is that you, Doctor? Wanted on the telephone in the 'All, please!'" Downstairs I ran, wondering which of the chiefs was ringing up the House Physician. Or was it, perhaps, an outside practitioner wishing to get a case taken into the Hospital? And if so, where could I possibly find a corner to receive it? Well——

"Hallo, is that you, Three? Will you go to the War?"

I almost dropped the receiver! "To the WHAT?" I said.

"To the war—the Balkan War! You know Two is going with the 'Women's Convoy Corps,' to work under the Bulgarian Red Cross, and she is asked to bring two other medical officers with her to run a hospital of fifty beds; so she has asked One, and One is

going, and she wants to know if you will be the third?"

"Oh," I said, "I would simply love to go, but how can I leave here? It is impossible!"

"Well, think it over, and make sure whether it really is impossible, and ring me up again."

And, after recovering a little breath, I thought it over; and then I talked it over with my chiefs and colleagues, and with their aid was able to obtain from the Hospital authorities leave of absence for three months; so I "rang up again," and, after two strenuous days, with much noble help from my friends and relations, preparations were made, an outfit warranted to withstand a Siberian winter was begged, borrowed, and—bought at a universal provider's, I joined

One and Two at Victoria, and away we went with the corps of nurses, cooks, and general helpers, in a shower of good wishes and parting gifts—off to the War.

THE BIRTH OF A HOSPITAL.

Two Turkish houses on opposite sides of a narrow lane in Kirk Kilisse, containing between them twelve rooms, one kitchen, a scullery, a tiny washhouse, and two dark cupboards. Not exactly one's idea of a hospital, but, as we all said hundreds of times a-day, "*A la guerre comme à la guerre!*" and we set to work to unpack the stores. The short November day was over long before the cases were all opened; but on we had to go by the light of one candle, while by the light of a second three of the nurses went on sewing mattress-sacks, to be filled later with straw. Out of the boxes came drugs, kitchen utensils, dressings, tinned meats, general necessities, one after the other, in what seemed an endless nightmare procession of bottles, pills, pots and pans, sheets and pillow-cases, tins of bully beef, tins of chocolate-powder, and bottles of chloroform. At last we called a halt, and went to our third empty house down the next street, where we found the little iron beds unfolded, and an empty sack laid on each. Two carts of straw then arrived, and every woman seized her sack and went out to the carts to have it filled with a full measure, pressed down. Then our kind interpreters carried up the sacks,

we fastened up the openings, and our beds were ready to receive us. But *we* were not yet ready: out again we went, this time to a Greek restaurant for a much-needed supper, then back again to the hospital and the candle and the packing-cases; but eventually we laid ourselves down on our straw-filled sacks, enormously thankful to be each in a bed, and not sharing with another the narrow shelter of an ox-cart, which had been our portion for six preceding nights.

In a moment it was tomorrow morning, and we struggled to awake. Fetching water from the well and washing in a bucket was enough to drive the last remnants of sleep away, and after a cup of tea at the Casino in the town, and some biscuits from our private stores, we once more tackled the unpacking, until Mr Noel Buxton, of the Balkan Relief Committee, came and took us round the town, first to the Censor's and the Post and Telegraph Office, so that we might cable home news of our arrival, and then to the First Base Hospital, the Director of which was to feed our little hospital with patients. What a crowd in the street! All wounded, waiting to be dressed. And on the Hospital steps more wounded, and inside in the entrance-hall

wounded, wounded, wounded on every inch of floor, sitting, lying, leaning against the walls, crowding on the staircase, all awaiting the moment that was so long in coming, when it should at last be their turn to enter the dressing-room. It was in the dressing-room that we found the Chief directing his band of more or less skilled workers, who were slaving at the dressings with desperate energy, knowing what hundreds yet remained to be dealt with, in spite of the hours they had already worked that morning. As representing a new, though small, Mission in the overburdened town, we were welcomed with much warmth by the Director, and were im-

mediately asked, "Are you ready for patients?" Remembering the work of a little gang of reservists whom we had left making lakes and seas in our houses in their efforts after cleanliness, we said, "Well, the floors are not yet dry." But that was a mere trifle in war time! A wet floor with a bed upon it is a haven of bliss to a wounded man who has been lying in the hospital entrance with a fractured thigh. We went straight back to receive our first patients, our Out-patient Department was opened at eight the next morning, and the Hospital of the Women's Sick and Wounded Convoy Corps was an established fact.

OUT-PATIENTS.

Half-past seven in the dark November mornings, and already as we came over to the Hospital to breakfast, we would see the entrance-hall filled, the steps crowded, and a queue stretching half-way down the street—the out-patients waiting their turn to be dressed. A hasty breakfast, and then, as soon as hot water was obtainable, up went our sleeves, on went our rubber gloves, and the doors were opened. Six patients was all we could accommodate at one time in our out-patient room—four could sit on the two store-boxes of dressings, two could occupy empty packing-cases, while two remaining packing-cases served as leg-rests.

Three quaint-looking tables, also made of packing-cases, completed the furniture of the Department. It was not beautiful, it was far from clean, the black tin stove scorched us one minute and was ashy and cold the next, ventilation was carried on by means of an absent window-pane—but we grew to love our bare little Dispensary, and many times we found a peaceful refuge within its ugly drab walls, and smoked a refreshing cigarette when work was at last over for the night, and we could (probably) rest until to-morrow. At that time every hospital in Kirk Kilisse was overfull, and usually the method of deciding whether a man should

be an in- or an out-patient was to ask, "Can he walk?" If not, he came in, but if he could walk, and if an operation under an anæsthetic were not necessary, he found shelter in one of the many empty houses, and came to us every day to be dressed. Patients arrived from the front who had been wounded fifteen days before, and had been dressed once or twice since, usually four or five days ago, sometimes seven or nine days. And some of them had, in those first crowded days, only the street for a home. Nevertheless the soldiers were cheery on the whole, and we were soon on very friendly terms, as gradually they learned that we did not hurt them for our pleasure but for some good reason, even when we used that much-dreaded instrument the probe. "Haide, Dóktorké, come, lady doctor, don't use that wicked needle again to-day, it was only yesterday you put her in; you might wait till to-morrow, there isn't anything in that wound I know quite well. OW!! Stop, Dóktorké, there *isn't* anything there, I tell you—OW!!—What? a piece of bone? Now, how did you know it was there? Sister, how *can* she tell?"

Of course it was a great surprise to the men to be treated by us; none of them had ever seen a woman doctor, and most of them had no idea of the existence of such strange beings, but they soon grew accustomed to the idea, and even seemed to enjoy the distinction, judging by the numbers of their friends who

were brought in to see us. Still, it was certainly a shock to a Bulgarian peasant to have to entrust himself and his wounds to a woman! A new patient was overheard one day inquiring of his neighbour in an anxious whisper, "Can she really do the dressings?" His neighbour happened to be a particular friend of mine, with whom I had almost daily battles, so with much fervour he responded, "Can she do dressings? You just wait till she takes the knife! You'll see what she can do! Oh, to think how they slaughter us, and they women, too! Maika mi, oh my mother, here she is, coming to me. Now, Dóktorké," in soft and wheedling tones, "it is only one foot to-day; you know you did them both yesterday, and you promised it should be only one to-day, haide!" And, when a Bulgarian says "Haide" in such gentle coaxing accents, it is hard indeed to refuse him anything; but as this particular Bulgarian told me regularly every morning that it was "only one foot to-day, Dóktorké," I just had to harden my heart Pharaohically and not let him go without his dressing.

Poor men, all their wounds were septic, and many of the dressings were ordeals both for them and for us, terrible compound fractures with two or three gaping wounds; but they healed up in a manner that seemed to us little short of marvellous, knowing as we did the difficulty of attaining real

cleanliness in the treatment. The Bulgarians are a hardy race of men, who lead temperate, clean lives, and this, combined with the patience and cheerfulness which were very usually seen among them, helped them greatly towards a quick recovery. They certainly needed every help, for their injuries were ghastly. The only clean wounds in our hospital were those we made ourselves in extracting bullets, and it was quite a surprise to us at first to find that even these wounds remained clean, considering the condition of the room in which we cut down upon the little leaden balls or the pointed mausers. It was always a matter of deep interest to the whole department when a bullet was to be taken out; every patient who could possibly manage it got into some position of vantage, and every neck was craned to see the knife go in and the bullet come out. And the excitement that followed! The eager question, "Is it a Turk or a Bulgarian?" And the relief when it was "a Turk!" We extracted several Bulgarian bullets from the men of one regiment, for two detachments of one division fired on one another in a morning mist, each mistaking the opposing force for Turks. Most fortunately the mist rose before they arrived at the "Advance with—*knives!*" or very few would have arrived at Kirk Kilisse. Bayonet wounds were usually fatal: almost all the wounded in the Base Hospitals had been struck by bullets or

shrapnel balls, or by granats, the shells which burst and bury their jagged fragments in any object that stands in their violent onward way. We had only two men with bayonet wounds. Of these, one was hurt while preventing a comrade from committing suicide, and the other was wounded by a Turk hidden in some bushes by the roadside—not on the battlefield at all!

Some poor fellows arrived, bruised all over by the earth and stones hurled upon them by the explosion of a granat in the ground. We went one day to inspect one of the latest big guns, invited thereto by its devout lover, the officer in charge, and then we saw some of the "beautiful new shells," as he enthusiastically described them, long, shining brass cylinders for the explosive, and a painted iron shell beyond—shells which, after travelling five miles and more, would drive their pointed noses three yards deep into the ground and there burst with horrible consequences. But the young officer was not blind in his adoration of his "beautiful new shells,"—he quite realised the other side of the picture. "Ah, mademoiselle," he said, "it is you doctors who see the underside of war. We others at the front, we fire our guns, and we rejoice to find our aim is exact, and even when there is an assault and our own men fall beside us—well, what of that? A man has fallen, that is all, and we go on in the excitement of the battle; but for you it is different, you

who see that same man afterwards, and work day after day, perhaps, at some awful wound." It was true, of course, but, as we told him, the underside is not all darkness and sorrow. What of the joy of hearing a man speak for the first time after seeing him lying voiceless and motionless for days, dumb and paralysed by a bullet that has split his skull and injured his brain? And what of the pleasure of seeing a man start off for home calling down blessings on the doctors because he is leaving the hospital with two arms, not, as he had feared, with only one arm and a stump? "And can the Doctors not travel hometo England through my village? Many turkeys have I, and I will give them of the best! And as soon as I get home, surely my wife and all ten children shall come with me, and we will go to church, and there each burn a candle in thanksgiving for my arm." Yes, there were rewards for the workers on the underside, and certainly the Bulgarian soldiers, both in the wards and the dressing-room, were very grateful patients. It was the rarest thing for a man to leave when his dressing was finished without a "good - bye, and thank you, doctor," and when the time came for the final good-bye, as we saw them off to Bulgaria, how our hands were wrung, kissed too, in their gentle, respectful fashion, while the soft Bulgarian voices told all the thanks and gratitude they poured upon us.

The out-patient dressing-room was not always filled

with groans, often the walls echoed to hilarious laughter. The men were always ready to make fun of themselves and of each other. "Now, Kamen, come on, it's your turn, sit up and be a man; what is there to make such a fuss about, it's only a dressing, Haide, come along!" and Kamen would come along on his crutches, looking very sheepish, and would sit down in the least conspicuous place, trying hard to escape notice; and when the evil moment could no longer be deferred, making his unfailing attempt to deceive me into leaving one foot untouched "for to-morrow, Dóktorké," while all the patients in the dressing-room waited to see who would win, Kamen or I, and laughed him to scorn with genial friendliness as, sadly submitting once again, he slowly yielded his second foot to its fate.

And Philip, a Macedonian (of course), a boy of nineteen, in the volunteers, who always cried beforehand, exactly like Alice's White Queen, and always laughed while his really painful dressing was being done! Another who always laughed was The Bad Boy, the "Loscher momtche," whose arm took so long to heal because he would not take chloroform and have it thoroughly treated at once. Being an out-patient he easily defeated our plans for an anæsthetic, by simply arriving to be dressed after partaking of a hearty meal! He came day after day from his lodging in the town, where his father

and mother were staying with him; time and expense were no object to the Momtche, and he seemed not to mind the pain of the daily dressing; he laughed at everything but caustic, and at last his wound was ready for the journey home, if it could be accomplished in any degree of comfort. "Oh, no difficulty about that," he said, and he and his parents set off to travel northwards by easy stages in their own carriage! We often had surprises at first when we learned the private circumstances of our patients, but we soon grew accustomed to finding students, lawyers, actors, merchants, professors, side by side with shepherds and farm labourers; and the effect of conscription as we saw it seemed to be to promote friendly feeling between the different classes.

One more bright spot in the

out-patient room comes into my mind—Vilitchko, the cheerful philosopher, who had suffered the loss of one finger with thankfulness, "because, you know, Dóktorké, it might have been two!" Before leaving, he came in to get a certificate of his amputation, and said, "Now I am going home, home to my wife and my two children—I shall feel as if new-born!" Asked what were the names of his children, he said, "The Momtche is Ivan, and the Momitche, the girl, is ——?" He rubbed his head in perplexity — "the Momitche is ——, Dóktorké, the name I know it well, but only I cannot remember it!" "Oh, Vilitchko," we said, "to forget the name of thy daughter! Alas, what a father!" "Well," he smiled apologetically, "you see she is but little, and I have been away from her three months!"

THE HOSTS OF THE WOUNDED.

A hospital of fifty beds was what we had expected, and fifty was the number of patients for which we were prepared and provided; but we soon found that, although fifty beds was all we had, and, moreover, was all we could have, for by no manner of means could more be obtained in Kirk Kilisse, yet the number of our patients continued to increase by leaps and bounds long after every bed was filled.

The provision of cubic feet per patient would have horrified any Inspector for King

Edward's Hospital Fund, but what could one do? Day by day, in hundreds by the train, in dozens and fifties by the slow-going ox-carts, the wounded were brought to the town in a seemingly never-ending stream, and were they to be left in the muddy streets? *À la guerre comme à la guerre!* First, we laid mattresses on the floors of the wide corridors of our Turkish houses, until there was only just sufficient space left for us to pass between the "beds" and enter the adjoining wards; secondly,

we cleared two windowless closets of the many bundles of patients' clothing stored there, and in each put five mattresses; thirdly, we annexed two other empty houses down the street and sent the most able-bodied patients to live in them, and then we looked around us and found that our "Hospital of 50 beds" contained 90 patients! There were out-patients also coming every day to be dressed, and, during the five weeks the Women's Convoy Corps Hospital was open, more than 700 patients were under our care. Poor things! The state they were in when they arrived! They had had no chance of a bath for months, no good wash for weeks, and for days they had travelled in ox-carts and train with the mud and *débris* of the battlefield still upon them; a hasty field-dressing had been put upon their wounds before they started on their journey—and almost invariably they reached our door at nine o'clock at night! We would be sitting on the packing-cases in the Dispensary, crowding round the feeble light of the one small oil-lamp on the uneven table, chatting, or trying to finish our letters home, thinking our work was at last over for to-day, when an orderly would appear at the door—"Oh, Doctors, new wounded are here!" and away would fly our thoughts and hopes of bed as we went into the dimly lighted entrance-hall to receive ten or a dozen or twenty new cases, and then to see where they

could sleep, and who could be turned out at this late hour to go and sleep in one of the other houses down the street. Latterly most of the new arrivals needed warmth and rest more immediately than dressings or drugs, and, after tea or soup and a hunk of brown bread, they would curl up on their sacks of straw, in the unwonted luxury of clean dry blankets, and would sleep the sleep of the dog-weary. The severely wounded, the "gravement blessés" of our first weeks, could not be left thus unwashed; but later, when the new cases were chiefly medical, many a one slept through his first night in a condition calculated to raise the hair of every junior "pro" at home! We often wondered what our old hospitals would say if they could see the shifts and expedients to which we were driven. The splints we used in those first days! Lengths of wood sawn off from old packing-cases, nailed together or tied with string, with a layer of tow for padding, roughly kept in place by one or two turns of a bandage! Pieces of cardboard were found to be very convenient for fractured fingers, and we even used with great success the corrugated paper that had covered a bottle of disinfectant! Later, our stores were augmented from the Central Dépôt of the Red Cross, but in the beginning, not even the Lieutenant, a convalescent wounded officer attached to our Mission as general aide, the person to whom every one

applied in a difficulty, and who responded to all demands for supplies varying from firewood and butcher meat to hypodermic syringes—not even he knew just at first where splinting could be obtained, except from the packing-cases lying in the back garden.

After Christmas, working in a Bulgarian hospital, we dealt for some time mainly with medical cases: typhoid, pneumonia, dysentery, and rheumatism filled the wards; but when the second war began and we worked once more, as in the days before the armistice, with the boom of cannon sounding in our ears across the plain from Adrianople, we foresaw the time when the hospitals would again be filled with wounded. As we walked along the road to the town we could feel the ground trembling from the shock of the artillery fire, and in the narrow old streets of Kirk Kilisse the windows would rattle as the houses shook. After the first shot, whose sound reached us at nine o'clock on the evening of January 21st, we heard each day the muttering thunder of the bombardment, and, when we were awake in the night, Boom, boom! it sounded louder and more clearly through the stillness of the dark. Early in March the firing seemed to be growing ever more persistent; rumour began to whisper here and there that an attack on Adrianople was to be made from the eastern side, and men looked grave as they counted the cost of such an attack, an

advance across five kilometres of open plain to the continuous chain of forts encircling the city. Could it be done?

On the 12th of March wild stories were heard on all sides: the Turkish commander had surrendered the city!—the Bulgarians had attacked and had been repulsed with heavy losses!—there had been a great battle and Shukri Pasha with his defeated army was flying in disorder to the south-west!—but the continued booming of the guns told beyond all doubt that as yet neither side had gained a decisive victory. Next morning, March 13th, we heard “the eastern forts are taken, and the Bulgarians are advancing on the town,” and at midday we realised that we were living in a strangely quiet world—the guns were silent! That evening came the news that the Bulgarians had captured the “impregnable fortress,” that the town, which was stated by a military authority to be capable of resisting for three years the greatest European force that could be brought against it, had been taken by assault from the eastern side, and was occupied by Ivanoff and his army. Our little town went mad for a few hours—guns, revolvers, and rockets kept up a continuous crackling all around; and in the town itself the streets and cafés were filled with enthusiastic crowds, cheering and laughing, congratulating each other again and again; and finally, “to the station” said some one, and down the hill swarmed the

people, through the narrow streets and lanes, to the railway station, where stood the royal train in which the Tsaritsa was living at that time. It was late, and her Majesty had already retired, but on the arrival of the crowds, cheering, singing, laughing, cheering again, she came to the open window of her car, smiling with gracious kindness, to receive the loyal congratulations voiced so heartily by her subjects in Kirk Kilisse; and not by her subjects only, for a small figure in a dark-blue uniform with scarlet sash extricated itself from the crowd and stood for an instant alone on the guarded space beside the train. "Congratulations, Madam, from the English women doctors!" Bravo, One! The Queen heard the clear tones above the surrounding clamour, and looked down with a kindly recognition and a word of thanks in English, as One was swept away again in the surging crowd.

After the rejoicings, the laughter, the crowds, the fireworks, and the search-lights which played gaily on the countryside from the heights of Adrianople, after all this tumult of congratulation, we knew well what must follow. We had met the Chief Inspector of Hospitals that afternoon, and he had said: "Mademoiselle, 700 wounded will arrive to-night or to-morrow morning; that is the beginning." Yes, the hosts of the wounded were upon us once more, and our

part of the fight began. The Fourth Etapna, a hospital of two divisions, each with 150 beds, suddenly had its numbers increased to 500. It was the November crowds over again, but this time we had no empty houses near to act as convenient safety-valves, and at last our wards looked as if they would burst if a single other patient were put into them. The lofts were filled with patients, mattresses were all over the floors, there was just room to walk "delicately" down the middle of the wards, and the beds were as close together as might be, a few inches of space being left after each two beds, so that a slender person could squeeze gingerly in at one side of every patient. And the dressings! We began after our 7.30 breakfast, and we worked till they were finished, and by that time we would have seen a new company arriving, another hundred or so to be passed in review and sorted into "serious" and "light," and then, if possible, to be washed and cleanly clad before we started on the dressing of their wounds.

Among the ranks of the wounded arrived one afternoon a stricken man, who tottered as he walked. "What is it?" asked a bystander. "A wound in the leg?" He coughed in reply, and then said, "No, Dóktorké, five days' illness in the chest." He had had acute pneumonia for those five days, and now arrived after twelve hours' journey in a troop train and by ox-cart.

He stayed with us only a day and a half, and then his body was carried down to the little dead-house in the fields. But Sister was comforted, because he died holding on to her warm friendly hand, and before he fell into his last sleep he had told her, "Oh, Sestra, it is *very* comfortable here in your hospital. It was not so down there where I was before, but here one can be at rest."

The wounds this time were less severe than those we had seen in the first war. The medical arrangements at the front were improved, and there were more dressing-stations on the way to the base, so that no wound had been left for more than two days without a dressing. But while the men were still arriving from Adrianople, hundreds more came into the town from the other side, wounded in the costly successful attack on Tchataldja. The Turks were driven back on to their next lines, but the fire from the forts in front, and at the same time from the battleships in the seas on either flank of the Bulgarian position, caused fearful losses in killed and wounded. One regiment of 5000, we were told, had only a few hundred left after the fight.

We lived in a kaleidoscopic whirl, for the numbers arriving were so great that we had to send on as soon as possible all cases who could go with safety to live in the "Old Barracks," a mass of buildings where eleven or twelve hun-

dred convalescents could be crowded together to await discharge to their homes or return to their regiments. "The Station of the Sanitary Inspection" was its polite designation, but in common parlance it was the "Punkt," and many were the prettexts and devices resorted to in order to escape its crowded unpleasantness. "Walk? Oh no, doctors, I can't go a step without crutches, and even then what pain it gives me you cannot indeed tell by merely looking at me—no, nor yet by feeling the joint. Ah, truly, it is not swollen now, but if you had seen it five weeks ago, I tell you that was a sight!" If, on the other hand, the magic words "for Bulgaria" were breathed, cripples stood up straight, halting men trod the floor gaily, and "pains at the belt" disappeared marvellously! One man was frankness itself, and said to a questioning colleague, "Well, if I'm going to Bulgaria, I am better; if I'm going to the Punkt, I'm *not*!" Who could have helped trying to escape the Punkt, with its dark old barrack-rooms, swarming with insect life, its beds in tiers, crowded together as closely as possible, the whole place dreary with the dirt and discomfort inevitable to such conditions? From time to time, if an energetic young officer were put in command, the Punkt looked less like the Augean Stables before the visit of Hercules; but energetic young officers had to go back to Tchataldja,

and dust and dirt accumulated once more in the Old Barracks. We kept our sick men from its dangers and discomforts as long as possible, but after Adrianople the lightly wounded had to go in hundreds; still their lot was not a hard one, for it was springtime now, and they only had to stay a fortnight or three weeks at the most before the glad news came that trains were available to convey the sick and wounded to Bulgaria, and not long afterwards three of the five hospitals of Kirk Kilisse were closed, and at last the Punkt was restored to the

state in which the Bulgarians found it, a deserted barrack. Long may it remain so—or rather, for the good of Kirk Kilisse, may it soon be destroyed by fire, as the only way of getting it thoroughly cleansed! At any rate it is a relief to think it no longer contains sick and wounded soldiers, for when its occupants went away in the welcome hospital trains, there was more than sufficient room in the remaining hospitals of Kirk Kilisse for the two hundred men who were left, the last of the wounded of the second war.

OUR ORDERLIES.

Our orderlies—"The Dogs!" What else could we call them? There they were, trotting after us all day long and sleeping outside our bedroom doors at night; of course, in less than two days they were The Dogs, and such they remain in our memories. Dontchou was just like a mastiff, a worthy solid man, president of his village commune, and a shoemaker by trade in time of peace; and the other, Kostadin, what sort of a dog was he? A young bob-tailed sheep-dog, always getting into difficulties, and with a cheery wag of his tail (I mean, shake of his head) blundering out into safety; hanging his head, foolish and shamefaced, when discovered in a fault, but quickly recovering himself, and, with a happy smile all across his face, delivering the one and only unanswerable excuse for

his misdeeds—as when, on being reproved by one of our Bulgarian friends for dashing into our room without knocking, he replied sweetly: "But what's the use of my knocking at the door when the Dóktorki don't know how to say 'Come in!'" We knew just enough Bulgarian to understand the drift of his remark, and we waited in tense silence until he was out of the room, and then——! But we hastily learned how to say "Come in," and any future *contretemps* was avoided.

Kostadin was a never-failing source of amusement to us, and his ingenuity extended, fortunately for his Dóktorki, beyond the furnishing of excuses. During the Christmas holidays—ten days, when we were left without a hospital, as the Convoy Corps had gone home

and the British Red Cross had not yet vacated the hospital which was afterwards to be ours—we lived in an empty house, guarded by The Dogs, and one day, the supply of wood having come to an end, Dontchou, as was usual in such emergencies, sat down and wrote a requisition order. One signed it in English (oh, One, I apologise, you signed it in “guid Scots”), Dontchou copied the signature in Bulgarian, and Kostadin set off to the commandant to have the order countersigned and to obtain the wood. At the commandant’s office the answer came, “Five persons is too small a household to be thus supplied with wood. The order cannot be countersigned.” Kostadin retired to consider the situation, took a short walk, and returned to the attack with “The English lady doctors say will you kindly write on the back of the order whether you cannot order wood for them or whether you do not wish to do it?” the answer to which utter fabrication was—three loads of wood; and that night we sat round the stove, warm once more, and happy. But not for several months did we hear from The Dogs how we got that wood!

Dontchou was a reservist, a respected man of means among his country neighbours—and in fact, dressed in the national costume of wadded waistcoat, quilted in an elegant pattern, red loin-cloth, baggy trousers, and zouave jacket of fine brown cloth, beautifully ornamented by Mrs Dontchou with black

braiding, he was positively impressive as he moved about our room in his sheepskin sandals, with his broad silver and turquoise chain stretching across his waistcoat, and the large seal at the end of it swaying as he walked. He was a faithful soul—“Der Treue,” as one of our friends always called him—and I think he always felt we were in need of protection, perhaps because we were all three rather small people; certainly, he was always ready to rescue us from harm, known or unknown be the danger! There was a sudden loud explosion under our window on Christmas Eve, and only after careful and stealthy scouting on the dark stairs was he reassured that no Turks were hidden, waiting to spring upon his innocent mistresses, but that there were gay folks abroad with pockets full of Christmas fireworks! At any unexpected sound he was instantly on the alert, and not once were we roused in the night without his knowledge; no nursing sister and no ward orderly could approach our door at any hour without a challenge, “Who is it? What do you want with the Dóktorki?” heard from Dontchou’s bed behind the curtain in the corridor. It was The Dogs who arranged this curtain in the corridor to form their sleeping apartment. When we arrived at the Fourth Etapna Hospital, and had chosen our rooms, we asked the quartermaster, “And where can Dontchou and Kostadin sleep?” but at once Dontchou himself answered the question:

"We have put our beds here in the corridor, close by the doors of the Dóktorki. We must be near them day and night, for men are so heedless and foolish they might rush into the rooms at any moment!" And there the beds stayed in spite of efforts on the part of the hospital director to remove them on the score of untidiness. More than once an order was given to the two to take their beds up to the grenier, but each time they said: "The order is not from the Dóktorki. The commandant told us we belonged to the Dóktorki, and only them should we obey!" And they stayed, and the Dóktorki refused to have the beds removed from the corridor until the Fourth Etapna itself was moved away from Kirk Kilisse.

Poor Dontchou, he was faithful to us, but, alas! there were times when the attraction of the wine-shops proved too great for his resistance. We found it was useless to send him on errands to the town in the morning, for we never saw him again before evening; and once or twice he was so unfit to return at all that he had to wait till the next day, and we should then see a very heavy-eyed Dontchou going slowly about his work until his headache had worn off and he was again "Der Treue." We hope that in his village of Omana there may be no good red wine to tempt him from his work and to bring sorrow upon his wife Ivanka. Dontchou left us while we were still in Kirk Kilisse; he had been unsettled and homesick for some time, in

spite of a holiday in January, and at last one day he came in twirling his cap uneasily in his hands, begging for another ten days' leave, because a letter had come to say his two sons, his beloved Ivantchu and Nikola, were ill, were even at the point of death, from chicken-pox! We let him go, we were becoming so anxious about his increasing habit of drinking that we were relieved to think of him away from the town with its little cafés at every corner; but he did not make a good start, for when Kostadin returned from seeing him off from the town, he said, with a shake of his head, "Ah, Dóktorki, Dontchou has been naughty again—he went away full, quite full. Vino, Dóktorki."

Kostadin had no love for wine, nor for tobacco (a far more wonderful thing in a Bulgarian), but he had his own little failing, and that was—Washerwomen! The Peratchke! From the first days of the Convoy Corps Hospital, Kostadin fell an easy prey to every Peratchka he met. With any other tradespeople we could rest assured that Kostadin in dealing with them would see to it that his Dóktorki got at least full value for their money, but if a Peratchka were in question we knew better than to trust him, he was as wax—or soap—in the hands of a washerwoman. Bootmakers stood no chance, their exorbitant prices were beaten down with a heavy hand, and they were told in plain and forceful speech that their work was of

the poorest, and not worthy the acceptance of the great ones, that two levs and a half was indeed more than enough for such sewing—(bah! sewing did he call it?)—and how dare he think to receive more. The Censor, too, was a mere trifle in the eyes of Kostadin. "No," he said one day, "the Censor was not in his office when Kostadin went, but Kostadin searched in the town and found him in the Casino, and said: 'Rise up, here are letters to stamp for the English lady doctors—come and do them! What? say you they should come themselves? How is such a thing possible? Look at the distance they are from the town, look at the work they do—operations yesterday, operations to-day, many and very great operations to-morrow; indeed they would never have time to carry their own letters to be stamped. And stamped they must be!'" And stamped they were, and we heard no more from the Censor of bringing them ourselves to his office.

But when the laundry was the matter in hand, Kostadin was but a broken reed; he stood sadly aside while we talked as best we could with the gay young Greek girls. He knew full well we did not approve of their wild demands, and although he always said to us (when the Peratchke were gone) that he had already told them they were asking far too much money, we took the information with a grain of salt. And how amusing it was to see the alacrity of Kostadin

when the time came to take the laundry to the Peratchka or to bring the things back from her! If by chance, as often happened at that time, we all forgot the day of the week, Kostadin would surely on Mondays and Fridays gently jog our memories with his sweetest smile, and "Na Peratchkata, Dóktorké?"—"To the washerwoman, O doctor?"

Only once was a Peratchka overcome by Kostadin, and that victory was not gained in the strength of The Dog! An officer was calling on us one day when Kostadin came into the room (after duly knocking!) and announced that the washerwoman refused to give him the laundry until she received more money for last week's washing. "How?" said the Lieutenant, "how, Kostadin? Thou a soldier, and darest to let a Peratchka refuse thee the clothes of the doctors? Hie thee again to her straightway, and say that if she give them not at that moment thou wilt fetch thy gun and with it sundry policemen. And, hark thee, if that shall fail, take thee a sack and in it put both the clothing of the doctors and the Peratchka herself, but dare not to return again without the clothes. Haide! Speed!" So Kostadin turned and sped, and the clothes were with us in a very short time, without the Peratchka!

When we were ordered from Kirk Kilisse to Usún Keupru, Kostadin's first thought was "What about a Peratchka?" And later on he assured us that

though Usún Keupru was inhabited solely by Turks and Greeks, yet could the doctors live there quite well and in much comfort, because "Kostadin can count up to twenty in Greek, so Kostadin can settle the Peratchka." But, oh, poor Kostadin, the Peratchka at Usún Keupru was not as his former friends, the Greeks of Kirk Kilisse! From our point of view she was admirable, quick, punctual, clean, and not outrageous in her charges; but what were all these merits to Kostadin when he looked upon her hair and it was grey?

When we think of our cheerful sheep-dog now, we must always think of washerwomen, and of another little habit of his, an invariable response to all our commands and desires, "Segar, segar," "At once, at once," whatever we asked, and whether he were going to do it now, or to-morrow, or next week! I expect if we had said, "Kostadin, we want the moon," he would simply have said, "Segar, segar, Dóktorki," and gone outside to pull his hair and consult with Dontchou how it could best be got out of the sky! No wonder we felt many regrets when we said good-bye to Kostadin in Sofia. It was sad to think that nevermore should we hear his stealthy footsteps in the early morning hours, creeping in to light the stove and to bring the bath water, doing his best not to disturb any of us before all his preparations were made. And never more should we hear his heavy sighs

as he strove to gather up in safety from the floor the rubber bath whose strings had long since given way. "Oh, loschaligen!" "Oh, evil basin!" he used to murmur as the water splashed out of some unguarded corner.

And Kostadin was sad that we should go back to England without him; long ago he had begged us to keep him as our orderly in England after the war. "Oh, the wife? Yes, to be sure; but she could stay in Bulgaria two years with the children till Kostadin came back from Anglia. Oh yes, quite well it could be done!" But we did not agree, also the peace was not yet signed, so Kostadin had to go back to Tchataldja, perhaps to be orderly to some one else. Let us hope they will see as much of his quaintness and ingenuity as we did. If he wishes, Kostadin can look as foolish as a penguin and as dull as an oyster: the first time we saw him thus was when we went to the Commandant in Kirk Kilisse to arrange to keep him as our orderly, although he was a regular soldier and not an old reservist. Kostadin had no doubt in his own mind that he was going to stay. "The English lady doctors are as gods, if they but say so to the Commandant it will be done." But in spite of this he made up his mind to assist circumstances as far as possible, and when, after we had spoken with the Commandant, Kostadin was called in, we saw a rather slouching figure enter

with its head down and a dull expression on its face! The Commandant gave him a long lecture on the care and obedience with which he and Dontchou were to serve us, and he concluded with a sharp reprimand on the deplorable condition of his sandals, and told him to see to it that he got new shoes at once. We looked at his feet and saw absolute rags upon them, veritable remains of sandals they were, fit perhaps for a beggar in the street, but hardly for an attendant on the "gods"! But we heard later on, "Of course Kostadin has boots,

very good boots too, but would he put them on for the Commandant to see? Never! The Commandant would say, 'Lo, here is a strong young soldier, quite recovered from his wound, healthy and well, good clothes, strong boots—he must go back to Tehataldja and not stay here as orderly to the Dóktorki.' And Kostadin did not want to go back to Tehataldja, he wanted to stay with the Dóktorki, so he put on his torn old sandals just for the Commandant, and—ha, ha, ha! —he stays!"

E. J. RAMSBOTHAM, M.B., B.S.

(Mrs S. X. PANTCHEVA).

(*To be continued.*)

ONE OF OUR TRAITORS.—ARTHUR THISTLEWOOD.

THE man who is outside the common humanity of his own generation, who takes the manners, the morals, or the enthusiasms of one period into another, may be magnificent or sinister, pathetic or grotesque. Sometimes he is all four at once. English history is rich in such eccentric figures, but none is more curious as a character study than Arthur Thistlewood, the "British Jacobin," who reproduced the cheap humanitarianism, the reckless bloodthirstiness, the bombastic phraseology and the autolatrous megalomania of the Parisian demagogues of 1792 before the eyes of the England of Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen, and who furnished the young Thackeray with the most gruesome anecdote of his boyhood. In the orthodox Whig tradition on which nineteenth-century history is generally written, he is lightly passed over, and not without reason. For the acts of the Tory Ministers in the distressful years that followed Waterloo have to be decried wholesale, and the words and deeds of the wild fanatics who frightened Liverpool and Addington into repression have therefore to be kept dark—or at least relegated to short and vague paragraphs and footnotes.

Arthur Thistlewood, the legitimate spiritual heir of Guy Fawkes, came within a measurable distance of slaying

Canning and Wellington before their time. He had made elaborate preparations for parading the head of Castle-reagh on a pike along Oxford Street and Holborn, after the slaughter of the whole Cabinet. Nor does it seem at all impossible that he might have carried out his bloody scheme. Insurrections may be foreseen and nipped in the bud; on the other hand, assassination is a hard thing to guard against, as witness the fates of Alexander of Russia and Frederick Cavendish, of Abraham Lincoln and Sadi Carnot. The more obscure and the fewer that plotters are, the more hard are they to discover. The very fact that Thistlewood's murderous gang was insignificant in numbers, and composed of unknown men, might have enabled him to carry out his appalling plan. For common prescience could not have availed to avert such an unlikely danger, and no victims could have been more helpless than a party of Ministers off duty, and dining quietly in a private house. But for the want of caution that led the arch-conspirator to broach his designs to two ill-chosen recruits, one of whom was a systematic traitor and the other too much of an honest man, he might have made Grosvenor Square the most tragic name in modern English history. As it was, he only succeeded in conferring a half-forgotten notoriety on Cato

Street, Edgware Road. But the mere thought of what he might have accomplished makes the brain reel. Imagine Liverpool and Castlereagh, Wellington and Canning, Eldon and Addington—not to speak of minor figures like Vansittart, "Prosperity" Robinson, and Lord Bathurst—all cut off simultaneously by the assassins' swords and bombs. There would have been incendiarism and riot to follow, but it is certain that the affair would not have ended, as Thistlewood hoped, in a general rising of the lower classes of London, culminating in the successful proclamation of a Republic, with himself as "President of the Provisional Government." Most probably the result would have been the instant repression of the turmoil by military force, followed by a sort of "White Terror." After such an atrocity the Tory party would have been confirmed in power for a whole generation, and it must have ruled with a revengeful vigour compared to which Addington's and Castlereagh's measures of repression in 1816-1820 would have been child's-play. There would certainly have been no Reform Bill in 1832. Would there have been an ultimate British Revolution of a very venomous sort some years later? Assassination breeds repression, and repression breeds revolution. Let us be thankful that Mr Thistlewood's caution was not equal to his energy, and to his compelling power as a leader of men.

He was not young when he

first came before the public eye. He was born in 1770, the son of one William Thistlewood, land agent to the Vyners of Gantby, in Lincolnshire, a considerable county family. His father was well-to-do, and he received a good education: he wrote a fair eighteenth-century style of the turgid sort, occasionally lapsing into bombast—as when he spoke of "the purple stream that circulates through a heart enthusiastically vibrating to every impulse of patriotism and honour." [His own, of course.] But it cannot be denied that he possessed a certain eloquence—as witness his dying words:—

"A few hours hence and I shall be no more: but the nightly breeze, which will whistle over the silent grave that shall protect me from its keenness, will bear to your restless pillows the memory of one who lived but for his country, and died when liberty and justice had been driven from her confines by a set of tyrants whose thirst for blood is only equalled by their activity in plunder. For life, as it respects myself, I care not; but, while yet I may, I would rescue my memory from the calumny which (I doubt not) will be industriously heaped upon it, when it will be no longer in my power to protect it. My every principle was for the prosperity of my country. The height of my ambition was to bring welfare to my starving fellow-citizens. I keenly felt for their miseries, but when their miseries were laughed at, when because they dared to express those miseries they were cut down by hundreds [an exaggerated allusion to 'Peterloo'], barbarously massacred, and trampled to death, when infants were sabred in their mothers' arms, and the breast from which they drew the tide of life was hacked from the parent's body, then

indeed my feelings became too excessive for endurance, and I resolved on vengeance. I resolved that the lives of the instigators of massacre should atone for the souls of murdered innocents."

This sounds genuine enough, when spoken on the edge of the grave. But though Thistlewood ended, we can not doubt, as an honest fanatic, his life was no more of the idealistic or the Spartan type than that of many of the Jacobins whom he so much admired. He was always restless and thriftless. He was trained as a surveyor, but never took to the profession, and remained a burden on his father long after he had reached manhood. By an odd, unexplained chance he happened to be in Paris for some months during the Terror, and what he saw there of the power of the mob and the mob-leader remained fixed in his mind, to bear fruit in later years. But on his return from France he did not (as we might have expected from his later career) dabble in any of the revolutionary agitations of the 'nineties. Quite the reverse—he accepted an ensign's commission in the 1st York Militia, and later (1798) became a lieutenant in the 3rd Lincoln Militia. He is reputed to have been an active officer and a "good drill," but to have been a loose liver, a persistent and unlucky gambler. In 1804 he courted and married a lady a good many years older than himself—a Miss Jane Worsley. She possessed a good income, and he retired from the militia and

settled down in Lincoln to live on her money. Unfortunately for him she died less than eighteen months after the marriage, and as her property was settled on her nearest of kin in default of issue, Thistlewood was thrown upon the world almost penniless. The heirs made him a small allowance. Soon after he had to quit Lincoln on account of unpaid debts of honour. He had continued his gambling when he had not the wherewithal to settle up. After a period spent in low water, he emerged for a moment into renewed prosperity—an uncle died and left him a farm valued at £10,000. He sold it, not for cash down, but for an annuity; after two years the guarantor of the annuity went bankrupt, and his security disappeared. For a second time he sought salvation in matrimony, taking to wife Susan, daughter of Mr John Wilkinson of Horncastle, a prosperous butcher. She was philosophic enough to accept and rear a son whom Thistlewood produced—the offspring, not of his first wife, but of an amour. Her dowry served to stock a farm near Horncastle; and here, periodically assisted by loans from his father and elder brother, Thistlewood maintained himself more or less for some years. He was not a competent agriculturalist, but prices ran high in the last years of the struggle with Napoleon. Then came the "slump" in corn after the war was over, when the quarter of wheat fell from 80s.

to 52s. in a few months. It ruined Thistlewood along with many other fair-weather farmers. Finding that he was losing rather than making money, in consequence of high rent and high taxes, combined with low prices for produce, he got rid of his farm, and came up to London in 1814 with his wife and his son, "not in actual want, but his finances were at a low ebb." Apparently he had sold his lease for something; his wife, "a smart, genteel little woman," had still some resources, and both he and she probably contrived to extract occasional doles from their relatives in Lincolnshire. What was Thistlewood's original scheme of life on arriving in London no man can say. But very shortly after his establishment there he began to appear as an agitator of the extreme Radical sort. He has left no account of the causes of his sudden launch out into politics, beyond vague declamation about his sympathy for the distressed and unenfranchised masses. This will hardly pass as an explanation: his previous life had not been that of a philanthropist. Vain, ambitious, bankrupt for the third or fourth time, soured by perpetual ill-luck that mainly came from his own thriftlessness, he attributed his present poverty to anything rather than his own fault. London was seething with political discontent, but it was mostly inarticulate and leaders were wanting. "Orator" Hunt and "Dr" Watson were certainly

not abler men than Thistlewood: marking their notoriety he evidently saw no reason why he should not rise as high. His tongue was ready and eloquent, his vehemence tremendous, his personal influence over other men was clearly exceptional; his hatred for those who administered England was no doubt real—to them he ascribed his own indigence. He had the ruined gambler's grudge against all who had scraped and saved; the shopkeepers of London, he once observed, were an aristocracy as pernicious as the Tory majority in Parliament—he should rejoice to see their shops looted and their tills cleared out. But no doubt the governing inspiration in his mind was his memory of the Paris of the Jacobins: he had seen what mobs could do when the fabric of the State was rotten, and he thought—not wrongly—that he himself was singularly gifted for a mob-leader.

From 1816 onward he was one of the most prominent figures in that small band of agitators who advocated physical force as the remedy for all ills, and who broke completely away from the Whigs and their constitutional methods. He was heard advocating violence at every open-air meeting, and that his words were not vain declamation was shown by the fact that he headed an armed party at the abortive Spa Fields riot of December 2, 1816, and tried—carrying a tricolour flag and followed by a constantly

dwindling crowd that finally melted away to nothing—to break into the Tower. He was tried, along with the younger Watson, for this escapade, but was fortunate enough to be indicted for high treason, not for riot: the jury acquitted them of the weightier charge because they thought they ought only to have been tried for the lesser offence. Encouraged by his escape Thistlewood continued to preach violence, till he was at last arrested for having sent the Home Secretary Addington (Lord Sidmouth) a challenge to a duel. For this he suffered a year's imprisonment in *Hors-ham Gaol* [1818-19], but came out from it not cured of his pugnacity or his megalomania, but almost beside himself with long-suppressed rage. This was the summer of the "*Manchester Massacre*," the untoward affair when the *Lancashire Yeomanry* rode down a riotous assembly that had met to hear "*Orator Hunt*," where five people were crushed to death, and many scores more hurt by being trampled upon or cut about with sabres.

Thistlewood sat in judgment upon the Ministry and condemned them all to death, for what was in truth the act of a scared magistrate and a body of amateur soldiers, who had lost their heads when the mob closed around them. He went about London trying in vain to induce the leaders of the Radical Party to authorise an armed insurrection to avenge what he styled *High Treason* against the People of England. But no one of any weight or

importance would listen to the proposal. Thistlewood said that if they were not cowards they were traitors: he believed that if he could get at the Home Secretary's papers in Whitehall he would find that *Orator Hunt* received a secret pension, and probably *Cobbett* also, "for all his writings, he had no doubt that he was a spy too."

For months the would-be insurgent tramped the streets trying to organise a rising, but with small effect and ever-growing rage. We have a description of him at the time: "Five feet ten inches, with a sallow complexion, long visage, dark hair, a little grey; dark hazel eyes with very arched eyebrows, a wide mouth and a good set of teeth; he has a scar under his right jaw; he is slenderly built and has the carriage of a military man. He usually wears a long blue coat and blue pantaloons." From another and most unfriendly source we hear that "his countenance, always forbidding, seemed now to have acquired an additional degree of malignancy. When in custody in 1817 for the *Spa Fields* affair he was a stout active man with a fearless and determined cast of features. Within the last six months he has undergone a change—his countenance has grown squalid and emaciated, his dress shabby." He was generally observed walking—almost running—through the streets with eager impetuosity, his shoes and hat untidy and much worn, as if he were continually

posting about on some absorbing and interminable errand which brooked no delay. And, in truth, the errand existed—all that autumn and winter he was trying, with no great success, to collect the nucleus of the revolutionary army with which he would sweep the streets and proclaim the Republic at the Mansion House. As the possibility of "straight-forward insurrection"—his own phrase—receded further and further into the clouds, he began to vary his plans with schemes of mere vengeance, the murder of one or more of the leading Ministers—Sidmouth for choice, both as his own personal enemy and as the Home Secretary directly responsible for the "massacre" at Manchester. This was no new idea: it was afterwards remembered that direct incentives to assassination of individuals occurred in several of his speeches as far back as 1817. The statement often made, or hinted at, by Whig writers, to the effect that he only lapsed into murderous plans under the instigation of the man George Edwards—of whom more hereafter—has no foundation. He was ready for any bloody design long before he first met Edwards in June 1819.

Thistlewood sounded many scores of Radicals, great and small, working on, as he tested his man, from general plans of violence to more definite proposals for the removal of individual "tyrants." The large majority drew off at the first hint at murder. "I may be a

great fool, but I was not foolish enough to enter into such a scheme," said one *habitué* of riotous meetings, when tempted by two of Thistlewood's acolytes. "I did not think they would ever get any persons to be so mad as to join them." Nevertheless, the plotter did, by infinite pains, succeed in collecting a small band of desperadoes, who did not shrink from the idea of assassination. There were two types among them—a minority were Jacobins of Thistlewood's own type, like the shoemaker Brunt, who acted as his second in command. This man was a prosperous workman, who often made 40s. or 50s. a week, and kept an apprentice; he was the only one among the gang who ever had money in his pocket, and he readily disbursed it on "the cause." He was a great reader, saturated with the works of Tom Paine and other freethinkers, and had the whole vocabulary of French republicanism at his command. Unlike most of the others, he was neither starving nor of evil reputation. He was as perfect a fanatic as his leader—so, it would appear, were one or two of the other conspirators. But the majority were broken men, on the edge—or over the edge—of starvation, whom Thistlewood had attracted by the idea of a general overthrow of existing society; most of them, as their counsel pleaded at their trial, were probably thinking more of the plunder of the shops of London than of the preliminary murders that were to herald the night of pillage.

The most violent of them was a bankrupt butcher, one James Ings, whose square brutal face contrasts curiously with the cadaverous countenances of the rest in the little gallery of portraits that illustrates the contemporary publications of 1820. His ferocious language, and his grotesquely boisterous conduct on the scaffold, were long remembered. Down to 1819 he had a fair record for honesty,—not so the remaining members of the gang, who were as choice a set of scoundrels as could be fished from the gutter—Davidson, a plausible canting mulatto, who had earned good money as a cabinetmaker, till he was expelled from a Wesleyan congregation to which he belonged for a series of indecent assaults on Sunday-school girls; Tidd, a cobbler, whose speciality during the late war had been enlisting into many regiments and absconding with his bounty money; Robert Adams, an old soldier, whom his own fellow-conspirators described as a professional swindler; and Dwyer, who is accused of maintaining himself by blackmailing persons of immoral life. Thistlewood was not unaware of their characters—but he had to get his instruments where he could find them. Among others he took to his confidence George Edwards, already mentioned, a very clever dissolute fellow, by trade a modeller of statuettes, who had been much about at Radical meetings of late, and distinguished himself by advocating outrages of an ingenious sort. Thistlewood de-

scribed him as “poor and penniless, without a bed to lie upon or a chair to sit in: straw was his only bed—his only covering a blanket; and, owing to his bad character and his swindling propensities, he was ever driven off by his landlords.” Yet the conspirator eagerly welcomed him as a recruit. He was far more intelligent than most of the gang and full of wiles. This was Thistlewood’s first mistake, for Edwards, though not a systematic *agent provocateur* of the Government, as many alleged at the time of the trial of his comrades, had earned money before by giving secret information to the police, and was ready to earn it again.

We have the word of Canning himself for the facts that George Edwards was not a regular Government spy—he was not in the employment of Bow Street, nor did he receive an allowance. He volunteered information and got a dole occasionally, and he had never received any large sum till he earned blood-money to the tune of £1000, when the plot was discovered, by betraying the whereabouts of Thistlewood. During the winter of 1819-20 he apparently communicated several times with the police or the Home Office, but could give them no definite information, because the plot had not taken shape. Thistlewood was ripe for murder, but had settled neither his victims nor his exact *modus operandi*. He continued collecting associates and getting together stores of arms,—the last no easy task,

because of the insufficiency of his exchequer. But hidden about at the lodgings of various conspirators were some dozens of swords, bayonets, and muskets, an immense number of pike-heads,—some made of sharpened files, but quite effective,—about 1200 rounds of ball-cartridge, and a quantity of bombs and grenades. One of these was of specially large size, and calculated to produce a tremendous explosion. There was also a provision of fire-balls for incendiary purposes.

The plot was taking shape by January, and Thistlewood had fully made up his mind that the preliminary step to a general rising should be the murder of certain Ministers, whether in the street or at their offices, when his plans were put out by the death of the old King George III. This took all official persons to Windsor for some days, and disarranged the routine of business. It was not until February that things had become normal again, and Thistlewood could trace and mark down his intended victims. By this time he had come on an idea which surpassed in completeness and ingenuity all his previous schemes. The members of the Ministry were in the habit, from time to time, of dining together in each other's private houses in rotation at "Cabinet Dinners." The next was to be at the house of the Earl of Harrowby, Lord President of the Council, in Grosvenor Square, on the south side, at the corner of Charles Street,

on Wednesday, February 23. Thistlewood would thus find his "tyrants" concentrated in a very accessible spot, with no further guard than Lord Harrowby's butler and footmen.

Having armed themselves at some convenient rendezvous, the conspirators were to go to Grosvenor Square in twos and threes, and were to disperse themselves unostentatiously in the neighbourhood of the Lord President's mansion. Thistlewood, about the time that dinner was half over, was to knock at the door, carrying a red box such as are used for ministerial correspondence. While he was explaining to the porter that a despatch of great importance must be handed at once to Lord Castlereagh, other conspirators were to press in to the open door behind him, knock down or kill the servants in the hall, and rush for the dining-room. Bombs were to be thrown upstairs and down, and a select party were to burst into the dining-room and murder the guests. All this is undisputed, and was acknowledged by several of the conspirators. Details were added by the informers at the trial which may or may not be correct. Thistlewood, so it is said, intended to present himself before the startled Ministers with the words: "My Lords, I have got as good men here as your Manchester Yeomanry—enter citizens and do your duty!" When the killing was done, the butcher Ings was to cut off the heads of Sidmouth and Castlereagh, and to place them

in two bags which he carried for the purpose. When the city should have risen, as Thistlewood hoped that it would, the heads were to be placed on pikes and carried in front of the mob in true Parisian style. It is certain that Ings, on the fatal night, carried two large bags and a butcher's knife—but his defenders suggested that the receptacles may have been for Lord Harrowby's plate rather than for Lord Castlereagh's head. Who shall decide?

It was hoped that the news of the wholesale slaughter of the Cabinet would cause a general turmoil in the streets. This was to be helped by incendiary fires. One of Thistlewood's trusted lieutenants, a man called Palin, was furnished with a quantity of fireballs, which he was to throw, or cause to be thrown, into various inflammable places, of which one, we are told, was the hay store of Albany Street Barracks, and another an old house near Furnival's Inn. He had three coadjutors allotted to him, but it is doubtful whether they would have effected much when the signal should have been given on the fateful night. For Palin, according to the evidence of one of his comrades, had primed himself up for the business with liquor, and was quite incoherent and incapable. Another party, headed by a man named Cooke, was to endeavour to seize the guns of the Light Horse Volunteers at their drill-hall in Gray's Inn Lane, and those of the Honourable Artillery Company. There

is no proof that any serious force was ready at Cooke's disposal—apparently Thistlewood had arranged for him to be supported by some Irish labourers living in Gee's Court, St Giles, with whom he was in communication. But it is evident that his real hope was in the general assistance of the mob, when the news should have got about. If all went well, the main body of the gang, who had been charged with the actual assassination, were to press eastward along Holborn, gathering up Cooke's party with the cannon from Gray's Inn Road, and were to seize the Mansion House. Thistlewood was to install himself there as president of a "Provisional Government," with Ings as secretary. The proclamations which they were to post up and publish were duly prepared. Of what, meanwhile, the Guards and other troops garrisoned in London would have been doing, Thistlewood does not seem to have taken account. There is no mention of them in the evidence of his accusers or of his defenders—a strange piece of reticence!

On Monday, February 21, Thistlewood hired as his armoury and as the base from which his operations were to start, an empty three-horse stable in Cato Street, Edgware Road. This obscure thoroughfare was little more than a lane or mews—it connected John Street and Queen Street, which both run into the lower end of Edgware Road on the right (or eastern) side. No doubt Thistle-

wood must have been fascinated with the name of Cato Street, with its suggestions of stern ancient Roman republicanism. But the premises were not imposing—three stalls and a coach-house below, a large loft and two small living-rooms above. They were, however, amply sufficient as an arsenal, and thither the muskets, swords, pikes, and grenades were transferred from their several hiding-places.

The first news concerning the final development of Thistlewood's plan did not come, as might have been expected, from the informer Edwards, though he had given some general warnings, but from Thomas Hyden, a dairyman, who came up in great agitation to Lord Harrowby, as he was riding in Hyde Park on the morning of February 22, and besought him to put off at once his dinner of the next night, or he and his friends would be murdered. This person had been solicited on the previous Sunday to come into the plot by a man called Wilson, one of Thistlewood's minor satellites, and had been told enough to frighten him nearly out of his wits. He tried to catch Lord Castlereagh on the Monday, but failed to get access to him, though he made four calls. Wherefore he waylaid the Lord President next morning, and was more successful. This, according to Lord Harrowby's evidence at the subsequent trial, was the first definite news of Cato Street that came to hand: "We had general information

that some plan was in agitation, but knew neither the time nor the particulars." It is quite untrue to say—with some Whig historians—that the whole matter of the dinner-party was settled with the spy Edwards as a trap for Thistlewood.

But it is quite clear that later on the same day on which Hyden confided the matter to Lord Harrowby, Edwards gave similar information to Lord Sidmouth at the Home Office. For the Ministers by that night had private advice that they were to meet, not at Grosvenor Square, but at Fife House. The preparations for the dinner, however, were allowed to go on, nothing being said to Lord Harrowby's servants as to a countermand. Thistlewood's emissaries watched Grosvenor Square all day, and saw nothing to undeceive them.

Considering that the main outlines of the plot were in the possession of the Home Office by eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning, it does not seem that the arrangements for the arrest of the conspirators were so well concerted as they should have been. The main responsibility was in the hands of Mr Richard Birnie, the magistrate at Bow Street: he took with him for the business Ruthven, the chief of his patrol, and eleven others of his men only, armed with short cutlasses and pocket-pistols. He was informed that he should have military support, and relied upon it. But from an exaggerated idea of the importance of keeping all preparations

secret till the last possible hour, no definite information was given before evening to the Colonel commanding the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, in the Portman Street Barracks, from which the detachment was to be drawn. At a quarter to eight the picket on duty was suddenly turned out and ordered to march: it was, by the chance of the roster, under Lieutenant Frederick Fitzclarence,—one of the numerous natural sons of William Duke of Clarence,—who received at the last moment the instruction that his party—a sergeant, a corporal, and twenty-eight privates—were to aid the police in the seizure of armed conspirators in Cato Street, Edgware Road. The soldiers were not in the least acquainted with the task that they were to perform: they supposed that a fire had broken out, and that they were required to guard property from a casual mob. No guide was sent with them, nor was any one from the police patrol left to pick them up. It was only when their officer halted them at the corner of John Street and Edgware Road, and directed them to fix bayonets, observe the strictest silence, and follow him with caution, that they became aware that something abnormal was in hand. They had just resumed their march and reached the angle of John Street and Cato Street, when they heard, quite clearly, a single shot, followed by a scattering volley, proceeding from a building sixty yards up the road. Whereupon they

doubled up towards the sound, and came into the midst of the turmoil which had just started.

It was, apparently, not long after eight o'clock when Mr Birnie, the magistrate, gave orders to commence operations without waiting for the soldiers—either because he thought that the muster of his little band of police had been detected by the sentinels of the conspirators, or because the hour was growing so late that Thistlewood might sally out on his errand, before the doors of his refuge were blockaded. In the open street he and his gang would not so easily be arrested as when they were crowded together in the narrow loft above the stables. Accordingly he gave the foolhardy order to his handful of followers to enter the building and seize its inmates, though they were known to be armed and desperate men, and to outnumber the attacking party by two to one.

Birnie did not lead the assault himself, but turned over the charge of the forlorn hope to Ruthven, the chief of the patrol. The dozen police broke open the door of the stables, and found themselves confronted by two armed men—Davidson, the mulatto, who had a musket across his shoulder, and Ings, the butcher, who had a pistol and a sword and was girt with the belt from which hung the gruesome bags which have already been mentioned. Whether from fear or from mere surprise, neither

of the sentinels fired, but one of them shouted up the stairs in a thundering voice, "Look out above!" Ruthven called to some of his men to seize the sentinels, and charged at the steep stairway with the rest. He himself reached the top, followed by only two officers, Ellis and Smithers—the rest were stumbling up the narrow ascent, which would only take one man abreast. The assailants got a momentary glimpse of the loft crowded by about twenty-three men, some of whom were loading pistols and muskets, others girding on swords and cutlasses. What followed was a matter of ten seconds: taking one step into the loft, Ruthven held out his staff of office and shouted, "We are officers—surrender your arms"; according to one witness he added, "here's a pretty nest of you." The conspirators instinctively fell back against the walls, all save Thistlewood, who stood in the doorway of one of the small living-rooms at the end of the loft, with a long German fencing-sword poised in an attitude of defence. Ellis, the second patrolman, who had reached the top of the stair, levelled a pistol at him and cried, "Drop your sword, or I fire!" The third officer, Smithers, then ran in on Thistlewood, with bare hands, to seize him; but the conspirator replied with a cool and deadly thrust which ran Smithers through the heart. The point of his weapon went so far that it turned against one of the ribs where it joined

the spine. Ellis then fired at Thistlewood and missed him. The first shot set pandemonium loose; some one cried "throw them downstairs," some one else, "out with the lights." Four or five wild shots were fired upon Ruthven and Ellis, and then all was dark, for the eight candles were overturned, and the gang plunged in a mass at the head of the stairway, to get loose from the trap in which they found themselves. The two surviving patrolmen were knocked head-over-heels down the steps, and the conspirators poured down after them and fell upon the eight or nine officers who had not yet mounted. There was a clash for a few seconds—about twenty shots were fired, and then the gang broke out successfully, after wounding five of the police—one was shot through the head, but not mortally. As they charged forth they liberated their two sentinels, Ings and Davidson. The whole started to run in the narrow street—right and left. Those who turned to their right, to the smaller exit into Queen Street, got off, including Thistlewood himself, who, as he ran, made a furious stroke at a harmless passer-by, one William Samson, whom he mistook for an enemy trying to intercept him. The man, fortunately for himself, was wearing an unbuttoned greatcoat—the sword caught in the folds and did him no harm. The less lucky portion of the gang, who had swerved to the left, towards John Street, ran into the arms of the Cold-

streamers, who were hurrying up at the sound of the firing. These were mostly caught, some of them fighting hard. Tidd, when seized by the sergeant of the picket, fired on him—the ball went up his sleeve and then grazed his temple. Lieutenant Fitzclarence had a scuffle with another, who cut at him with a sword and then wrestled with him, till he was dragged off by two privates. When all the alarms and excursions were over, the Bow Street officers searched the loft, and found there not only the corpse of Smithers, but two miserable wretches who had buried themselves in a heap of shavings and straw in the corner, being too terrified to flee. One of these, a little snub-nosed Irish tailor named Monument, was the second of the two conspirators who was allowed to turn king's evidence: the other was a starving wastrel named Gilchrist, who had only been brought into the conspiracy that same evening—literally gleaned from the gutter. So ended the skirmish, with the capture of only eight of the twenty-five persons who had been present at the meeting—Ings, Wilson, Tidd, Davidson the mulatto, Bradbourn, Shaw, Gilchrist, and Monument.

On the next day three more important arrests were made, those of Robert Adams, the old guardsman, Brunt, the shoemaker-politician, and Thistlewood himself. The latter was certainly taken by the treachery of his accomplice Edwards, the spy, for he had never returned

to his own abode, but had taken refuge in an obscure lodging-house, 8 White Street, Little Moorfields. No one but Edwards had accompanied him thither, or knew of his hiding-place. He was surprised in bed, with all his clothes on but his coat and boots, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion after his wild night's work. Being, as he thought, safe where he was not known, he had taken no precautions against surprise, and was pounced upon by six Bow Street officers before he could even cast off his blankets. Several other arrests were made that day of persons, some of whom had, and some had not, any real connection with the plot.

The prisoners were in a very evil case. This was a hanging job—if not a hanging, drawing, and quartering job—as they all knew. There would be no chance of getting off lightly, on the plea that their assembly was a foolish escapade with no deadly purpose behind it. That they had been betrayed by some one deep in the affair was evident, for the Cato Street stable had only been hired two days before the affray. The traitor—whoever he might be—would know all about the projected assassination, the fire-raising, the design for seizing the cannon, and the rest. Wherefore the fanatics, such as Thistlewood, Brunt, and Ings, despaired and raged. But the meaner spirits, who had joined in the plot for plunder, began to think of the chance of turning king's evidence and saving their necks.

It might well be that the Home Office had not sufficient detailed information to make out a complete case, and would be glad of more. Within a few hours several of the conspirators were sounding their jailers as to the chance of escape by the way of confession. This is generally the case when a gang of political plotters has been captured, as Irish experience shows. After the Phoenix Park murders not only Councillor Carey, but others of the murderers—some say the majority of them—tried to buy their lives by treachery at their comrades' expense.

Now the Government had at their disposal for direct evidence only Thomas Hyden, who had honestly given information the moment that the general scope of the plot had become clear to him, and who knew no more than outlines, and the odious Edwards—whose part in the affair they would gladly minimise, since the revelation of his long and hypocritical spying into the projects of Thistlewood would disgust public opinion. He had let the plan develop, had loudly commended it, and had suggested ingenious, if futile, additions. If he could be kept out of court altogether, the prosecution would be the better for it. Wherefore tacit offers of immunity were made to two of the would-be purveyors of king's evidence—Robert Adams the old soldier and the Irish tailor Monument. The former had been very early and deep in the conspiracy;

the other knew less, but was a special recruit of Brunt, Thistlewood's chief lieutenant, and could tell all about him. To corroborate the evidence of these two worthies there was an ample amount of outside witnesses, neighbours who had seen mysterious meetings and secret stores of arms, and people who, like Thomas Hyden, had been solicited in more or less open fashion to take a hand in what (following the phraseology of the South Sea Bubble) we may call "an undertaking of great advantage, to be presently divulged." It was accordingly resolved to keep Edwards in the background, and to rely in the prosecution on the evidence of Hyden, Adams, and Monument, supported by the immense quantity of small detailed facts that could be supplied by persons whom chance had brought into contact with the conspirators. After all, it was impossible for them to explain away the muskets and swords, the 1200 rounds of ball cartridge, and the explosive bombs which had been found in their hands. The easy suggestion that the whole matter was a "massacre," an unprovoked attack by the minions of Bow Street, could hardly stand in face of the fact that the patrolmen had lost one killed and five wounded, not to speak of two soldiers slightly hurt, while none of the prisoners could show more than a few bruises. They made the most of them. Ings complained that he had actually been "collared and beaten about the head with a

constable's staff, so that it swelled most dreadfully." For an innocent being armed with a cutlass, a pistol, and a large butcher's knife, this was indeed unmerited brutality.

The actual trial of the conspirators took place fifty days after their arrest. The affray in Cato Street had happened at 8 on the night of February 23. The inquest on Smithers, with verdict of wilful murder against Arthur Thistlewood, ten more persons named, and "others unknown," had been held on the 25th. On March 2 the prisoners were brought before the Privy Council and examined, with the result that a "Special Commission of Oyer and Terminer" was issued for their trial, both for high treason and for the murder of Smithers and the wounding of certain other persons. On March 27 the Middlesex Grand Jury found true bills for high treason against Thistlewood and ten other prisoners, and for murder against Thistlewood and five more, who had been in the loft where Smithers was killed. Davidson and Ings, the two sentries, who had been below at the time, were not included in this charge, nor were several others of the gang. The names of the two approvers, Adams and Monument, did not appear in either list—a sign that they were to be utilised for king's evidence.

On April 15 eleven prisoners appeared at the Sessions House, Old Bailey, for trial. These were Thistlewood, Brunt, Davidson, Ings, Tidd, and six

minor figures, Wilson, Harrison, Bradbourn, Strange, Cooper, and Gilchrist. Besides the two informers, two persons who had taken a considerable part in the plot were missing from the dock—Palin, who had been in charge of the incendiary department of the business, and Cooke, who was to have led the party which was told off to seize the cannon in the Gray's Inn Road. They had succeeded in disappearing; much activity of Bow Street Runners, and the offer of handsome rewards, had failed to produce them, and they never were seen again: probably they had slipped away from London within a few hours of the affray. Of the twenty-five who had met in Cato Street on February 23, some ten or eleven got off undiscovered; but, so far as the evidence of the two approvers went, they were mostly mere "supers" in the drama. The only one who rouses any interest in the reader of the trial is a person, unknown by name to both Adams and Monument, "a big man in a long brown overcoat," whom they had never seen before; he had addressed the gang on the fatal evening. "They were there to serve their country, and if any one was afraid of his life, he ought to have nothing to do with a concern like this—the one thing to beware of was drunkenness, which would be ruinous to a cause like theirs." He was clearly an earnest recruit for the plot, but a late comer, since two men deep in

the matter did not know his name.

The eleven prisoners were arraigned together. Some little delay was caused by Ings refusing to plead in the usual form that he would be tried "by God and his country." He wanted to substitute "by the laws of Reason"—a fine French touch, though he was no doubt borrowing from Tom Paine, and not from any foreign source. All duly answered "Not guilty," whereupon Lord Justice Abbott announced that Thistlewood was to be tried by himself, and the others in succession. As things fell out, the chief, Ings, and Brunt had separate trials: Tidd and Davidson the mulatto agreed to take their fortune together: the remaining six were dealt with in a group. The whole chain of five trials was spread over fourteen days, from Saturday, April 15, the morning of the arraignment, to Friday, April 28, when sentence was delivered to all the accused together.

The main psychological interest of the trials consists in the curious attitude taken by the prisoners as the case against them was slowly worked out. A conspirator has it open to him to plead one of two things—either he is a "martyr," that is, he acknowledges his intent and glories in it, or he is a "victim," an innocent man who is accused by perjured villains of being concerned in a plot of which he knew nothing, or which never even existed. Each of these poses is excellent in its way, but in strict logic

they are incompatible with each other. One cannot be both an unjustly-accused innocent man and also the martyr of a great cause. Revolutionaries on their trial have often failed to see this simple fact, and claim both merits for themselves. At one moment they are the prey of lying and corrupt witnesses, and make appeals to the immutable laws of justice; at another they slide into a vindication of the crime of which they are accused, and boast of their share in it, as a supreme title to respect from their countrymen. This confusion of poses was very evident both in Thistlewood's own defence and in that of several of his followers. Instead of endeavouring to prove that the Cato Street meeting was harmless, or the whole plot an invention of the police and the Government, they spent a vast amount of time and energy in discrediting the character of the witnesses brought against them. Adams and Monument were traitors, and a traitor should not be credited—even (apparently) if his allegations are borne out by innumerable scraps of corroborating evidence from sources which cannot be impugned. But the most telling part of the defence was an attempt to throw all the responsibility for the plot on to the shoulders of the invisible Edwards. There is good reason to think that this was a policy settled among the accused from the first. Monument was a miserable little coward, but there seems every probability that he was telling the truth

when he said that Thistlewood instructed him to this effect on the day after their arrest, and long before the trial had begun. "I was handcuffed to him: he advised me when I came up to say that I had been brought to Cato Street by Edwards. I asked him how I could say so, when I had never seen such a man as Edwards in all my life"—it was Brunt who enlisted him. "Thistlewood said that was of no consequence. If asked what sort of a man he was, I was to say that he was a little taller than myself, and dressed that night in a brown coat." I fancy that from this hint we can reconstruct the reason why Edwards is always turning up in the statements of the prisoners, even in improbable conjunctions, and why either he or Adams is credited by them with the more startling and atrocious proposals. They even said that Edwards invented the plot himself—which, considering Thistlewood's previous record, is absurd. "He knew all the plans for two months before I was acquainted with them," cried Ings. "I am like a bullock drove into Smithfield market to be sold. I consider myself murdered if this man is not brought forward: I am willing to die on the scaffold if he goes there too. And that man Adams has got out of the halter himself by accusing others falsely: he would hang his God. I would sooner die five hundred deaths than be the means of hanging other men." But the falsehoods attributed to Adams, when the accused went into details,

turned out not to be misdescriptions of the character of the plot but errors as to the names of people present on different occasions, or as to the number of candles in the loft on February 23, or the attribution of words to one rather than another of the conspirators.

But, in fact, all attempts to malign the character of witnesses—which was in several cases bad enough—were useless in face of the mere facts of the affray. The prosecution had the easy answer: "If these men were persons of abominable character, if one is a professional blackmailer, another a notorious swindler, a third 'a villain of the deepest atrocity—his very landlord refuses to give him a character,' how came it that you were, as you acknowledge yourselves, associating with them for weeks and months in the greatest familiarity? It was a case of *nos-citur a sociis*."

The counsel for the prisoners—there were four of them, Messrs Adolphus, Curwood, Walford, and Broderick—had an unenviable task because of the way in which their clients persisted in "giving themselves away." Adolphus, the leader for the defence in Thistlewood's case, spent the greater part of his energy in trying to demonstrate that the conspirators could not be guilty of High Treason, because their means were insufficient to attack the fabric of the English Monarchy.

"It is unworthy of the Government of this country to prosecute as traitors some dozen ragged beggars impatient

of extreme poverty. Barracks were to be taken, cannons carried off, Ministers assassinated, the Mansion House occupied, by some fifteen or twenty men—twenty-five was the highest number that is spoken to. He believed that the real object of the party was mere robbery—they might set fire to some houses to obtain plunder in the confusion that might thereby be created. These, to be sure, were heinous intentions, but they did not amount to High Treason. The Jury had heard the manner in which some of the prisoners spoke of the shopkeepers of London—it showed their object was plunder, and the bags produced were made for the purpose of holding spoil, not the heads of Cabinet Ministers.”

All this, though ingenious enough, must have been most distasteful to Thistlewood, who objected to being degraded from the position of a patriot chief to that of the head of a gang of burglars. The pains of the barristers were wasted for a client whose exposition of his situation was as follows:—

“With respect to the immorality of our project, I will observe that the assassination of a tyrant has always been deemed a meritorious action. Brutus and Cassius were lauded to the very skies for slaying Cæsar. Indeed, when any man, or set of men, place themselves above the laws of their country, there is no other means of bringing them to justice but the arm of the private individual. If the laws are not strong enough to prevent them from murdering the community, it becomes the duty of every member of that community to rid his country of its oppressors. High treason was committed against the people at Manchester. If one spark of honour, one spark of patriotism, had still glimmered in the breasts of Englishmen, they would have risen to a man—Insurrection had become a public duty. The banner of independence should have floated in the gale that brought the tidings of the wrongs and sufferings of the Man-

chester people to the metropolis. Such was not the case: Albion is still in the chains of slavery—I quit it without regret—my body may be immured beneath the soil whereon I first drew breath. My only sorrow is that this soil should be the theatre for despots, for slaves, for cowards!”

Translated into Brunt’s less flowery style, the same sentiments appear in the following form:—

“Lord Castlereagh and Lord Sidmouth had an antipathy for the people, and if he did conspire to murder them, was that high treason? He readily acknowledged that he had agreed to assassinate the Ministers, but he was no enemy to his country. He was an enemy to a borough-mongering faction, which equally enslaved King and People. He had joined the conspiracy for the public good. They might quarter his body, they might inflict on him any kind of torture, but they could not shake his resolution or subdue his spirit.”

Ings, an uneducated man, and not a great reader like Brunt, spoke only a few words, but they made the same point.

“His Majesty’s Ministers conspire together and impose laws to starve me and my family and my fellow-countrymen. And if I was going to assassinate these Ministers, I do not see that it is so bad as starvation. The Yeomen at Manchester had their swords ground—and I had a sword ground too. I do not see any harm in that. I would rather die like a man than live like a slave.”

Not all the accused spoke up like this. Davidson, the mulatto, mainly harped away on the infamy of Edwards, though he raised a curious constitutional point. In Magna Charta it was provided that if the King violated the terms he had sworn to observe, the barons might rise in arms against him.

"Such an act in old times was not considered treason towards the King, however hostile it might be towards his Ministers. But this does not apply to me—I had no intention of joining any scheme whatever, either to put down my King or to murder his Ministers. I have been entrapped by those who, for private purposes of their own, have had my life sworn away."

Several others of the less notable conspirators said no more than they had been drawn into the plot by villains, or that all the evidence against them had been perverted.

In every case the successive Juries of the five trials brought in verdicts of guilty. It is hard to see how they could have done otherwise. The sentences of all the conspirators were delivered together by Lord Chief-Justice Abbott. In form the death penalty was passed on all, but the judge, while rehearsing it, held out hopes that some of the condemned men might look for mercy. Within twenty-four hours it was intimated that only five, Thistlewood, Brunt, Ings, Davidson, and Tidd were to die: Harrison, Wilson, Cooper, Strange, and Bradbourn were sentenced to life-long transportation to New South Wales. Gilchrist was respited and afterwards given a pardon—inquiry had proved that he had never met Thistlewood before the night of the affray, that he was absolutely starving, and had been brought to the fatal meeting by Cooper by the promise of a meal. It was doubtful whether he had ever understood what was in hand. At the last moment the conspirators had

absolutely raked the gutters for recruits.

The form of execution by which the five men condemned to death perished was one never seen before or after in England. They were hung till they were dead, and their corpses were then beheaded. The idea that decapitation was the proper punishment for high treason still lingered, but sentiment and public opinion had so far changed since the great executions of 1746 that death by the axe was not enforced, and the horrid ritual of quartering was completely abandoned. All the prisoners showed great resolution during the three days that they had still to live. Thistlewood, Brunt, Ings, and Tidd refused to see any minister of religion, declaring themselves Deists, and strenuously rejecting the notion that they needed any man's intercession before the Supreme Being. Davidson first sent for a Wesleyan preacher, and afterwards accepted the ministrations of the Ordinary of Newgate. He showed great contrition, received the sacrament, and spent his last hours in almost unceasing bursts of agonised prayer. On the scaffold he displayed as much courage as any of the other four.

The execution, which took place on a specially prepared platform of unusual size erected in front of the Old Bailey Sessions House, took place at a quarter to eight on the morning of May 1. The crowd assembled was the largest that London had seen for many years—perhaps the largest

that had ever gathered to such a scene, for the metropolis had doubled in size since the Jacobite rebels went to the block in 1746. Executions of highwaymen, murderers, or forgers were common enough, but this was to be something out of the ordinary: "Colonel Despard's job" in 1803, and Bellingham's hanging in 1812, could not compare with it for notoriety. But the precautions taken by the Government rendered the proceedings orderly enough—there was a large display of constables, and a force of soldiery, horse and foot, was on guard to repress possible rioting. To prevent people from being crushed by the swaying of the multitude, successive barriers of posts, bars, and chains had been put across the open space before the Sessions House and the streets that converged on it. Thus the spectators were out up into a sort of "water-tight compartments," each block separated from the others. The early comers took their posts over-night, and whiled away the time of waiting by watching the carpenters erect the scaffold by torchlight. It was finished by dawn. At five o'clock in the morning the spaces from which there was a view were completely packed, including the roofs of houses for many hundred yards away in all directions. The reporters of the day remark that it was astounding that no accidents of any importance took place in such a vast crowd. Some people were, of course, taken with fits or fainting; a line of

men clinging to a light iron railing by St Sepulchre's Church brought it down by their weight, and fell on the people below them, but no one got more than bruises.

The fact was that it is strong emotion—anger or fear—that makes crowds dangerous, and this multitude was assembled to see a show.

"The conduct of the countless thousands assembled," writes an eyewitness, "was peaceable in the extreme. Curiosity seemed powerfully excited, but no political feeling was manifested by any part of the crowd, and they awaited the termination of the dreadful scene in silence. Sometimes a low murmur ran through the multitude as some new incident in the proceedings attracted their attention, but it was a murmur of surprise and interest, which never took the tone of clamorous disapprobation."

At the very last moment of the execution there was a horrid outburst of levity among some of the spectators, which must be described in its due place.

At a quarter before eight the prisoners made their appearance on the scaffold, led by Thistlewood. The bearing of the chief and of Brunt and Tidd was stern and self-contained: Davidson kept muttering prayers all the time of waiting. But Ings created an unseemly disturbance: he kept singing for some time in a discordant voice one of the Reformer's songs, "Oh, give me death or liberty," till Tidd turned to him and said, "Don't, Ings. There is no use in all this noise: we can die bravely without being noisy." This only made the wretched butcher

colloquial instead of musical. He kept up a fire of loud observations, advising the hangman to "Do it well, pull us tight." He nodded to people in the crowd, observing that "he saw a good many friends about." He shouted to them, "Here I go, James Ings, the enemy of tyrants," and, again, "This is soon going to be the last remains of James Ings." At the final moment, after turning to Jack Ketch and shouting, "Now, old gentleman, finish me tidily," he looked toward the crowd, and, leaning forward, roared out three distinct cheers in a hoarse and broken voice. Thistlewood ignored him: his only recorded utterance on the scaffold was that he said to Tidd just before the platform fell, "Now we shall soon know the Great Secret."

After the trap had worked, the conspirators were left hanging for half an hour. Their bodies were then lifted into their coffins, with the heads hanging over the upper ends. The decapitation followed. A masked man in a blue coat and grey trousers came on to the scaffold and severed each head with a surgeon's amputating knife, not an axe. When he had dealt with each corpse the assistant executioner held up the head by its hair, and pro-

claimed to the assembled multitude, "This is the head of a traitor," in the ancient style. The crowd at first disliked the horrid sight: as Thistlewood's head was cut off many averted their eyes and others groaned. They looked with more steadiness at the decapitation of Tidd, Ings, and Davidson, some hooting and hissing at the operator. But when the turn of Brunt's corpse came a hateful incident followed. Thackeray related it as the most horrid story that had reached his ears when he was a boy. The masked man, on rising from his stooping position over the coffin, dropped the head, which rolled across the sawdust. Some brute in the crowd cried out, "Yah, butter-fingers!" and a number of others about him burst out into a horse-laugh.

It is said that the impression made by this hideous mirth on the rest of the spectators, and the report of it to the authorities, was the cause of the abolition of the ceremony of decapitation, which has never since been seen in England. Later traitors have always been merely hanged. Probably the general reader remembers the Cato Street conspirators mainly because they were the last criminals on whom the ancient ritual of decapitation was carried out.

C. OMAN.

BASILISSA.

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

I.

WHEN Vernon was a very little boy he was the sleepest of mortals, but in the spring he had seasons of bad dreams, and breakfast became an idle meal. Mrs Ganthony, greatly concerned, sent for Dr Moreton from Axby, and homely remedies were prescribed.

"It is the spring fever," said the old man. "It gives the gout to me and nightmares to this baby; it brings lads and lasses together, and scatters young men about the world. An antique complaint, Mrs Ganthony. But it will right itself, never fear. *Ver non semper viret*." Chuckling at his ancient joke, the doctor mounted his horse, leaving the nurse only half comforted. "What fidgets me," she told the housekeeper, "is the way his lordship holds his tongue. For usual he'll shout as lusty as a whelp. But now I find him in the morning with his eyes like moons and his skin white and shiny, and never a cheep has he given the whole blessed night, with me laying next door, and it open, and a light sleeper at all times, Mrs Wace, ma'am."

Every year the dreams came, generally—for his springs were spent at Severns—in the big new night-nursery at the top

of the west wing, which his parents had built not long before their death. It had three windows looking over the moorish flats which run up to the Lancashire fells, and from one window, by craning your neck, you could catch a glimpse of the sea. It was all hung, too, with a Chinese paper whereon pink and green parrots squatted in wonderful blue trees, and there seemed generally to be a wood fire burning. Vernon's recollections of his childish nightmare are hazy. He always found himself in a room different from the nursery and bigger, but with the same smell of wood smoke. People came and went, such as his nurse, the butler, Simon the head-keeper, Uncle Appleby his guardian, Cousin Jennifer, the old woman who sold oranges in Axby, and a host of others. Nobody hindered them from going away, and they seemed to be pleading with him to come too. There was danger in the place; something was going to happen in that big room, and if by that time he was not gone there would be mischief. But it was quite clear to him that he could not go. He must stop there, with the wood

smoke in his nostrils, and await the advent of a terrible Something. But he was never quite sure of the nature of the compulsion. He had a notion that if he made a rush for the door at Uncle Appleby's heels he would be allowed to escape, but that somehow he would be behaving badly. Anyhow, the place put him into a sweat of fright, and Mrs Ganthony looked darkly at him in the morning.

Vernon was nine before this odd spring dream began to take definite shape—at least he thinks he must have been about that age. The dream-stage was emptying. There was nobody in the room now but himself, and he saw its details a little more clearly. It was not any apartment in the modern magnificence of Severns. Rather it looked like one of the big old panelled chambers which the boy remembered from visits to Midland country-houses, where he had arrived after dark and had been put to sleep in a great bed in a place lit with dancing fire-light. In the morning it had looked only an ordinary big room, but at that hour of the evening it had seemed an enchanted citadel. The dream-room was not unlike these, for there was the scent of a wood fire and there were dancing shadows, but he could not see clearly the walls or the ceiling, and there was no bed. In one corner was a door which led to the outer world, and through this he

knew that he might on no account pass. Another door faced him, and he knew that he had only to turn the handle and enter it. But he did not want to, for he understood quite clearly what was beyond. There was another room like the first one, but he knew nothing about it, except that opposite the entrance another door led out of it. Beyond was a third chamber, and so on interminably. There seemed to the boy no end to this fantastic suite. He thought of it as a great snake of masonry, winding up hill and down dale away to the fells or the sea. Yes, but there was an end. Somewhere far away in one of the rooms was a terror waiting on him, or, as he feared, coming towards him. Even now it might be flitting from room to room, every minute bringing its soft tread nearer to the chamber of the wood fire.

About this time of life the dream was an unmitigated horror. Once it came while he was ill with a childish fever, and it sent his temperature up to a point which brought Dr Moreton galloping from Axby. In his waking hours he did not, as a rule, remember it clearly; but during the fever, asleep and awake, that sinuous building, one room thick, with each room opening from the other, was never away from his thoughts. It fretted him to think that outside were the cheerful moors where he hunted for plovers' eggs, and that only a thin

wall of stone kept him from pleasant homely things. The thought used to comfort him for a moment when he was awake, but in the dream it never came near him. Asleep, the whole world seemed one suite of rooms, and he, a forlorn little prisoner, doomed to wait grimly on the slow coming through the many doors of a Fear which transcended word and thought.

He was a silent, self-absorbed boy, and though the fact of his nightmares was patent to the little household, the details remained locked in his heart. Not even to Uncle Appleby would he tell them when that gentleman, hurriedly kind, came down to visit his convalescent ward. His illness made Vernon grow, and he shot up into a lanky, leggy boy—weakly, too, till the hills tautened his sinews again. His Greek blood—his grandmother had been a Karolides—had given him a face curiously like the young Byron, with a finely-cut brow and nostrils, and hauteur in the full lips. But Vernon had no Byronic pallor, for his upland home kept him sunburnt and weather-beaten, and below his straight Greek brows shone a pair of grey and steadfast and very English eyes.

He was about fifteen—so he thinks—when he made the great discovery. The dream had become almost a custom now. It came in April at Severns during the Easter holidays—a night's discomfort (it was now scarcely more) in the rush and glory of the spring fishing. There was a

moment of the old wild heart-fluttering; but a boy's fancy is quickly dulled, and the endless corridors were now more of a prison than a witch's antechamber. By this time, with the help of his diary, he had fixed the date of the dream: it came regularly on the night of the first Monday of April. Now the year I speak of he had been on a long expedition into the hills, and had stridden homewards at a steady four miles an hour among the gleams and shadows of an April twilight. He was alone at Severns, so he had his supper in the big library, where afterwards he sat watching the leaping flames in the open stone hearth. He was very weary, and sleep fell upon him in his chair. He found himself in the wood-smoke chamber, and before him the door leading to the unknown. But it was no indefinite fear that lay beyond. He knew clearly—though how he knew he could not tell—that each year the Something came one room nearer, and was even now but ten rooms off. In ten years his own door would open, and then—

He woke in the small hours, chilled and mazed, but with a curious new assurance in his heart. Hitherto the nightmare had left him in gross terror, unable to endure the prospect of its recurrence, till the kindly forgetfulness of youth had soothed him. But now, though his nerves were tense with fright, he perceived that there was a limit to the mystery. Some day it must declare itself, and fight on equal terms.

As he thought over the matter in the next few days he had the sense of being forewarned and prepared for some great test of courage. The notion exhilarated as much as it frightened him. Late at night, or on soft dripping days, or at any moment of lessened vitality, he would bitterly wish that he had been born an ordinary mortal. But on a keen morning of frost, when he rubbed himself warm after a cold tub, or at high noon of summer, the adventure of the dream almost pleased him. Unconsciously he braced himself to a harder discipline. His fitness, moral and physical, became his chief interest, for reasons which would have been unintelligible to his friends and more so to his masters. He passed through school an aloof and splendid figure, magnificently athletic, with a brain as well as a perfect body,—a good fellow in everybody's opinion, but a grave one. He had no intimates, and never shared the secret of the spring dream. For some reason which he could not tell, he would have burned his hand off rather than breathe a hint of it. Pure terror absolves from all conventions and demands a confident, so terror, I think, must have largely departed from the nightmare as he grew older. Fear, indeed, remained, and awe and disquiet, but these are human things, whereas terror is of hell.

Had he told any one, he would no doubt have become self-conscious and felt acutely his

difference from other people. As it was, he was an ordinary schoolboy, much beloved, and, except at odd moments, unaware of any brooding destiny. As he grew up and his ambition awoke, the moments when he remembered the dream were apt to be disagreeable, for a boy's ambitions are strictly conventional and his soul revolts at the abnormal. By the time he was ready for the University he wanted above all things to run the mile a second faster than any one else, and had vague hopes of exploring wild countries. For most of the year he lived with these hopes and was happy; then came April, and for a short season he was groping in dark places. Before and after each dream he was in a mood of exasperation; but when it came he plunged into a different atmosphere, and felt the quiver of fear and the quick thrill of expectation. One year, in the unsettled moods of nineteen, he made an attempt to avoid it. He and three others were on a walking tour in Brittany in gusty spring weather, and came late one evening to an inn by an estuary where seagulls clattered about the windows. Youth-like they ordered a great and foolish feast, and sat all night round a bowl of punch, while school songs and "John Peel" contended with the dirling of the gale. At daylight they took the road again, without having closed an eye, and Vernon told himself that he was rid of his

incubus. He wondered at the time why he was not more cheerful. Next April he was at Severns, reading hard, and on the first Monday of the month he went to bed with scarcely a thought of what that night used to mean. The dream did not fail him. Once more he was in the chamber with the wood fire; once again he was peering at the door and wondering with tremulous heart what lay beyond. For the Something had come nearer by two rooms, and was now only five doors away. He wrote in his diary at that time some lines from Keats' "Indian Maid's Song":—

"I would deceive her,
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind."

And there is a mark of exclamation against the "she," as if he found some irony in it.

From that day the boy in him died. The dream would not suffer itself to be forgotten. It moulded his character and determined his plans like the vow of the young Hannibal at the altar. He had forgotten now either to fear or to hope; the thing was part of him, like his vigorous young body, his slow kindliness, his patient courage. He left Oxford at twenty-two with a prodigious reputation which his remarkable athletic record by no means explained. All men liked him, but no one knew him; he had a thousand acquaintances and a hundred friends, but no comrade. There was a sense of

brooding power about him which attracted and repelled his little world. No one forecast any special career for him; indeed, it seemed almost disrespectful to condescend upon such details. It was not what Vernon would do that fired the imagination of his fellows, but what they dimly conceived that he already was. I remember my first sight of him about that time, a tall young man in the corner of a club smoking-room, with a head like Apollo's and eyes which received much but gave nothing. I guessed at once that he had foreign blood in him, not from any oddness of colouring or feature but from his silken reserve. We of the North are angular in our silences; we have not learned the art of gracious reticence.

His twenty-third April was spent in a hut on the Line, somewhere between the sources of the Congo and the Nile, in the trans-African expedition when Waldemar found the new variety of okapi. The following April I was in his company in a tent far up on the shoulder of a Kashmir mountain. On the first Monday of the month we had had a heavy day after ovis, and that night I was asleep almost before my weary limbs were tucked into my kaross. I knew nothing of Vernon's dream, but next morning I remember that I remarked a certain heaviness of eye, and wondered idly if the frame of this Greek divinity was as tough as it was shapely.

II.

Next year Vernon left England early in March. He had resolved to visit again his grandmother's country and to indulge his passion for cruising in new waters.

His 20-ton yawl was sent as deck cargo to Patras, while he followed by way of Venice. He brought one man with him from Wyvenhoe, a lean gypsy lad called Martell, and for his other hand he found an Epirote at Corfu, who bore a string of names that began with Constantine. From Patras with a west wind they made good sailing up the Gulf of Corinth, and, passing through the Canal, came in the last days of March to the Piræus. In that place of polyglot speech, whistling engines, and the odour of gas-works, they delayed only for water and supplies, and presently had rounded Sunium, and were beating up the Euripus with the Attic hills rising sharp and clear in the spring sunlight. Vernon had no plans. It was a joy to him to be alone with the racing seas and the dancing winds, to scud past little headlands, pink and white with blossom, or to lie of a night in some hidden bay beneath the thymy crags. It was his habit on his journeys to discard the clothes of civilisation. In a blue jersey and old corduroy trousers, bare-headed and barefooted, he steered his craft and waited on the passing of the hours. Like an acolyte before the

temple gate, he believed himself to be on the threshold of a new life.

Trouble began under the snows of Pelion as they turned the north end of Eubœa. On the morning of the first Monday in April the light west winds died away, and scirocco blew harshly from the south. By midday it was half a gale, and in those yeasty shallow seas with an iron coast on the port the prospect looked doubtful. The nearest harbour was twenty miles distant, and as no one of the crew had been there before it was a question if they could make it by nightfall. With the evening the gale increased, and Constantine advised a retreat from the maze of rocky islands to the safer deeps of the Ægean. It was a hard night for the three, and there was no chance of sleep. More by luck than skill they escaped the butt of Skiathos, and the first light found them far to the east among the long seas of the North Ægean, well on the way to Lemnos. By eight o'clock the gale had blown itself out, and three soaked and chilly mortals relaxed their vigil. Soon bacon was frizzling on the cuddy-stove, and hot coffee and dry clothes restored them to comfort.

The sky cleared, and in bright sunlight, with the dregs of the gale behind him, Vernon stood in for the mainland, where the white crest of Olympus hung in the northern heavens. In

the late afternoon they came into a little bay carved from the side of a high mountain. The slopes were gay with flowers, yellow and white and scarlet, and the young green of crops showed in the clearings. Among the thyme a flock of goats was browsing, shepherded by a little girl in a saffron skirt, who sang shrilly in snatches. Midway in the bay and just above the anchorage rose a great white building, which showed to seaward a blank white wall pierced with a few narrow windows. At first sight Vernon took it for a monastery, but a look through the glasses convinced him that its purpose was not religious. Once it had been fortified, and even now a broad causeway ran between it and the sea, which looked as if it had once held guns. The architecture was a jumble, showing here the enriched Gothic of Venice and there the straight lines and round arches of the East. It had once, he conjectured, been the hold of some Venetian seaking, then the palace of a Turkish conqueror, and now was, perhaps, the homely manor-house of this pleasant domain.

A fishing-boat was putting out from the shore. He hailed its occupant and asked who owned the castle.

The man crossed himself and spat overboard. "*Basilissa*," he said, and turned his eyes seaward.

Vernon called Constantine from the bows and asked him what the word might mean. The Epirote crossed himself also before he spoke. "It is

the Lady of the Land," he said, in a hushed voice. "It is the great witch who is the Devil's bride. In old days in spring they made sacrifice to her, but they say her power is dying now. In my country we do not speak her name, but elsewhere they call her 'Queen.'" The man's bluff sailorly assurance had disappeared, and as Vernon stared at him in bewilderment he stammered and averted his eyes.

By supper-time he had recovered himself, and the weather-beaten three made such a meal as befits those who have faced danger together. Afterwards Vernon, as was his custom, sat alone in the stern, smoking and thinking his thoughts. He wrote up his diary with a ship's lantern beside him, while overhead the starless velvet sky seemed to hang low and soft like an awning. Little fires burned on the shore at which folk were cooking food—he could hear their voices, and from the keep one single lit window made an eye in the night.

He had leisure now for the thought which had all day been at the back of his mind. The night had passed and there had been no dream. The adventure for which he had prepared himself had vanished into the *Ægean* tides. He told himself that it was a relief, that an old folly was over, but he knew in his heart that he was bitterly disappointed. The fates had prepared the stage and rung up the curtain without providing the play. He had been fooled, and somehow

the zest and savour of life had gone from him. No man can be strung high and then find his preparation idle without suffering a cruel recoil.

As he scribbled idly in his diary he found some trouble about dates. Down in his bunk was a sheaf of Greek papers bought at the Piræus and still unlooked at. He fetched them up and turned them over with a growing mystification. There was something very odd about the business. One gets hazy about dates at sea, but he could have sworn that he had made no mistake. Yet here it was down in black and white, for there was no question about the number of days since he left the Piræus. The day was not Tuesday, as he had believed, but Monday, the first Monday of April.

He stood up with a beating heart and that sense of unseen hands which comes to all men once or twice in their lives. The night was yet to come, and with it the end of the dream. Suddenly he was glad, absurdly glad, he could almost have wept with the joy of it. And then he was conscious for the first time of the strangeness of the place in which he had anchored. The night was dark over him like a shell, enclosing the half-moon of bay and its one lit dwelling. The great hills, unseen but felt, ran up to snows, warding it off from a profane world. His nerves tingled with a joyful anticipation. Something, some wonderful thing, was coming to him out of the darkness.

Under an impulse for which

he could give no reason, he called Constantine and gave his orders. Let him be ready to sail at any moment—a possible thing, for there was a light breeze off shore. Also let the yacht's dinghy be ready in case he wanted it. Then Vernon sat himself down again in the stern beside the lantern, and waited. . . .

He was dreaming, and did not hear the sound of oars or the grating of a boat alongside. Suddenly he found a face looking at him in the ring of lamplight—an old bearded face curiously wrinkled. The eyes, which were grave and penetrating, scanned him for a second or two, and then a voice spoke—

"Will the Signor come with me? There is work for him to do this night."

Vernon rose obediently. He had waited for this call these many years, and he was there to answer it. He went below and put a loaded revolver in his trouser-pocket, and then dropped over the yacht's side into a cockleshell of a boat. The messenger took the oars and rowed for the point of light on shore.

A middle-aged woman stood on a rock above the tide, holding a small lantern. In its thin flicker he made out a person with the air and dress of a French maid. She cast one glance at Vernon, and then turned wearily to the other. "Fool, Mitri!" she said. "You have brought a peasant."

"Nay," said the old man, "he is no peasant. He is a

Signor, and as I judge, a man of his hands."

The woman passed the light of her lantern over Vernon's form and face. "His dress is a peasant's, but such clothes may be a nobleman's whim. I have heard it of the English."

"I am English," said Vernon in French.

She turned on him with a quick movement of relief.

"You are English and a gentleman? But I know nothing of you, only that you have come out of the sea. Up in the House we women are alone, and my mistress has death to face, or a worse than death. We have no claim on you, and if you give us your service it means danger—ah, what danger! The boat is waiting. You have time to go back and go away and forget that you have seen this accursed place. But, O Monsieur, if you hope for Heaven and have pity on a defenceless angel, you will not leave us."

"I am ready," said Vernon.

"God's mercy," she sighed, and, seizing his arm, drew him up the steep causeway, while the old man went ahead with the lantern. Now and then she cast anxious glances to the right where the little fires of the fishers twinkled along the shore. Then came a point when the three entered a narrow uphill road, where rocky steps had been cut in a tamarisk thicket. She spoke low in French to Vernon's ear—

"My mistress is the last of her line, you figure; a girl with a wild estate and a father long dead. She is good and graci-

ous, as I who have tended her can witness, but she is young and cannot govern the wolves who are the men of these parts. They have a long hatred of her house, and now they have rumoured it that she is a witch and blights the crops and slays the children. No one will look at her; the priest—for they are all in the plot—signs himself and crosses the road; the little ones run screaming to their mothers. Once, twice, they have cursed our threshold and made the blood mark on the door. For two years we have been prisoners in the House, and only Mitri is true. They name her Basilissa, meaning the Queen of Hell, whom the ancients called Proserpine. There is no babe but will faint with fright if it casts eyes on her, and she as mild and innocent as Mother Mary. . . ."

The woman stopped at a little door in a high wall of masonry. "Nay, wait and hear me out. It is better that you hear the tale from me than from her. Mitri has the gossip of the place through his daughter's husband, and the word has gone round to burn the witch out. The winter in the hills has been cruel, and they blame their sorrow on her. The dark of the moon in April is the time fixed, for they say that a witch has power only in moonlight. This is the night, and down on the shore the fishers are gathered. The men from the hills are in the higher woods."

"Have they a leader?" Vernon asked.

"A leader?" her voice echoed

shrilly. "But that is the worst of our terrors. There is one Vlastos, a lord in the mountains, who saw my mistress a year ago as she looked from the balcony at the Swallow-singing, and was filled with a passion for her. He has persecuted her since with his desires. He is a king among these savages, being himself a very wolf in man's flesh. We have denied him, but he persists, and this night he announces that he comes for an answer. He offers to save her if she will trust him, but what is the honour of his kind? He is like a brute out of a cave. It were better for my lady to go to God in the fire than to meet all Hell in his arms. But this night we must choose, unless you prove a saviour."

"Did you see my boat anchor in the bay?" Vernon asked, though he already knew the answer.

"But no," she said. "We live only on the landward side of the House. My lady told me that God would send a man to our aid. And I bade Mitri fetch him."

The door was unlocked and the three climbed a staircase which seemed to follow the wall of a round tower. Presently they came into a stone hall with curious hangings like the old banners in a church. From the open flame of the lantern another was kindled, and the light showed a desolate place with crumbling mosaics on the floor and plaster dropping from the cornices. Through another corridor they went, where the air blew warmer and there was

that indefinable scent which comes from human habitation. Then came a door which the woman held open for Vernon to enter. "Wait there, Monsieur," she said. "My mistress will come to you."

It was his own room, where annually he had waited with a fluttering heart since he was a child at Severns. A fire of wood—some resinous thing like juniper—burned on the hearth, and spirals of blue smoke escaped the stone chimney and filled the air with their pungent fragrance. On a Spanish cabinet stood an antique silver lamp, and there was a great blue Chinese vase filled with spring flowers. Soft Turcoman rugs covered the wooden floor—Vernon noted every detail, for never before had he been able to see his room clearly. A woman had lived here, for an embroidery frame lay on a table and there were silken cushions on the low divans. And facing him in the other wall there was a door.

In the old days he had regarded it with vague terror in his soul. Now he looked at it with the hungry gladness with which a traveller sees again the familiar objects of home. The hour of his destiny had struck. The thing for which he had trained himself in body and spirit was about to reveal itself in that doorway. . . .

It opened, and a girl entered. She was tall and very slim, and moved with the free grace of a boy. She trod the floor like one walking in spring meadows. Her little head on the flower-like neck was bent sideways as

if she were listening, and her eyes had the strange disquieting innocence of a child's. Yet she was a grown woman, nobly made, and lithe and supple as Artemis herself when she ranged with her maidens through the moonlit glades. Her face had the delicate pallor of pure health, and above it the masses of dark hair were bound with a thin gold circlet. She wore a gown of some soft white stuff, and had thrown over it a cloak of russet furs.

For a second—or so it seemed to Vernon—she looked at him as he stood tense and expectant like a runner at the start. Then the hesitation fled from her face. She ran to him with the confidence of a child who has waited long for the coming of a friend and has grown lonely and fearful. She gave him both her hands and in her tall pride looked him full in the eyes. "You have come," she sighed happily. "I did not doubt it. They told me there was no help, but, you see, they did not know about you. That was my own secret. The Monster had nearly gobbled me, Perseus, but of course you could not come quicker. And now you will take me away with you? See, I am ready. And Elise will come too, and old Mitri, for they could not live without me. We must hurry, for the Monster is very near."

In that high moment of romance, when young love had burst upon him like spring, Vernon retained his odd discipline of soul. The adventure of the dream could not be

satisfied by flight, even though his companion was a goddess.

"We will go, Andromeda, but not yet. I have something to say to the Monster."

She broke into a ripple of laughter. "Yes, that is the better way. Mitri will admit him alone, and he will think to find us women. But you will be here and you will speak to him." Then her eyes grew solemn. "He is very cruel, Perseus, and he is full of evil. He may devour us both. Let us begone before he comes."

It was Vernon's turn to laugh. At the moment no enterprise seemed too formidable, and a price must be paid for this far-away princess. And even as he laughed the noise of a great bell clanged through the house.

Mitri stole in with a scared face, and it was from Vernon that he took his orders. "Speak them fair, but let one man enter and no more. Bring him here, and see that the gate is barred behind him. After that make ready for the road." Then to the girl: "Take off your cloak and wait here as if you were expecting him. I will stand behind the screen. Have no fear, for I will have him covered, and I will shoot him like a dog if he lays a finger on you."

From the shelter of the screen Vernon saw the door open and a man enter. He was a big fellow of the common mountain type, gorgeously dressed in a uniform of white and crimson, with boots of yellow untanned leather, and a beltful of weapons. He was

handsome in a coarse way, but his slanting eyes and the heavy lips scarcely hidden by the curling moustaches were ugly and sinister. He smiled, showing his white teeth, and spoke hurriedly in the guttural Greek of the north. The girl shivered at the sound of his voice, and to the watcher it seemed like Pan pursuing one of Dian's nymphs.

"You have no choice, my Queen," he was saying. "I have a hundred men at the gate who will do my bidding, and protect you against these fools of villagers till you are safe with me at Louko. But if you refuse me I cannot hold the people. They will burn the place over your head, and by to-morrow's morn these walls will be smouldering ashes with your fair body in the midst of them."

Then his wooing became rougher. The satyr awoke in his passionate eyes. "Nay, you are mine, whether you will it or not. I and my folk will carry you off when the trouble begins. Take your choice, my girl, whether you will go with a good grace, or trussed up behind a servant. We have rough ways in the hills with ungracious wenches."

"I am going away," she whispered, "but not with you!"

The man laughed. "Have you fetched down friend Michael and his angels to help you? By Saint John the Hunter, I would I had a rival. I would carve him prettily for the sake of your sweet flesh."

Vernon kicked aside the screen. "You will have your chance," he said. "I am ready."

Vlastos stepped back with his hand at his belt. "Who in the devil's name are you?" he asked.

"One who would dispute the lady with you," said Vernon.

The man had recovered his confidence. "I know nothing of you or whence you come, but to-night I am merciful. I give you ten seconds to disappear. If not, I will spit you, my fine cock, and you will roast in this oven."

"Nevertheless the lady goes with me," said Vernon, smiling.

Vlastos plucked a whistle from his belt, but before it reached his mouth he was looking into the barrel of Vernon's revolver. "Pitch that thing on the floor," came the command. "Not there! Behind me! Off with that belt and give it to the lady. Quick, my friend."

The dancing grey eyes dominated the sombre black ones. Vlastos flung down the whistle, and slowly removed the belt with its silver-mounted pistols and its brace of knives.

"Put up your weapon," he muttered, "and fight me for her, as a man should."

"I ask nothing better," said Vernon, and he laid his revolver in the girl's lap.

He had expected a fight with fists, and was not prepared for what followed. Vlastos sprang at him like a wild beast and clasped him round the waist. He was swung off his feet in a grip that seemed more than

human. For a second or two he swayed to and fro, recovered himself, and by a back-heel stroke forced his assailant to relax a little. Then, locked together in the middle of the room, the struggle began. Dimly out of a corner of his eye he saw the girl pick up the silver lamp and stand by the door holding it high.

Vernon had learned the rudiments of wrestling among the dalesmen of the North, but now he was dealing with one who followed no ordinary methods. It was a contest of sheer physical power. Vlastos was a stone or two heavier, and had an uncommon length of arm; but he was clumsily made, and flabby from gross living. Vernon was spare and hard and clean, but he lacked one advantage—he had never striven with a man save in friendly games, and the other was bred to kill. For a minute or two they swayed and stumbled, while Vernon strove for the old Westmorland "inside click." Every second brought him nearer to it, while the other's face was pressed close to his shoulder.

Suddenly he felt a sharp pain. Teeth met in his flesh, and there was the jar and shiver of a torn muscle. The thing sickened him, and his grip slackened. In a moment Vlastos had swung him over in a strangle-hold, and had his neck bent almost to breaking.

On the sickness followed a revulsion of fierce anger. He was contending not with a man, but with some shaggy

beast from the thicket. The passion brought out the extra power which is dormant in us all against the last extremity. Two years before he had been mauled by a leopard on the Congo, and had clutched its throat with his hand and torn the life out. Such and no other was his antagonist. He was fighting with one who knew no code, and would gouge his eyes if he got the chance. The fear which had sickened him was driven out by fury. This wolf should go the way of other wolves who dared to strive with man.

By a mighty effort he got his right arm free, and though his own neck was in torture, he forced Vlastos' chin upward. It was a struggle of sheer endurance, till with a snarl the other slackened his pressure. Vernon slipped from his grasp, gave back a step, and then leaped for the under-grip. He seemed possessed with unholy strength, for the barrel of the man gave in his embrace. A rib cracked, and as they swayed to the breast-stroke, he felt the breath of his opponent coming in harsh gasps. It was the end, for with a twist which unlocked his arms he swung him high, and hurled him towards the fireplace. The head crashed on the stone hearth, and the man lay stunned among the blue jets of wood-smoke.

Vernon turned dizzily to the girl. She stood, statue-like, with the lamp in her hand, and beside her huddled Mitri and Elise.

"Bring ropes," he cried to the servants. "We will truss up this beast. The other wolves will find him and learn a lesson." He bound his legs and arms and laid him on a divan.

The fire of battle was still in his eyes, but it faded when they fell upon the pale girl. A great pity and tenderness filled him. She swayed to his arms, and her head dropped on his shoulder. He picked her up like a child, and followed the servants to the sea-stair.

But first he found Vlastos' whistle, and blew it shrilly. The answer was a furious hammering at the castle door. . . .

Far out at sea, in the small

hours, the yacht sped eastward with a favouring wind. Behind in the vault of night at a great distance shone a point of brightness, which flickered and fell as if from some mighty fire.

The two sat in the stern in that first rapture of comradeship which has no words to fit it. Her head lay in the crook of his arm, and she sighed happily, like one awakened to a summer's dawn from a night of ill dreams. At last he spoke.

"Do you know that I have been looking for you for twenty years?"

She nestled closer to him.

"And I," she said, "have been waiting on you from the beginning of the world."

TYGER KEY.

"A Narrative of Shipwreck," says Captain Caffyn, "must prove a Magnet to the True Briton; for by reason of his Nation's Predominance upon the Ocean, he feels himself to be, in an humble manner, the Inheritor of its Calamities, no less than of its Glories."

A sentiment so unimpeachable is like good wine—it needs no bush; and we can introduce with some confidence under its wing the story of the *Tyger*.

I. STORY OF THE WRECK.

IN the third year of that war with Spain of which the immediate cause was the return of Captain Jenkins from the West Indies, proclaiming loudly that he had lost an ear—to be exact, on Saturday, 5th December 1741—Vice-Admiral Vernon ("Old Grogram"), with his flag in the *Boyne*, was lying with the British fleet off Guantanamo, in the island of Cuba. Our admirals and captains, like prophets of the Nu Spelin Sositeti, wrote the word more or less phonetically as Walthanam, but preferred to call the anchorage Cumberland Harbour, which is far more easy to spell. Vernon, having taken Porto Bello the previous year and subsequently failed at Cartagena, had been engaged in an attempt on Santiago de Cuba. Anticipating (in intention) the Americans who trapped Cervera there in 1898, he landed his troops at Guantanamo; but the affair was mishandled by the military and ended in disastrous failure. Having seen the defeated and disease-stricken force well on its way back to Jamaica, the Vice-Admiral returned to the anchorage to complete his dispositions preparatory to a

cruise in the south of the Caribbean.

Among the ships he now detailed for special duty was the *Tyger*, 50, Captain Edward Herbert. Herbert's instructions were simple and explicit. Having shown himself off Santiago (to foster the belief that our ships were still cruising in the neighbourhood) he was to stretch across to Port Antonio in Jamaica with despatches for Captain Cusack, of the *Lichfield*, 60, believed to be lying there. He was then without delay to sail along the north coast of the island, looking sharply for the enemy's privateers, water his ship with all possible expedition at Blewfields Bay, and proceed to relieve the *Defyance*, 60, on her station between the Cuban Cape Corrientes and the island of Grand Cayman, midway between that Cape and Jamaica. From here he could watch the Yucatan Channel and intercept all vessels bound from Cartagena, Caraccas, or Old Spain to Havana or Vera Cruz in Mexico. On the 20th January the *Tyger* was to return to Port Royal.

To follow intelligibly Herbert's proceedings it will be

well to consult a map for the principal features of the Cuban waters. This is the more necessary because Central and South America and the seas appertaining thereto suffer from a remarkable plurality of names. Thus there are at least four capes named Corrientes, four or five Tortugas, two Blewfields, and any number of Antonios; and although many of these places are whole degrees apart from their namesakes, in a casual glance at a small map this is not at once apparent. It will suffice in this place to point out how Cuba is thrust like a long arm and hand into the only outlet from the Gulf of Mexico, splitting that outlet into the Channels of Yucatan and Florida. Each less than a hundred miles across at their narrowest, these are of vital strategical and commercial importance to any power holding the Gulf. The Yucatan Channel was effectually closed from the station allotted to the *Defyance* and *Tyger*, but Vernon made no attempt to watch the northern or Florida passage, for the Spanish West Indian fleet, twelve sail of the line under Don Roderigo de Torres, was lying at Havana, and it would have been rash to allow single ships to cruise within reach of his hand. For this reason the *Tyger's* station was strictly limited. On no account was she to sail north of Cape Corrientes.

Finally, it may be remarked that the chief factors in the navigation of these waters are the trade winds and the marine currents they set up. An enor-

mous mass of water, driven by the S.E. Trades through the gaps between the Lesser Antilles, rushes continually westward across the Caribbean until it strikes the coast of Central America, where it is deflected northward through the Yucatan Channel into the Gulf. Here it splits in two, one part circling the Gulf while the other turns due east along the north coast of Cuba, but both meet again in the narrows of the Florida Channel, whence, as the Gulf Stream, they pour back into the Atlantic. It follows that there are two powerful currents setting always in opposite directions along the north and south coasts of Cuba.

When Herbert in the *Tyger* left the Vice-Admiral in Cumberland Harbour on this Saturday the 5th December, he knew very little about these things, for he had only arrived in the West Indies that autumn in charge of a convoy. Evidently a good and skilful officer, liked and respected by his men in spite of occasional misunderstandings (for twice we hear of them wishing to follow him on his exchange into another ship), he possessed a hasty temper, and small respect for orders. His voyage out from England had been disastrous, for seventy-five of his people died of the smallpox and a hundred and fifty more had to go into hospital at Jamaica; and as the whole squadron was suffering lamentably from sickness he was only able to replace a part of his loss. He sailed for his station with less than three hundred

men on board—the *Tyger's* proper complement, including marines and supernumeraries, being about three hundred and eighty.

The weather was bad—so bad that when he arrived off Port Antonio on the following Wednesday he determined to run in and water his ship there instead of at Blewfields. The *Lichfield*, it appeared, had already sailed to rejoin the Vice-Admiral, and on Friday 11th, his watering completed and the weather less boisterous, Herbert was out again and cruising as directed along the north coast of Jamaica, where he failed to hear of any of the enemy's Letters of Marque. He looked in at Blewfields without anchoring, and then steered for the Grand Cayman. By Friday the 18th the *Tyger* was off Cape St Antonio, south of Corrientes, in the Yucatan Channel, without having met the *Defiance*, which had already left the station.

For three weeks Herbert cruised patiently to and fro between the island and the Cape, finding it, no doubt, a very wearisome business. During this period he did not sight a single vessel bigger than a canoe. Christmas Day passed, and what we now call New Year's Day (at that time our calendar year did not begin till the end of March). The weather continued inclement, so that the ship was generally under double-reefed topsails; and the log is full of such observations as: "Fresh gales and cloudy. . . . Squally. . . . Strong gales and heavy

weather. . . ." Herbert also comments almost daily on what, to him, was a surprising phenomenon—the powerful easterly current.

Early in January 1741/2 he captured a periagua, containing two men. The term periagua included several species of small craft: probably in this case she was a flat-bottomed boat, decked fore and aft, with one or two masts. One of her crew, a Portuguese, voluntarily enlisted on board the *Tyger*, and informed Herbert that a number of ships lay at Havana ready to sail for La Vera Cruz, while others were expected daily from that place. There was nothing surprising in this news, for we have seen that no attempt was being made to intercept the trade between Havana and the Gulf. Already, however, Herbert and his officers were tired of their profitless patrolling. At that time there still hung over the Spanish Americas some of the glamour of their great days, so that men fresh from prosaic Europe still dreamed of tropic seas where every topsail might betray a galleon, her hold full of silks and bar silver and pieces of eight. It was then held that war should be made profitable, if possible; and this was only natural; for the day it was over, the captain of a ship of the line might find himself put summarily on half pay at two guineas a week. Nor, indeed, was the Spanish mine exhausted. Anson, with a shattered 70 and barely men enough to man half her guns was already in the

Pacific prosecuting that voyage which was to bring him the great Manila ship, worth £500,000. But such prizes were not to be picked up in the Yucatan Channel. It was well known to the Spaniards that it was watched, and the ships in Cartagena preferred to stay where they were. Urged, therefore, by disgust and impatience, and the desire to perform some signal achievement that would bring him glory and perhaps reward, Herbert decided to make the information brought by the Portuguese an excuse for exceeding his orders. Omitting to mention the stringent limitations of the latter, he put his views before his first and second lieutenants, Farish and Craig. They were in hearty agreement with him; and the ship's head was at once put to the northward. By the 9th or 10th of January she was out of the Yucatan Channel and running to the east along the Tropic of Cancer, just out of sight of the Cuban shore.

At the court-martial which subsequently found Herbert responsible for the loss of his ship, it was observed by the President ("Old Grogam" himself) that if the Captain had desired to hand her over to the enemy he could hardly have set about it more effectively. There is indeed something to be admired in Herbert's audacity. Before him lay the Florida Channel, bounded on either side by Spanish territory, never a hundred miles wide, and sown with reefs. There was a pilot on board the *Tyger*,

but his knowledge did not extend to these waters; and no other person on board appears to have been any wiser. But this was not all. The ship could hardly fail to be discovered in a day or two, when the fleet in Havana could cut off her retreat, leaving her nothing but the rather desperate course of pushing on to the Windward Passage at the eastern extremity of Cuba.

Herbert, however, took his risks easily, and possibly did not appreciate their gravity. He seems to have contemplated actually cruising for a while just out of sight of Havana itself, in the teeth of Don Roderigo's twelve sail of the line. But here he counted without the Gulf Stream—of which, probably, he had never heard. When, on the morning of Tuesday the 12th, certain keys were sighted from the mast-head to the W.N.W., they were taken to be the Tortugas, whereas in fact they were either the Marquesas, fifty miles farther east, or even the islands about Key West. So far had the great current outstripped Herbert's reckoning.

A little after this the *Tyger* gave chase to a sail. She proved to be a Barbadian sloop, laden with rum and bound for New Providence in the Bahamas. Taken by a Spanish privateer and carried toward Havana, she had been re-captured by the *St Andrew*, a Letter of Marque out of Rhode Island, and was now pursuing her interrupted voy-

age. From her master Herbert learnt, to his astonishment, that he was near the Great Bahama Bank, instead of many leagues to the westward, as he had supposed. Having supplied the sloop with some provisions and water, the vessels parted company; and the *Tyger* was instantly put about and headed back toward Havana. Her people were to meet the Barbadian again in more remarkable circumstances.

This was about eight o'clock in the evening; and all night, with variable winds, she struggled against the current. With the dawn, however, came the N.E. Trade and blew strongly, so that she began to make good progress. It was now the 13th January; but as the seaman, like the astronomer, reckons each twenty-four hours from noon instead of from midnight (surely an unnecessary complication!), the day was technically more than half gone. By this time Herbert was able to appreciate some of the difficulties of his situation. Not only had the Gulf Stream thrown out his nice calculations, but the lead, which was heaved continually, marked perplexing fluctuations of depth, the mean being uncomfortably shallow. The course of the *Tyger*, in fact, was laid far too near the north side of the strait, on account, no doubt, of Herbert's anxiety to keep well away from the Cuban shore. His choice, however, was between the devil and the deep—or, in this case, shallow—sea. Any map on a fair scale will show very clearly

the perilous lane along which the *Tyger* was running, as it were, in the dark. It will be seen that Florida, as it hangs down from the continent, is like a fist with its back toward the east and its thumb, third, and little fingers tucked away. Cape Sable is the second digit, half uncured; the index, disproportionately long, is represented by the Florida Keys and their extensions, the Marquesas and Dry Tortuga groups. The last named is only ninety-six miles north of Havana. Outside this whole system of keys, at a distance from them that varies between a league or so and a few hundred yards, there runs for over two hundred miles a barrier reef of coral. Before this was lighted and buoyed, dozens of ships were cast away on it every year; and wrecking was by far the most profitable employment of the few half-savage people who dwelt on the islands within. It was, then, along this fatal rim, unlighted, unbuoyed, and entirely unknown to him, that Herbert was now feeling his way blindfold; and as the weather was none too clear, he was fortunate to escape its perils for so long. Indeed, he was within an ace of winning through. Key West was repassed, and then the Marquesas: the *Tyger* was drawing near again to her desired station off Havana; and the open sea—or what appeared to be the open sea—stretched all round.

And then a sudden shrill outcry from the leadsmen in the forechains announced that

the bottom was shoaling rapidly. In eight fathoms the helm was put hard over to starboard; but the ship missed stays, and, wearing on the other tack, struck almost immediately. Hove all aback, she slipped astern again into three fathoms, where Herbert ordered out the best-bower. This required careful management at all times, for the best-bower of a fifty-gun ship weighed two and a half tons and had a cable nineteen inches in diameter; and the brisk sea now running helped to delay the operation still further. There seems to have been some unexplained bungling. In the meantime the ship drifted a mile or more to leeward, and, just as the anchor was being run out, struck again and remained bumping heavily. The time was a little before noon.

Attempts to manœuvre her off having failed, her sails were furled. The wind was rising, and she continued to strike very hard, tearing off great strips of her sheathing. The barge was lowered to sound about her, and found nowhere more than 15 feet alongside: her stern having swung was now also aground, "on a small rock the bigness of the Drum head of the Capstan, in 14 foot water." Other boats were called away to take her anchors astern, but by the time the stream anchor and cable, with two spare hawsers, had been got into the long-boat, the wind had shifted to the S.W., and began to blow

really hard with a cold rain; and the attempt was abandoned.

Although the varied experience of the past twenty-four hours had vastly increased Herbert's knowledge of the Florida Channel, he was by no means sure where his ship had got to. As the gusty wind cleared the atmosphere, he could see about him a number of reefs and half a dozen low keys, stretching round more than a third of the horizon, from the west to the north-east. These were, in fact, that desolate cluster of coral islets known as the Dry Tortugas, two or three of which are of fair size. They are encircled by other islets in embryo, forming submerged or partially submerged reefs, on one of which, apparently to the far east, the *Tyger* had struck the first time. Thence, drifting south-west along the edge of these bulwarks, she finally piled herself up, in all probability, within a mile or two of Long Cay, in the middle of the group. Near to Long Cay are Garden and Bush Cays; away to the north and east are Middle, Sand, and Bird Cays; and to the west is the long sickle of Loggerhead Cay, where in these peaceful times, under the shadow of a lighthouse, certain philosophers are conducting a Marine Biological Survey. But before the era of lighthouses and Biological Surveys there were no persons living on these islands, or on their nearest neighbours, the Marquesas, nearly fifty miles

away. Nor is this surprising. The Keys are of fine white coral sand, grown over about their higher parts (which are no more than a few feet above sea-level) with mangoes, bay cedars, and cactus. In Hakluyt's time, however, only one was so covered; and it is possible that in 1741 several were still bare of vegetation. It is sufficiently marvellous that anything grows there at all. They were, of course, entirely without fresh water (a modern photograph shows that the philosophers have rigged up something like a wind-pump on Loggerhead Cay); but food, of a limited nature, could be had in abundance. Various sea-birds rest upon them in summer and autumn, their inland waters are full of fish, and several species of crab and turtle, together with the West Indian seal, are also to be found.

Desert and solitary, these islets lie like rafts upon the sea. Herbert scanned them with the keener anxiety because it was soon manifest that the ship must be abandoned. It was hoped at first that her damages were not fatal, although she was known to be taking in water; but with every minute's delay this hope diminished; and until the wind and sea moderated it was impossible to take the anchors out. At two o'clock it was necessary to strike her yards and topmasts. The afternoon passed with her people still helpless and the ship bumping heavily. At length, about

eight in the evening, it was considered safe to send out the stream-anchor again in the long-boat, and booms and davits were flung overboard to make a raft that would carry the best-bower. The ship was also lightened forward. But by ten o'clock there were five feet of water in the hold; and an hour later the carpenter came with the news that it could be kept under no longer, as, with both pumps going, it rose eight inches in five minutes. Herbert, no doubt, had already been considering the question of transshipping his people on to one of the keys. Long Cay, the nearest, which is about a mile in length, was apparently the one selected; but in those days the individual islets had no names—or none that were known to a stranger; and the evidence as to the *Tyger's* course and final position is so vague that all details, from the moment of her first striking the reef, must remain conjectural.

No transshipment, at any rate, could be effected till the morrow. Happily there was no danger of the ship foundering. She was wedged in securely among the coral rocks, and, although still lifting and groaning uneasily, was obviously settling into a fixed position. The weather, too, was improving; and during the dark hours the crew were able to work peaceably by lantern light, getting stores on deck and preparing for their new adventure.

II. STORY OF THE ISLAND.

At some period in their lives, all rightly-thinking men will have felt that to be wrecked on a coral island must be the height of human bliss; nor does the glamour wholly fade in after years. At all times, however, a nice adjustment of circumstances is recognised as desirable. There should be neither too much hardship for the castaway, nor too much ease; and, above all, monotony must be avoided. Hence the eternal popularity of *Crusoe*, who answers every requirement. His unhappy original lives only in some indifferent verse; which goes to prove that fiction, if not more strange than truth, can be made vastly more entertaining. Among the exceptions to this rule is the story of the *Tyger's* people, which has quite a classic form, fulfilling all the tests established by Defoe. Unhappily it has to be reconstructed from a very exiguous narrative of facts. A ship's log is a sort of skeleton, and it is not easy to reindue it with the fire and glitter of life when it has lain buried for more than a century and a half.

It is notorious that sailors, very sensibly, refuse to look beyond the morrow, and the crew of the *Tyger*, toiling by lantern light through the darkness, may well have faced the future with some cheerfulness. Ships of war were noisome quarters in those days: a run on shore was always welcome; and it appears that these men cherished some delusions about

exemption from work once their vessel was abandoned. This may have been fo'castle law: it was certainly not recognised by the Admiralty. However, for the present they set to with a will. With the dawn of Thursday, the 14th, the long-boat got away with spars and sails, and her people began to rig up tents on the key. Throughout the morning and afternoon, to the sound of cheers and laughter, the work went busily forward, all the boats helping to transfer provisions, water, arms, powder, cartridges, and other useful gear ashore. The weather continued fine and clear, with a moderate wind. By six P.M. the food was under cover, work was suspended for a while, and the crew were told that they might sleep ashore that night if they desired. Before dark the ship was deserted, and the sailors were roaming curiously about their novel refuge. At once they began to get out of hand. "Finding," says Herbert, "they had Entertained some odd notions of their being Discharged from Duty and att Liberty to follow their own Inclinations, called them all together and represented to them their Duty in a proper light, reminding them Likewise how Dangerous and Absurd the Consequences of such Pernicious Sentiments must necessarily prove, to which they Declared a General Satisfaction and applied themselves Chearfully to their respective Dutys." So

passed the first evening on the key, with the men once more "cheerfully" rigging up shelters and disposing of the stores, and the Captain penning these unexceptionable platitudes in his tent.

Unimportant in itself, this little incident proves at least that Herbert knew how to manage his men. His position was not easy, for a captain's authority, almost boundless on his own deck, was in those hardier times likely to lose its magic quality when he became merely one of a herd of castaways on a desert island. But the crew of the *Tyger* were made to understand from the first that the laws of the ship ran unchanged on the key, and that they were no more "att Liberty to follow their own Inclinations" on the one than on the other. Their captain was too wise to flatter any such "odd notions." He thoroughly appreciated the disciplinary value of continual work; and for the present it was not difficult to devise ample tasks for all.

Assuming that they might have to remain on the Tortugas for a considerable time, it was advisable in the first place to erect substantial shelters, not only for nearly three hundred people, but also for the perishable stores. For this and future eventualities it was resolved to gut the ship of everything that could be brought away. Secondly, some of her guns were to be mounted in batteries covering the approaches to the islet, for it was possible they would be attacked

by the Spaniards. They were less than a hundred miles north of Havana, and any day some wandering wrecker or privateer might see the *Tyger's* spars sticking up above the keys. Fishing, again, would be an important item in the day's work, for the provisions and live-stock from the ship must be made to last as long as possible; and certain men and boats seem to have been set definitely apart for this purpose, their duties including seal hunting and the laying of turtle nets.

Of more immediate urgency was the question of summoning help. The fleet was far away, somewhere on the south coast of the Caribbean. The nearest British settlement was the island of New Providence, in the Bahamas. It was four hundred miles distant; but the day after landing the carpenter and his mates were fitting out the long-boat for the voyage.

Unfortunately neither the logs nor the officers' statements tell us anything about the island itself: we cannot even identify it with confidence. There are a hundred things left untold one would like to know: as, for instance, whether they saw pelicans or parrot-fish; whether they caught tarpon, those gigantic herrings six or seven feet long; what they thought of the ghost-crab, whose nip belies his name, and of the walking-stick insect, who lies about like a dead twig in the daytime but scrambles actively around after dark. Logs and journals do not deal in trivialities; or it may be these creatures were

not there in 1742. We can be sure, however, that life on the Tortuga Keys was not altogether unpleasant. Food was there in abundance, and water to last them several months with care. We do not hear of any sickness at all. They were not tried by the glare of the summer sun, which on those almost shadeless islets of white sand must be intolerable; the winter temperature was warm and equable, about 70° Fahrenheit. None of the hurricanes that are apt to burst at that season troubled our castaways. Indeed, all they can find to complain of are the heavy dews, which threatened to rot their canvas coverings. It must have made a strange picture, this little colony on the coral island, with its tents of sail-cloth planted among the mangroves, its piles of stores and rows of tubs, its spars and ropes, and entrenchments and cannon. Never before or since have the keys known so many inhabitants. The complement of the *Tyger* numbered all told upwards of two hundred and eighty. Her officers were Herbert, Farish, Craig, and Dennis; Nadauld, surgeon; Hutchins, purser; and Lieutenant Scott, of Colonel Paulet's regiment of Marines. There were also two Spanish prisoners; and they were on their own soil, for Florida and its keys were then Spanish territory. But the English Jack flew from its staff above the encampment; and there were none to dispute this involuntary annexation except the crabs and boobies, which fled astonished before

the landing of the castaways. At times the latter cannot but have felt the infinite loneliness and insignificance of their refuge. Around them, almost on their horizon, were other low, white-beached islands: a mile or two away the stripped and battered hull of the *Tyger* lay canted where she had struck, a sad picture for any sailor; and beyond, in every quarter of the compass, the great wheel of the sea lay bare and blue—blue with that milky tinge that marks the waters of the Gulf.

But however strange their surroundings, the crew, with the usual handiness of sailors, rapidly settled down again to a ship-shape and methodical course of life, as the logs attest. These logs continued to be kept regularly as a matter of course; and while the day of the wreck and that immediately following show comparatively lengthy entries, once the *Tyger* is definitely abandoned, a few lines suffice for each of the twenty-four hours, as they would normally suffice afloat. Exceptional days, when striking events broke the monotony, will come under notice; but for the rest a very cursory survey is all that is possible here.

It was, then, on the afternoon of Friday the 15th, that they began to prepare the long-boat for her perilous voyage through Spanish waters to New Providence. The other boats were still bringing stores from the wreck. These boats included a canoe and three periaguas (or pettyagoes, as

Herbert spells it). One of the latter had certainly been captured: the rest may have been taken on board at Jamaica in lieu of some of the ship's boats, which seem to have been reduced to three—long-boat, barge, and yawl. The periquas were evidently of considerable size. The largest, when lengthened, accommodated sixty men—with what degree of discomfort is not stated.

The 16th, 17th, and 18th passed in the same manner, the weather holding fresh and clear. Fishing was now begun on a large scale with nets. A party ashore was already digging trenches for the battery. On Tuesday the 19th the long-boat, manned by the master and eight men, sailed away—an heroic enterprise, dismissed in a curt line. The next day the first guns were brought ashore on a raft, and the quarter-deck was ripped up to make platforms for them. Some of the other islands were visited by a party gathering brushwood for fascines; and as the edible herbage was so scanty, the live-stock, comprising pigs, sheep, and fowls, was distributed about the nearer keys. On the 22nd no fewer than twenty of the upper-deck twelve-pounders were towed ashore, eight being at once mounted behind a fascine breastwork. The ensign staff was set up and the jack hoisted. On Sunday the 24th they caught three seals and some boobies. Turtle nets had been set with excellent results;

and no doubt the Loggerhead turtle, which belongs to these parts and is said to eat like veal when cooked, proved a welcome variant in a diet consisting so largely of fish. The ship's stores were issued very sparingly, only certain articles, indeed, being doled out in half rations: one pound of biscuits or rice, for example, being the daily supply for four men. There was no fresh meat issued, and very little salted. As for drink, it must have seemed to the sailors that the islands were well named the Dry Tortugas. On so salt a diet, a thirsty person—and all sailors are thirsty—would require double his usual quantity of liquor; but on the key that quantity was halved. Each man received per diem half a pint of grogram (Vernon's detested dilution of rum) and a quart of water. The drink grievance presently became acute, as we shall see.

On the 29th an old wreck was discovered on a key to windward, and next day some sharks varied the morning catch. The yawl was now being raised a strake, that she might follow the long-boat; and a week later, the 7th of February, she too sailed away, with Craig, the second lieutenant, and eight men. Those left behind were still ship-breaking: cables, anchors, chain-plates, poop-lights, blocks—everything detachable came ashore, until the key must have looked like a ship-yard where it did not look like a fort. More breastworks had been thrown up and sup-

plied with guns, of which there were nearly twenty now in position. On the *Tyger* they had rigged up sheers made of the small spars to unstep the lower masts. On the 15th, the encampment was surprised by the return of the yawl. She reported that, having sailed E.N.E. by E. some thirty-five leagues, she fell in with a great number of islands (probably the Ten Thousand Islands, at the entrance to the Everglades, as her course was too northerly), and saw there a schooner and two or three sloops. One of these gave chase, but was shaken off; and Craig determined to return with his news, for if these vessels could be seized they would serve to transport the whole crew of the *Tyger* to the Bahamas or anywhere else. Herbert agreeing, the barge and two smaller periaguas were supplied with provisions and ammunition, and sent off next day under Farish, the first lieutenant, with whom were Craig, Scott of the Marines, and fifty-eight men. The two largest boats being now gone, it was decided to cut the remaining periagua in two and lengthen her; and this was work put in hand the next day.

So far, for those on shore, the time had passed tranquilly enough. It was for all the world like Crusoe on a larger scale. They had now been on the island just over a month; and more stirring events were about to supervene. It may be of interest, therefore, to insert here a typical day as entered in the log. The last

day of peace, the 18/19th of February, will serve.

"Mod^t. and Clear, at 2 P.M. ye yawl return'd with ye mast of a wreck which Lay on the Estmost Island, at 4 D^o. gott the foremst. out, at 6 D^o. brot the foremst. on Shore, D^o. the Canoe return'd with 3 Seal, at 7 D^o. hauld up the boats, the Sawyers imploy'd in sawing the Large pieces of Timber, at 4 A.M. Launched the Canoe to go to Wind^d. to see if the Carpent^r. could find any timber fitt for his use from the wreck but found None, at 5 the yawl returned from the Ship with one Cask of bread and some Gunner's stores, the carpenters imploy'd in getting up several Beams and knees, People imploy'd on shore in building a battery for 8 of our main deck guns."

On this very morning, at 8 A.M., the calm was broken. A sail was sighted. Approaching slowly, she was made out to be a Spanish half-galley. She drew near the *Tyger*, paying no attention to a few round-shot from the battery which fell short, and the working party had to leave the ship. During the rest of the day she lay in the offing. It was impossible to attack her, as the only remaining boats, the yawl and canoe, would not carry enough men: they patrolled around the island, however, during the night, while those on shore lay by their arms. At dawn the stranger was discovered alongside the *Tyger*, taking a spar from the latter to replace her own jury-mast; and there she remained for the

next twenty-four hours. More guns were hurriedly mounted on the key, but at 9 A.M. on the 22nd the Spaniard made sail and was soon out of sight.

It was found she had appropriated two topmasts out of the *Tyger* and some good four-inch hawser. As the castaways were now discovered, Herbert decided to destroy everything on the ship that could not be removed at once, and then leave her ready to be set on fire. These resolutions, promptly put into action, were not taken too soon; for at 6 A.M. next morning a large sloop was sighted bearing down before the freshening trade from the East. Flying Spanish colours, she anchored at 10 o'clock within a mile and a half of the battery; whereupon the working party finally abandoned the wreck, which was set on fire by the third lieutenant.

The canoe, proceeding to reconnoitre, was fired upon, but was presently sent away again with the lieutenant and surgeon under a flag of truce. The sloop lowered a boat to meet her, and the Spaniards, seeing they could effect nothing against two hundred men behind entrenchments and heavy artillery, were very civil, offering provisions and water. They informed the castaways of their exact whereabouts (of which the latter had up till now been uncertain); and they also brought news of the capture of the long-boat on the Florida coast, after a fight in which three of her people were killed. By means of this disaster the

authorities at Havana learnt of the wreck, and the sloop had been six days at sea from that port, searching the Marquesas and other keys. With this disheartening intelligence the canoe returned to camp. No further communication was had with the sloop, which sailed again the following morning, by which time the *Tyger* was burned to the water's edge.

Herbert and his people must now have felt that all was lost. The long-boat had failed in her mission; their own whereabouts were known; the Florida Channel was evidently patrolled by the enemy's cruisers; and the fate of Farish and his sixty men, launched upon these unfriendly waters in three small boats, might easily be conjectured. Nor could it be long before Don Roderigo roused himself from his lethargy at Havana to stretch out his hand and grasp the easy prize upon the key. Such a stroke, indeed, was already in preparation; but many months elapsed before they learnt of the strange retribution that overtook it. And for them, happily, fortune was already taking another turn.

The sloop had sailed on the morning of Thursday the 25th. On the afternoon of Friday a sail was again seen to the eastward. The day was hazy, with little wind, and she hung in the offing all the evening, too far away to be identified, although some believed her to be the sloop returning. Darkness was falling and she was lost to sight, when what should

appear but the barge that sailed with Farish on his rash expedition ten days before! She brought strange news indeed. For the vessel in the offing was none other than that Barbadian sloop spoken by the *Tyger* the day before the wreck, and now discovered by Farish and his party drifting derelict in the Florida Channel with fresh shot-holes in her sides and her hold still partly full of rum. It was evident that she had been captured once again; but beyond that all was mystery. Why she was abandoned when perfectly sound, what she had been doing in the five weeks since they met her, why, above all, sailormen should leave fifteen puncheons of good rum in her, no man could explain. Her papers were gone, and not a scrap of writing was to be found on board.

There she was, however, fallen like manna from heaven; and there were Farish and his people safe on her deck. After such a stroke of good fortune, he had wisely abandoned his search for the problematical Spanish vessels, and devoted himself to carrying her safely to the keys; a task of no small difficulty, for her late captors had stripped her of most of her sails, her anchors, and other gear. The barge and yawl going out to her with a fresh supply, she was at length anchored off the key.

It is clear she was a ship of considerable size, for she mounted several guns, and in the sequel carried a hundred and ninety men to Jamaica;

but no account of her is given, nor even her name, and the term sloop covered a variety of craft. She had been knocked about in her last fight, and Herbert decided she must have a complete refit. The crew, however, weary of the island and its restrictions, thought differently. They did not see why they should not sail away in her and the larger boats at once, although it was the hurricane season. Moreover, the landing of her rum and water had brought the drink question to a head. The daily allowance was, in fact, immediately increased; but the men now complained that the captain "in his tent among his Domesticicks had always a cask of water and brandy, and ten blacks had victuals and water sent them at night (why not, poor wretches?), Eight of which were the Captain's, and many buckets were sent to feed his Fowls on the Island and Hogs and Sheep on different Keys. . . ." It was true the bread allowance was reduced, and finally replaced by rice, but this was done in order to save some for the voyage. The men, however, engaged the sympathies of Scott, the Marine officer, who seems to have been a well-meaning but very tactless and officious young man. It was intolerable to him that the hogs should be fed and the captain have an occasional glass of brandy and water; and two days after the sloop's arrival (Monday, 29th), while Herbert was having dinner in his tent with Farish, Nadauld, and

Hutchins, the flap was lifted and Scott appeared, who, taking a paper from his pocket, read with great solemnity a series of articles charging the captain with "monstrous cruelty and barbarity" in withholding fresh meat and water from the men without need, also of indolence and neglect of duty, it being plain he was in no hurry to leave the island. The crew, meanwhile, were massed outside, and when Scott had finished reading this remarkable composition he turned to them and asked if they agreed, to which they cried loudly, "Aye, aye!"

But Herbert was the last man to be bullied in this way by a subaltern of Marines. Coming out of his tent, no doubt in a great rage, he asked the men whether he or Scott was their commander, and on their replying that he was, at once ordered the lieutenant's arrest, which was effected by Farish without trouble. So ended this very mild rebellion. The men can have had no serious grievance, as their instant acquiescence proves. Had it been otherwise, they spoilt their case by allowing a pompous prig like Scott to present it for them and talk of "monstrous cruelty and barbarity." It would certainly have been the height of folly, with the future so doubtful, to have removed the restrictions on the food supply. Later in the afternoon Herbert assembled them before the victualling tent and read out an inventory of the stores

drawn up the previous day, from which it appeared that the amount remaining was far smaller than they had been led to believe.

Five days now passed uneventfully. Work was continued vigorously on the sloop and the big *periagua*, and the end of the exile was drawing near. Yet above their heads there always impended the dread of Spanish intervention, and in fact one more adventure was in store for them. On Sunday, March 7th, another sail appeared to the south. Farish put out in the barge to inspect her, and identified her as the sloop that visited them on the 23rd of February. On Monday morning she was still in sight, and evidently at anchor, but a great way off, and it was determined to attempt her capture, which would simplify enormously the problem of escape from the island. She was known to be armed with fourteen carriage guns, and manned from the king's ships at Havana. At 5.30 P.M., therefore, five boats containing ninety-six men under Farish's command pulled away to the attack.

It was long after dark when they came up to her. It had been planned that the barge, in which were Farish and nineteen men, and one *periagua*, with Dennis and twenty-seven more, should attack on each quarter: the yawl and second *periagua*, under Craig and the mate, with thirty-four men between them, should board over the bows; while the canoe, manned by a midshipman,

Read, and eleven men, was to help wherever most required. But in the dark Craig and Moore (the mate) went astray; and when Farish gave the cheer that was the signal for attack, and pushed forward through a blaze of musketry, only the tiny canoe followed him. Dennis with his large periagua lay on his oars a ship's-length away, apparently paying no heed to his superior's hails and curses. However, Farish on one quarter and Read on the other, with thirty men in all, clambered aboard; the sloop's people were quickly driven forward, their fire mastered and the round-house taken; when suddenly the assailants were attacked, as they thought, from the rear. It was Dennis, who had drawn nearer and whose men were recklessly firing and throwing hand-grenades into the stern of the sloop. The effect was disastrous. The boarders lost several men, fell into confusion, and were tumbled back into their boats again by a rush of the Spaniards. But even then they were not safe from the missiles of their own party. The grenades still fell among them: more were killed or wounded, Farish himself among the latter; and while, amid a scene of the utmost confusion, he was cursing Dennis for a murdering dog and striving to rally his men, the barge suddenly sank—riddled, as her people affirmed, by the explosions of the grenades. Dennis and Read were picking up the swimmers when the belated boats of Craig and

Moore arrived, and forthwith boarded the sloop from the bows, to the dismay of the Spaniards, who were busy letting out sail. Farish, pulled into the canoe drenched, wounded, and raging, hailed Dennis to attack instantly; but Dennis either would not or could not obey. Craig and Moore, left thus unsupported, were soon repulsed with loss; and a breeze now springing up, the sloop cut or slipped and glided off into the night. The boats were in no condition to pursue.

So ended this unhappy affair. We can imagine with what bitter feeling and recrimination the assailants pulled wearily back to the island. In the boats were five dead and an unspecified number of wounded—eleven in Craig's periagua alone. The case of Dennis, which divided the whole camp into two factions, remains somewhat of a mystery. Farish and Read swore he made no effort to come alongside the sloop, and Herbert was converted to their view: on the other hand, by Dennis's own story, his men laid down their oars, crouched beneath the thwarts, and threw the grenades without orders, although he threatened them with his sword. A midshipman in his boat testified to the same effect, as did Israel Cladinbowle, master's mate; but it is the latter's name and not his evidence that is worthy of preservation. It can only be said that it seems strange that one boat's crew should be so pusillanimous, where the other four

were heroic. In the end Dennis was acquitted by a court-martial.

This disaster, however, was the end of the castaways' troubles on the island. We can pass very briefly over the remainder of their exile. The impending sword, although they could not know it, was by this time broken in Don Roderigo's grasp; but twice they were alarmed by the distant view of a sail, believed to be a Spanish schooner. Every one, with the prospect of early escape, was working with redoubled vigour; and in another week the sloop was ready for sea. She was newly sparred and rigged, a suit of sails was cut for her from those of the *Tyger*, her hull was scraped and painted. Guns, ammunition, food, and water were sent on board. They recovered for her the *Tyger's* stream-anchor, which had lain rusting among the coral rocks since it was laid out on the day of the wreck. There was also launched what is called "the sooner the carpenters built," which can only mean the lengthened periagua. This was on Tuesday, March 16th, and all was now ready. The following day fire was put to the fascine batteries, the guns were disabled or rolled into the water with the round-shot, and such of the boatswain's, gunner's, and carpenter's stores as could not be taken were destroyed. The tents were hauled down and sent on board. Finally, the men were distributed among the various craft: 192 on the sloop, 60 on the

schooner, the rest apparently on the two remaining periaguas. A few, with whom was Herbert, seem to have spent one more night upon the key, but early next morning the embarkation was completed. The islet, littered with burnt stores, trodden with a thousand foot-prints, was left once more to its loneliness, for the wind and rain to obliterate finally the traces of that ephemeral occupation. The log for the nautical 18th of March concludes with the words: "5 A.M., went on board Sloop and set sail, Scooner and small craft in company."

So came to an end the temporary British annexation of the Dry Tortuga Keys, having lasted just over two calendar months. Here we could most fittingly leave the castaways. Their voyage to Jamaica, although inordinately long, was devoid of arresting incident, and comes in the nature of an anticlimax. When they had passed through the Yucatan Channel into the Caribbean, they were seriously delayed by the easterly current. The smaller craft could make no headway alone: the sloop could not tow them against it. For upwards of three weeks they were struggling vainly in the *Tyger's* old station. Food and water ran short, so that to replenish the supply they were forced to risk landing on the shore of Cuba; and the weather was generally bad. They met no other ship, twice only sighting a distant sail. At length Herbert made

up his mind that they must separate. The small craft were ordered to make their way within the keys that run along the south coast of Cuba as far as Cape Cruz, near Santiago. By this course they took advantage of the slack water outside the fringe of the great current; and from Cape Cruz they could stretch over to Jamaica. Meanwhile the sloop pushed straight across the chord of the arc, in the teeth of the stream. They parted company on Saturday, 17th of April. Unhampered as she was, it took the sloop another three weeks to reach the British island, where, in a small bay near Blewfields, she came at length to an anchor. She remained here about a week, careening and refitting, for she had been severely tried during the voyage. It seems, also, that the *Tyger's* slop-chest was exhausted, for on May 13th we read, "served 19 Frocks and 10 Trousers out out of an old sail." On the same day H.M.S. *Lyon* came into the anchorage; and the following afternoon the whole of Vernon's fleet was seen standing in from the South.

The schooner and periaguas reached Jamaica by their longer route shortly after, when all the *Tyger's* people were dispersed among the squadron.

Three Courts-martial were held as a result of the wreck. Lieutenant Scott, for his insubordinate behaviour, was severely reprimanded and fined. Dennis was acquitted of misconduct in the attack on the sloop. Herbert himself was mulcted of all pay due to him; but in consideration of his successful efforts to preserve his crew, the Court recommended him for another ship. They may have been influenced by the fact, if it was then known, that the *Tyger* had not perished unavenged. For the 60-gun ship *Fuertes*, sent from Havana to capture the castaways, had herself gone ashore on one of the keys and become a total wreck!

Herbert was afterwards appointed to the *Woolwich*, another 50, and served with credit on the Guinea Coast, and subsequently once more in the West Indies. But his hasty temper involved him in a quarrel with Commodore Knowles at Barbadoes in 1744, and he was again fined by a Court-martial. Having thrown up his command on the plea of ill-health, he was returning home when his ship was taken by a French privateer. He was imprisoned at Bayonne till January 1745, when he was exchanged. He was not employed again.

DOUGLAS G. BROWNE.

ROUND NANGA PARBAT.

BY EDMUND CANDLER.

PART II.

VIII.

WE were more than an hour getting the coolies over the Diamirai glacier. The sérac near our camp was impassable, and we attacked a spot two miles farther down, where the ice was from three to four furlongs across. Guffara and Lor Khan had been cutting steps early in the morning. Lor Khan had made a portable birch-wood bridge for the crevasses. They were not wide, and held no surface snow. The only danger lay in the boulders which hung on the cliffs of ice above our heads: we had heard them falling even in the night. But we avoided the most exposed places, and crossed before the sun had power to loosen new *débris*. We ascended and descended many cold staircases, and seldom could we see beyond the wall in front and the wall behind. Guffara, Lor Khan, and the two Bunar men waited at the steepest places and helped the coolies down with a rope until they had all crossed. Longden and I went ahead. We were more than ever impressed with the Diamirai glacier, and convinced that it had suffered great changes since 1895. In Collie's map its length is about eight miles, and it ends some five miles

short of the Lubar stream; it has now descended almost to the junction of the two nullahs. We saw the snout for the first time when we were half-way up the pass the next day. Also Collie has represented it as smaller than the Rakiote glacier, which impressed him more; it is now the larger, and incomparably the grander of the two. We could not check these details by the survey of India sheet, which leaves the north and west faces of the mountain blank, and we wished we had time to explore the snout of the glacier, and that Collie and Bruce and Hastings could have been with us to tell us what forces had been at work since they had been in the valley. There had evidently been some cataclysm, some great ice-flood from which the glacier was labouring still. It was a monster that crushed, devoured, disgorged. We saw the other great glaciers of the massif afterwards. They were formed and set in a mould, spent forces, crawling on perhaps a foot or two a year. Their ravages were of the past. But this leviathan was alive. Its ribs cracked; its joints groaned; it carried harness on its back. It cut a deeper

trough, it raised a higher ruin. And just above its snout it had heaved and stretched itself across the valley, and was bursting in the cliffs on either side.

Lor Khan's story might well be true. The glaciers of the Himalaya and Karakoram are governed by no ordinary laws. They gather greater impetus from the tremendous height and precipitousness of the cliffs from which they fall. The Yengutsa glacier in the Hispar district is known to have advanced suddenly at least two miles, swallowing up water-mills and converting a cultivated valley into a waste. The country devastated is described by Conway ('Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram Himalayas'), who saw the six mills which are now buried under ice. And there is the authenticated instance of the Hassanabad glacier in Hunza, which is believed to have advanced six miles in two and a half months, threatening villages in its course. In the Diamirai the sudden ice-flood seems to have swept over the surface of the old glacier. This would account for the great height and the larger vertical increase in proportion to the horizontal. Lor Khan pointed to a bare scarp of rock on the first of the Diamirai peaks, where the ice looked as if it had broken off and fallen away in a mass. "It was all glacier," he said, "in Colvie Sahib's time."

We reached our camp on the north side of the glacier at noon. Lor Khan said he would take us to a spring; but the

spring had been engulfed, and the great rock, "as big as a house," under which "Colvie Sahib" had pitched his tent, was swallowed up in the ruin. On the north side too the glacier was overflowing its own moraine, and the trees were bruised and levelled within fifty yards of our tents. Beside this havoc, under the great ugly ravaged embankment, but hidden from it by a group of whispering trees, we camped in one of the loveliest glens I have seen. Under the willows and bushes there was a carpet of swertia, gentian, and golden-rod. Spires of the tall purple willow-herb waved gently in the breeze. And in the margin of the shade, by the open sunlit spaces, summer met autumn in the scarlet of geranium leaves, the red seed of the stone-crop, the crimson stalk and leaf of the wild rhubarb—a crimson so vivid that we could see patches of the plant gleaming like torches in the rocks high above us,—brighter even than the berries of the wild-rose, among which there were still a few lingering pink blossoms. And wherever we wandered in the forest we came upon little plots of turf where the silver birches had grouped themselves in a ring, silent conscious spaces where Titania might rehearse and all her fays.

On the south side of the glacier there are more of these woods, but on the north there is only a narrow strip of forest left between the *débris* and the cliff. Soon, perhaps, this too will be engulfed.

IX.

In the evening Lor Khan left us. Once or twice I had imagined a struggle in him. He had complained that he found it difficult to walk because of the accident to his leg. I suggested that he should go back, and then when Guffara said that he could not be spared so long as we had Chilas men with us, he had come on, and in a few minutes his gait had altered. And sometimes when we rested, as he slowly untied the little birch-bark packet in which he kept his *atta*, neat and clean as a parcel from the Stores, he would tell us about his land. He owned many fields and much grazing ground, and all of it was good. Lor Khan was the only perfectly contented farmer I had met. He even hoped to find a way to the lost pasturage for his sheep and goats. He was a rich man, and he had three small daughters and no one to look after them. We wondered how such an old man could have such young children. And when I was rude enough to ask him his age, he told us he was not yet forty. And now that he had helped us to cross the glacier, and pointed out to us the best way to attack the forbidding-looking ridge on the other side, the secret was out, the motive of the half-confidences and the hesitating gait in conflict with the ever-green spirit of adventure. It appeared that this little goitred Buddha was preparing for his *secondes noces*. There was a

young girl in Bunar. . . . Lor Khan smiled—a benign papal smile. Undoubtedly it was a good match; the maid's parents would be eager in their consent. But I felt sad—young girls are sacrificed in Bunar as in Mayfair; and this one perhaps wept secretly. She might have had a youth with strong white arms who laughed aloud, like the magnificent young stripling who carried my tent.

Lor Khan went off in the evening with all the empty tins in our camp. I hope he filled them with trinkets for the maid. It is comforting to think that the old man was kind.

We left the Diamirai nullah reluctantly, but the men's rations were running short, and we had sent Wali Muhammad Khan ahead to bring provisions up the Ganalo nullah to meet us at the glacier. We followed Collie's route out of the Diamirai valley, over a col he named the Red Pass. It was a stiff five hours' ascent from our camp to the summit, and Guffara led us too much to the right, so that we had to descend to the col (16,500 feet). The sky was still unclouded when we reached the pass at eleven. To the south the Diamirai peaks stood out grandly, but the north and west were hazy, and the intermediate ridge precluded a view of the Ganalo peak and Nanga Parbat on the east. The north cliff was very steep, and the

snow too shallow and strewn with stones for a glissade. And there was a trying descent of three or four thousand feet of shale, mercifully alternating with loose grit, down which one could slide standing, and occasional patches of snow. We reached scrub juniper and water at two, after eight hours' almost continuous going. We did not follow the stream, but traversed a hill to the east to some steep rocks, whence we descended into the Ganalo nullah, and camped just below the glacier by a Goojar's hut. The sun setting on the Ganalo Peak and glacier, with the beautifully-grouped birches in the foreground, has left a memorable picture in my mind, dwarfish as a mere 21,650 feet peak must seem after the majesty of Nanga.

The next day, August 21, we made a short march of three hours, and camped, at about 14,500 feet, below the Rakiote Pass, a little above the wood-line. We were all stiff after the four thousand feet of shale, and the coolies had had a great deal of climbing on steep rock, where their loads had been a continual hindrance. They had come along with a good spirit all the way, as if the circuit of Nanga Parbat had been a matter on which we had set our hearts independently. For this labour the permanent men were paid at the rate of fourpence a day and rations. I remembered frontier difficulties in the Alps, and wondered if four pounds would tempt a

French or Italian porter to carry a kit-bag twenty miles over a pass.

Another 16,500 feet cool took us into the Rakiote valley. We had crossed every pass since the Kamakdhori under a perfectly clear sky. The finest belvedere for the view of the north and west ranges had been the peak above the Khaya. From the passes directly under Nanga Parbat we had glimpses of the same panorama cut off to the north-east or north-west by the spurs that drop down into the Indus.

On the north side of the cool we found snow, and the first thousand feet were compassed in a few minutes by a glissade to the foot of a crevassed and covered glacier, where we had to leave men to head off the *lumbardar* of Ganalo and others of our train who seemed bent on self-destruction. From this point we looked down on the Rakiote glacier thousands of feet below. No muddy ruin this, but an ordered ice-stream curling white and smooth through the pine-trees in its clear-cut trough. Between us and it lay an interminable slope of shale, the accursed *débris* that can make a corvée of climbing in the Himalayas. It was to avoid shale that Mummery and Collie and Bruce twice tried direct passes between the Diamirai and Rupal nullahs, spending a night on an exposed ridge at 19,000 feet, and days and nights without food, only to be driven down to it again. Mummery had it in mind when he attempted the

Diana Pass into Rakiote. "It was to avoid the incessant scrambling over loose stones," Collie writes. If the pass turned out to be difficult or dangerous he would turn back. An easy resolution in cold blood. But it is hard to imagine Mummery or Ragobir or Goman Singh turning away from the cool—if indeed they reached it—a few hours above their camp in the Rakiote nullah, and starting back on that tedious four days' coasting traverse in the track of the coolies. The crossing from Diamirai to Rakiote took Collie and Hastings three days, from early in the morning till late at night, though the distance as the crow flies is only ten miles.

We accomplished that shale descent somehow in the heat of noon. And large was the recompense. I found the Rakiote woods more beautiful than any in the world, more sweet-smelling and resinous, the grass in the open spaces softer to lie on, the stream more musical. We cooked our lunch by a chattering brook, with little rocky islands in the clear stream overgrown with geranium and willow-herb and golden-rod. And we looked through the birch and mountain-ash on the glacier. We could see no great dominating peak, but the peculiar beauty of the valley lay in the curve of the wide-sweeping amphitheatre of ice and snow, the precipitous wall that ringed it in from east to west, with a passage in the centre, dropping down into the ice circus below. A pagan

theatre for the gods to play in. And to the north the mouth of the valley framed Haramosh and the trans-Indus snows. For three days the sky had been blue, and the atmosphere as clear as in October after the rains.

We could not see the north side of the Diana pass by which Mummery and the two Gurkhas were to have descended into Rakiote until we were far down the valley on the right bank of the stream. I have never seen a more forbidding cliff. If they reached the summit of the ridge—it seems a misnomer to call it a pass—they would have come upon a veritable knife-edge, with precipices falling sheer away to a depth of five thousand feet. An ascent to the left towards the Ganalo Peak would have led them to an *arête* which runs into the western feeder of the glacier. This must have been the point that Collie swept hopelessly with his glasses. It will never be known on which side of the pass Mummery's bones lie.

Looking up at those precipices, I thought of another indomitable spirit who was carried up to his rest in the high peaks, and left "loftily lying."

"Our low life was the level's and the night's,
He's for the morning."

Mummery has found a grave as fitting, just the resting-place his brave spirit would have chosen.

X.

We had kept an open mind about our movements after Rakiote, meaning to strike the Gilgit road either at Doian or Dushkin three days to the east, and then to drop down to the Indus at Bunji and return by the road again to Astor, or—more heroic measure—to descend one of the nullahs to the bridge across the river at Darrang, and up the north cliff to Gor. One thing was agreed. We would not turn our backs on Nanga Parbat until we had seen the north face from the Indus.

As we descended the Rakiote valley, a sudden unexpected turn in the path decided us. From where we stood we looked down on the Indus and the Bunji plain due north, just at the point where the river makes its sharp westward bend into Chilas. Here then was Bunji at our feet, not twenty-five miles distant. We could drop down into the plain direct, and include the detour in our circle, instead of turning back from the point where we struck the road and covering that much-trodden thoroughfare twice over. Or, if the heat did not altogether cow us, we might still turn back to the bridge at Darrang and climb the north cliff to the Luthu Pass above Gor, though, from all we had heard of the Indus valley in August, we doubted our perseverance in this plan.

And we had reason. If the head of the Rakiote nullah is in Elysium, the foot is in Tar-

tarus. In this valley, if anywhere, one can experience the gamut of mental and physical comfort and distress, bliss and anguish, in one day. High as we were above the river at Rakiote, we had to climb higher before we began the descent, for just below the village the torrent enters an impassable gorge. We started as soon as it was light, and the sun was already powerful when we stood upon the thin spur which separates the Buldar valley from the Rakiote. There is probably no better view-point from which to look down upon this scene of desolation. We had entered the bare verdureless hills where nothing grows save the stunted "flame-like" juniper and the rank southernwood. For four or five thousand feet on the opposite slope there was not a tree—then a dark-green patch, spring-fed from above, the village of Gor. The cliffs rose eleven thousand feet above the Indus, fifteen thousand feet above the sea-level. From their ugly barren heights the snow had long melted. The valley was not grand or impressive. There was nothing savage or menacing in it; no beauty of colour or architecture in the hills save the watch-tower crag above Gor; simply naked annihilation on a large scale.

Below us lay the dreaded Indus valley where no man, white or brown, travels by day; where the heat is so in-

tense from May to September that it is forsaken by its scanty population and even by the poisonous Chilas fly. Every traveller on the road to Central Asia has described the scene. One reads of the Indus and follows its snaky white course on the map between countless brown mountain-chains, from its source by the sacred Mansarowar Lake in the Trans-Himalaya to Leh and Skardu and Bunji and Chilas, and down through the unknown country between Thur and Amb to Attock in the plains of the Punjab and the desert of Sind, where it becomes a wandering flood, shifting its channel and swallowing up cities until it empties its huge erratic volume of waters into the sea. Here in Chilas it eats its way between the cliffs, moving with labour and strain, a pent-up stream narrow and strong and contained, carrying down the snows of the Karakoram, the Himalaya, the Trans-Himalaya, the Hindu-Kush, and the Hindu-Raj. A great geographical boundary which I had pic-

tured often, and which was now to be burnt into my mind in a way that needed no aid from the imagination.

We were standing on a precipitous cliff of rock and shale some six thousand feet above the river. Every boulder was charged with heat; the shade was fast disappearing. Down this hideous stone-heap we had to descend into a temperature of 110° in the shade. We could see the slaty grey military road stretching away between Jeliper and Lechar. To reach the pass above Gor we should have to turn back down the stream to the bridge at Darrang, climb another fiery slope on the other side and return by the same road. Three more days in Avernus. Painfully we picked our way, searching for a foothold here and there of firm rock to ease the jarring of our steps. Lower down we could see terraces in tiers of about four hundred feet. We tried to reckon our progress by them, but they were interminably repeated.

XI.

As the stones became hotter and looser and the shade less, I became conscious of a dual personality. The heat had dissolved my ego into two—Number One, the self that desired to see Gor, a remote unsensualised self, troubled by uncomfortable aspirations; and Number Two, the spokesman of the body, whose busi-

ness it was to protect the physical envelope from the hurt engendered by these vapours. Number Two became a catechist.

"Are you a tripper, a sight-seer? Is it not a paltry, vulgar instinct to turn aside to see the 'biggest,' or 'best,' or 'highest' anything in the world? Why are you here?"

To see the mountains? Why do you leave the mountains?"

"To see them better," answers Number One. "Damn your casuistry."

And Number One maintains a feeble ascendancy as far as the next terrace. But here again the catechist is at his ear.

"What is independence? Have you none? Are you not a slave to the superlatives bandied about among travellers—mere catchwords—hear-say?"

The complex personality struggles on, at strife with itself and the elements.

At the next terrace there was shade under a high-pointed rock. In this grateful spot the catechist must have abandoned tart rebuke, for Number One is haunted by old refrains, "Two voices are there. . . . And one is of the mountains" . . . "and bring with thee the mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty."

In the next lap Number One and Two argue amicably.

"Besides, is it the finest view? Gor itself is 8000 feet, 4000 feet above the Indus, and you are nearly twenty-five miles away from the mountain. Now in the Diamirai nullah. . . ." Here Number Two took over charge. "In the one case you look up 14,000 feet sheer above your head; in the other you look up 18,000 feet across a distance of twenty-two miles."

The grave of Number One is marked by a loose heap of stones 2500 feet above the Indus bed.

It was here I envied Yorke.

There was a three-foot shadow, the last, and I sat in it until the sun had crept on to the small of my back. Every stone had begun to hold and remit intense heat. Longden had not said a word about Gor. I watched him get up limply and stumble on. I guessed by the angle of his neck that his tongue was hanging out. He lifted his feet with pain. His boots, which he had burnt in the camp-fire under the Kamakdhori, were hanging together by string. I thought of Coryat, who travelled 1975 miles in one pair of shoes and hung them up afterwards as an ex-voto in the church of his native village. I looked at mine and wondered how long they would last; the seams were going at the toes. A wave of homesickness came over me as I was carried away by the sight of them to a spot where trippers alight with a week-end ticket from Waterloo. I had bought them at Okehampton two years before. They were ready-made, for time pressed, and I tried them with grave misgiving on the white road. The nails were hammered in while I lunched at the White Horse. Afterwards I met my crony and trudged with him out into the moor. A bog or two soon put me on good terms with the boots. It was a misty day, and the low veiled hills looked immense, but in the evening the sun broke through the clouds and lit up the heather, and the uncompromising grey and brown became a rosy-coloured

wilderness. We lay in an old stone-circle, built by prehistoric men for the orientation of some star, and watched it set limned against Yes Tor.

I had never felt so near earth, such a sense of the oldness of the world. It was a kind of mellow happiness in long inheritance, a thankfulness in every pore for this rock and heath and scrub and pasture, and for one's part in the soil. One could pray for another incarnation under the same soft sky, to be borne here again in an eddy of the same life-wave which brought the Celt and stone-age man. The feeling was homely and physical; it was of the bone and blood, not of the mind. Asia cannot inspire it. Let your mind range there, and you are a detached atom wandering in the infinite, unconsidered in the general plan, not knit-up with life. And it is not through any homing spirit or sense of defiliation that we feel this. The Asiatic by his own hearth feels the thinness of his attachment to earth and counts it to his credit. He is the more spiritual, he thinks, because he is the less earthy; his written lore is steeped in this cold philosophy. But the difference lies in the virtue of the soil; it affects the less evolved mammals and the vegetable world as well as man. An apologist for the East might write a fable upon the unspiritual cabbage which was too European-hearted.

The turf in the stone-circle was thick and matted. I dug the spike of my stick into it;

the mould underneath could only be discovered by prods. The turf of Asia is thin and sparse "as hair in leprosy." It is all the difference between the scalp of youth and age, or rather, of fresh old age and tired old age.

We left the charmed circle reluctantly and struck south-east by the compass. It was dark when we stumbled down a hill of bracken and through a young beech copse to a farm, the lights of which had drawn us to the edge of cultivation as a boat to the coast. Then three miles of sweet-scented road and lane, the screech of the tawny owl, the moonlit mystery of the folded fields, and we came into Chagford. It was Saturday night, and there was a hum and bustle in the streets. The villagers were shopping; the chemist's lights attracted them like moths. We could see a bench of rustics through the window of the barber's shop waiting for their weekly shave. And then we came to the lights of our own inn. I thought of it all the way down to Lechar. There were beef, and fruit-tart with cream, and Stilton cheese; and no tents to put up; and a nice clean-aproned girl with red hair and a fresh skin and a friendly laugh.

When we reached what had seemed to us, as we looked down, the uttermost bottom of the pit, we found we were still five hundred feet above the river bed. The heat was not latent and insidious, it was aggressive, it struck and

buffeted. I remembered a phrase in a forgotten letter, "Thence down to Yoway in hell," and the idea came into my head that I was going down to Yoway, and ever since I have thought of the foot of that stone-heap as Yoway. It may have been, or may not, I never verified the name.

We reached the road at

to Chilas.

XII.

At Lechar that night the storm broke; the heat had been abnormal even for Chilas. I left the rest-house by the ghostly moonlight and took the road to Bunji, fifteen miles to the north; the shadows lent the valley the mystery it lacked by day. Silent figures passed me without greeting. I could not hear their footsteps for the din of the stream, which sounded to me always dissyllabic, a double saw-like burden of labour and strain. Two miles out of Lechar I crossed the historic mud-slide, where the cliff on the left bank subsided into the river, and formed a dam behind which the valley became a lake as far as the junction of the Hunza and Gilgit rivers, thirty-five miles to the north-east. The water broke through and caused the great flood of 1841, in which the Sikh army was destroyed in the plains near Attock. The hillside has been slipping continually ever since; the mud had overflowed the path in the night, and I sank in it over the ankles.

As the darkness became

thinner I looked back anxiously towards the mountain. The clouds had lifted, but they were hanging ominously above its summit. I reached Ramghat at sunrise, and had to confess that there was something grand and impressive in the way the gaunt hills fell back from the narrow gorge of the Astor river. Here the Gilgit and Chilas roads join. The famous view of the north face of Nanga Parbat from near Bunji is to be seen two miles beyond. At the bridge I met some pack ponies returning without loads. I chose the best and pushed on. My luck had held. The weather was evidently breaking up, but the sky was clear. The whole of the north face was visible. There were the two great northward-pointing dormers above Rakiote, from which the precipices, by some illusive foreshortening, seemed to fall sheer into the river beneath. A grand culmination to the view down the bleak valley, but not so superb as the Diamirai cliff.

I have heard the north face

described as the finest mountain view in the world, just because of that declivity. I felt that it ought to be, but that it was not. No doubt by rule and computation it could hold its own; but the touchstone is the spirit, in great mountains as in great poetry or prose. Sublimity is measured by the exaltation it inspires. I had often heard and read of the view of the north wall from near Bunji, and must confess disappointment. Conway was tempted by it for a moment to turn back from K²; it inspired the most eloquent passage in his 'Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram Himalayas.' He thought the ascent possible. "No extraordinary difficulties," he writes, "other than those pertaining to the altitude and the state of the snow, appear to bar the way." And it has captured the imagination of Younghusband, who dwells on its isolation, though he compares it in declivity with Rakiposhi, 25,550 ft., which rises sheer from the Hunza river (5000 ft.) below, and with a peak in the Pamirs (25,146 ft.) rising abruptly from the plains of Turkestan, where they are little more than 3000 ft. above sea-level. Mrs Bullock Workman, though moved to admiration, does not hold that the north face is the grandest aspect of the peak. "Try as one can, it is difficult to realise that 22,000 ft." She considers that the most impressive view is from the Bannokla to the east, a pass of over 16,000 ft. But this can only

include some 10,000 feet of the mountain seen from a distance of twenty-five miles. And what subtle charm of grouping can make up for the majesty of the north cliff? None the less, in spite of figures and statistics, one feels that there is something that detracts from the reverence which is due and which one has come prepared to pay. For some reason the mind does not receive the full impression. After all, there are the eight leagues between the summit and the valley where you stand, every mile of which lops the stature of the peak, though it does not diminish the sense of precipitousness as much as one might think. For although I had traversed many weary miles from the glacier to the river, my eye received the illusion of the ice almost overhanging the bed of the stream. Nor do I think the actual summit is visible. Perhaps from Gor, though it is only three miles nearer as the crow flies, the whole of that tremendous declivity is realised. Bruce, who knows the Himalayas from end to end, says there is no finer mountain view in the world.

Younghusband, in weighing the claims of other great peaks with those of Nanga Parbat, inclines to Kanchenjunga. Probably there is no view more sublime than that of the peak seen from the Singlila ridge on the Nepal frontier, where one is almost ringed in by the giants of the earth—the Nepal ranges, with Everest and Makalu to the west; the giant Sikkim peaks filling the

north; Kanchenjunga, Jannu, Pandim, Siniolchum, the Bhutan chain closing in the circle to the east; and the tremendous forest-clad valleys falling away at one's feet. And then I remember another view from a peak (18,200 feet) above the Phembu-la, north of Lhasa, where the imagination is carried away—not by any commanding peak or chain, but by endless ranges of the same height, stretching away like the furrows of infinity, at first rough and billowy, and then in the far distance, where the twin peaks guard the Tengri Nor, like the wrinkled surface of a plain. If the mind ever conceives the infinite, it will not be through the effect of mere declivity or interminable level spaces, but by the aid of serried heights like these, where distance merges the vertical in the horizontal as in another dimension. But heaven forbid that mountains should be judged by bulk, weighed in the scale like cod or salmon! There are scenes that will occur when the impression of this Bunji view has become faint—scenes of haunting mystery, as where the divinity of Chumulari is reflected in the sleeping waters of the Bam-tso; scenes memorable for some peculiar colour or grace or boldness, as where the white peak of Kailas in Bussahr rises in columns of coloured crag above the Sutlej, and other aspects of Nanga Parbat herself, the great Diamirai cliff from below the summit, and the snow amphitheatre of Rakiote seen

through the mountain-ash and birches.

I stayed at Bunji till the evening. Here I was within a day's ride of Gilgit. We were to have spent a week-end there; but my friend, who was going to lay out a *dāk* of ponies for us and put us up, had been called away to the other end of the Agency. In the evening I returned to Ramghat, where I met Longden. We camped in the rocks in a storm. In Kashmir, we learnt afterwards, they were having a week's downpour; but in this dry gorge we were exposed to sound and fury more than anything else—much wind and dust and a few drops of rain.

Nanga Parbat has an ill, though I think undeserved, reputation for dirty weather. Probably she is more immune than most great peaks. Kanchenjunga is invisible for weeks at a time—from May to the end of September,—and Freshfield and his party ran into a cyclone when he made his tour of the mountain late in the season. The Eckenstein party camped for seven weeks at 20,000 feet on the slopes of K², but were held back by cloud and snow. Conway's experience of the mountain is well known, and the Abruzzi expedition met with no better weather. If Nanga Parbat is unassailable, it is not for climatic reasons. Mummery made his attempt on the peak in cloudless weather in mid-August 1895. From July 13 to August 6 it had been gloriously fine. And

here is the peak's record in floating mists; 19th, 20th, 1913: August 14, cloudless 21st, 22nd, cloudless; 23rd, a till midday, evening misty; storm at night; 24th, the 15th, clear, evening stormy; north face clear all day, 16th, clear; 17th, 18th, light weather broke at night.

XIII.

I will not describe the much-trodden Gilgit Road. We followed it three and a half stages. Thirteen miles beyond Astor I turned into the Rupal nullah to see the south face of Nanga Parbat. At Astor Longden had collected the essentials of life, packed them on a baggage pony, and pushed on by double stages over the Kamri Pass to the Woolar Lake in Kashmir. Thence by boat to Srinagar—hotels, comfort, civilisation. "Three faces to a mountain are enough," he said, and pursued the road, preferring the physiognomy of man. We had been marching twenty-eight days, with only three halts. He had been twenty-seven days without a newspaper or a letter; he had finished the five volumes of economic history and all the books he or I had taken with us—French or English; and he had seen three faces of the peak. Under the Kamakdhori his boots had fallen into the camp fire, and Guffara used to stitch them up in the evenings with patches of tough markhor hide. In these he had attacked some of the stiffest country in the world, though he had not my gipsy bent or the love of flowers and mountains. One

would expect moods from a man in such a case, tacked on to a wandering fanatic "just to see what it was like." But Longden has no "humps or hollers" in his nature. He would sit down in shale or snow or wet earth and discourse, as if he had been at his own breakfast-table, on any subject that came into his head or mine. A philosopher to the bone. "Do you like this sort of thing?" I would ask him. We would be resting perhaps near the foot of a hot steep pass, with three thousand more feet to climb and no likelihood of water.

"Frankly, I do not; but talking of . . ." And as he brushed away a venomous chilas fly or dislodged a sharp stone that was running into his person, he would descant on heredity, or John Crome, or Confucius, or whoever or whatever it might be.

I parted from Longden sadly, but I was glad to be quit of the dusty highway. The four stages from Ramghat had been a tedious interlude, though the break in the weather had come opportunely. Nanga was hidden by intervening ridges, and the light misty drizzle cooled the dull road for us, where miles are marked on posts as if the day's march

were a penitential round, where there is no solitude, and where one has to halt or mend one's pace if one does not want to tread on the heels of mules, dravies, dâk-runners, rice-tats, commissariat Babus,—all that is drawn into the supply of Gilgit. And after sleeping in bungalows where rules and tariffs are posted on the wall, it is good to camp in flowers again under the glacier, to lie in the grass by a big fire and watch the mist drift and dissolve from the face of the mountain. I did not see the south face that day. When it was almost dark one burnished cloud, straight and level as a bar, hid the last five hundred feet of the summit. The perfect night came too late, and it was only by watching one star sink in the west after another that I learnt where the highest snow pierced the sky.

Before daybreak it had clouded over. My camp was on the right bank of the river, opposite Tarshing. In the morning I crossed the Chiche stream by a slippery pine-trunk near the glacier and climbed the ridge (1200 feet) that separated the two nullahs. I took up water and spent the day on the top with Collie's book beside a fire. The Nanga Parbat glacier, with its high moraine, lay at my feet, and I could see far away up the valley the Rupal and Mazeno glaciers fifteen miles distant. I was but a day and a half from the shepherds' encampment at Lubar where we had first touched the actual flanks of the mountain. I did not

complete the ring here, but left a wobbly balloon-like tail to my track on the map which joined up at Sopor. "*Me voici*," as my friend X. would have said. I had almost woven the mystic circle. Whether my intellect had "become sharpened by going round mountains," to quote my Pundit's rendering of the Yaju Veda, or whether I had become "of godly temperament," Longden alone can say. I had certainly attained the "intellectual happiness" assured in the Kedarkalpa. And I had only envied Yorke once, — on the stone-heap above Yoway, though I had felt the little Gallic thrill by every camp-fire.

"*Me voici dans les solitudes éternelles de . . .*" Thus my gifted friend began his first and only book of travel, feeling that bald English was inadequate. He did not write more than one paragraph, and there was no need, for his parody, delivered with rolling "r's" and contorted eyebrows and inimitable slow gestures, held the germ of many volumes—just the touch that converts the traveller's camp-fire, round which he is haggling for transport or the price of a fowl, into the playground of unfamiliar genii and peeping fays.

"*Me voici plongé dans les solitudes éternelles des montagnes et des vastes forêts—moi seul et le bon Dieu.*"

Certainly the Gaul has the pull in a book of travel, and deserves it, if language grows out of a people's temperament and needs. He is conscious everywhere of the quiet gliding

of snakes in the brushwood. He must return to shelter at night before the hour of the tiger. The visionary gleam rests upon him wherever he moves, in *les forêts touffues, profondes, et souvent impénétrables*, where *le tigre se glissant la nuit jusqu'au campement est arrêté net d'un balle entre les deux yeux*, or where *les serpents déroulent leur tortueux anneaux à travers les herbes*, and *les lianes s'entortillent partout*.

Here an Englishman could only say "where the creepers are thick," or worse, if he wanted to write like a book, "festoon the forest." Still our laconic countryman may be as happy in his way though he does not admit thrills. X. fears sentiment as he would a dickey or elastic-sided boots. So when he feels the inwardness of a place he must laugh to himself and at himself in French. I heard him discussing Ladakh and Baltistan with a friend.

"Know Skardu? Yes: I

had to tramp 320 miles on my flat feet for two head, and poor ones at that."

A minute afterwards I heard his friend say—

"The duck-shooting at Syracuse isn't worth the candle."

Now it is not possible that X. or his friend could drift stolidly from Skardu to Sicily with never a "*me voici*," or a thought of old Nicias. So I take it their indifference masks a reverence for the high and ancient places of the earth, or they would not go. There are clay-pigeons and moving targets if they wish to stay at home.

"*Me voici dans les solitudes éternelles de Nanga Parbat*," but I wondered if I were going to see the south face, and if not, how long I should stay in the valley. The sun came and went, the kettle boiled twice; I fed and read and smoked and slept, but the clouds never lifted. In the evening a squall came up from the south, and drove me to my camp.

XIV.

Very early the next morning I heard Guffara's voice outside my tent. "Sahib, heaven is clean." I looked out and saw the south face. The great ridge fell away to an abrupt chasm behind the Rakiote Peak, where the black needle rock thrusts out of the snow like a cairn. To the north-east, as far as one could see, it declined in a long featureless snow wall. After exploring the Rupal nullah, Mummery

abandoned the idea of attacking the mountain from the south, in spite of the relative ease with which supplies could be brought in to his base camp from Kashmir. Collie thinks an advanced camp of at least 20,000 ft. would be necessary. He has reckoned the acclivity at about 15,000 ft. in two miles. Nevertheless, Nanga seemed dwarfed to me from this side, her stature lopped, her divinity impaired. It may

have been the absence of any architectural grace or boldness ; or it may have been that the angle of the bare sloping buttresses diminished the sense of height—there did not appear to be 7000 feet of ice and snow on the south face. Where was the glory of Diamirai, the superb throned amphitheatre of Rakiote? The truth is, I was spoilt. Even the Rupal valley had seemed bare and ordinary the day before, a few sparse trees, some niggard cultivation, then the dingy *débris*-strewn glacier, the grey shale leading up to the snow. Earlier in the season perhaps there is more colour, but the road and all the nullahs that entered it had seemed flowerless after Rakiote.

To any one coming from the south the view might be impressive. But I had seen the west and north ; I had entered the circle at the wrong point. Longden was wiser than he knew, I thought as I struck my tent. The Rupal nullah is the backyard of Nanga Parbat. Three faces to a mountain are enough. And yet how fairy-like, ethereal, lifted above earth, the south face seems a hundred miles away in Kashmir.

The road became beautiful again as we approached and crossed the frontier. We had left the long-needed pine be-

hind, and the mast-like *Abies* clothed the hills, more graceful in its outline than any other mountain tree except the deodar and birch. The countless little bogs and springs on the hillside were ablaze with flowers. The spires of the dark-blue aconite made a brave show in the floor of the valley ; and in the little streamlets that form at the foot of the snow gullies there were beds of corydalis, splashes of intense gold paling the golden-rod and ragwort on the slopes below. The bright pink pedicularis with the white eye grew on each side of the runnels, thick as a planted border all along. And there were masses of the mauve-coloured leek, mixed with geranium and forget-me-not, a sea of colour. I never imagined that anything of the genus onion could satisfy the eye.

After four days we had crossed the Kamri Pass into Kashmir, and were in the balsam and larkspur country again. Here were golden-rod, meadow-sweet, the branching white anemone, codonopsis, marjoram, saxifrage, columbine, wallflower, and a dozen different labiates of different shades of blue. In the five weeks we had been weaving our circle round Nanga Parbat we had passed through every kind of country, and it was pleasant to end in the garden where we began.

THE NEW ROAD.

A ROMANCE.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXXII.—CONFESSIONS.

AN hour and a half later Æneas came through Drim-dorran garden, his hat in his hand, and his coat thrown open to the wind of night, for he was melting from the heat of an outrageous fire in a room where airlessness and his own commotion suffocated. So rapt was he in agitating thoughts he saw at first the dovecote lit, and even stared at it, without his mind's attention. He had almost passed the path that led to it, when its light went out, and thus gave a jolt to his curiosity. The tower had played so strange a part in the revelations lately made and now so baffling, that he was seized with a desire to find out who was in it at so odd an hour, and for a moment he was half inclined to think it might be a repentant girl.

He went through the thicket on his tip-toes, and just as he had reached its heart he heard the door pushed softly shut. For a little he stood hesitant, and then had a queer illusion. It was that all this past month's happenings were a dream; that he had fallen asleep while seeking for his pupils, and that Margaret was

behind the door, with the lantern-candle smouldering. In the grip of this strange fancy forth he went, and pushing the door ajar, slid in. Again he fumbled in his coat and struck a light. The first sparks showed him Ninian! He almost cried out loud to see that face where should be Margaret's.

"What in fortune's name are you doing here?" he asked, and Ninian made no reply but lit the lantern.

"What notion brought ye here?" he said when the wick had caught. "How kent ye it was open?"

Æneas did as he had done with Margaret when she had asked that question; he pointed to the window.

"My grief!" said Ninian, "I meant to sort that," and he hurriedly stuffed sacks into the opening. "What said the old man to ye? Did ye see him?"

"So much as is left of him," said Æneas, with a catch in his voice. "The man is shattered so greatly I was wae to look at him." He wiped his brow and stared about him vacantly. "I felt in front of him my strength, my youth, my anger, and my hopes a

sort of crime. Oh, Ninian! Ninian! what breast of man who likes his fellows could withstand a sight like yon? Can any pang be sorer to our manhood than to see a creature, made like us, with every spark of what ennoble us and makes us other than the brutes, stamped out of him? Everything gone! Health, cool reason, self-respect, and nothing left but a cringing bag of bones and shameful terrors. . . . It humbles, Ninian! It is an affront to the race. I would take the poor wretch, broken, in below a nook of plaid and hide him from the trees and flowers, for they would grue at him. I declare to God I share his scathe and shame; they're mine, too; they're all mankind's. You and I have seen him; for pity's sake and for our human pride can we not conceal him?"

He was wrought up to a feeling that was painful even to witness; his lips were quivering. Nothing in the dovecote caught his eye—the scattered grain nor Ninian's stern demeanour that changed at the close of that impetuous burst to a look that had some hue of tenderness.

"Are ye sorry for him?" asked the other.

"I ache to the very soul with pity for myself and him!"

Ninian puckered up his face. "I can peety, too," said he, "and just as keen as you. I never like to see a broken man: it might be, with a twist of chance, mysel'; for we are

like the fir-trees, some will grow up straight and others crooked, and the woodman kens not why. Oh yes, I can peety, too, but I can peety most the man that's wronged, and better than peety in a man is justice. Peety and justice should be like a body's lugs—aye close enough together and both listening; but they never meet. . . . What lies was he telling ye?"

Æneas sat on the bin. "It was just what we thought," he said. "Craft, greed, spite, and cowardice. He has confessed it all, and though he has wronged me cruelly, I have hardly a spark of anger left for him."

"If I was you," said Ninian drily, "I wouldna let out the light of anger altogether; I would keep a wee bit *griosach* for the morning just in case."

"He admits he urged my father off to France, and was in correspondence with him for a year, and that deliberately he kept my uncle ignorant of the truth."

"What for? What for?" cried Ninian. "I'm sure he's quirking ye!"

"No. The thing is quite patent. He was in mortal terror to do anything fourteen years ago that should expose his own connivance in my father's hiding. Then, again, he feared that any dispute might rise as to the validity of his possession of Drim-dorran. You see he had himself at first believed the rumour of my father's drowning, and before he learned the truth

from Lovat, he had claimed the property and quarrelled with my uncle. His greed to keep it when he learned my father still was living prompted him to clear him out the country and hush the whole affair, for he felt that only my father's death could justify a closure on the estate. My uncle couldn't clear the debt, he knew——"

"Stop!" said Ninian, sniffing. "Do ye smell soot?"

"No," said Æneas with surprise and some impatience.

"I could swear I do," said Ninian. "Never mind! Go on wi' Sandy's lies."

"Do you doubt him, Mr Campbell?"

"Yes, I doubt him, Mr Macmaster! I would doubt him if it was his deathbed and I was his priest. Ye're far too good and simple, Æneas, for a man like yon. *What way did your father die, and where?*"

"I am coming to that. Duncanson, part from spite at my uncle, as he now admits, but mostly, as he says with abject shame, to stick to what he had prematurely grabbed, never divulged that he was keeping my father abroad, supplied with Drim-dorran rents. And just as we suspected, he destroyed my father's letters to my uncle and to me."

Ninian started. "Let me think!" said he, and held his chin. "Well, well! What else?" he said in a little, with a steely glitter in his eyes.

"My father lived a shiftless life in France——" A loud

came over Æneas's manner. "He went about from place to place without a settlement. All Duncanson's letters to him were addressed to the care of a Scot, Macfarlane, with a shop in Havre; and the thing came to an end with a letter from Macfarlane sending back the last of Duncanson's. My father died in Paris——"

"Who saw him die?" shot Ninian.

Æneas wrung his hands, with his visage furrowed. "That is the bitter thing," he said. "That is——that is what revolts me! I have only the old man's word for it, but he says my father at the last. . . . He changed his politics. . . . He mixed among the Jacobites, and sent their plans——"

"A spy!" cried Ninian, and spat. "A turncoat spy! Oh-h-h, isn't that the damned rogue!"

"My father, sir?" said Ninian, whitening.

"No, no, no, no! Ye silly boy! But Duncanson! I knew your father little, Æneas, but I knew his stamp and know his kin. There never was a traitor named Macmaster! There, sure enough, is Sandy lying! Blow on your *griosach* now, and have a fire; ye never can wrestle wi' a rogue until ye hate him."

"You hearten me!" cried Æneas. "I doubted it! I doubted it! Oh, Ninian, if you could understand what it means to me to have my father's memory clean! It was the last that was left to me of

that romance that made the Highlands cry in me like trumpets. And what have I seen?—the ruffian chiefs with their men for instruments, their cunning and their crimes; a land held under bondage to mere names! More poetry is in the life of the poorest fisher on Loch Fyne! But I couldna think my father such a man, nor moved by the springs that actuate such men as Lovat. He must have had some gleam, some vision worth the dying for; 'twas that that sent me North. I went a prince, in a mood of glory, and I came back a beggar, for I saw nothing there I would lift my hat to. There was only left for me the hope that there might, one time, have really been a cause that justified my father's ruin. His story was the only scrap left to me of my old romantics, and the sorest blow I have had in my life was this tale of Duncanson's. He says my father was suspected by his friends and challenged; that he died in the encounter twelve months after he left Scotland, and no one knows now where he lies."

"The lying's up in the big house with the candles in't," said Ninian hotly. "Where's Macfarlane?"

"He's dead, according to Duncanson. He died ten years ago."

"And where's the letters of your father and Macfarlane?"

"That I asked, of course. But they're no longer in existence. Duncanson had kept them in his desk till the day he fancied I had searched it, and

then in terror of exposure he destroyed them all."

"My grief! isn't he the master hand? Ye're in grips wi' the cleverest scamp in Scotland!"

He took off a shoe and shook the grains from it; the mildewed corn was to his ankles. Æneas for the first time saw with surprise the signs of questing.

"What were you doing here?" asked he.

"Seeking. Just seeking what's no' in't that I can see—the cause of Sandy's terrors. When you were gone from your uncle's house I took Jennet home and came up the glen to meet you. It wasna altogether to meet you either, but to glisk again through this place. I was here to-night before and put it to the probe like any gauger—Can ye tell me this? Did Sandy leave the house this evening?"

"He did," said Æneas. "He was found in the park two hours ago with neither hat nor cloak on by the Muileach, who missed him, and was sure he was in the river."

"That's just what I was thinking! It wasna the river he was for at all, but here. I left the door shut close wi' a stone at the foot to latch it, and when I came back just now the stone was gone and the door was locked. It didna fash me much to burst it in for I had loosed the staple. I'm feared he's got the better of me, Æneas; he was here for something that I failed to see. I thought I had searched in everything, but no!—there

was something I overlooked, and Duncanson has got it."

He grimaced with vexation.

"Of what nature?" queried Æneas.

"That's just what I canna tell ye! But this I'll stake my soul on—the end of my hank was here! It's no' in the desk at all! It was something in the doocot. In the talk I had wi' Duncanson I got that quite plain. Man, I played him like a fish! . . . Did you say ought about his trappin' ye in Inverness?"

Æneas flushed. "Upon my soul," said he, "I couldna."

"What way?"

"It seemed a trivial thing in the light of what he said about my father. And then—and then he looked so wretched! With a load of such disgrace on him, I felt to add another roguery to his charge."

Ninian shrugged. "Ye beat all!" said he. "But it doesna matter. He ran off from me wi' his hands on his lugs before I got that length. But I got this from him—there was nothing in his desk that night he needed to bother about beyond the doocot key. His whole concern—what put him bedfast on his back—was this, that you were in the doocot. Now what was here that he should be afraid ye might find out?"

Once more Æneas reddened. "You said yourself it might well distress him to think his girl was here."

"I did!" said Ninian. "But I ken better now. He never thought for a moment she was here until I told him, mysel',

this very evening. It was no consideration for his girl that vexed him; it was you being in the doocot, and he thought that ye were searching. If he had not something o' the most dangerous character hidden here, what for should he be troubled at your looking? Tell me that, *'ille!*'"

"You have found nothing?"

"Not one iota! It was here, I'll swear, when I came first, and now it's gone. I've ransacked over again; there's nothing here now but trash and useless papers."

"What sort of papers?" asked Æneas.

"Oh, just the kind that a man of the law would have—the kind that show men trust each other even less in the days of written sheepskins than they did when they held by swords. I'll warrant ye I looked them, for I'm sure it must be papers Sandy's hiding. It might have been the very letters from your father or Macfarlane! . . . But no!" he added quickly. "There never was Macfarlane! The mind that made your father out a spy made up Macfarlane."

He took up the haft of pick and beat on the dovecote wall. "Cry out!" said he. "Cry out! Oh, Æneas! if lime had not the heart burned out of it, this place would tell me what I'm wanting. It kens what troubles Duncanson! There's no a hole in this house he hasna boarded up to keep birds out. It was done when he got the property; the wood looks fresh as yesterday's, but

tastes of years of weather. What for did he take this trouble? Ninian can tell ye that! Wherever birds are breeding will come folk, and he was not for folk about his doocot. There was here the proof—and not in the desk—that he had plucked your father; ay, and worse! By mankind unbeheld your father died, and that grey rogue is the worst who was ever whelped, who sent Prim Campbell to her cell. But I'm

no' done wi' him yet; come you away down home, my hero, and we'll see your uncle Alan."

Without another word he blew the lantern out, and this time did not even trouble with the door, but left it swinging open.

But on the threshold he sniffed again, and asked again if Æneas smelled soot. "Ye don't?" he said with disappointment. "I could swear I do, and maybe it's the lantern."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—NIGHT-WANDERING.

Late going home that night, and very late, from Bailie Alan's, Ninian, in the empty street, could not but wonder at the fair face put on life and the aspect of the world by sleep. Here, surely, dwelt the innocent, unconscious: hearts at ease, untroubled heads on feather pillows. The high lands towered on either hand of him, all packed with slumberers, drifting, though they did not know it, like the clouds. Dark windows broke the walls of the lime-washed tenements; the cobbles of the gaping closes might have never known a footstep. Prevailed a smell of peat on fires smothered for the morning. Dead leaves from garden trees, and from the policy, were blown about the causeway; they pattered on before him, crisp, like little living things. Behind him on the walls high tide was beating, and the river made that noise which never changed in it from year to year—so mournful

always in the night-time, even with the memories of its pools of fish, so like the voice of time made audible.

His footsteps echoed through the burgh, startling himself a little, like the footsteps of a man whom he had passed deep in the forest hunting-path in small dark hours of morning, once, when searching for a dog astray. The man had stepped out from the dust below the fir-trees suddenly, and come to him, and passed without an answer to his salutation, pacing slow, and melting into shade again, incredible but for his footsteps. That strange night-wanderer in the woods was Ninian's greatest mystery. It was one he never was to solve. To-night his own re-echoed steps brought up that old experience for a moment; then he heard an infant's cry in some high attic chamber—peevish, as it were with anger that it should be born. Its mother hushed it; he could hear her

plainly coax it to its sleep, and sing to it a drowsy strain of "Colin's Cattle." Its whimpering done, the burgh slept again.

Fresh from a long sederunt at the Bailie's, he had a feeling in himself as of a person walking on a crag far up in mountains, looking down through openings in mist at things deplorable, revealed in glimpses—harrying beasts, sin writhing in the depths, iniquitous concerns, greed, pillage, cunning, murderous doings. It seemed amazing folk should sleep at all, MacCailein's castle or the poorest hovel of the lanes, when the spirit of unrest and evil stalked abroad.

And yet the night, for all its lifelessness, had some wild spirit of its own, in flying clouds that swept across the moon like reek. He wondered. The tide beat on the walls and the river roared; the wind, as it were, blew where it wist, untrammelled; these indifferent to results, though subject to some law outwith themselves. Was it so with men? That they were driven, too, by a force beyond themselves, to make from sin and goodness at the last, far hence, some strong and perfect life, as the life of the *ceilidh* stories?

He felt the weariness of the past week's doings mount on him; he was a little dazed, his mind in a half delirium.

And then of a sudden was he wide awake, with the *beachdair* of him uppermost!

The way to his house was past the Fisherland. It was a tenement of substantial build,

with half a dozen families at its southern end where it looked on fields; but at its north with one house untenanted since Whitsunday, when the owner, Campbell of Craignure, took for the summer to his country-seat. The shadow of the church obscured three-fourths of it, but a corner stood blank-white in the light of moon that at the moment fought its way through wrack.

A man was standing on the steps and fumbling at its door, with curious faint imploring cries as if he might be weeping.

At first it was Ninian's notion that some fool debauched mistook the dwelling for his own, and he went forward to explain that this was a house for the time deserted. How great was his amaze to find it Duncanson!

He had on him a greatcoat and a plaid about his shoulders, but his head was bare, and his haffits blowing in the wind disclosed him even before his voice.

A homeless cat was at his ankles, rubbing against his hose; his breast was against the door, and his hands wrought at the upper panels as if to push them in. And he was craving piteously for entrance. He spoke as in a dream; the name of his wife, dead years ago, was uppermost: "Eala-said!" cried he, "oh, Eala-said, let me in!" And then in Gaelic said the night was cold and folk were after him. The street was saddened by his cries.

Even when Ninian came to him and touched him, he still leaned up against the door,

and craved, disconsolate, paying no attention.

"*A chiall!*" said Ninian, "what is wrong? There is no one in that house, nor light nor ember, Mr Duncanson."

And thereupon the old man turned. The moon struck on his face that was like dry cheese cracked; his eyes were standing in his head.

"It is my house," he said in a wandered way, and looked up at the arch, where a date was cut on the keystone.

It had indeed been his, in the lighter days, the house where he brought his wife, and his daughter had been born; his care-free days, if ever he had any, had been there.

"No more your house, sir," Ninian said to him. "Ye mind, Drimdorran? Craignure has got it. There is no one there. It will not be opened up till Christmas."

It was then Drimdorran knew him.

"*Tha argiod ann!*—There's money in't!" said he, with some crazy memory of what earlier in the night he had been speaking of to Ninian, and then as if he wakened from a walking sleep, gave a gasp and shuffled down the steps. He looked up at the house front strangely, then scuffled hurriedly along the street, as if for home.

The wind blew out his plaid; he walked on the crown of the causeway, bent down at the shoulders, dead leaves blown about his feet, and he made no sound, for he wore, not shoes, but slippers. In the dreary street the figure seemed not

wholly human—rather a phantom of the mind, an image conjured out of desolation, some symbol of the end of all things,—passion and will, contrivance, cleverness and self-assurance humbled at the last to a slinking ghost going down a high ravine to giddy space where the lasting winds and the clouds had mastery.

Ninian stood watching. There warred in him contending feelings of dislike and pity, utter weariness and curiosity. He guessed at what had brought the old man forth to cry at the door in Fisherland—he sought for peace. It was himself he sought for—an earlier self and unrecoverable, a happier self and better, for whom the ticking clock had no loud warnings. He was not, Ninian thought, entirely mad, but in a fever, thrown back as a man may be in dreams to less-disordered periods of his life.

There were less than a hundred yards to Ninian's house; it was only round the corner; every bone of him was aching for the bed, but Duncanson's appearance in this curious fashion stirred reserves of energy, and in a little while he followed him, out through a lane that brought him out ahead of him beside the river.

He left the road and walked the grass, invisible to Duncanson, who padded on till he reached the bridge and crossed to the side his house was on. For a moment Ninian swithered, then made up his mind that his way should be otherwise—on the south side of the river, whence, as well, he could com-

mand the other's movements with less risk of being seen. Not quite abreast, for the *beach-dair* hung behind, they went up the glen where Drimdorran House was lighted bright as ever, and the closer he came to it the more apparent it became to Ninian that he had made an error.

Duncanson was not going home directly; he was going to the dovecote! He went through the thicket, and across the river Ninian heard the hinges creak.

How stupid he had been to place between himself and this chance of some great discovery, the pools of Aray at their deepest!

But he lost no time in seeking to amend his blunder; like a deer he ran back through the grass till he reached a ford, and splashing over the shoes on stepping-stones he crossed, and along the other bank to reach the tower.

He was too late! The door was being locked by Duncanson, whom, from the cover of a bush, he watched pass through the thicket, then make off across the field in the direction of his house.

It was none of Ninian's concern to attend him further; he had come so far, in truth, from an apprehension that the man might be in flight from perils closing round him, and now that Duncanson was home he felt at liberty to go home himself.

But first he sought the dovecote. For the third time he forced an entrance. This time he blinded up the windows

with the sacks before he lit the lantern, still warm from the use of Duncanson. Again he put the building to the closest search, to find that nothing was disturbed since last he was there. But its owner must have seen the evidence of former searching; the corn piled on the floor, the papers strewn carelessly upstairs had a meaning unmistakable, as Ninian had intended that they should.

When his scrutiny was over this time, he did a curious thing; he opened up the seed-bin and jumped in, and drew the lid down on him for a minute. That done he climbed out again, went up to the second storey, and clapped down upon the floor and wrought for twenty minutes at the planking with his knife. When he was done the candle of the lantern flickered out; its end was come; its final grease was spilt upon his boots.

In half an hour he was in his bed at home and sleeping like a boy.

The land was bathed in yellow light, and the forenoon well advanced when he got up next day and took his breakfast. Janet had had hers long hours ago; her rest had freshened her, but yet in her manner was uneasiness and restraint. From him to her there was conveyed some influence bodiless and secret—hints and premonstrations in his flattest

tones, the twitching of his eyebrows, even in the breathing of his nostrils. His air affected her peculiarly.

"You were late of getting in this morning," she said to him.

"I was that!" he admitted. "It's no' a bite o' the night that'll do for me; I like to make a banquet o't."

"I know where you were," said Janet. "You were in the doocot."

He put down his spoon, laid his two hands flat on the table and looked at her.

"My grief!" said he, "ye're no' canny! How kent ye that?"

"Your shoes were covered with candle-grease," she answered, "and you weren't in any dwelling-house till that time of the morning. Besides, there was grain in them."

"Oh yes!" said he sharply, "that, so far as it goes, is pretty clever of you; but what for should ye think it was the doocot, Jennet? I never was in the place in all my life—till last night."

"I knew," she answered simply.

"There's many another place in the parish where one might come on candle-creash and wade in corn. What made ye guess the doocot?"

She got very red, but this time gave no answer.

"Ye have a way of getting sometimes at the core of things while I am creeping round the outskirts. . . . Do ye ken anything of this affair?"

And then she paled again. "Nothing," she said, and he looked at her with unbelieving.

"This is a strange business," he said, "and of a deep concern to Æneas Macmaster. He has for fourteen years been cheated of his rights. He should have Drimdorran, it is his! The Duke has only to hear our story of it to put that all right—at least a little more would do it if I had the proofs."

"That's just it!" she cried. "And I know nothing, nothing, nothing!" and thereupon she dashed out of the room.

His own affairs for a week had been absent from his mind; this riddle of Paul Macmaster's fate made the scheme he was sent to frustrate by inquiries in the North of trivial account, but now that he was back he must report. In these affairs he was immediately under Islay's orders, and Islay was from home, but the Duke's concern in the *beachdair* business ever was as close as Islay's, and Ninian made up his mind the report should be for him directly. For hours he wrote at it—a dreary task at any time, but the drearier since his zest was no longer in the business. The name of Duncanson was never mentioned, nor a hint conveyed of any difficulties; it might have been a pleasant ramble he had taken to the North.

When he was done he read it through to Janet.

"You say nothing of Prim?" said she, surprised. "Nor the part of Duncanson in her condition?"

He shook his head.

"Na. I'll leave that to another hand. He'll learn of

that from Forbes in time enough, if he hasna learned already, and then he'll ask me——"

"But Lady Grange——"

"That's likewise Duncan's business, lass. I'll wager he has nudged the Justice-Clerk already. I never in my life gave out a summons though I'm Messenger-at-Arms, but I would like to have the chance to cleave a stick outside the walls of Castle Dounie and fasten a citation in't for Simon Fraser."

He sent a messenger with his report up to the castle, and spent—a thing unusual for him—the rest of the day about the house, with a snatch of sleep which he explained to Janet by a warning that he might be out all night.

It was late in the afternoon when he sallied forth, and bought in a shop a candle, though he might have had a score from Janet. He bought it from a man who years before had been a carpenter, the one man of his trade at that time in the burgh, and having pouched his purchase, sat on a herring firkin half an hour and talked with the wright who now sold candles. It seemed even to the Chandler a singular waste of time.

In another shop he bought two barley scones and a little wedge of cheese, but there he did not gossip. So drolly furnished he was making for the quay when he saw a horse with a boy bare-back on it going down the beach among the shingle. He knew every horse in the parish, and this

one was a stranger, a dark bay, *cutach*-tailed, with the rime of travel on its flanks. The boy rode out into the water, splashed about a while to cool the horse and then came in.

Ninian caught the halter.

"Who's is the beast, my son?" said he, and the boy said it was from the castle stables, newly come with a man from Inverness.

On this went the *beachdair* home, and shaved himself and put on his Sabbath clothes. "It's a man from Forbes," he said to his daughter. "Duncan's stirring! Before an hour ye'll see me sent for by Mac-Caillein."

And he was right; the summons came for him.

He tucked a bundle of papers under his arm, portentous, to his girl's amusement: it was his vanity to seem the business man, and the papers had served this purpose often; they were dog-eared farm-stock inventories, quite irrelevant to his commission. "They're like the pipes," he said to her. "A man wi' pipes in his oxter's always bold, and wi' me it's the same wi' papers."

He went to the castle with a fancy that it would be in an uproar over Forbes's tidings from the North, and he found it like a church. The great room he was put in, with its shelves of books and pictures, iron suits and banners, had the hush of a necropolis. The only sound in it was when a cinder fell on the hearthstone. A drum was hanging on the wall beside a window with a silk band round it marked with

the names of Ramillies and Malplaquet; he knew it had drummed MacCailein up on battle mornings, and he itched to tap it with his fingers. Far off in the house a door was shut and another opened; some one played a flute. A curtain parted, and the Duke came in.

"Well, Ninian Campbell," he

said, "I thought before this to hear you barking."

For a moment the *beachdair* hung on the meaning of this speech, and then he smiled.

"I never bark, your Grace," said he, "till I have the beast at bay."

"Come away in here till I speak to you," said MacCailein, backing between the curtains.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—CONTENTS OF A BARREL.

Æneas spent that day in poring, till his eyes were aching, over letters, ledgers, vouchers, fetched out by his uncle from a barrel in the attic where they had lain in the strings that bound them for fourteen years. The mouse had nibbled at them, and the worm; they were thick with dust. They were all that was left of poor Paul Macmaster, of a life once warm and busy, ardent with zeals and animate with youthful passions; wise often, generous always, sometimes, as it must be with us all, a little foolish. Spread out on a clean cloth on the table, musty-smelling, mildewed and yellow, dead things in a world still briskly going on, they solemnised the parlour as a coffin would have done, so that Annabel must feel like weeping, and take her sewing elsewhere.

She could never bear to see them at any time. When Duncanson had sent the barrel home on the death of Paul and the rupture with her husband, she had gathered the unhappiest of the dead man's letters to them—those of his

restless years and spendthrift politics, mad schemes and baffled hopes; she had gathered them altogether with the records of factorage and usury from Duncanson, put a sheet on the top of them all as if it were a shroud, and buried them under lumber in the attic. Of all that was in her house, they were the only things not brought out to the green to air in spring.

The Bailie had brought them forth at Æneas's suggestion. He had, himself, repugnance to them. Though he had vehemently claimed his brother's papers when Drimdorran passed to the business man in Fisherland, he had scarcely glanced at them when they were come, delivered one day from a cart for the quay with peats, and like his wife was vexed to see them now.

"There ye are!" he said to Æneas, as he tossed the barrel over. "Well may Sandy say, 'Let them be clocking, I have the eggs!'"

He helped to place the papers in some order on the table, wiped the dust from his

hands, and left the young man to their study.

It was the first time Æneas had seen them, since, a boy, he had kept a jackdaw in the attic, and then he had no idea what they were. He saw them now as documents most tragic; not only his father's past, but himself (a curious kind of little brother, strange and dead), in them, for every letter to his uncle had some message for the boy, and he could recollect some words of them. They had come from the oddest quarters—inns and monasteries, vessels and casernes; from streets in Leith and Yarmouth; from the isles of Barra and Benbecula; London, Avignon, Calais; three different houses in the Rue de Richelieu. They guardedly preserved a reticence about the purpose of the writer's shifts from place to place, but Æneas could read between the lines, as doubtless Alan and his wife were meant to do. There breathed in them at times a spirit of elation, oftener despondency. Money had been spilt like water; half the letters groaned at the want of cash.

From the bold and running hand-write of his father, so curiously like his own, as if penmanship were in heredity, Æneas turned, less eager, to the books and papers filled with the scrawling script of Duncanson. The papers were out of sequence, loosely thrown together regardless of their nature or their dates; no letters, but accounts, receipts, and balances, the records of

Black Sandy's intromissions with the estate and with its owner. The main book was a ledger, parchment-bound, soiled, and dog-eared as the inventories of Ninian Campbell; it was from it that Æneas could gather easiest the nature of his father's dealings with his factor. A debit, always mounting, stood for years. The rents, such as they were, were rising; but so, it seemed, were the costs of the improvements on the property, and every now and then came in a loan from Duncanson—"to Paris," "to the care of Glendaruel," "to self at Martinmas." On some occasions these had been paid back with interest, after a few months' interval, but otherwise the loans were a constant burden.

Æneas was left for hours at this doleful business. His uncle had a gabbert at the quay with salt, and was at the cooperage, no more preoccupied with what he did there than with poetry; a fury was on him at the mad deception Duncanson had so long maintained, but most of all at this shocking latest accusation against Paul. The worst of it was, he had nothing to confute it! No, that was not the worst!—the worst was that the story might have just a grain of truth in it. It was ill to think of Paul—the loyal, even in folly—so much as turning a sleeve to betray his friends. And yet there were stories of such apostates in his cause—of men who kept up a connection with its vic-

tims, selling their plans for safety to themselves, or even for money. Could Paul, in some desperate hour, have played the spy? But it was incredible! His innocence of that the Duke could speak to: Alan would see the Duke and get the truth to-morrow. But the story spoiled his peace of mind to-day.

At gloaming, Annabel, with her parlour made untenable for her by reason of this resurrection of what she had thought was buried for good and all, left Æneas at his task with a glass of milk beside him, and went round to Janet Campbell's. For Annabel the story of the spying was a trifle, if the men spied on were rogues, as she honestly thought all Jacobites save Paul Macmaster; but she felt it hurt her indirectly through the anguish which it brought her nephew. For her it was more to the point that the father had in some way died—if he were dead at all—in secrecy, with fearful possibilities which left all speculation on his fate a nightmare. She had little faith in the ability of Alan or of Æneas to clear the mystery; what trust she had was all in Ninian Campbell, and her call on Janet was, in truth, a call upon the *beachdair*.

She was a long time gone; so long that her husband went to look for her, and he met her on the street. She was somewhat roused, a nervousness was in her manner. "There's nothing fresh?" he asked her, wondering.

"No," she said, "but there's a thing that bothers me. It's Jennet Campbell. I canna get over her!"

She walked some yards in silence by his side, as they turned for home.

"Well?" said her husband. "What ails Jennet? She's none the worse, I hope, o' her jauntings? I thought, myself, last night, she was out of trim."

"Deplorably! And she's worse to-day. I thought it was right to call and ask for her, and learn perhaps what Ninian was doing. I kent he wouldna be losing time at packin' salt or rummaging in barrels."

"Just that, my dear!" said the Bailie. "Ye're in trim, yourself, whatever! And what's the news of Ninian?"

"He's out. He's away for the night wi' a penny candle in his pocket. She watched him leave Carmichael's shop and made an excuse to go there herself and find what he was buying."

Her man heaved up his shoulders. "It's no' wi' a candle Ninian need search," said he. "If it's Paul's concerns he's prying in, he'll need a bonfire. Where was he goin'?"

"It was there that Jennet puzzled me first, for she kens; I'm sure she kens, but she'll no' let on. Alan! there's something at the back of that girl's mind. She's frightened!"

"What for?"

"I canna tell ye that! But as sure as I'm a livin' woman, Jennet Campbell's frightened about something. It's in her

eyes! I ken that girl as if she were my daughter; till yesterday her heart was bare to me; she knows I'm friendly to her about Æneas, but for some reason that I canna fathom she's dubious of Æneas, and something's in her knowledge she's afraid that I'll find out."

"Hoots!" said the Bailie, "it's all in your imagination!"

"Na, na!" said Annabel firmly. "Allow a woman! That girl would break her legs for him, and he's just as daft for her; if it wasna that she kens he is, and that I'm friendly, I might think that she was frightened she might lose him."

"But what were ye talkin' about to find this out?" her husband asked her.

"Petticoats! Just petticoats! What widths of bombazeen, and all about tucks and gathers—the lassie's daft! To think she could baffle me wi' her petticoats, and her cheek like ash and her face begrutten! Anything at all but talk of Æneas and his father's business! There's something curious in it, Alan!—"

She had got so far when something stopped her—an eager whisper. They had reached their house-front; Æneas lay out on the sill of an open window.

"I thought you would never come!" said he. "I have something curious to show you."

When they got in, he was still in the midst of papers. The milk she had left for him when she went out remained untasted. He had the ledger

in his hands, with the back torn off for half its length, and a reading-glass that was sometimes used by his uncle lay on the table.

"Did you ever go through this book?" he asked his uncle.

His uncle stammered. "Well, in a way, I looked at it," he said with some confusion.

"Ye never did," cried Annabel. "Ye just sat over it and grat! That was the way I took the whole trash from ye and shoved it in the garret."

"Indeed I canna just exactly say I studied it," her man confessed. "It had, at the time, too much in it for me. I always meant to take another——"

Æneas clapped it on the table. "It's a blackguard fabrication full of lies!" he cried. "If you had looked it properly you could have found enough to hang Black Sandy! It's falsified! It's scraped, and out, and built anew to make my father bankrupt!"

He showed them the book's defects. It was only a languid impulse that had made him add some columns up, and in one he had found that a single cipher of miscalculation lost a hundred pounds to his father's credit. With this as a hint he went through the ledger from end to end, and summed up every page of it. He found at least a dozen such miscalculations, all in the factor's favour, and all involving sums substantial. They were all in the yearly balances. But that was not the whole! The wrong summations were not the result of accident; in every case the

figures had been altered. To the naked eye they seemed quite innocent, but Æneas, with his uncle's lens, searched closer, and he found the paper had been scraped. Elsewhere than in the balances, too, he found innumerable signs that a knife had plied.

"My God!" cried Alan-Iain-Alain Og, "was there ever such a robber! I never dreamt to doubt him that way!"

"Ah, yes, but that's not all!" said Æneas, picking up the ledger and turning round its back. "I thought some parts were a little slack, as if a page or two had been cut out. I looked all through for the stitching, and tried that way to count the pages in every lith, but it took a lot of time, and, to make it easier, I stripped the back. I was half-way through my counting, and I found some pages missing, but a thing more startling to find was this, and I nearly missed it——!"

He showed a section sewn with black, while the thread of all the rest was white. It had six-and-thirty pages—the last that were written on save a single final page; half the book was blank.

"Do you see what he did?" said Æneas. "That lith of pages covers the last six years of my father's lifetime; they were written after he died—or rather after he disappeared!"

The Bailie took the book from him, and looked at it more closely.

"They couldna be written after he disappeared," said he, "for there, at the end's, where

he endorses—'14th November 1718, found correct,'—poor Paul's last audit."

"But, uncle, look!" cried Æneas. "The whole six years' account as given there is interpolated! The sheets my father audited were cut out, another section was taken from the end of the book, filled up this way and stitched in again before the page my father signed."

The thing was obvious! With the book dissected, Duncanson's device of fourteen years ago became transparent, even to Annabel. All he had had to do was to carry a certificate of audit in his own handwriting from the foot of one stitched section to the top of another, get Paul to superscribe it, and effect the change when he was gone. And only his choice of black thread for the stitching had betrayed him! Except to a strict examination the ledger would appear as honest as the day.

This startling revelation sent them now back through the whole mass of papers from the barrel; three hours they spent in checking vouchers with the books, to find at least two-thirds were missing, and they were still engrossed when the big clock in the lobby struck the hour of midnight. Its clangour scarce was finished when the door-risp grated.

Annabel and her maid had gone to bed; it was Æneas who went to the door and let in Ninian.

"I saw by your light ye werena bedded," he said, with a glance at the littered table and the barrel standing by.

He was shivering with cold. "If I just had the least drop spirits, Alan——"

He got a glass, which he swallowed at a gulp, and before he could take a seat was acquainted with the knavery of the ledger. He took it all in at a glance.

"That puts the finish on it! Was it you that thought of looking, Æneas?" he said. "Good lad! Good stalking! Give me your hand! I never guessed ye had so fine a barrel, Alan! Ye must agree I was pretty clever in jalousing all along it would be papers troubled Sandy! And ye havena got the half o' them! And ye havena got the worst! Where's the deed that gave him right to grab Drimdorran?"

"I saw't wi' my own eyes," said the Bailie.

"Who witnessed it? What was it like?"

The Bailie clouded; his wife, in a gown, was come from her bed, and standing looking at him.

"Out with it, man!" she said. "I can see ye made a mess of it, Alan."

It was not a deed he had seen at all. There never had been a deed. The bond was one of honour—no more than a scrap of paper in Paul Macmaster's handwriting, acknowledging his debt and pledging the estate for its security. But to Alan-Iain-Alain Og it seemed enough when backed up by the ledger; he had never dreamt to question it. "I see now I was just a fool!" he said, and clenched his fists.

"Indeed and ye weren't the

man o' business that time, anyway," said Ninian drily. "I doubt Paul never wrote nor signed that pledge! It was the work of Sandy. If the book's a lie, as ye see it is, the paper was a lie as red as hell, and that's what Sandy feared we were findin' out!"

"I'll have him by the neck!" cried Alan-Iain-Alain Og in fury.

"Na, na!" said Ninian soberly. "Ye'll no' have that! There's another twist in the cow's horn, and ye've yet to learn the last o' Sandy's quirks."

"The whole thing goes tomorrow before MacCailein! I'll show him the man he has."

"He kens already."

The *beachdair* took a chair which Annabel pushed before him. "He kens already," he repeated. "I spent an hour wi' Himself this evening—yonder he was wi' his velvet coat and his pouthered heid. 'Ye havena barked yet, Ninian?' says he; 'I'll bark when the beast's at bay!' says I; but MacCailein didna need my barking, Duncan Forbes had barked before me. His Grace knew all about it—the tricks of Barisdale, the traffic in the guns, Sim's share in the Grange affair, the way we were harassed, and as much as Duncan kens of the roguery of Duncanson. Whenever he got my story he sent a line up to Drimdorran House; I don't ken what he said in't, but it meant the end of Sandy."

He turned to Æneas: "Do ye ken what I asked MacCailein?" he said. "If there

was any truth in Duncanson's story that your father clyped? His Grace just laughed at me. Says he 'What, Paul Macmaster! Never on earth! The Bank of England could not buy him!'"

"I never believed one word of it!" cried Annabel. Æneas could not speak; he waswhelmed with a relief that swept away all other feelings.

Throughout, so far, was something latent in the *beach-dair's* manner; he had plainly more to tell, and even Annabel could see he wrought up, in what followed, to a climax. She waited for it nervously.

When he had left the Duke, he told them, he had gone up to the dovecote, with his mind made up to spend the night there. He had made his preparations; bought a candle and some food, and knew exactly what he was to do. On the night before, he had thought at first of hiding in the bin, but finally decided on the floor above. With his knife he had cut a hole in the floor, through which whatever happened down below would be under his observation. He was there to watch for Duncanson. That Duncanson would come again he was convinced; the dovecote had some loadstone power and dragged him to it every night. At eight o'clock, then, Ninian took up his post, leaving the lantern where it had always hung below, with a fragment of his candle in it. He lay half dozing on the mattress, with sacks on him, and it was bitter cold.

Hours passed, and nobody appeared. He ventured out to look what time the stars proclaimed. The *Sealgair Mór*—Orion, just was tipping Cowal, and the lesser of his dogs on leash beyond him; the hour was about eleven. Having made the time, he turned to go back to his hiding, and on the threshold looked up at Drim-dorran House. The lights were going out! One by one he watched the windows dim, till only three were left with a gleam in them, and then he pricked his ears. In the house there was some commotion; he could hear a woman screaming. People came outside and to its front; he heard the running of a man and a voice cry after him.

"For goodness sake!" cried Annabel, unable longer to contain herself, "will ye no' come to the bit? What was it?"

"I knew there was something wrong," said Ninian solemnly. "I ran up to the road and stopped him. He was going like the wind. It was the Muileach. He was running for the doctor to his master."

"Ah - h - h! It's not the doctor I will run for, but the hangman!" Alan growled, ferocious.

"Na, na!" said Ninian, and shook his head, "ye'll no' get the chance; he's beat ye!"

"He's deid!" cried Annabel, now sure she knew the climax.

"He's all that!" said Ninian. "He died an hour and a half ago, and my hanks twisted yet!"

(To be continued.)

NIGHT THIEVES.

THE early Boers had a peculiar facility for misnaming their wild neighbours. The hyænas—those Ishmaels of the veld, night-thieves, skulkers after sunset, strong furtive cowards whom all natives of Africa fear and avoid and hate,—were called wolves, and it is still their name among the Boers and those who follow the veld. Prospectors, hunters, district officials, and transport riders are familiar with their low repute and have no good word for them, though their strength is second only to that of the lion, and they frequently exhibit a daring and pertinacity which no other rover of the darkness can equal. They are night-thieves born, but in spite of the astonishing boldness they show at times, they are shameless cowards through and through; and with this cowardice they have that sort of dreadful cruelty of which lion and leopard are innocent.

The white hunter or traveller pays as a rule little serious attention to them, but to the native in his sojourn on the veld, and even in his grass hut at home, this strong, cruel robber is a perpetual menace. By daylight the women will work alone in their lands often far away from the kraals, picannins out with the goats play happily in the dust, and young girls will go miles to the water-holes without fear, even in the districts infested by hyænas; but night brings a

different tale. Men with their assegais may follow the narrow paths to their neighbour's kraal in the darkness without much reluctance and see and hear no wolf by the way, though they know that the shambling coward is following their footsteps; but neither woman nor child, nor any man who is weak or ill, will open the mat screen of the hut-door till daylight. A goat ewe which has left the herd to drop her kid alone, a dog venturing too far beyond the grain bins, leave no trace in the morning beyond the marks of a short struggle by a patch of drying blood, and maybe the memory of a short, frightened cry.

It is often difficult to imagine how they win a living in barren districts with very little wild life and few and scattered kraals. They must often travel long distances from their lairs to get their scanty meals. I lived in one camp in southern Central Africa for four months, and though I covered all the neighbourhood in daily search for butterflies and moths and birds, I never came on one of their breeding-places. I found the country almost devoid of small wild things, but the hyænas used to come crowding round the camp soon after dark and hold carnival all through the night. No trifle is unconsidered; few nocturnal animals of the smaller sort

escape their sleepless vigilance. Everything unprotected and weak is torn up and eaten; any sick or wounded buck they may find, a newly-born calf, an unprotected litter of young wart-hogs, never see the light of the next day. Ant-bears, slow and defenceless, are killed out of hand, and the armour of porcupine and armadillo is of little use, for they are rushed off their feet, buffeted to death, and eaten in a few minutes.

But it is as carrion-feeders and scavengers that they find a more profitable livelihood. The beast who haunts the neighbourhood of man is always more dangerous than his friend of the wilder veld. He is not bolder, indeed, but he is more of a sneak-thief and less of a robber. He has little hesitation about digging up a grave and crunching the bones with horrid cacklings and laughter, and he doubtless found many an easy meal of human flesh in the days of Matabele tyranny, when the bodies of the witch-doctor's victims were thrown outside the kraals. The hyæna from the uninhabited country is a strange mixture of boldness and cowardice, and does not really deserve his contemptible reputation.

He is strong enough to kill single-handed a full-grown cow or donkey, and occasionally he does so, but he will not face a small barking dog near camp; he will walk with a brazen impudence that a lion cannot equal right up to the fires of a noisy camp and take

a lump of meat from within ten feet of a lighted lantern, but he will turn tail without any delay and without shame if a native driver runs at him with a waggon whip. Three or four wakeful dogs are an efficient camp guard, but any dog betrayed to sleep by the fire on a cold night when these stealthy robbers are about will never see another sunrise.

In the camp of mine to which I have referred, where they grew particularly insolent, I shot and killed one old male with my revolver from my stretcher. He was a big brute, old and heavy—probably not less than 150 pounds. It was a brilliant moonlight night, but very hot, and I was lying wide awake inside the mosquito net. I saw the hyæna standing a few yards outside the open doorway of my hut, and presently he came right up and stood in the door. My revolver, a heavy old-fashioned Colt, was hanging loaded by a leather loop on a nail, and against the leg of my home-made bedstead; I dropped my hand on to the revolver, lifted the net quietly with the other hand, and fired at the beast as I lay. The shot made a great concussion, of course, in the confined space of the hut, and the wolf was found dead by the boys a few hundred yards away in the morning.

The power of the hyæna's jaw is immense. I am not sure that it is actually greater than that of a lion, but they do break and swallow bones which a lion does not touch;

they can break up the leg-bone of a buffalo and swallow the pieces; of the abandoned putrid skeleton of a roan or sable antelope absolutely nothing is left, skin and hair and often every bone are swallowed and digested. The great breadth at the back of the lower jaws shows the huge muscles. His heavy front is that of a gladiator, but the low carriage of the head and the drooping hind-quarters and silent footfall belong to the darkness.

But though he is a carrion-feeder he is not the foul stinking brute of his reputation. Leo, the king, is not indeed above taking his royal share of a disgusting banquet over which the jackals and wolves make merry towards the dawn, and which the loathsome vultures finish by day. Natives say that they follow lions habitually in order to share the meal the lion has killed for himself, and I have little doubt it is true. If they do not actually follow upon the spoor of the king, they are perpetually on the watch for such kills, and they are as quick as jackals to find them. Vultures at such a kill often bring up one or two of these restless beasts by sunset.

I killed a big buck late one afternoon in a district where lions were numerous, and as we left the body for camp we saw a little lonely jackal sitting watching us. As we moved away the jackal turned and ran off, and a native said, "Ah! the little thief, he has gone to call the lions." And certainly

that night the lions were there, and with them came the jackals and wolves to wrangle over the carcass till dawn. It is perhaps a little to their credit that they take toll at times from beasts stronger than themselves, but they do so only when the advantage of numbers is with them.

Six or seven of them will rob a leopard of a goat when circumstances are favourable, and doubtless wild dogs are treated in the same cavalier fashion upon rare occasions; but never do they venture to lift a threatening lip to a lion unless he is wounded to death or very old and weak—then indeed his kindly days are numbered.

Of all the sounds of the African night in wild parts of the veld nothing is more characteristic than the peculiar howl of the hyæna. It begins on a rather low note, a loud long-drawn moan gradually rising till it ends in a weird shriek; it is like no other veld sound, and it could come from no other animal. It is part of their strange personality, and is a fit introduction to the quite extraordinary cacklings and gurglings which they make when a number of them are holding revelry over the carcass of a big beast. But there is no sound of nature in Africa to compare with their laughter. It is but seldom heard; in fifteen years I have heard such a real devil's concert but once, and that was in the country I speak of at the end of the hot dry weather, and moreover in a year when famine was abroad among the natives. Evidences

of starvation were plain in the kraals, where the women and children were hard put to it to keep the pot going. The men were all away on the veld hunting for caterpillars and locusts, roots and honey. I was begged by one of the chiefs to shoot a hippo or two for them for food, and I was glad to be able to do it. Next day I moved down to an immense pool on the Loangwa River and I shot several that afternoon, probably the first time that a white man had ever trodden those banks.

Next day the natives came trooping down with their women and children and pots and fish-nets, and the whole river-side became a hive; everywhere frames were festooned with long strips of drying meat; nothing was wasted, even entrails and skin were cooked and eaten. The hyænas and vultures soon found this place; by day the neighbouring trees bore a heavy crop of the dark, silent birds, and the night was enlivened by numbers of these beasts, always noisy under circumstances of this sort, who lived handsomely on the rejected scraps of half-putrid offal. My scherm was some distance from the natives' fires, and I was at first surprised to hear so little evidence of the certain presence of the hyænas, but early in the third night I was given a brief but complete concert which I will never forget; probably the hyænas had just begun to realise the magnitude of the feast in store. I was asleep on the ground on a bed of dry

grass, and with a blanket over my head, when I was galvanised into violent life by the most diabolical screams of inhuman laughter. Peel followed peel as of demented demons from the pit, and cacklings and choked screams like the most dreadful orgy of a madhouse. I sat rigid with fear, clutching a useless rifle and staring into the dark. The few natives at my fire had jumped up, and one of them snatched a brand from the smouldering ashes and hurled it into the darkness. The horrid pandemonium ceased at once, and I realised suddenly, and with acute relief, what it was. Probably not less than twenty of these beasts had joined in that demoniac chorus. One must realise the circumstances to understand what the reality was.

It was not a bright Sunday afternoon in the thronged Zoo in Regent's Park, with a keeper poking a bait through iron railings, but a black, silent night in the very wilds of Africa; I was not much over twenty years old, and except for a companion then lying sick from fever in our camp a few miles away, there was not a white man within eight or nine days' travel. I am not anxious to attend another concert of that nature.

It is at famine times, or when an epidemic is sweeping the country, that they are at their worst. They are quick to take advantage of unguarded kraals, and this may easily happen when the men are away searching the veld for what

they call "monkey's food." It may well happen that in small kraals most of the able-bodied people are sick or weak, and so the matting doors may be insecurely fastened; then, encouraged by the unusual silence and perhaps by the number of hurried graves or even abandoned bodies, they become bold to sneak right among the huts and even to nose through the openings. I speak of course of districts where they are accustomed to humanity; in the remoter districts they are no less bold, but more open with it, thieves as ever, but less furtive and without the horrid taint that belongs to the body-snatcher and the rifler of graves. But under no circumstances have they any mercy for the weak and the helpless. The lion, lordly in repute and presence, and the beautiful leopard, have as little mercy, it is true, but when they kill they do so handsomely: a mighty buffet with the paw and a broken neck, or a quick and irresistible smother of tooth and claw and the victim is dead, but these African wolves have a dreadful cruelty all their own.

Their invariable method when killing a cow is to tear out her udder and so get at the viscera; donkeys are attacked at the thin skin in that neighbourhood and disembowelled alive. Death follows soon, of course, but it is dreadful death. They attacked and almost killed a big transport ox of mine one night while tied up among his fellows to the trek-chain of the waggon;

the ox was alive when we drove the wolves off, but so badly torn that we had to shoot it at once. The rest of the span paid little attention while the short tragedy was proceeding, and, as a matter of fact, they seldom exhibit uneasiness when they get the scent,—even when the thieves go right amongst them and bite off the raw-hide yokeskey reims. Horses and donkeys often show more fear of their scent than cattle; donkeys especially grow restless if they get their wind at night, though the wolves are quite invisible. And they are difficult to see by night, for their colour is admirably adapted for concealment in dim lights.

I have killed fourteen of these animals, some by day, put up out of reed-beds or patches of long grass, and others I have trapped or poisoned by night. The poisoned bait is easy, though one never likes using it, but their wakeful cunning makes them difficult to defeat by trap-guns. Sometimes the guns were set away from camp at either end of a long drag of meat; sometimes close to the huts. The trigger-line was either fastened to a small bush that had to be dragged away to reach the bait, or to a moveable stake attached direct to the gun; sometimes it was taken about thirty yards along the line of fire about nine inches from the ground; often I tied the bait on to the muzzle of the rifle itself.

Thorn kraals and reed fences

of various shapes and methods were used and every device was employed, but it often mattered little how cunningly the trap-gun was hidden or how tickle the trigger was set; time after time the bait was taken, and often without exploding the cartridge. When the shot did fall in the night, always expected yet always something of a shock, the chances were that the lantern showed nothing by the trap. More than once the cunning ones followed our empty return to camp with cackles and gurgles of scandalous amusement. They were perpetually on the watch for trickery of that sort, but true to their unequal character they showed sometimes an astonishing disregard of all caution. Once or twice the shot went off soon after dark, and the body lay dead at the muzzle of the rifle: the spoor showed that the animal had walked straight up to the bait and taken it at once without any of the usual careful reconnaissance. I have never myself seen a young wild hyæna, or the spoor of one, and I never remember to have heard of one. It is probable that they are left at home in the lair—usually a deserted ant-bear hole—until they are half grown, or else the inexperienced cubs are kept strictly in the background by their elders whenever there is any serious business afoot.

It is probable that age and worn teeth are the cause of some of the boldest burglaries of kraals and camps, especially when food is scarce and the country is burnt up and bare.

It was one such broken veteran, doubtless driven by hunger and the increasing difficulty of foraging for himself, that invaded my camp one black hot night and committed the boldest—as it was the last—act of his predatory life.

The time was early in November, and a stifling night had followed a dry and burning day. Towards sunset heavy thunder-clouds had come up and had blotted out all light and wind; it was evident that a violent thunder-storm was at hand, the first of the season. Every living thing in that part of the Zambesi valley was ready to welcome the thunder and hissing rain that would put an end to the heat and the drought. The two white men, however, were not anxious for a storm that particular night. We had only a few carriers, and no tent or conveniences of any kind, and there had been no time to build shelters of grass or bush. We spread our blankets on the soft ground of a newly-ploughed land and away from the bush, for the leafless trees would have afforded us no shelter if the storm had come, and the dry undergrowth was alive that night with large red tarantulas.

I was awakened early in the night by a noise among the loads the carriers had piled a few yards away. I shouted to the natives, and at once there was a heavy scuttling and the sound of some object being dragged off. I got up and examined the loads, and found that a couple of empty raw-

hide baskets were missing, things of no value, in which I had carried a few native fowls: it was evident that either a hyæna or some starving curs from a neighbouring kraal had taken them. We piled up the loads, and I went back to my blankets and the boys to their fires; there was no need to take further precautions, for we had little else which either a dog or wolf would care to make away with.

Sometime towards midnight I was lying on my back half asleep, and with my hands almost under my head, when I felt my left hand seized and crushed and I was dragged violently out of my blankets.

I shouted, of course, at once, and the beast dropped my hand; I distinctly heard his teeth clash together as he shuffled off. My hand felt numbed and crushed, and I knew that it was badly torn. I called to the boys, and by the light of the fire they brought I applied what primitive surgery I could, which was to wash the hand in a strong solution of permanganate—the only remedy of that nature we had—and bind it in a bandage torn from a bolt of trade calico. There was nothing to do but to turn in again. I was amused to think that my companion had not been awakened by my shout or the subsequent operations, and to anticipate his incredulous surprise in the morning at the sight of the bandaged hand.

I lay down again; but the tense heat and the recent

excitement and the painful throbbing of my hand precluded all idea of sleep, and one cannot smoke with any satisfaction in the dark. As I lay on my back I was presently aware of what appeared to be a faint shadow at our feet in the prevailing inky blackness, and I realised almost without surprise that it was probably the hyæna come back silently to investigate a promising situation. With as little movement as possible I raised myself on my left elbow and took the loaded rifle from under the blanket at my side, and laying it quietly across my knee I fired directly into the patch of blacker darkness at my companion's feet. The spit of flame illumined for a moment the faint outline of a hyæna, and then, with dreadful snarls and grunts, he fell struggling almost upon my friend's feet.

I suppose that seldom has a man awakened under more strenuous circumstances—a rifle shot within six feet of his head, and in the black night the dreadful sounds of the death-throes of a great hyæna almost upon his blankets. There was some pardonable confusion for a moment or two while my companion collected his thoughts, and then we followed the wounded beast for a few yards until he got into the thorn-scrub; we knew, however, we would find him in the morning. It was at this stage that my friend noticed my bandaged hand, and then, instead of sympathy, I was treated to

five minutes of vivid abuse for not waking him and calling upon him for assistance!

A few minutes after we had reached our blankets there came a sudden gust of wind, and a moment after a blinding flash of lightning and a crash of thunder. Then there came from the blackness a few immense drops of rain, and then immediately the heavens opened to a most violent storm. The lightning and rolling crashes of thunder were almost continuous, and within two minutes the smoking sheets of rain had put out the fires and flooded our blankets. Probably the storm did not last more than half an hour, but lying as we were in the open it left us sodden and shivering with cold.

Never was a clear dawn more welcome. It found a washed and cheerful world, but it shone upon two un-

happy objects—a white man with his hand in a sling, fearful lest he should lose, in the absence of all spoor, a legitimate victim, and an old rugged hyæna lying wounded to death in a reed-bed half a mile away. The robber was found later on, and killed. It was fortunate, indeed, that his teeth were broken and worn down, and that he seized the hand and not the head of the sleeping man.

Their evil repute will cling to them for ever, and to the natives they will always remain a trouble and a menace. But to the white hunter who has a soul even a little above the utilities, the African veld would lose some of its glamour and the African night some of its familiar companionship without the vague sense of their unobtrusive presence, and without their mournful distant howl in the still nights.

R. T. CORYNDON.

NORMAN CROSS.

IT is a matter of common complaint that, except in the domains of poetry and fiction, there is nothing new in literature nowadays. *Omnia jam vulgata*. Every conceivable topic, whether in history, biography, or *belles lettres*, has been worn threadbare; the old mines have been exhausted; no fresh material seems to be available; and fortunate indeed is the writer who can light upon "fresh woods and pastures new." Military topics have especially attracted the conscientious book-maker, and a whole literature has grown up around the Great War, Napoleon and the Hundred Days. But one phase of this war has been hitherto neglected; and in this respect the author of 'Prisoners of War at Norman Cross'¹ — Dr Walker, the "well-beloved physician" of Peterborough — may be considered fortunate in his choice of a subject, for few of us know anything of these prisoners beyond the inaccurate description in 'Lavengro,' and still fewer probably realise the fact that for eighteen years, within a few miles of Peterborough, there stood ranges of huge barracks occupied by a garrison and prisoners numbering at times (it is said) 10,000 men. These barracks were almost completely demolished in 1816; the site is now covered

again with green fields, and no memorial of its occupation is left except the houses once occupied by the agent and the surgeon, a few wells which supplied the Dépôt with water, some marks of the foundations, and some thirty yards of the brick wall of the enclosure. Besides these landmarks, some vague local traditions, and the specimens of the prisoners' handiwork in the museum at Peterborough, alone preserve the memory of the great fortified camp at Norman Cross. For unluckily there are no personal narratives extant describing the inner life of the Dépôt, and none of the inmates, either of the garrison or the prison, seem to have kept a journal at the time, or subsequently described his reminiscences, as at Dartmoor and elsewhere. History itself is silent as to the disposal and treatment of prisoners of war. Beyond the fact that in a certain battle so many prisoners and guns were captured, there is no reference to them in Napier's great history or in Mr Fortescue's seven volumes on the British Army. After their capture, prisoners are a negligible quantity — of as little value and interest in the game of war as the pawns taken by the queen on the chessboard. All the available information on

¹ The Dépôt for Prisoners of War at Norman Cross, Huntingdonshire, 1796-1816, by Thomas James Walker, M.D., F.R.C.S., &c. Constable, 1913.

the subject had to be extracted from private letters, from contemporary newspapers, and from the seven hundred volumes relating to Prisoners of War, preserved in the Record Office, along with ledgers, bundles and rolls of documents un-indexed and intermingled in chaotic confusion; and it says much for the labour and research of Dr Walker and his coadjutor, Mr Rhodes, that they have been able to compile from such unpromising materials what is an interesting and well-illustrated account of an almost forgotten episode of the Great War.

This war had been forced upon us in 1793, and the year 1797, when the *Depôt* at Norman Cross was first occupied, was almost the darkest in our history. England, with a population of little more than ten millions, was fighting for her existence against what was almost literally "four quarters of the world in arms." France, Spain, Holland, America were arrayed against her. Ireland was seething with rebellion; for a time her fleet was in open mutiny at the *Nore*; her army had been frittered away in ill-planned expeditions under incompetent generals; her manufactures were tabooed on the Continent; her revenue had been squandered in foreign "subsidies"; and her allies, one after another, were succumbing to the irresistible onslaught of Napoleon. It was the fleet which, after all, saved us from appalling disaster. Early in this fatal year, Admiral

Jervis shattered the Spanish fleet off Cape St Vincent, just as Howe had broken up the French fleet at the Azores on "the glorious first of June"; and in October, Admiral Duncan—with the same vessels which had mutinied at the *Nore*—almost annihilated the Dutch fleet at Camperdown. It was the great influx of prisoners from these naval victories, as well as from other successes in Pondicherry and the West Indies, which forced the Government to form special *depôts* for their reception. The existing prisons, as well as "the hulks"—disused battle-ships—were already overcrowded, and fresh accommodation was absolutely necessary. A large sum of money was voted by Parliament for this purpose; but unfortunately the maintenance and safe-keeping of prisoners of war was under the divided control of the newly created Transport Office and the newly appointed Barrack-Master General. This officer was a Colonel Oliver Delancey, who proved as extravagant as he was incapable. In a few years he contrived to squander eleven millions of the public money with most inadequate results. Not only did he appropriate large sums to his personal use, but he actually placed creatures of his own in subordinate offices, where no barracks existed! A Commission of Enquiry, in 1802, found him guilty of flagrant peculation, for there was a deficiency of £40,000 in his accounts, but he was shielded by high authority, and, instead of being laid

by the heels in Newgate, was allowed to retire on a pension of six pounds per day!¹ This official was responsible for the buildings at Norman Cross—the exact cost of which will never be known—and later on for similar establishments at Stapleton, near Bristol, and elsewhere.

Norman Cross¹ is, of course, a familiar landmark to the modern cyclist or motorist, for it stands on the borders of Huntingdonshire, about a mile from Stilton, on the Great North Road, which here takes an abrupt turn to the left towards Wansford and Stamford. Stilton itself is nowadays a long, melancholy street of dingy and old-fashioned houses, deserted and forlorn; but a hundred years ago it was alive with never-ceasing traffic. It had several inns, with extensive stabling, and a constant stream of mail-coaches, post-chaises, stage-waggons, pack-horses, carriers' carts—along with innumerable droves of sheep and oxen—poured through it on their way to London or Scotland; for this was the main high-road to the North,—the Ermine Street or *Via Herminia*, along which the Roman legions had tramped to Caledonia. It was probably the central position of Norman Cross, and the excellence of the roads leading to it, that first induced the Government to purchase 46 acres of land from Lord Carysfort on the Peterborough side of the cross

road, for the purpose of building a *dépôt* for prisoners of war. And in other respects the site was admirably adapted for the purpose. Indeed, no healthier spot could have been chosen, for it stood on a high plateau more than a hundred feet above the level of the neighbouring fens. There was an excellent water-supply from a number of wells sunk within the enclosure; the sanitary arrangements, if primitive, were at least effective; and, what was an important point, prisoners could be easily transferred in barges or lighters from the transports which had brought them to Lynn, Wisbech, or Yarmouth, along the Nene or the Ouse or the numerous "cuts" and waterways between Peterborough and the coast. For Whittlesea Mere, which stretched between Yaxley (where the prison stood), in the direction of Thorney, and March, was still undrained; and the vast area of the Bedford Level, now covered with pastures and corn-fields, was then unreclaimed marsh-land, the haunt of the bittern and the curlew. This fact made it almost impossible for a prisoner to escape to the east coast, even if he succeeded in eluding the sentries and scaling the lofty palisades; while, if he ventured inland, he found himself with a price set on his head and every man's hand against him. Even the guards of the mail-coaches were armed with

¹ Fortescue's 'History of the British Army,' iv. 905.

² "Cross" was applied to a place where any two roads crossed; and "Norman" implies that the roads dated from, or before, the Conquest.

blunderbusses, which they did not hesitate to use against any wretched fugitive whom they might encounter on the high-road. Sometimes, indeed, in their eagerness to secure the £5 reward, they peppered the legs of some innocent wayfarer, who chanced to be trudging homewards from market in the dusk.

Having secured their 46 acres of land, about four times the size of Trafalgar Square, the Government lost no time in building the prison and the necessary barracks for the guard. Twenty-two acres were enclosed by a lofty wooden palisade, replaced in 1805 by a brick wall, and divided by cross roads and wooden partitions in the interior into four rectangular divisions, laid out with the precision and formality of a Roman camp. In each quadrangle were four barracks—"mighty *casernes* with sloping roofs," as Borrow calls them—100 feet long and two storeys high, each of them designed to hold five hundred prisoners. There were four gates, in deep embrasures, the main entrance being on the Peterborough road; and here stood the governor's house and the officers' quarters. There were numerous other small buildings—lodges for the turnkeys, sentry-boxes, kitchens, and baking-houses, a hospital, a straw barn, and a *cachot* or black hole for refractory prisoners; while in the centre stood an octagonal block-house, with cannon mounted on the upper storey, commanding

every part of the enclosure. On the east and west—outside the enclosure itself—two ranges of barracks were erected, designed to hold the two regiments of militia which formed the permanent garrison. Wood was the material used throughout, as being more economical than stone and more easily put up. The framework both of the palisades and barracks was made in London and sent down in carts to Norman Cross. The work was pushed forward night and day with such energy that five months after it had been put in hand one section of the prison and the adjoining barracks was completed, and four months later, in the autumn of 1797, the whole of the building was ready for occupation. What the cost of it was to the country it is impossible even to guess; and when a question on the subject was asked in the House of Commons, the responsible official curtly replied that "extraordinary exertions involved extraordinary expenditure." That these wooden buildings, thus hastily constructed, were sufficiently durable for the purpose, is shown by the fact that there are still standing—a hundred years after their erection—a few cottages and workmen's sheds, removed from the site when the barracks were demolished in 1816.

No sooner had the first block of buildings been completed and the staff appointed, than the first batch of prisoners arrived from the coast in April 1797. These were the crew of the recently captured *Ville*

d'Orient, and were soon followed by seamen from other French vessels, privateers, merchantmen, and even fishing boats—though it is satisfactory to know that these poor fishermen were soon set at liberty. In October there was a large influx of Dutch prisoners from De Winter's fleet, which was almost annihilated at Camperdown. Five thousand seamen and marines were taken in this action, and most of them eventually found their way to Norman Cross. But a large number of these Dutchmen gained their liberty later on by entering in the English service—especially in the Royal American Regiment, now the 60th Rifles,—and it is recorded in a contemporary newspaper that in March 1814, 1000 "Dutch volunteers from Yaxley barracks" embarked for Yarmouth. In 1799 there were about 3000 prisoners in the *Dépôt*; but the number was largely increased by the Peninsular War, and in 1811 nearly 6000 out of the 49,000 prisoners (chiefly French), then detained in England, were immured at Norman Cross. This was apparently the largest number ever interned at one time in the prison.

Fortunately, there are several plans of the *Dépôt* still in existence—the best of them being a model admirably executed by one of the prisoners after his release and preserved in the Museum of the *Hôtel des Invalides* in Paris. These plans give us an excellent idea of the internal arrangements of the enclosure, and the

elaborate precautions taken by the authorities to prevent any escape. Not only was there a strong palisade and a ditch some five feet deep, but there was a cordon of sixty sentries pacing to and fro night and day; the gates were closely guarded by warders and turnkeys; and a body of soldiers from the barracks, where two regiments were always quartered, was kept constantly under arms to crush any combined effort at escape. As a matter of fact, successful escapes were extremely rare, and in eighteen years there were only two serious and concerted attempts to break out of the prison. The first was in 1804, when a portion of the wooden palisade was broken down and nine prisoners escaped. But the yeomanry and volunteers were summoned from Peterborough, the outbreak was put down, and five of the runaways recaptured. Three years later there was another riot, and a determined rush was made by some three hundred prisoners against the inner stockade round their quadrangle; but the soldiers used their bayonets and easily drove back the rioters. How serious such attempts might have proved, if only partially successful, is shown by the fact that in the following year (1808) when a search was made, no less than 700 daggers, which had evidently been imported from outside, were discovered concealed in the prisoners' barracks.

But it is not surprising that men in this situation should have made desperate efforts to

regain their liberty. Possibly to a man of genius "his mind to him a kingdom is," and in his case—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

A prisoner gifted with imagination can write a history of the world, like Sir Walter Raleigh, or revise the solar system, like Galileo. But few of us are born poets or philosophers, and we cannot easily detach our minds from external surroundings. Probably not many of the prisoners at Norman Cross were even highly educated or men of culture. Latterly they were mostly French conscripts—many of them mere lads, who had perhaps been captured in their first battle—the sons of peasants, of small farmers or tradesmen, with an admixture of seasoned veterans who had served under Soult or Masséna. On such men, accustomed to active life, to constant change of scene and the excitement of a campaign, the dull monotony of the barracks must have pressed even more heavily than on their better-educated comrades. The isolation from the world; the separation from family and friends, from wives and sweethearts, from all, in fact, that they loved and valued; the absence of even a woman's face to console them; the tedious routine, renewed month after month, and possibly year after year, and lastly the deferred hopes that make the heart sick—these circumstances were

enough to produce sullenness and despair even in the gay and mercurial French temperament. In the daytime, especially on a summer morning when the market was open, the prison and its confines presented a busy and animated scene. There was a constant *va et vient*—crowds of tradesmen, visitors from the neighbourhood, officers on *parole*, civilians attracted by curiosity or eager to purchase hand-made articles from the prisoners—while the interior quadrangles were filled with groups of prisoners amusing themselves as best they could, fencing, dancing, running races, working at their handicrafts, or playing cards in the sunshine.¹ Such was the prison in its brightest aspect; but there was another side to the picture, and in the long winter evenings—without fires, with only scanty light, and with insufficient clothing—life must have been almost insupportable, and it is not surprising that gambling should in many cases have become the one absorbing occupation. Probably, also, the vagaries of the English climate added to their discomfort and despondency. Though (as we have said) Norman Cross stands on a plateau, in dry and bracing air, it must have seemed intolerably cold in winter to the ill-clothed prisoners, accustomed to the bright sunshine of Touraine or Provence; for—except in the north-eastern quadrangle, where the hospital and officers' quarters stood—the barracks had

¹ Cf. "The Panorama of the Prison" in Dr Walker's book, pp. 101, 102.

neither stoves nor fireplaces, and the thin wooden walls were a poor protection against the bitter winds which swept across the Fens, or a hard frost. But, in other respects, the Government seems to have done their best to lighten the rigours of imprisonment. In each quadrangle there was an "airing-ground" of two acres, where the prisoners practically passed the whole of the daytime when the weather was seasonable. The rations supplied daily were abundant and of excellent quality—delegates being appointed from among the prisoners themselves to examine the beef and vegetables brought in daily at the west gate, and instructed to make a formal complaint if the quality was not satisfactory. That they were not stinted in their diet is proved by the fact that in 1814 no less than £300,000 was expended by the Government on the provisions supplied at Norman Cross. The French prisoners, with their natural aptitude for cookery, made excellent soup—the familiar *pot-au-feu*—from the meat and vegetables liberally supplied to them, and a huge cauldron used for the purpose is still preserved at Elton Hall. An open market was held twice a week outside the eastern gate, when such prisoners as had money in their pockets could purchase additional provisions at a reasonable price. Speaking generally, it seems clear that the inmates of Norman Cross were better fed than the peasants in the villages near them or the sailors in H.M.

ships; and George Borrow's strictures in 'Lavengro' need not be taken seriously. He was a child of ten when his father's regiment was stationed at Norman Cross, and he did not record his impressions of the place till forty years later. He speaks of "the carrion meat" supplied to the prisoners, which the very hounds (he says) would not touch—the explanation being (as Dr Walker has pointed out) that the meat was the refuse of bouilli from the cooking-pots, strongly impregnated with herbs, and would, of course, be rejected with scorn by any self-respecting dog.

But, though the rations supplied to the prisoners seem to have been good and sufficient, the arrangements for clothing and sleeping were by no means so satisfactory. It had been the custom in previous wars for each nation to provide its own countrymen interned in foreign prisons with the necessary clothing. The English Government carried out their part of the bargain, and British prisoners in French prisons received regular supplies of clothes. But the French Government declined to accede to the arrangement—probably because their own prisoners outnumbered the English by five to one,—and the consequence was that for some years the unfortunate prisoners at Norman Cross received no fresh clothing from home and went about literally in rags. They were at last supplied by the authorities with a hideous yellow uniform, to render their

identification easy in case they escaped.

The health of the prisoners was as a rule good. Resident surgeons went round the barracks daily, and any serious cases were at once removed to the hospital in the north-east quadrangle, where they were carefully tended and placed on a liberal diet. But in November 1800 an epidemic broke out and spread with appalling rapidity through the closely packed dormitories, where 500 men slept in each block of building, in hammocks ranged in three tiers on the lower floor and in two tiers on the upper storey. No less than 1020 died there in a few months of what was probably "gaol fever," as it was then called—a virulent and contagious form of typhus. They were buried in a field across the North Road, which served as a cemetery, but we fear without any funeral rites. Apart from this epidemic, the usual causes of death were phthisis or "debility" in the case of prisoners who had sold their clothes and rations to procure money to gamble with. Violent deaths were comparatively rare. There were a few cases of suicide, several prisoners were shot by the sentries while attempting to escape; there were one or two fatal duels, when the combatants fought with improvised weapons; and at least one murder is recorded in the register of deaths—"a seaman, aged twenty-three, killed by a blow in prison from the following black man . . . [a negro

from Dominique], who hung himself in the Black Hole."

The short-lived and abortive Peace of Amiens in 1802 emptied the dépôt at Norman Cross, and 2600 prisoners were conveyed in transports back to France. The Dépôt was closed and dismantled, and the buildings advertised for sale. But this step was premature, for Napoleon had never intended the Peace to be anything more than a truce, to be broken whenever it suited his purpose. In the following year war broke out again; the barracks were reopened, and again for eleven years there was a steady influx of prisoners—sent up in lighters from the coast, or marching by easy stages from Portsmouth. And now the war was conducted in a sterner spirit. Within six days of its declaration Napoleon arrested every British subject whom he could lay hands upon. Harmless travellers on the Grand Tour, inoffensive bagmen journeying "on their lawful occasions," the crews of merchant vessels, and fishermen plying their trade in the Channel—were all ruthlessly consigned to French prisons, or sent to the hulks at Toulon. Naturally enough there were reprisals on the English side, and non-combatants—whatever their calling or social status—were no longer safe from arrest. From this date, Norman Cross—like the other dépôts for prisoners of war—had its percentage of civilians. If they were men of birth and education, they were usually admitted to *parole* along with

the officers. At first the Government had been liberal enough in this matter. An officer's word having been once given, he was free to take up his quarters where he chose, on an allowance of a shilling (or later eighteenpence) a day, and to report himself at stated intervals. But so many officers broke their *parole* and made their escape, that their liberty and privileges had to be restricted.¹ They were obliged to return at sunset to the barracks, where they had special quarters, and even in the daytime were only allowed to extend their walks within the radius of a mile from Norman Cross. Even with this restricted liberty they seem to have made many friends in the neighbourhood—those who had private means frequently dining out, or themselves entertaining the local gentry—and at least one romantic marriage is recorded between a French prisoner and a fair damsel at Stilton. But beyond chance references we know little of the social side of the prisoners' lives—such, for instance, as it is described by that born *raconteur*, Baron Lejèune, one of Napoleon's most trusted aides-de-camp, and later on Chief of Marshal Davout's Staff during the retreat from Moscow. This gallant officer was captured by some Spanish guerillas near Madrid in 1812, and was within an ace

of being hung by his captors. He escaped by a miracle, and was handed over to the English, by whom he was treated, as he says, with the utmost courtesy and kindness. He was sent across the Channel to Forton—a depôt near Gosport—and thence to Ashby de la Zouch, where he was a prisoner at large; but as he had never signed his *parole*, he was free to escape with a clear conscience. This he did, and his adventures on the road between Ashby and the sea-coast were as exciting as those of St Ives in Stevenson's novel. There were regular agents at that time who made huge profits by assisting French prisoners to cross the Channel; but unfortunately Lejèune's agent handed him over to a ruffianly out-throat, who had been in the habit of murdering his victims at sea, after robbing them of their money. Lejèune and his companion lost their money (£200), but saved their lives, and were eventually carried over to Calais by night in a small fishing-boat.²

Though, as has been said, we know little of the *vie intime* of the prison from direct evidence, it is easy to supplement our knowledge from what went on elsewhere. The types of men would not vary much, whether the Depôt was Dartmoor, Porchester, or Norman Cross. And of Dartmoor prison we know a good deal from Mr Basil Thom-

¹ The declaration signed by officers admitted to *parole* was in the most stringent terms: "Now in Consideration of my Engagement, I do hereby declare that I have given my Parole of Honour accordingly, and that I will keep it inviolate."

² Memoirs of Baron Lejèune (translation), vol. ii. p. 124.

son's little work,¹ from which Dr Walker has largely quoted. After a time, the inmates of every such prison would naturally separate themselves in groups—"like to like, as jackdaw to jackdaw," according to the Greek proverb. The better-educated class, with a little money at their disposal, would hold aloof from the rest, and were called in derision "*Les Lords*." Below them would come those who passed the time in straw-plaiting and other handicrafts—"Les *Laboureurs*." Thirdly would rank "*Les Indifferents*"—lazy vagabonds, who lounged away their time doing nothing. Fourthly, there would be a set of hardened gamblers and plotters of mischief; and below them the most dangerous and depraved set of all—called at Dartmoor "*Les Romains*," because they were banished to a cockloft known as "*The Capitol*." At Norman Cross they were called "*Les Miserables*" in official documents, and were relegated to Block No. 13. These outcasts had sold their rations and clothing to some usurer among the prisoners themselves, in order to buy the tobacco with which they gambled, and went about with hardly a rag to cover them. They were unspeakably vile, and were feared and shunned by the other prisoners. They were half-famished as well, and would prowl about the yards, raking over the dust-heaps for any chance morsel of food, like unclean birds of prey. Hence

came the complaints, made by French writers, that the prisoners were deliberately starved by the authorities. Hence also came the frequent entry of "*debility*" as a cause of death in the prison registers; for these poor famished wretches succumbed at once to any sudden attack of disease—as in the terrible epidemic of typhus in the year 1800—and in several instances appear to have died from a chance fall from their hammocks—an accident which would scarcely have seriously affected a healthy man.

It is pleasant to turn from "*Les Miserables*" to the best-conducted class of prisoners, "*The Labourers*." Many of these were skilful workmen—carpenters, masons, and so forth—and were employed by the authorities in various works connected with the prison, receiving regular wages, while others earned money as tailors, shoemakers, or cooks for the prisoners themselves. But a larger number employed themselves in making small articles for sale outside the *Depôt*, and the taste and ingenuity of the workmanship was admirable, especially in straw marqueterie, wrought in fanciful and elaborate designs, for covering work-boxes, cabinets, desks, and the like. One of the most beautiful of these objects is a picture of Peterborough Cathedral, marvellously worked in coloured straw by a certain Jean de la Porte, who had been taken prisoner at Trafalgar. Other articles were carved in bone

¹ The Story of Dartmoor Prison, by Basil Thomson.

with great artistic skill—such as the model of a chateau with mechanical figures, and of the guillotine with little figures of the priest, the victim, and the executioner. About 500 specimens of the prisoners' handiwork are preserved in the Peterborough Museum. Some of the prisoners employed their skill in a less creditable manner by forging the £1 notes current at the end of the eighteenth century. So clever were these imitations that it was impossible to distinguish the original from the counterfeit notes, except by dipping the latter in water, when the different colour of the ink caused detection. Forgery was then a capital offence, and several prisoners convicted at the Assizes of issuing forged notes were fortunate in only being imprisoned till the Peace.

There was another branch of industry strictly tabooed by the Government—namely, straw-plaits for hats and bonnets. The prisoners had invented a machine for splitting the straws and thereby producing plaits of a finer texture, which were also cheaper and easier to work; and the manufacturers at Luton and Dunstable complained that they were being undersold by foreigners, who contributed nothing to the revenue themselves and were a constant burden to the taxpayers. In spite, however, of the Government's prohibition, an illicit traffic in straw-plaiting was regularly carried on. Bundles of straw were tossed over the walls at

night by accomplices, and when the straw had been worked into plaits, these were secretly conveyed outside the prison to dealers, who made a large profit which they shared with the prisoners. Hence came the "straw-plaiting raids" described by Borrow, the seizure of the contraband articles, and their burning in the prison yard amid the execrations of the prisoners; but, after all, it was the custom of the period, and the smuggled straw-plaits fared no worse than the smuggled tobacco formerly consumed in a furnace, known as "the Queen's pipe." Indeed, Borrow's statements as to "the acts of callous cruelty in the treatment of the prisoners" have nothing to support them from external evidence; and it is a significant fact (as Dr Walker has pointed out) that at the very time when, according to Borrow, these acts of cruelty took place, the governor of the prison was Captain John Draper, whose memory is preserved by a marble tablet in Yaxley Church:—

"Inscribed at the desire and sole expense of the French Prisoners of War at Norman Cross, to the memory of Captain JOHN DRAPER, who for the last eighteen months of his life was Agent to the Dépôt, in testimony of their esteem and gratitude for his humane attention to their comfort during that too short period. He died February 13, 1813, aged 53 years."¹

Littera scripta manet. This testimony is of more value

¹ Prisoners of War at Norman Cross, p. 144.

than the vague impressions of a dreamy enthusiast.

Oddly enough, the most active of the intermediaries in this illicit straw-plaiting was the servant of the Bishop—or rather Bishop-designate—of Moulins, whose personality has been clothed by some writers with a veil of romance. But the Bishop was by no means the immaculate saint they would have us believe him to be. He was not an *émigré*, but a *déporté*—having been expelled from France by the Directory in 1791; and was treated with exceptional favour by the English Government, from whom he received a handsome allowance of £240 a year. But he seems to have been reckless in money matters,—borrowing from London usurers, and then writing begging letters for further loans to his friend Lord Fitzwilliam.¹ Furthermore, when by special favour one of the prisoners was allowed to act as his servant and come and go at all hours from the

prison, the return made by the Bishop for this exceptional privilege was to connive at his servant's smuggling straw-plaits for customers outside. But, apart from this equivocal conduct, the Bishop did excellent work in his spiritual ministrations to his poor countrymen inside the barracks, for up to that time (1808) visits of Roman Catholic priests were rare, and were in fact only allowed in extreme cases, when a prisoner was on the point of death.

Napoleon's abdication and the cessation of the war again opened the doors of the *Depôt*, and in August 1814 the last draft of prisoners marched forth on their way to the coast. Two years later the buildings were removed or demolished, the site was sold by the Government, and to the modern generation the once famous prison of Norman Cross has become little more than a memory or a name.

C. W. C.

¹ Some interesting correspondence relating to the Bishop of Moulins has been recently found among the archives of the Fitzwilliam family at Milton House, near Peterborough.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS, 1775—THE DEFENCE OF ST JOHNS.

FEW or no particulars of the siege of St Johns in the year 1775 are given in the standard histories of the American War of Independence. Yet the defence for forty-seven days of that fort (for it was nothing more) under Major Preston of the 26th Regiment, Scottish Rifles (the Cameronians), who was afterwards Sir Charles Preston, 5th Baronet of Valleyfield, Fife, affords a fine example of pluck and endurance in the face of great difficulties and dangers; and the capitulation, which was occasioned solely by the lack of food and ammunition, led directly to the evacuation, and temporary occupation by the American forces of the city of Montreal. Had Benedict Arnold's expedition against Quebec, which took place at the same time, proved as successful as did that of Richard Montgomery against Montreal, it is more than possible that the whole history of Canada would have been changed, and that she would not now form part of the British Empire.

The following narrative of the siege is taken from original documents preserved by Major Preston.¹ They consist of letters from various officials received by Preston immediately before and during the siege; the documents containing the proposed Articles of Capitulation,

and the final Articles signed by Montgomery; and lastly, a detailed Diary of the siege. This Diary, interesting in itself, gains additional interest from the fact that on the outside sheet of the manuscript there is written "J. André." That brilliant but ill-fated officer served throughout the siege as a lieutenant in the 7th Regiment (the Royal Fusiliers). Five years later he was taken by the Americans while in plain clothes, and was hanged as a spy by Washington. In 1821 his body was removed to Westminster Abbey, where it now lies under a monument erected to his memory. The Diary, it would appear from internal evidence, was kept in the form of rough notes throughout the siege, and was extended to its present form afterwards — possibly during the time when Preston and André were prisoners in the hands of the Americans.

To make what follows intelligible, it is necessary to preface the narrative with some introductory matter dealing with the circumstances which led up to the siege, and, as occasion arises, to refer to other operations in the field which had an important bearing on the defence.

The summer months of the year 1775 had proved disastrous to the British forces

¹ These papers are now in the possession of Mr Maconochie Welwood, Kirknewton, Mid-Lothian.

in America. The severe skirmish at Lexington, the dearly-bought success of Bunker's Hill, and the siege of Boston by Washington, had proved so costly in men and the material of war, that our army in America was not in a position to do more than to mark time until reinforcements arrived from England. Canada at the moment was held by a very weak force, consisting of a few officers and men of the Royal Artillery, the Cameronians (26th Foot), and the 7th Regiment (Royal Fusiliers); and every effort was being made to stir up disaffection against the King's Government in that country. The fort of Ticonderoga, a strong outpost, weakly garrisoned, on the river between Lake George and Crown Point at the head of Lake Champlain, had been taken by a clever stratagem on the part of Ethan Allen; and Benedict Arnold, who formerly had held the King's Commission, was at Crown Point with a small fleet composed of a sloop captured from the British, a schooner, and a number of smaller bateaux. Much jealousy and rivalry existed between Allen and Arnold, but they were united in urging on Congress the advisability of an immediate descent upon Canada by way of the Sorel river, which flows from Lake Champlain to the St Lawrence, passing within a few miles of Montreal on its way. They differed, however, on the question of the command of the proposed expedition. When Congress, after much considera-

tion, resolved to carry the revolutionary campaign into Canada, they soon settled that difficulty by passing over the claims of both Allen and Arnold, and on 27th July General Philip Schuyler was ordered to proceed to Ticonderoga, there to take command of the American forces, and "should he find it practicable and not disagreeable to the Canadians, immediately to take possession of St Johns and Montreal, and pursue any other measures in Canada to promote the furtherance and safety of these provinces."

The Isle aux Noix, which lies near the point where the Sorel flows out of Lake Champlain, is situated about twelve miles above the fort of St Johns, and if Montreal were to be "taken possession of," in terms of Schuyler's instructions, it was necessary to seize that island and to reduce not only St Johns, some twenty miles S.W. from the city, but the fort of Chambly, seven miles farther down the river than St Johns.

Directly after the news of the fall of Ticonderoga reached General Carleton, Governor of Canada, he gave instructions that the fortifications of St Johns should be completed, and proceeded to strengthen the garrison by sending 500 men from his total force of 800 at Montreal to the fort; he further gave orders for the immediate building of a small fleet of ships, suitable for the river, to assist in barring the way to Montreal. It is evident that Carleton had from the first foreseen the danger which

threatened him, as on June 8, a fortnight before Schuyler had received his instructions, he wrote to Major Preston—

"I have ordered a party of savages into the woods from the Isle aux Noix till below your post, but don't depend upon them so far as to omit taking the same precautions you would observe were there no such people. I recommend to you that the two redoubts, one to enclose Hazen's house [on the right bank of the river], the other to enclose the barrack, be finished as soon as you can. The soldiers might work two or four hours at most, and then be relieved, so the business might go on briskly. I shall allow half a pint of rum to those who work, or have any extraordinary fatigue, to mix with their water, at your discretion, but all who get drunk are to be struck off this allowance."

Carleton's anticipations were soon justified, for news shortly arrived that General Richard Montgomery, Schuyler's second in command, who, like Arnold, had held a commission in the British Army, had in the absence of his chief, who had gone to Albany to attend a conference of "the six nations," sailed from Crown Point to seize the Isle aux Noix. Carleton at that moment was absent from Montreal, but Lieut.-Colonel Prescott of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who had been left in command of the city, wrote to Preston on August 31—

"The wind has been easterly for some time, and will consequently have detained the rebels on the other side of the lake: when it changes they will probably send some of their people to reconnoitre. . . . We are preparing to give the rebels a good reception. You must defend St Johns to the last extremity. . . .

A few days' or hours' respite will I hope enable us to repel all attempts. —I am, with fervent wishes for your success, &c."

On 30th August Schuyler, who was suffering severely from fever, set out, on a bed prepared for him on a covered boat, to join Montgomery, and on September 4 he overtook him at the Isle la Motte on Lake Champlain. On the same day he sailed on with the whole force and took possession of the Isle aux Noix, which was found to be unoccupied by the British. By this time Preston had completed, as satisfactorily as he could, his fortifications at St Johns, and the vessels ordered by Carleton were nearing completion. The two redoubts which lay on the north bank of the Sorel were surrounded by swampy forest, but that on the south bank had no such protection, the forest and bush approaching dangerously close to it.

On 6th September the actual operations against St Johns began. On that day Schuyler descended the river in boats, and landed his troops at a swampy point within $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile of the fort. There a skirmish, attended with slight loss on both sides, took place, and the Americans encamped for the night within shell-fire of the British entrenchments. During the night Schuyler learnt from a spy that the fort was strongly defended, and that an armed schooner would be ready to co-operate with the garrison in a day or two. A Council of War was held in the morning, at which it was decided that

until more men and artillery should arrive from Ticonderoga and elsewhere, it would be safer that the force should return to the Isle aux Noix, and after placing a boom across the river to bar the entrance of British vessels into Lake Champlain, should there await the arrival of reinforcements.

In a few days the reinforcements arrived, but just as all preparations for the investment had been made, General Schuyler's illness assumed so serious an aspect that he was forced to leave the army, and on September 15 the command devolved upon General Montgomery.

The new General lost no time in carrying out the preconcerted plan, and on 17th September he again descended the river and landed his forces at the same point on which they had landed on September 6. Detailing a force of 500 men down the river to meet any attempt at a relief from Montreal or Fort Chambly, he, under a hot fire from St Johns, erected a battery of artillery on an eminence which commanded the fort, the shipyard, and the British vessels, and another in the woods about 600 yards from the fort in the direction of Fort Chambly.

The Diary of the siege begins with an entry dated 17th September 1774 (*sic*)—

"Our redoubts [there were three redoubts, two on the North bank of the river connected by a 'trench of communication' and one on the South bank] were at this time (if not finished) at least in a very defensible state; the insides of the parapet and

embrasures were sodded. The ditch was frais'd and the guns mounted, these it is true on very bad platforms. We had two eight-inch Howitzers and 8 Royal or Cohorn Mortars, about 30 pieces of cannon, among which were two light brass 24 lbs., 6 Iron 9 lb. The rest were of smaller calibres and chiefly brass. The schooner which lay before the Redoubts carried 12 guns and was finish'd. The Row Galley, which was launched soon after, carried one brass 24 lb."

The garrison, officers not included, consisted of—

"Fusiliers (7th), 239; 26th Regiment, 198; Royal Emigrants, 18; Volunteers, 71; R. Artillery, 31; on board the vessels, 10; in all, 567. We had besides these or rather were encumbered with, about 40 women and as many children. The whole, amounting to — souls, were contain'd in a Barrack built for 25 men, a barn, and a large house [on the south bank, belonging to Mr Hasen]. The redoubts had occupied 300 men since July. The men had neither Bedding, straw, or blankets. . . . Provision and a quantity of blankets which were on the way to St Johns were seiz'd by the rebels, a loss of great importance in a climate where the nights of September and October are as cold as those of the two succeeding months in England."

On the 18th the enemy sent about 200 men to take post on a rivulet about two miles below St Johns, and Captain Strong (26th) was sent against them with 100 regulars, the Volunteers, an officer of artillery, and a field-piece. "The rebels, on their appearing, fir'd a few shot and ran off into the wood. Our people took two wounded prisoners, and lost one man (Mons^r Beaubien, a Volunteer). We had two or three wounded." While our men were destroying the enemy's breastwork, a

soldier of the 26th was killed by a shot from the woods ("of which a good many were then fir'd from behind the trees and bushes"), and meantime "the enemy's gondolas had been insulting the redoubts with a few shot which had no effect. . . . In this affair there were Englishmen fighting against Englishmen, French against French, and Indians of the same tribe against each other." On the 19th "it rain'd extremely hard, and half the garrison was constantly up, and was relieved every four hours." On the 20th "we had an alarm in the night, and almost a general fire from the works. In the morning a horse was found dead; this was the enemy our out-sentry had seen and challeng'd." All this time the weather was very bad. One of our bateaux was driven down the river and taken by the enemy; but, on the other hand, one of the enemy's bateaux, "with 3 or 4 barrels of pork and as many of flour" on board "drove down from the enemy. We stopp'd her, and at the same time a yawl from the same quarter." A boy, who had been caught sleeping on the boat which was driven down the river, told the defenders that the Americans had "sent back to Ticonderoga for a 13-inch mortar, called the 'Sow.'" It arrived some days later, having been brought, under great difficulties, by a Captain Lamb; and from the time it was mounted it gave a great deal of trouble, and did much damage to the de-

fences. On October 6, it is recorded that—

"a singular explosion at the Mortar Battery, as the last shell was fired, made us imagine the mortar was burst, especially as the shell fell short and in a bad direction, and the witty observed the Sow had brought her pigs to fine market. The enemy on their side were heard to laugh, and we afterwards had reason to think that anything relating to the Sow was a better joke to them than to us. We sent them a good many small shells."

Fighting more or less severe occurred daily. On the 22nd we lost a number of cattle which had been collected near Mr Hazen's house, and on the 25th a new battery was opened by the enemy, the fire from which did considerable damage in the redoubts and to the schooner. On that day "the weather grew very cold, and the men already felt the want of covering at night very much." On the 26th a deserter came in, who reported that "despondency was amongst" the enemy. The artillery fire on the fort and ships did not, however, slacken, and on the 29th we find that "we had our daily little cannonade, and 17 shells burst amongst us without hurting any one." Meanwhile Preston had difficulties with his officers and men within the fort; there were frequent desertions among the latter; Hunter, the captain of the schooner, was dissatisfied with the enforced inaction of the ships under his command; and a quarrel between two officers, which arose out of an altercation in which one called the other a

scoundrel and "spat in his face, the other knocked him down," ended in a court of inquiry, of which the notes are preserved. But worse than all this, on October 10 we find it recorded that "We began to be more sparing of our ammunition to make it keep proportion with the provision." The cannonade from the original batteries, and from new ones which were frequently opened, continued with undiminished severity, and life in the fort became almost unsupportable. On October 15

"the weather became very cold, and as the windows of the house were all broke, as many as could find room in the cellars slept there. The rest, unable either to get a place or to bear the heat and disagreeable smell arising from such numbers being crowded together, slept above in cold and danger, or walk'd about the greatest part of the night. Towards evening we were again saluted with shells, and the night being cold and wet it was thought proper to rouse us at midnight with a few shells and shot."

On the 16th the schooner the *Royal Savage* was sunk "up to her ports." Red-hot shot having been fired at her, she was set on fire, "and her colors, which lay in the hold, were scorched."

Montgomery, meanwhile, being dissatisfied with the progress of the siege, and finding his store of ammunition to be falling short, detached 300 men to attack Fort Chambly, which was garrisoned by 150 men under the command of Major the Hon. Joseph Stopford of the 7th Royal Fusiliers. The defence of the fort was, to say

the least, not stubborn, and it capitulated on October 20. On that day Stopford wrote to Preston—

"Being obliged to surrender Fort Chambly, and made prisoners of war, am under the necessity of applying to you for permission for five bateaux to pass and repass your Forts to convey our women, children, and baggage to General Montgomery's camp. If this request cannot be granted, we shall loose all our baggage, and be under the necessity of leaving our women and children behind, as we are to be sent to New England immediately. I have pledged my honour that our Drum Major returns as soon as possible."

On 21st the Diary states—

"The garrison of Chamblis pass'd the Forts. The Volunteers at St Johns wanted to capitulate for themselves, and were refused Major Preston's leave. A young man came into the Forts with a flag of truce, to bring three women whose husbands were in the Fort. He gave a letter to Major Preston."

The letter was in these terms—

"The garrison of Chamblis having passed their baggage to the encampment of the Continental Army, the General, with the most painful reluctance, desires the Commanding officer of St Johns to prepare for his defence.

"EDWD. FLEMING,
"Dep. Adj. General in the
Continental Army."

The fall of Fort Chambly, and the stores there captured, replenished Montgomery's ammunition and stock of guns, and the bombardment of St Johns was carried on with increased vigour. It soon became clear that the end was not only inevitable, but not far distant.

"We were constantly employed in

throwing up Traverses. These from the hasty manner in which they were constructed, and the bad weather, soon fell in, and were again propt and repaired; so that our shattered House, together with the ruinous Traverses, mud ditches, broken platforms, &c., exhibited a very ragged scene. Within doors, if that could be called within doors where doors and windows were broken in pieces, the appearance was no better. Heaps of boards, earth, glass, bricks, and other rubbish lay promiscuously scattered. The rooms, by the partitions being broke, were mostly laid together, and the roof and ceiling were open on every side, especially where the shell had marked its path. Such was the state of the North Redoubts; the South Redoubt was no better circumstanced. A 13-inch shell had fallen into the Barn, and many shot had struck the house. Our rum, wine, &c., were exhausted. Salt pork was our daily fare, with sometimes a few roots; and we reduced ourselves about this time to 2/3 of the usual allowance. . . . The situation of the sick and wounded was a very cruel one: They were neither out of the reach of danger, nor were they sheltered from the Inclemency of the weather, or provided with any of those things which might alleviate their sufferings; one or two were hurt in their berths."

On the 23rd

"we were obliged to diminish the guards, the duty having been too hard, men and officers having sometimes been two nights successively on duty for want of a sufficient number for a relief. Our ammunition became scarce and we fir'd little and only small shells."

On the 28th the defenders heard from an Indian, "who told us many lies, that General Carleton had made good his landing at Longueil, and that 5000 men were arriv'd in Canada." The facts were very different. General Carleton had indeed sent a small and very

miscellaneous force across the St Lawrence with a view to the relief of St Johns, but it was attacked while still in the boats, and thrown into such confusion that it had to retreat to Montreal.

On the 30th "9 fat pigs came running towards the Fort, and were received with great cordiality." On November 1, at 10 A.M.,

"the N.W. Battery of 4 guns opened, that on the opposite side of the River play'd on us at the same time. These with 6 mortars kept an incessant fire till sunset. Large pieces of the wall were knocked in. The chimneys of the House in the South Redoubt were thrown down, and the few corners where some little shelter from the weather was to be had were now no longer tenable. A great many shot passed through the parapets, and some wounded men behind them. 3 men were killed and 4 or 5 wounded. A good deal of provision was destroyed. Towards night the Enemy beat a parley. Their Messenger was received."

He brought the following letter from Montgomery:—

"SIR,—From an anxious desire to spare the effusion of my fellow subjects' blood, I permit a prisoner [who we learn from the Diary was a 'hair-dresser of Montreal'], taken in an action with General Carleton at Longueil a few days since, to pass to the Fort—from him you will learn how small your prospect of relief. By your deserters we find the low state of your provisions, and that you throw away and destroy the artillery stores, tools, &c. Let me entreat you, Sir, to spare the lives of a brave garrison entitled to every indulgence consistent with my duty to the public. Should you continue to destroy the stores and obstinately persist in a defence which cannot avail you, I will assemble the Canadians, and deem myself innocent of

the melancholy consequences which may attend it.—I am, Sir, with great esteem,

“RICHARD MONTGOMERY,
“Brig. Genl. Continental Army.”

Captain Stewart (26th)

“was sent to tell Mr Montgomery that we should send an answer next morning. The officers were assembled. Major Preston inform’d them that there was a 2/3 rations pork and flour for 8 days, from this was to be deducted the damages of the day before. The advice of the Officers was then taken and the following letter sent.”

A blank space is left in the Diary for the letter, but we learn from Washington Irving’s ‘Life of Washington’ that the reply bore that Preston “expressed a doubt of the truth of the report brought by the prisoners, but offered to surrender if not relieved in four days.” Montgomery thereupon sent this second letter—

“SIR,—The advanced season of the year will not admit of your proposed delay. I do assure you, upon the honour of a gentleman, that what the Prisoner has informed you of is true as far as has come to my knowledge; however, if it want further confirmation, Mr Depane of Montreal who is also my prisoner will I believe give you the same intelligence. Having now acquitted my conscience I must, to save time & prevent trouble, acquaint you that if you do not surrender this day, it will be unnecessary to make any further proposals. The Garrison shall be Prisoners of War—they shall not have the honours of War & I cannot ensure the officers their baggage. Should you wish to send an Officer to Mr Depane, who is on board the sloop, you have my permission, Captⁿ. Stewart carries an order for that purpose. But shou’d you be inclined to persist in a useless defence you will be so good as to

fire a cannon without shot as a signal.”

These letters, so honourable to the American commander, left practically no choice to Major Preston but to surrender. However, “an officer was sent up to the point to speak with Mons^r. Despains, who confirm’d the Barber’s deposition. There was now nothing left but to frame the best Articles we cou’d for the Garrison,” and Articles of Capitulation were thereafter sent. In these proposals there were six articles, blank spaces being left for Montgomery’s replies. It will be sufficient merely to summarise the articles, which were agreed to without important change, with the exception of Article 2, the terms of which, with Montgomery’s note and Preston’s comment, deserve to be given in full. Article 1 provided that acts of hostility should cease until the terms of capitulation should be agreed on and signed. Article 2, as proposed, was in these terms—

“The garrison shall be allowed all the honours of war, and suffered to proceed with their baggage and effects to the most convenient Port in America, from thence to embark for Great Britain as soon as they shall be furnished with transports and Provisions by His Excellency General Gage or Commander in Chief of His Majesty’s troops in America.”

Montgomery’s reply was as follows:—

“The garrison shall march out with the Honors of War. This is due to their Fortitude and Perseverance. I wish they had been exerted in a better cause. The non-com-

missioned Officers and Privates shall ground their Arms on the Plain, south of the Fort, and immediately embark on board such boats as shall be provided for that purpose. The Officers shall keep their side arms, and their fire arms shall be put up in a box and delivered to them when these unhappy disputes are ended, if they do not chuse to dispose of them before. The garrison must go to Connecticut Government, or such other province as the Hon^{ble} the Continental Congress shall direct, there to remain till our unhappy differences shall be compromised, or till they are exchanged. Our prisoners have been constantly treated with a brotherly affection. The effects of the Garrison shall not be held from them."

Article 3 provided for an officer going to Montreal upon parole to transact regimental business, and to bring up "the baggage, cloathing and pay of the Garrison." Article 4. That Canadians in the fort should be permitted to return unmolested to their homes. Article 5. That the sick and wounded should be taken proper care of and permitted to join their corps upon their recovery; and Article 6. That on the articles being signed the forts should be delivered up with ammunition, provisions, &c.

When the articles were returned with Montgomery's answers appended, Major Preston sent them back with the following note: "The answers to the above articles will be assented to by Major Preston, provided the expression (in answer to Article 2nd), 'I wish they had been exerted in a better cause,' be entirely erased; the garrison being determined rather to die with

their Arms in their hands than submit to the Indignity of such a reflection." On the same day the articles (the original MS. of which now lies before the writer) were returned with the words quoted above so completely erased that it is hardly possible to decipher the obnoxious expression. A fresh copy was then made with the words objected to left out, and signed by Montgomery on November 2, a duplicate copy being signed by Preston.

On the following day the troops marched out at 8 A.M., leaving in the fort "about 3 days' provision, scarce any loose powder, and three boxes of ammunition for each gun that was mounted; that is the quantity kept in case of storm." It is perhaps worth mentioning that in the Articles of Capitulation there is no trace of an undertaking on the part of Montgomery that he would furnish each private with a suit of clothes. That that was one of the stipulations is recorded by Washington Irving in his 'Life of Washington,' but these official documents afford no ground for the statement.

So ended the siege, and it can hardly be denied that in sustaining a siege lasting forty-seven days, within small and insufficient fortifications, Preston had faithfully carried out Colonel Prescott's instructions to "defend St Johns to the last extremity."

The last information to be gained from the papers kept by Preston is contained in a letter from John Hancock, the well-known President of Congress,

written at Philadelphia to Preston on January 4, 1776.

"I am directed by the Congress to signify to you their approbation of your Determining upon the place of your residence with these exceptions, vizt: That it be not in a sea Port Town, nor in the place where the Private Soldiers, who are Prisoners, are station'd. I am also directed, previous to your Departure from this City to the place you may prefer for your Residence, to Take your Parole of Honour that you will not go into or near any Sea Port Town, nor further than Six miles distant from the place of your residence, without Leave of the Continental Congress, and that you will carry on no political Correspondence whatever on the subject of the Dispute between Great Britain and these Colonies, so long as you remain a Prisoner. Your signifying to me the place you shall determine as most Agreeable for your Residence, and giving your Parole conformable to the Resolutions of Congress, are the only Requisites previous to your Departure to the Town of your Choice. Should you be Desirous of communicating any matter to Congress, I shall, on being acquainted with it, Lay it before them, and with pleasure inform you the Result."

One word must be added with regard to Preston's gallant and courteous opponent Montgomery. The siege being over he straightway marched on Montreal, and entered the city, which had been evacuated by Carleton on November 12. From thence he went to join Arnold before Quebec, and on December 31 he met a soldier's death while leading the assault, and received a

soldier's burial within the fortifications.

This narrative of a gallant and determined affair at an outpost of the Empire in olden times can hardly be more fitly closed than by quoting the concluding sentences of the Diary of which so much use has already been made.

"The little execution done in proportion to the number of shot and shells fir'd is surprising, for we had not above 40 men killed and wounded; that is during the blockade: in all from the time of our taking post at St Johns we had sixty killed and wounded. Near 1000 shot, and between 50 and 100 shells were fired at the redoubts the last day.

"The men shewed a chearfulness under their fatigues which, spite of events, can but reflect honor upon them, as Few cou'd be so devoid of reflexion as not to see how slender our hopes of relief were, and of course to apprehend the most unfavorable issue. We may thank our enemy in some sort for leaving us in such slight field works the credit of having been reduc'd by Famine. Had they understood, or been a fit people to carry on obsidional operations, their Batterys might with their numbers by means of approaches have been brought much closer to our Redoubts, have overlook'd us, destroy'd our Breastworks, and by a slaughter from which there would have been no shelter, have rendered our holding out a meer sacrifice of men who might have been reserved for better services.

"Upon the whole it may be said that the garrison of St Johns suffer'd in their misfortunes, dangers and hardships which have often been the price of Honor to more fortunate troops."

CHARLES C. MACONOCHE.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE COMPLACENCY OF ENGLAND — *CIVIS ROMANUS SUM* — THE MONROE DOCTRINE — CANNING'S VIEW—ITS INTERPRETATION IN THE UNITED STATES—AN IMPERIAL FORCE—ITS DISCUSSION IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS — CITIZEN LUCAS'S ARGUMENT — LORD HALDANE ON HISTORY—ART OR SCIENCE?

SOME weeks ago a British subject, named Benton, was brutally murdered in Mexico. Of the crime we know little. Whether the shot was fired by the ruffian who calls himself General Villa, or by one of his henchmen, is uncertain. Nor does it greatly matter. What does matter is that England has made no serious attempt to obtain satisfaction for the outrage. The murderers not merely go unpunished, but are permitted to increase their store of guns and ammunition from the United States. The only policy said to be possible for us is a policy of watchful waiting, a variant, we suppose, of Mr Asquith's shameful opportunism—wait and see. We have certainly waited, and without effect. We are not allowed to watch, even when British subjects are killed, for that might hurt the susceptibilities of Messrs Wilson and Bryan, who, having assumed a monstrous responsibility, have made up their minds to do nothing but wait. Even to watch is a hazard which Washington does not or will not face.

Washington, of course, will follow its own path. There remains something to be said about England. There was a time when we did not leave our compatriots abroad exposed to the greed of the

spoiler or the knife of the assassin, when British citizenship was still a protection against murder and aggression. Sixty years ago we seized the ships of Greece, and incurred the hostility of France and Russia, merely that justice should be done to two men who claimed the protection of the British Empire. Don Pacifico, for whose sake a famous Minister almost went to war, could claim neither Benton's wealth nor Benton's position. He was but a poor Jew, born at Gibraltar, who had suffered insult at the hands of the Greeks, and being a British citizen claimed, and not in vain, the protection of the British Government. The injury inflicted upon him was not denied. His house had been broken into and destroyed; his family had been flogged; he himself had been bastinadoed. For years he had sought reparation, and for years had been put off by hollow promises. To Lord Palmerston it mattered not that Don Pacifico was a Jew; it mattered not that he was said to be a notorious scoundrel. "I do not care what M. Pacifico's character is," said the Minister; "I do not, and cannot, admit that because a man may have acted amiss on some other occasion,

and in some other matter, he is to be wronged with impunity by others." And so he insisted, with all the power and prestige of England to support him, that justice should be done—not that he would have put British subjects abroad above the law, but because he believed that "on a denial of justice or upon decisions manifestly unjust, the British Government should be called upon to interfere." The peroration of Lord Palmerston's speech, which has been described by some who heard it as the most eloquent speech delivered in the House of Commons in the nineteenth century, might still bring a blush to the cheeks of our politicians could they feel shame at anything else than a lost vote. "I fearlessly challenge the verdict which this House," thus spake Lord Palmerston, "as representing a political, a commercial, a constitutional country, is to give on the question now brought before it—whether the principles on which the foreign policy of Her Majesty's Government has been conducted, and the sense of duty which has led us to think ourselves bound to afford protection to our fellow-subjects abroad, are proper and fitting guides for those who are charged with the government of England; and whether, as the Roman in days of old held himself free from indignity when he could say, *Civis Romanus sum*, so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect

him against injustice and wrong." If Palmerston were to return to-day, and discovered that Great Britain found it impossible to avenge, even to inquire into, the death of a British citizen, he might well conclude that his eloquent enunciation of the only sound principles of government had been made in vain.

Don Pacifico had justice done him at last. The friends of Benton are less fortunate. No one is likely to be punished for his murder, nor is there much chance that the Mexican lawlessness will ever be checked. Our Ministers dare do no more than make a very modest protest, and when it is suggested that they should protect and avenge their compatriots, they murmur complacently, "the Monroe Doctrine." What, then, is the Monroe Doctrine, which appears to bind the hands of England and to prevent her from discharging the simplest duty which can fall to the lot of a government to perform? We need hardly say that in its inception it was not the paralysing instrument which it appears to-day. It took its rise not in America but in Britain. Its only true begetters were Castlereagh and Canning, and if Canning has all the credit of it, that is because he was Foreign Minister in 1823, and because Castlereagh is only just emerging from the cloud which has so long enveloped him. However, in 1823, Canning was confronted with a grave problem. The Spanish-American

colonies had revolted, and France and Russia sought to get what profit they might out of the situation. Canning was resolved, before all things, that if France seized Spain, it should not be "Spain with the Indies." He had no desire to appropriate on England's behalf an inch of soil in the Spanish colonies, but he would not endanger the future of our British trade. "I confess I long to tell Villèle, if it were worth while and this were the moment," he wrote to Wellington, "that we will trade with the late Spanish-American colonies whether France likes it or not, that we will not respect the Spanish guardacostas which attempt to interdict that trade to us, and that if France sends a large fleet to help the guarda-costas we will send a larger to watch at least their operations." Canning's purpose, then, was clear. He wanted not territory, but open ports and equal opportunities of trade. France and Russia were bitterly opposed to his reasonable ambition. He could not hope to get satisfaction from the Holy Alliance. So he acknowledged the independence of the Spanish colonies, and, turning to the United States for support, laid his case candidly before them. While England disowned any desire of possession, she would not permit another power to lay hands upon the Spanish colonies. "Why," then, asked Canning of the American representative, "should not their views be mutually confided to each other and declared in the face of the world? This would

be at once the most effectual and the least offensive mode of intimating the joint disapprobation of Great Britain and the United States of any project which might be cherished by any European Power of a forcible enterprise for reducing the colonies to subjugation on the behalf or in the name of Spain; or of the acquisition of any part of them to itself by cession or by conquest."

Thus was the principle of non-intervention—the principle of what is called the Monroe Doctrine—inaugurated. Adams, the American Minister, accepted the principle, and then gave it an interpretation of his own. "The American continents," said he grandiloquently, "by the free and independent condition which they have assumed, and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonisation by any European Powers." This is somewhat different from the mere policy of non-intervention; and while the United States reserved for themselves the political future of the American continent, they did not assume any definite responsibility for its peace and good government. The policy of Adams was not Canning's, and Canning did not accept it. "Great Britain," he said, "could not acknowledge the right of any Power to proclaim such a principle, much less to bind other countries to the observance of it. If we were to be repelled from America, it would not matter whether that repulsion were effected by the Ukase of Russia excluding us from the sea, or by the new

doctrine of the President excluding us from the land. We cannot yield obedience to either." For the moment the United States admitted the justice of Canning's objection. They have gone on ever since to extend the scope and meaning of the Monroe Doctrine.

However, Canning had his way, and recognised Columbia, Mexico, and Buenos Ayres as independent states. That, indeed, was his interpretation of the new doctrine. In a famous speech he put his own point of view with perfect lucidity: "Was there no other mode of resistance," he asked, "than by a direct attack upon France? Might not compensations for disparagement be obtained, and the policy of our ancestors vindicated by means better adapted to the present time? If France occupied Spain, was it necessary, in order to avoid the consequences of that occupation, that we should blockade Cadiz? No! I looked another way. I sought materials of compensation in another hemisphere. Contemplating Spain, such as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain 'with the Indies.' I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." Canning was over-sanguine. He did not measure the strength of the weapon which he was putting into the hands of the United States. He did not foresee the pretensions to which the new doctrine might give countenance. We have

quoted Canning's view, and will set by its side an essential passage from the message which President Monroe sent to Congress. "Any interference on the part of the great Powers of Europe," said he, "for the purpose of oppressing or controlling the destiny of the Spanish - American States, which had declared their Independence, would be dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States, and would be considered as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards them." These are the two views, and for many years they harmonised well enough. South America, immune from intervention of any kind, has prospered amazingly. Her vast resources, the aid of foreign capital, the advantages of English and American management, have shown her the blessings of a golden age. The instability of her governments is fast becoming a memory of the remote past, and she owes not a little of her wealth and prosperity to the timely intervention of George Canning.

But since President Monroe sent his message to Congress, the doctrine which bears his name has been infinitely extended. It has been assumed to mean that South America is closed against the enterprise of Europe. We are told, in its name, that English companies may not acquire property in the protected zone. And now it is held by the latest exponents of the Monroe Doctrine that if England suffers outrage in Mexico she may make no pro-

test save through the good offices of Washington. We may not exact retribution from the countries whose independence we were the first to recognise. The master of General Villa refuses to discuss the affairs of England with the United States. Though we have acknowledged Huerta, we still admit that we cannot in any circumstances exact retribution from any Mexican. The United States, having usurped a responsibility which the Monroe Doctrine never contemplated, refuses to do anything more than watch and wait. Thus we have got ourselves into a blind alley of shame and humiliation, from which we shall not extricate ourselves by merely murmuring "Monroe Doctrine" at convenient intervals. For whatever this doctrine meant or did not mean, it was not intended to palliate the ruthless murder of innocent Englishmen.

The Bill which Lord Wiloughby de Broke has introduced into the House of Lords deserved all the support which patriotic Englishmen could give it. The sentiment which underlies it is *noblesse oblige*. Its purpose is to raise and maintain what is to be called an Imperial Force. Its method was admirable in its simplicity. It enacted that all males domiciled in the United Kingdom, and educated at a public school or university, or belonging to any one of the higher professions, or enjoying means exceeding £400 a-year, should be compelled to serve their country in an army of defence. Cadet

Corps should be established compulsorily at all the public schools, and Officers' Training Corps at all the universities. We cannot do better than quote from the Bill itself what was expected of those, fortunate in their education or in the circumstances of their life, especially as the Bill, having been thrown out, should remain on record. Thus runs Clause 5: "Every person to whom this Act applies—

- (A) At such time after he has attained the age of seventeen years and before he has attained the age of twenty-one years as may be prescribed in his case shall undergo training as a recruit that is to say be trained at such places within the United Kingdom and at such times as may be prescribed for a continuous period of nine months. Provided that any person who before such training as a recruit has served in a recognised Cadet Corps for a continuous period of not less than one year and passed to the satisfaction of the Army Council such efficiency tests as may be prescribed shall be entitled to have his period of training as a recruit reduced to a period of six months; and
- (B) In each of the four years next following the year of his training as a recruit shall be trained for a continuous period of fifteen days at such times and at such places in any part of the United Kingdom as may be prescribed; and
- (C) In each of the next succeeding five years shall be trained in like manner for a continuous period of eight days; and
- (D) During both such periods of

four years and five years shall fire the prescribed course of musketry and fulfil such other conditions relating to training as may be prescribed for his branch of the service."

In the proposed duties there is nothing which should not bring profit and pleasure to the Imperial Force, and since its result would have been to add 125,000 officers and men to our existing army, its usefulness should have been apparent to all.

The one obvious objection to it was set forth by Lord Roberts in a speech of great weight and authority. Lord Willoughby de Broke's proposal was not democratic. It did not realise Lord Roberts' splendid ideal of a "nation in arms." It emphasised those class distinctions which it has been the policy of our Radical demagogues to create. It substituted, as Lord Ampthill very justly said, *noblesse oblige* for Nelson's nobler watchword: "England expects every man to do his duty." All that is perfectly true. The best possible army is a "nation in arms." The defence of the country is a paramount duty in which every citizen should be proud to share. But what if we echo Nelson's watchword in vain? If thousands of men refuse to do their duty, shall we sit down with folded hands and wait for better times? It is a risk which the most sanguine nation cannot take with equanimity. After all, if we may not have a whole loaf, there is no reason why we should abstain from bread.

We are the obedient slaves of the working men, who easily outvote all other classes at the polls. And the working men resolutely decline to have anything whatever to do with the defence of Great Britain. They declare that they have nothing to defend, and that they would be as well off under the dominion of a foreign power as under the rule of King George. It is idle to argue with those who entertain such views as this. We can only hope that they will never be under the necessity of proving their mistake. But there is no doubt as to their obduracy, and while we wait for the sovereign people to change its mind or its agitators, the country still stands in need of defence. One point at least emerged from the debate upon Lord Willoughby de Broke's Bill—the defencelessness of the country. The satisfaction which Viscount Haldane still professes to take in his own Territorials is wholly inapposite. He could still exult in the product of his own "hard thinking" if only one man remained in the ranks. But Viscount Haldane's interested optimism may be overlooked. There remains the fact that if the expeditionary force were sent abroad, as it would be in time of war, the country would be left without any adequate force to protect it against invasion. Lord Willoughby de Broke proposed to make up this deficiency. He was told that his Bill would offend the democracy, which stubbornly refuses to defend itself or those educated

classes whom he would compel to carry arms. Thus we are brought into a blind alley, comparable with that into which a misunderstanding of the Monroe Doctrine has driven us. We may not protest against the murder of Benton, because an effective protest would annoy the President of the United States. We may not defend ourselves, as a class, because our defence would annoy the democracy, which cares not a jot what foreigner lands upon our shores. Is it not time to show that we care not, in doing our duty, whether we give offence or not to those whose approval should be wholly indifferent to us?

And after all Lord Willoughby de Broke's scheme was supported by many excellent reasons. In the first place, it was of good example. And though we know that at the present time the example of educated and patriotic citizens is scoffed at by demagogues in search of votes, libel will not always prevail. At any rate, an answer was provided for those who pretend that the sole hope and aim of the upper and middle classes are to let others do the fighting for them. Again, it is just that those who have the advantages of wealth and intelligence should do more than their share in supporting the burdens of the State. But, alas! the democracy, poor thing, is sensitive, and it is neither considerate nor profitable to offend it. So we must go defenceless until a national disaster has toughened the hide of our delicate and omnipotent voters.

The most absurd argument of all those advanced against Lord Willoughby de Broke's scheme was undoubtedly the argument of Lord Lucas. This noble peer found that the principle underlying the Bill was not new, as indeed it is not. "It was that the rich should serve the poor," said he, "and was first preached about nineteen centuries ago, since when it had fallen, as far as he could trace, into complete disuse." He cannot "trace" very far — that is obvious. And there is no shadow of excuse for his flippant, shallow ignorance. Lord Lucas sits in Parliament not by the votes of any constituents. He is a legislator by inheritance. He cannot, therefore, advance the plea which his colleagues—Messrs George and Churchill—would probably advance without warrant, that in insulting those whom he is pleased to call the rich, and setting class against class, he is increasing his chance of victory at the polls. His seat is secure, even though he comport himself with dignity. Moreover, had he gravely considered the argument, which he unctuously repeated again and again, he might have discovered that it was empty as a drum. The history of England is the history of service. The rich have served the poor in council and upon the field of battle. There has been no stint. The service has been gladly given and was gladly received, until it was found useful by a gang of demagogues to spoil the temper of the people. Lord Lucas holds office in the pres-

ent ministry, and we may take it that he believes that the pursuit of politics is no disgraceful service. And who are they who have best served all classes of Englishmen in Parliament but those whom Lord Lucas contemptuously dismisses as the rich? Cecil and Cromwell, Bolingbroke and Walpole, Chatham and Pitt, Fox and Melbourne, Gladstone and Disraeli, in serving England, served rich and poor alike, and were all of rich parentage. Does England owe nothing of her preservation to Marlborough and Wellington, who belonged both of them to the hated class? And have not the landowners of England proved themselves in many a difficulty the true fathers of the people? Have they not remitted rents, and shared with a glad heart the difficulties of their tenants? Lord Lucas's reading of history must have been small and envenomed indeed, if he has carried away nothing better from it than the conviction that the one and only object of wealth is to purchase privilege.

Has Lord Lucas never heard of Lord Shaftesbury and a hundred others of his class and temper, who have given not merely their money, but their lives, to the service of the poor? Nor should we forget the hospitals in our survey. Even Citizen Lucas himself must admit that hospitals are built and maintained to help the poor. And by whom are they built and maintained, if not by the rich? In conclusion, if Lord Willoughby de Broke's Bill was defeated by arguments

so unworthy as those adduced by this enemy of his own order, then it deserved a better fate. But at least it has called attention to the defencelessness of England, and shown us where, if need be, we may recruit our soldiers.

Happily for him and for us, Viscount Haldane is able to forget at times the vast benefit which he believes that he conferred upon Britain when he called the Territorial Force into being. When he delivered the Creighton Lecture before the University of London, for instance, he spoke not as a politician but as a philosopher. He discoursed upon the Meaning of Truth in History with commendable lucidity. He reiterated the important lessons that it is not in mere documents that truth will be discovered. He summoned the politician to correct the historian with excellent effect. "Speaking with some knowledge," said he, "of what has gone on from day to day during the last eight years of the public life of this country, my experience has impressed me with a strong feeling that to try to reconstruct the story from State papers or newspaper accounts or letters or biographical sources would be at present, and must for some time remain, a hopeless attempt." That is a testimony most valuable for our age, which has a pathetic faith in documents. It is valuable because it reasserts the very simple truth that to err is a human failing. A document is likely to lie, as a man is likely to lie, partly because

the intention to mislead is general, and partly because to tell the truth is not an affair of morals, but a very rare talent. Not one man in a hundred can report accurately what passes before his eyes, and at least ten men in a hundred, especially if they have ever had any touch with politics, desire deliberately to see what it suits their prejudice or their advantage to see. History becomes history worth the name only when the documents upon which it depends have been sifted and transmitted by the imagination of a conscious artist.

Science was the tyrant of the nineteenth century. It attempted to place the whole realm of human thought and human activity under its iron heel. So highly successful was its tyranny that it became a fashion, the worst of autocrats. All the arts clamoured to be admitted within the fashionable circle. Fairy stories, which before all the creations of fancy should have been exempt, were bidden to assist the science of anthropology. Scholars decently engaged in research, which is the raw material of history, proclaimed aloud that they were men of science. Tacitus and Thucydides, Gibbon and Macaulay, were laughed to scorn because they dared to be artists, to find in the records of the past the very essentials of drama. And at last science has set its icy hand upon the art of painting, and proclaimed in the dull works of the clique which calls itself Cubist, that science is supreme also on canvas and in bronze.

But it is upon the domain of history that the professors of a false science have made the heaviest demands. Forgetting the plain truth that all the sayings and doings and documents of man are influenced profoundly by human caprice and human character, they have insisted that the documents, which are the material of their research, stand in the same relation to their study as stones stand to geology. By a stroke of the pen the lecturers at the *École des Chartes* divorced history from what they believed its immoral union with literature. They framed new definitions for themselves, and scoffed at the established reputations. Mommsen, they said, was a historian when he worked at the '*Corpus Inscriptionum*.' He was not a historian when he wrote the '*History of Rome*.' What was he, we wonder? A novelist, perhaps; but whatever he was, he was outcast from the elect, a mere man of letters, who had dared to form conclusions for himself, and had even presumed to sketch the characters of great men as they were revealed to his imagination.

This is not the first time that we have argued in these pages that History is an Art, and we are glad that Lord Haldane accepts the just and the traditional view. It is true that he guards himself by declaring that he cannot look upon history as exclusively an art or exclusively a science. And there is a reason for this limitation. As a finished presentation history is an art and nothing else. The arrangement of the ma-

terial, the sense of proportion, the light and shade, the calling back of the past to life,—all these things are the work of the artist. Above all, history is, like all the arts, a matter of selection. The artist, whether he be painter or historian, must know what to omit. To put down all the facts which come to hand is a counsel of obscurity, and it is the counsel of the *École des Chartes*. And after selection, imagination is the quality most necessary for the historian. He must be able to recreate from a hint a living scene of the past. He must divine where the man of science can only record without understanding. He cannot be impartial, because impartiality is the virtue of no true man. He must look at the past through his own temperament, because if he attempts to look through another's he cannot see at all. We confess that Macaulay distorted the truth to square with his own Whiggish principles, and we rejoice that the art of history is at last falling again into wise and Tory hands. But we would rather have Macaulay's distortion, which is a work of art, than a heap of dry bones thrown down by an archivist. After all, there is more of real authentic history in the historical plays of Shakespeare, who was content with tradition and knew nothing of documents, than in a hundred volumes published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission.

The limitation which we would make on behalf of what

is called science is this: the historian, who is an artist, must control his work by a due examination of facts, which may be collected by himself or by others. It is not his business to invent; it is his business to interpret existing material. The process of his selection must be guided by the records of the past. He must not mislead by exaggerating this trait or that. But the amassing of the facts, which may for the sake of the argument be called science, is no necessary part of his toil. It may be done by others. A painter is not asked to compound his own colours. For that composition a knowledge of chemistry is necessary. The artist deals with the colours as the chemist makes them, and he is not more remote from the drudgery of science than the historian who leaves to others the preliminary duty of research. We do not demand of an artist that we should see the contents of his workshop. We are concerned only with the finished work. And for us Livy and Thucydides, who are reproached with preserving the memory of glorious deeds; Plutarch, who was base enough to trumpet the achievements of great men; Gibbon and Michelet, who unrolled the past as though it were a romantic drama, will always appear infinitely greater historians than the praiseworthy dry-as-dusts who collect inscriptions with the same zest wherewith botanists gather into their cabinets dead flowers and dried leaves.

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A L A D O R E.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER I.—OF THE HALL OF SULNEY AND HOW SIR YWAIN LEFT IT.

SIR YWAIN¹ sat in the hall of Sulney and did justice upon wrong-doers. And one man had gathered sticks where he ought not, and this was for the twentieth time; and another had snared a rabbit of his lord's, and this was for the fortieth time; and another had beaten his wife, and she him, and this was for the hundredth time: so that Sir Ywain was weary of the sight of them. Moreover, his steward stood beside him, and put him in remembrance of all the misery that had else been forgotten.

And in the middle of his judging there was brought into the hall a child that had been found in the road, a boy of seven years as it seemed:

and he was dressed in fine hunting green, but not after the fashion of that day or country. Also when they spoke to him he answered becomingly, but in a speech that no one could understand.

So Sir Ywain had him set by the table at his own side, and now and again as he judged those wrong-doers, he cast a look upon the child. And always the child looked back at him with bright eyes, and even when there was no looking between them, he listened to what was being said, and smiled as though that which was weariness to others was to him something new and joyful. But as the hour passed, Sir Ywain felt his

¹ Ywain=Ewain or Ewan.

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mind slacken more and more, and whenever he saw the boy smiling, his own heart became heavier and heavier between his shoulders, and his life and the life of his people seemed like a high-road, dusty and endless, that might never be left without trespassing. And though he would not break off from his judging, yet he groaned over the offenders instead of rebuking them; and when he should have punished, he dismissed them upon their promise, so that his steward was mortified, and the guilty could not believe their ears.

Then when all was said and done the hall was cleared, and Sir Ywain was left alone with the boy.

But the steward, looking slyly back through the hinges of the door, saw that his lord and the child were speaking together; and he perceived that they understood one another well enough, though how this could have come about he was unable to guess, having himself heard the boy answering to all questions in none but an outlandish tongue.

Then he saw Sir Ywain rise up, and suddenly he was aware that his lord was calling for him loudly and with a hearty voice, as he would call for him long since, when they were at the wars together. And when he went in, Sir Ywain bade him summon all the household.

Now when the household were come into the hall they stood at a little distance from the dais, in the order of their service, and Sir Ywain stood above them in front of the high table. And beside him

was the boy, and before him was his own brother, who was now an esquire grown, with hawk on wrist.

Then Sir Ywain bade his brother kneel down, and there he made him knight, taking his sword from him and laying it on his shoulder, and afterwards belting it again round his body. And he took the keys from his own girdle and the gold spurs from his own feet, and said aloud: "I call you all to witness that as I have done off my knight-hood and the Honour of Sulney, and given them to this my brother Sir Turquin, so also by these tokens do I deliver unto him the quiet possession of my house and goods and the seisin of all my lands, to hold unto him and his heirs for ever, by the service due and accustomed for the same. And henceforth I go free."

Then his brother, who was both glad and sorry, and moreover was still in doubt how this might end, stood holding the keys and the spurs, and looking at him without a word. And he looked also at the child, and he saw that for all the difference in their years, the eyes of Sir Ywain had become like the boy's eyes: and as he looked his heart became heavy, and for a moment he envied his brother and feared for himself. But in his fear he moved his hands, and the keys clanked and the spurs clinked together, and his heart leaped up again for joy of his possessions.

And all this Ywain saw as

it were from a great distance, and he smiled, and forgot it again instantly. And the boy took his hand, and they went down the hall together.

And when they came to the door to pass out, the steward got before them and bowed as he was used to do, and spoke very gravely to Sir Ywain, reminding him that this same afternoon had been appointed among the lords, his neighbours, for the witnessing of certain charters.

But Ywain and the boy looked at one another and laughed, and the steward saw that they laughed at the lords and at him and at the very greatness of the business: and he was enraged, and turned

away and went to his new master.

Then Sir Turquin came hastily after them, and he laid his hand upon his brother's arm and bent his head a little, and said to him so that none else should hear, "What is this that you are doing; for no man leaves all that he has, and departs suddenly, taking nothing with him." But those two went from him without answering, and they passed, as it seemed, very swiftly along the road under the woodside, and were hidden from him. And again, as he stood still watching, he saw them going swiftly above the wood where there was no path, but only the bare wold before them.

CHAPTER II.—HOW SIR YWAIN SAW HIS OWN FACE THE FIRST TIME.

Now the truth is that when Ywain turned his back on his old life and the snug lordship that was his, he had no thought of what was to be the way of his wandering, nor did he so much as know by which of the world's four roads he would begin his journey. But he climbed upon the open wold as if all his pleasure was to climb and to strike his feet firmly and to breathe deep: and the boy went by his side in like manner, and they spoke no word.

But when they were come to the height of the slope, Ywain turned and looked down upon the homestead of Sulney, and he saw it small and clear under the midday sun, as like as may be to a toy that a child would

play with: and there was no man moving about it, but only the white pigeons flying this way and that upon the roofs. And it was lovely to him, for he saw it as a time that is past.

Then he looked a little farther, and saw the broad road, and dust kindling along it like smoke, and in the dust a great company riding: and they rode in order by two and by two, and their jogging was heavy, and Ywain remembered that these were the lords who had appointed to do business with him.

And because of them the place was no longer lovely to him, and he turned away and ran quickly over the ridge, and when he could see them no

more he laughed: and the boy also ran and laughed, and their laughter was as though they were both truants from school, escaping narrowly with fear and joy together. And on the other side of the ridge they cast themselves down upon the grass, and among the grass were thistles, and the thistles pricked them sharply, and they rolled and were pricked again, and laughed again and yet again.

Then they set their shoulders against a bank, and sat still, looking to the country that was before them. On the one hand lay the sea near by, and upon it white sails of ships that were sailing marvellously, for though they were upon the sea yet they sailed, as it seemed, high above the land. And on the other side lay a thick wood that hid all the far country, and before the wood was a village and a tower. And Ywain knew that village well enough, cot and lot, barn and balk, and he thought not at all of the village, but only of the wood and the great depth of it and of what might be beyond. And so thinking he fell asleep.

But when he awoke the sun was westering, and he looked again upon the village and saw it as though it were strange to him, and he could not remember even the name of it. Then he stood up, and turned towards the place beside him where the boy had been: and as he looked he was astonished, for the boy was there still, sleeping as himself had slept, but his face

was like the face of an old man, and the lines upon it were countless, like bird marks on the river-sand.

So Ywain stood staring for a while, and he said to himself, "Now I know by the trouble in my head that either I have lost my wits, as a man beat down in battle, or else in all this there is a meaning that I have known and forgotten, for it seems to be both reasonable and impossible." Then he touched the boy's hand and awoke him, and when he saw his eyes again, he asked him, "Who, then, are you?"

And the boy said, "Answer me first the same question."

But Ywain would not, for he said, "Why must I answer first?"

And the boy said, "Let be, then; for you know already what you would answer, and there is but one and the same answer to your question and to mine."

Then Ywain looked no more into the boy's eyes but upon the ground, and bewilderment came upon him again, for he said in his heart, "This that he says is madness, and yet I seem to know that it is true." And when he lifted his head again he said to the boy, "How can a man speak with himself face to face: and how can I, that am neither, be both an old man and a boy?"

But the boy answered him, "Is not every man that which was and that which shall be: and in all the days of his life shall he not once or twice see the face of his desire?" And

as he spoke Ywain heard him plainly, but now he saw him not so plainly, though he stood looking down upon him in the same place: and he said quickly, "Tell me this, then: what is my desire?"

And he heard again the answer as one that hears a voice through the mist: but the words were in an unknown

tongue. And he peered down, and stooped, and where the boy had been there was but the long grass and the thistles: and when he rose up again he saw the hillside clear before him, and the sun was low and the edges of the bents were glistening, and nothing moved among them but the wind of sunset.

CHAPTER III.—HOW IT FORTUNED TO YWAIN TO FIND
A STAFF IN THE PLACE OF HIS SWORD.

Then Ywain turned his face towards the village, and went down the hill: and he went with a good heart, for though the boy had left him, yet he hoped not to be long without him, and even now when he looked straight forward it seemed that he had the joy of his company and his laughter. But when he turned and looked beside him, there was but his own shadow; black it lay and long, and about the edges of it a brightness was shining. Then he remembered that the sun was low and night rising among the hollows, and he bethought him of his supper and sleep.

So he went quickly to the village, and passed through it and came to the farmer's house that lay beside the great wood: and the farmwife gave him welcome, as one that knew not who he was, but could well pitch her guess within a mile or so. And she whispered to her husband, but he was hard of hearing and full of slumber from the

fields. So when Ywain had supped, they showed him where he should lie. And when he was come there he laid him down, and the day went from him in a moment and he knew no more whether he were alive or dead.

But very early in the morning he awoke, and he saw that over against his face as he lay abed there was a window in the wall. And the window was open, and there came through it a small sweet noise, for it was the time of sparrow chirp, which comes just before the rising of the sun. So he rose from his bed and went to the window and leaned with his arms upon the sill, watching for the day to turn from greyness to light.

And as he leaned and watched he heard a noise of talking in the house below, for the door was right there beneath him, and it stood open wide. Moreover, the talking was loud, for they that talked were the farmer and his wife, and she spoke loud because he was hard of hearing, and he

spoke yet louder because she was his wife, and he wished his saying to prevail over hers.

So she said in a high voice, "As surely as an egg is an egg, by the same token this is my lord of Sulney."

Then he spoke scornfully of her and her eggs, and he asked her for what reason of all the reasons on earth should such a one as my lord of Sulney come to sup in a farmstead that was none of his, and sleep in a vile bed, when he had better within a bare league.

And she answered quickly that though a thing were clean past a man's understanding, yet it might well happen so for all that: and further, she would have him to know that in her house were no vile beds, but such as were fit for any man to sleep in, and she cared not who he might be.

And at that he growled a little, like a dog that is made to cease barking. Then he spoke to her again, in the manner of one who deals with a child, making a show of gentleness and mastery together. "See now," he said, "and I will give you three reasons why you have the wrong and I have the right of it. First then, this one that has had supper and sleeping-room of us is a young man, and quick to rise and to sit down, but my lord of Sulney is past his youth and waxing heavy. Secondly, this one came to us walking upon his own shanks, and that no lord would do that had the horses of Sulney, for I have seen them time and again, and in these

parts there are none better. And beside these two reasons, there is a third that you might well have seen with your own eyes, for this man's cloak is the cloak of a pilgrim and not of a lord, and his hat and staff are such as none use but wayfarers. And if you will not believe me now, you may ask him for the truth of it yourself."

"That will I do," said the woman.

Then Ywain fell into a study, for he saw that in despite of all those reasons her mind was not changed, but that she would certainly ask the truth of him. And it seemed hard to him to know what the truth might be: for he remembered how he had put off the lordship that was his, but he could not tell how he had become young, nor how he had lost his sword and come by the hat and staff of his pilgrimage: so that he thought at one moment, "I am that lord," and at another, "I am not," and his life past seemed like a dream of the night.

And while he was still wondering he went down the steps, and in the room that was below he saw the farmwife with bread for him to break his fast, and the man by the door; and against the wall he saw his hat and staff. And as he ate, the woman said to him, "Look you, sir, we are not used to keep guests that are unknown to us. But we knew you, that you are my lord of Sulney."

Then Ywain said, "I am not," and immediately the

farmer slapped his hand upon his thigh and shouted at his wife. But Ywain saw the woman look at him, and he looked at her, and she smiled to him as to one that was bidding her keep a thing secret. And she said to her husband, "There is no need for you to shout: for an apple may have a red side and a green, and yet it is an apple, to him that hath understanding."

Then Ywain gave her thanks, and took his leave of them both: and he went out into the sunlight, and followed the path into the high wood. But he saw nothing of his way as he went, for all his thought was upon that answer which he had given, whereby he had answered others, but in no wise answered himself.

CHAPTER IV.—HOW YWAIN CAME TO AN HERMITAGE IN A WOOD.

So Ywain marched alone in the high wood, and for a time he saw no more the sun, nor the light of the sun, for the wood was of pines and they were marvellous thick above his head. But the stems were far enough apart and the track went this way and that among them, and whiles it turned aside and whiles it forked, and whiles it was no track at all. But Ywain went always right forward and would not stay, nor leave following his own thought. And as he went it came again into his mind that he was a new man, for though he was still amazed with questions yet he carried neither forethought nor repentance, and he marched to a song that was in his ears. And in his marching there came to him the remembrance of the child that had led him forth, and though he knew surely that he was now alone, yet, by the imagination of his heart, he could well see the child dancing before him upon the path of the forest.

And at last when he had gone a long way and could by no means tell how long, on a sudden he looked far before him and saw the ground all fresh with grass, and no more pine-needles upon it but sunlight and shadow. And he went quickly forward and came out from the dark wood and stood in an open grove that was hoar with silver-birches: and beyond the grove was a stream that ran burbling, and beyond the stream was a bank with great beeches upon it. So for delight of that place he turned and left following the path, and went along between the beech-roots and the stream.

And as he went the bank upon the right hand was ever higher and steeper, until there were no more beeches upon it, but by the stream was a bare lawn between this wood and that, and a little cliff thereby, as sharp as a cliff of the sea. Now the cliff was of red sand, and the face of it was earven curiously: for in it were two

steps and a doorway, as it were the doorway of a church, and two windows of like fashion with a little mullion to each: so that Ywain knew it for an hermitage. And he sat down to look upon it, stepping back within the shadow of the beech-trees: and when he looked, it did him great good to see and to think upon it, for the house was small and secret, and though the carven work of it was but plain, yet it well showed the pleasure of him that had worked at it.

Then the hermit came out from within, and when he saw him Ywain kept close to watch what he would do, for he knew not the manner of hermits, nor how they live all their life-days, seeing that they have time before them like new-fallen snow, without fence or foot-mark.

Now the hermit had bread in his hand, and Ywain hungered at the sight of it, for he had had none since the morning was early and it was now late, and this he knew by the hermit's shadow, for it lay small and squat about his feet. Nevertheless he would not move, but kept still where he sat, for his desire to see was greater than his desire to eat, and he thought moreover that he might yet come to the eating after the seeing.

So he looked and saw as he desired: for the hermit broke the bread and rubbed it in his hand and threw the crumbs abroad upon the lawn: and instantly there came upon the place a dozen of small fowls, such as dunnocks and finches, and they hovered and hopped

after the bread as long as he would throw it. And some part of it he would not throw, but he walked away from the birds and came to the stream and held out his hand above a little pool where the water ran curdling. And Ywain knew that he was giving the remnant to the fish, and that they were by likelihood trout that came for it, for where a crumb fell upon the pool there he saw the water broken, and at some times there was no splashing but only a ridge that ran swiftly upon the face of the pool.

Then when all was finished the hermit stood looking upon the water as one that loved the sound of it and had no need to be elsewhere. But the sun was strong upon his head, and Ywain saw how he drew his hood around his neck where it was bare at the nape, and so went back to the house in the rock. And as he entered in at the doorway the shadow was cool and dark upon him, and then he was gone as a fox goes into his earth.

But Ywain mused yet a little while longer, and all that he had seen seemed strange and very good to him, like the tales of the elves and pixies, of whom there is nothing told that will not please young children, because they also have their dealing with the little things of the earth, and are of no account with grown men. And he wondered if this might be the end of his desire, to live secretly and far off from men, having his converse only with the creatures of the greenwood.

CHAPTER V.—OF THE HERMIT AND OF HIS DEALING
WITH YWAIN.

So within a while he got upon his feet and came to the door in the rock and called to the hermit; and the hermit came from within and stood shading his eyes with his hand, and asked him the reason of his calling. And Ywain answered him courteously, making as though to take his hat from off his head in sign of reverence: and the hermit lifted his eyes in the same moment and saw that the hat was the hat of a pilgrim, and yet of no accustomed pilgrim, for there were upon it neither shells nor images. Also he saw that Ywain's cloak was not thread-worn nor his shoes broken. And his face he could not well see for the brightness of the sunlight, but by his voice he might perceive him to be young and gentle, and none of the wandering rogues of whom all hermits dwell in dread. Then he brought him into his cave, that was as like a house as a cave may be, and he made him sit by a table, and gave him to eat and to drink.

And when Ywain had well eaten and drunk the hermit asked him concerning the way by which he had come, and the way by which he would go forth again: but he would not ask of his name, nor in what house he was born, nor even of his pilgrimage, for he also was courteous, and his mind was to pleasure his guest and not himself only. Nevertheless he was not willing to lose the

companionship that had fallen to him until he should have heard somewhat of the dealing of men, for it was long since he had had knowledge thereof by one of like breeding with himself. So he spoke to Ywain of to-morrow, and of certain things that he would show him, and Ywain heard him gladly enough, for his feet were now heavy with weariness and good eating. And the hermit knew this by the sound of his speech, and he laid him upon his own bed and bade him take his ease.

Now when Ywain awoke he looked first upon the wall of the chamber and saw that there was a glint of sunlight upon it high up, whereby he knew that the day was falling. Also he was aware that there was one watching him, and when he had turned his head he saw how it was the hermit who stood in the doorway of the chamber: and the man's face seemed to him wise and quiet, as of one that had many thoughts and mastery therewith.

So they two went to supper, and this was the first time that they had eaten together. And at one time they remembered this, and at another they forgot it: for they spoke not of their doing but chiefly of their deeming, and often they would be eager the one to put question to the other, and often they would know before question put how the answer would be.

Then at the last Ywain was minded to ask counsel of the hermit, and in one tale he told him all, to wit, how that in a day his life had changed, and how that he had left his own house and the house of his fathers, and gone out to seek his desire, and again how that he had as yet no certainty of what his desire might be. Only he told nothing of the boy that had come and led him away: but he put his own desire in place of the boy, for he was willing rather to be counted a fool than a teller of marvels. And he thought that his adventure might be judged as well by the part as by the whole, for that which he would hold back was in no wise the marrow of it.

But the hermit said, "Desire is a child: yet will he take a man by the hand and lead him away."

Then Ywain was astonished, for he said within himself, "How can this hermit have knowledge of the child, seeing that I told him nothing?"

Then the hermit said further, "This is the part of a man, to know whether his desire be a wise child or a wayward. For the wayward will swiftly take

him a-wandering, and swiftly in his wandering will leave him: but the wise will never leave him utterly."

Then Ywain asked him, "By what reason may that be?" And the hermit said, "By nature: for every man is that which hath been and that which shall be."

Then Ywain was yet more astonished, and his mind swung backwards and he thought, "Certainly I must have told him, for these words are every one of them the words of the boy." And instantly his mind swung again and he thought, "But I told him not." And he looked at the hermit's face and saw it hardly, for the twilight was covering it from him by little and little: but he saw the two eyes of him and they were not fainter but clearer, and Ywain's heart lay open to them like water to the stars. And he said within himself, "The words that I told not, he perceived them with his eyes."

Then the hermit rose up softly and went out, and when he came again he brought heather and fern, and he made Ywain a bed beyond his own, and they slept before it was dark.

CHAPTER VI.—YET MORE OF THE HERMIT, AND OF A WORD THAT WAS IN YWAIN'S EARS.

In the morning when they had arisen they went out of the house and came to the stream, for the hermit said that they should bathe in it, and he showed Ywain a pool that was deep enough. Then they did off their clothes hastily and

threw themselves into the water after the manner of otters, and at a stroke they came to the top of the pool. And there was a little waterfall there, and the stream of it carried them down, and they touched the stones and crept

out upon them. Then they took the water again more strongly and came right to the waterfall and stood beneath it, and it splashed upon their heads and divided the hair like a cold knife. And at that they laughed together and so threw themselves back and were carried down again, and they came quickly to their clothes, blowing with their breath and shivering. But when they had run to the house they were warm and fresh.

Then the hermit set two bowls of milk with bread upon the table. And Ywain was glad of the sight of that food, and he sat where the murmuring of the stream came in at the window, and a soft air with it, and the world was made new for him. But he ate and drank with few words, for he was thinking within himself how that to-morrow had come and he knew not yet whether to go or stay. And often in his thinking he looked at the hermit, and the hermit looked kindly back at him, and nodded: and it was as though he nodded to Ywain's thought, but he spoke nothing with his lips. Yet at one time there was a voice, and Ywain heard it plainly: and the voice said, "For delight men stay, but for

desire they go forth." And he looked hard at the hermit, and the hermit nodded again to him, as though he also had heard that voice, and knew it to say truth: but he spoke nothing with his lips.

Then Ywain said aloud, "Surely I heard a voice and it was not your voice nor mine, yet it seemed to me that I heard it not in my imagination but in my ears."

And the hermit said, "I also heard it, and before this I have heard many such, and no great wonder; for in all solitude there will be voices, as in all still water there will be visions."

And as Ywain heard those words he believed them, and he thought on still water, but found none in his remembrance: only he saw before him the picture of the stream, wherein he had but now been bathing, and the course of it was all racing and burbling, and where it lay more still, even there froth turned and drew together upon the face of it. And he asked the hermit boldly, "Where then is the still water of your visions?"

And the hermit answered, "It is near at hand: but the looking is longer than the way thither."

CHAPTER VII.—HOW YWAIN LOOKED INTO THE WATER OF A WELL, AND OF THAT WHICH HE SAW THEREIN.

Then they rose up and went out, and the hermit showed Ywain a little path that went along under the cliff and so into the wood beyond: and thereby, he said, was the way

to a dead thorn-tree that stood in a space alone, and under the thorn-tree was a well-spring, and from the well-spring came a runnel of bright water whereby it might surely be found.

Then he put a wheaten-cake into Ywain's hand and said to him, "Farewell now for to-day, and at supper-time come again with your visions, and we will talk of them together. But when you stand by the well-spring and look therein, then," said he, "be not weary of your looking, but return always and be always in hope until the sun go down. For the visions are not quickly to be seen, as the common sort suppose that they see all things which are before their faces: whereas they see, as it were, but the shadows upon the ground and not the life of those who cast them. But that which you seek to see is the dealing of spirits, and men come not thereto suddenly, but by long time and loneliness."

Then he returned from him, and Ywain took the path and went into the wood, and in no long space he saw a great thorn-tree before him, and it was all dead and without leaf or berry, and other trees there were none very near it, but only the cliff that bore hard upon it on the one side, whereby it leaned a little outwards. And beneath the spread of it Ywain saw a well-head made of stone from the cliff, and it was of the height of a man's thigh. Also there was a step or margin of stone under it, and the step and the well-head were both shapen with six sides, every side equal to every other, after the manner of the waxen chambers of bees. And when Ywain came nearer he saw that the spring rose in the well-head within four fingers of the brim, but it could not rise above the brim by

reason of a little sluice below, that was made in the stone above the step, and a runnel came therefrom of bright water and went into the wood darkling.

Then he looked into the water of the spring, and it was deep and still, for the fountain was as great as the runnel and no more, so that there came no moving of the water that was above. But the shadow of the cliff lay yet upon the well-head, for the sun was not high, and by that reason the face of the water was like the face of a mirror, and all that Ywain could see therein was his own image, and with that the image of the thorn-tree, and no more could he see though he looked long and warily.

So for a while he ceased from looking, and he went into the wood beyond the well, and walked softly therein, for he meant to come again as the hermit had counselled him. And as he went he mused, and when he awoke out of his musing he perceived that the sun was now high above him. Right so he turned about and came quickly back to the thorn-tree, and looked again into the water; and where dimness had been there was sunlight, and the water was clear and thin, and in the depth of it were many lights both shining and shimmering, for some of them rested in their glowing, like embers, and some rose and curdled, like smoke of gold, and so passed and came again continually. But of visions Ywain could find none: only these lights could he see, and

else nothing. Then again he left looking in the water, and sat down under a green tree, for it was past noon and hotter than before: and he took his wheaten-cake that the hermit had given him and ate it sitting there. And as he ate he thought on these days that were hardly yet three days since he left his former life, and they seemed to him to be as it were three long years, that lay between him and the time that was before.

Then suddenly he perceived that with his thinking the heat of the day had gone over, and the sun was dipped into the trees of the wood behind him where he sat. And he looked again towards the well-head that stood there before him, and a light was upon the stone of it that was the last of the sunlight, and afterwards that light passed away and the stone was left dark. Then he knew that his time was come, and he leapt up and strode to the well and leaned over it. And at the first he looked and saw nothing, for a darkness seemed to rise and roll within it, like a cloud in storm: but after no long watching the darkness rolled away, and he saw clearly.

Now that which he saw was a marvel, for it was not water, though it lay within the well-head: nor was it sunlight, for the sun was now far down behind the wood. But it was by seeming a piece of that country, as it were between the night and the day: for there was a wood and a river with a high bank, and in the sky above there was neither

sun nor moon, but one only star of bright silver. And as he looked the star faded, by reason that the sky was more light, and he saw that the river was wide and shallow, and over the width of it were stepping-stones, one beyond another in a line, like floats upon a fish-net. And out of the wood came a boy, and though his face was turned away, yet could Ywain tell without doubt that he was in all things like the boy that had been with him: and his heart beat and he strained in his watching as one that fears lest he be seen or heard. But the boy came to the stepping-stones and passed lightly over them, and began to go upon the bank. And as he went there came a bright light upon the topmost of the bank, and Ywain perceived that it was the light of sunrise, and it fell upon a banner that was there, with men about it in armour, and twice or thrice there came sudden glints upon the armour. And for all that they seemed far off and small, it was clear to be seen that they fought together in two companies. And the boy, when he had climbed the bank, came to one of the companies and entered into it, and Ywain saw him no more: but that company stayed not where they were, for they were hard pushed in the fighting, and gave ground by inch and by inch. And one man of them, that had no helmet upon him, came to the edge of the bank, with a horn in his right hand: and he set the horn to his mouth to blow it, and in that instant the darkness came

again, and Ywain saw nothing but only the water in the well, and the cloud that rolled within the water. And he started up,

and fear and joy took him in the same blood-heat, and he turned and ran quickly by the path under the cliff.

CHAPTER VIII.—HOW THE HERMIT SET YWAIN ON HIS WAY
AND OF TWO SECRETS THAT HE TOLD HIM.

Now it was the hour when the hermit would be going to supper, and thereupon came Ywain to the house. And while they sat eating and drinking Ywain told the hermit of that which he had seen: but he spoke warily, for he told him nothing of the boy.

And the hermit said, "The vision is yours and not mine: yet this much concerning it is in my head and not in yours. I tell you, therefore, the wood-side that was shown to you, and the stepping-stones, and the bank beyond the water, all these are of no solitary vision, but may be seen of any man that has a mind thereto."

Then said Ywain quickly, "That mind have I," and the hermit looked him in the face and nodded to him after his own fashion. Then he told him of the way to that place which he had seen: and as he spoke Ywain saw the way plainly, as it were before him, and the winding and the turns of it, and the stars above the trees, and the setting-place of the moon. And the hermit said how it was a nine hours' journey for a man like himself, that was now out of his youth and past hurrying.

And when he heard that, Ywain kept silence for a moment, and in the silence he made his reckoning, that

it wanted even now but eight hours to sunrise. And thereupon he stood up suddenly upon his feet and stretched out his hand to bid the hermit farewell.

But the hermit left him there standing, and went to and fro and took bread from the table and put it in a wallet and brought it to Ywain, and he took also a hunting-knife from the wall behind the door, and a thong thereto, and gave it to him to belt about his middle. But Ywain laid it first upon the table, and drew the knife from out the sheath and out off a silver button of his cloak. And the knife he returned into the sheath and left it lying: and the button he gave to the hermit in token of bargain and sale, lest in the time to come by the gift of a knife their friendship should be parted, as hath happened unto many and many. And then he belted on the knife without fear, and they two went swiftly from the house and came to the wood and entered into it.

Now the moon was high and bright, being near the full, and the light of her came softly between the trees and made clear the path. And Ywain and the hermit spoke little in their going, for all the need that they had of each

other: but their speech seemed to them as it were forbidden, by reason of the shadows. So they went dumbly for the most part, walking the one before the other and making great haste, and when a full hour was gone they came to an open heath that was beyond the wood. And the hermit stayed there and set him down upon the heather, and he said to Ywain that he could go with him no farther, for the moon was fast southing and he was an hour's journey from home. But this he said courteously, as one that spoke of necessity and against his own heart.

Then Ywain sat by him, and suddenly in his heart also there came division, with thoughts straining this way and that as two hounds that strain in the same leash. For though he was hot to follow his desire, yet he remembered the companionship of the hermit and the quiet of his dwelling; moreover, he saw the man there beside him and none to take his place. But again the remembrance of the boy drew him more strongly, and he chafed till he should be gone. So he said to the hermit, "Let me go now, for even as they say of death, the longer the colder, so it is with the parting of friends. But I know also that I go too soon, for you have perceived of me more than ever I told you, and of a certainty with your counsel I might have feathered my shafts. And though this may not be, yet tell me now, I pray you, in few words, of the likelihood of this my journey, how

it shall prosper or in what danger it shall come, that I may thank you and fare the better."

But the hermit said, "In this you are astray: for that which a man may learn in solitude is not knowledge but wisdom, and wisdom is not of this or that, but of the nature of things. So now concerning you, I know not how you shall fare, but I know of that which you may become, and in some part I know the way thereto. Follow therefore your desire, for so only can you live and be alive, and this is the first secret. But the second is this, that you serve another, for so only can you put away your enemy that was born with you. And truth it is that if a man overtake his desire and have not done away his enemy, it had been better for him that he had died first, for he shall never have peace."

And Ywain heard the words and marked them, for they were spoken deeply. But what the meaning of them should be, that he knew not yet, for his mind was all a-bubble with the thoughts of his journey and of the boy, and of the fighting that he had seen in the vision. And the hermit perceived that he was distraught and in haste to be gone: and he stood up and bade him good-speed. But first he took a promise of him that he would come again, and then he spoke the last words and turned away into the wood.

And with that Ywain's heart fell, and his strength was slackened, and he laid his hand to the stem of a pine-

tree and leaned upon it, that he might keep watch upon the hermit until he should be wholly gone from him. And at the first he saw him as a living man, but afterwards as a shadow without form or substance; for that which he

saw was ever moving through the forest and the moonlight, as a fish is seen dimly in green water, going among the reeds. And at the last he saw him not at all, for the very shadow of him was wholly mingled with the night.

CHAPTER IX.—OF YWAIN'S JOURNEY BY NIGHT, AND HOW HE WAS BROUGHT BY A LADY TO THE PLACE OF HIS VISION, AND SO LEFT HER.

So Ywain turned him from his watching: and as he turned him he drew his breath again, and his heart rose and he took the path strongly among the heather. And he went therein a good two hour or more, until he saw upon his left side how the land rose up ridge-wise like the back of a great hog: and for all that it was night, yet he saw the top of the ridge clearly, as it were a black line that ran along the sky. And thereover stood the moon all broad and yellow, and he perceived that this was the place of her setting, as the hermit had shown it to him by his counsel. Then he knew that it was hard on midnight, and he had great gladness because that he had come so far on his way and no time lost. And he left the heath and took a good road that was below the ridge, and for a little space the moon hung above him as it were a great lantern of yellow horn. And then she sank behind the ridge, and in no long time afterwards the land was dark.

Nevertheless he ceased not to go swiftly and without stumbling, for the stars were

now brighter before him, and the road under his feet was smooth and white with dust, so that he had no need to walk warily. And as he went he remembered all the words of the hermit, and he turned them over in his mind as a man turns over his money upon his hand: for it may chance that he knows not yet how much it is, or in what manner it may serve him. Even so Ywain considered the words of the hermit, and namely the two secrets: whereof one was plain to his understanding and one was dark. For he was of himself fully minded to follow his desire; but to serve another was no such matter, seeing that in his old life he had served both lords and overlords, and for his wages had little but weariness. And in this wise he reasoned hotly as he went, speaking as it might have been to the hermit himself there present.

Then upon the instant his sight went from him, as it happens many times to those that reason hotly. And he saw no more the road beneath him nor the stars above, but

by seeming he came again into the house in the rock, and there was the hermit sitting over against him, and his eyes shining in the twilight. And Ywain said to the hermit, "What is this secret that you have told me, and how can a man both follow his desire and also serve another? For by his desire he would be free, but service is to freedom as water upon fire." And the semblance of the hermit looked at him and nodded kindly, but he answered nothing to Ywain's questioning, save that he spoke again the former words.

Then because of the hermit's voice and the deepness of it and the quiet of his house, the tangle in Ywain's heart was untwisted and he had no more lust of reasoning. And he came back as it were from another place, and perceived that he had been a long time absent, for the way was changed beneath his feet, and from being a high-road was become a green ox-drove, and the stars in the sky were few and pale.

Then Ywain saw that the night was far gone, and fear came suddenly upon him lest in his dreaming he should have wandered aside from the right way. And he stood still to peer about him, but he could see nothing save only the ox-drove and a little bank that was the border of it, and the field beyond the border. But while he stood still there came the sound of a cock crowing: and in the same instant he was aware of a tower that lay hard by, and it lay in the field all bare and open where he had

looked before and had seen nothing, until the crowing of the cock. But now he could see it without peering, and how it stood on a little mound in the field, with a pool beside it and a great rowan-tree thereby.

Then he made to go to the tower, and when he came to the bank to pass out of the ox-drove he found a gate therein: and he looked over the gate and saw how there was a door opened in the tower, and a woman that came out from it, and she began to go towards him over the field. So he passed through the gate and went out to meet her. And as he went he perceived that she was some great one, for she was richly arrayed in colours all of blue, and her raiment was close about her as the sheath is about a flower. Also she wore a veil and not a hood, and the veil was upon her head only and not upon her face, and it was light and cloudy like smoke in still air.

And when they two drew together the lady bade Ywain good-morrow, and great wonder took hold upon him: for her voice came to him as it had been out of old memory, and whereas in her outward seeming there was nothing that was not strange to him, yet by her speaking he was persuaded heartily that he had known her all the years of his life. Then she asked him whither he went, and he began to tell her of the place of the stepping-stones and of the fighting beyond the water. And she heard him courteously, but while he spoke she ceased not

to go forward, so that in short time they came again to the bank and the ox-drove.

And Ywain looked before him in the half-light, and again he was amazed: for the gate was there by which he had passed out, and beside it were two horses, a white and a black, and by their bridle-reins they were tethered to this post and to that. Then the lady came to the white horse, and she laid her hand upon the mane of him, and her one foot she gave into Ywain's hand and so went to saddle and rode fast away. And Ywain took the black horse and followed hard after her: and they rode long and the sky lightened towards dawn, and they went ever faster and faster, till the wind rushed by their faces as a stream rushes by the stakes of a weir.

So they came to a wood and coasted it, for the trees of it were set so thick together that no horse might go therein: also the land fell sheer and sudden within it. And in a five furlongs more the lady stayed her galloping, and she leapt down and cast away her bridle-rein and turned her into the wood. And Ywain followed after her, and she caught him by the hand, and they two ran down the wood together with pain and stumbling. And they came to the edge of the wood, and the land there was level, and Ywain looked out between

the trees and saw the place of his vision, for there before him was a meadow and a broad water with stepping-stones, and beyond the water was a bank. And upon the top of the bank there went a banner, with men fighting about it: but child there was none to see, neither upon the stones neither upon the bank.

Then Ywain raged within himself to go forward, but first he turned him of his courtesy to give thanks to the lady, for he said that without help of her he had never come there: whereby he was wholly bounden to her, if that she would command him in anything. And she looked him in the eyes and said to him, "Yea, sir, are you so bounden? Then have I found a friend to my need: for I have a hundred knights that are sworn of my allegiance, yet there is none of them that serveth not his own desire before mine."

Then despair came upon Ywain, as upon a wild thing that is trapped, and he struggled blindly and saw no way out. And in his struggling he heard the sound of a horn that was blown behind him, and he turned about and perceived him that blew it standing upon the height of the bank. And at the blare of that horn all the blood of his body was made fire, and he left the lady alone and went furiously up to go into the battle.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

THE MAKING OF A CHIEF.

FIFTY years ago the Hudson Bay Company's traders were still blazing trails across the regions of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Winnipeg was in the limitless West, and beyond lay the unknown. Wandering tribes of Indians, great herds of buffalo, moved across the vast expanses of rolling grass. From the ice-bound fastnesses of the Arctic regions to the steel boundaries of the first American Transcontinental railroads, was an empire of whose extent and riches few but the Hudson Bay adventurers had any knowledge. From Winnipeg to the foothills of the grim Rocky Mountains a thousand miles of unfenced land stretched in long waves. From Butte in Montana to the mouth of the great Mackenzie river 2000 miles of unconquered prairie stretched itself lazily in its eternal sleep. It was the empire of the trapper and hunter, and its owner was the Hudson Bay Company, always ready to dispute possession with any who dared to poach within its great preserve. Every man in that great country worked for the Company, or else was a piratical foe adventuring like Drake of old into unknown regions after loot. Roman Catholic priests worked and lived among the Indians, but even they were dependent for every-

thing on the factors of the Octopus that held all Canada's North-Western Territories in its relentless grasp.

Then gradually from out the East were thrust two tentacles of steel. They reached Winnipeg, they crept on and on into the unknown beyond, and whatever they gripped they held unyielding—in front and behind a ragged roaring army of men.

This was a new trail being blazed, a trail the Indians did not understand. From the Octopus they had received beads, and better still, old guns, that made great noises and killed buffaloes and elk far surer than and at fifty times the distance of bows and arrows. But this new steel tentacle gave nothing. Instead, it spread into the land men, men, men. They ploughed and sowed and reaped. They built and fenced. They wrung from the soil the wherewithal to live. Before this rushing inexorable tide of humanity, which clung close to the steel arms of its strange invisible mother, the Indians fell sullenly back. To-day they are still falling back; back into the vast silences of the Northland; back into the still unknown regions of muskeg and lake; back into lands bounded on the east by the Hudson Bay, on the west by the Rocky Mountains, on the south by

the steel of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and on the north by the Arctic Sea.

Sometimes in Edmonton are seen tall, dignified men, lithe and muscular, huge statues in bronze, robed in wonderful clothes of untanned deerskin. Sometimes the men are smaller and of stockier build, flatter faces, and less graceful in movement. To the inquirer all are Crees, Indians from the northern parts of Alberta, whose homes are somewhere in the Mackenzie district. Leaving Edmonton and taking to the old, old trails, passing beyond Athabasca into the country of the Great and Lesser Slave Lakes, the traveller finds bands of these same Indians wandering over the country. They come into the mission stations, gather round the father for a day or two, and then are swallowed up once more in the mysterious beyond.

Sometimes two or three slip away for some weeks. They journey to the Hudson Bay Posts, sell their furs and return. Beyond this they have practically no relations whatever with the white men who have driven them North. If they chance across the latter on the trail, a curt greeting, courteous yet cold, and forbidding any advances, is the sole intercourse.

The Indians beyond the Athabasca are all generalised as Crees. As a matter of fact the real Cree is the smaller race, a race that has probably been forced over the Rockies by raiding Mongolians on the Pacific. The taller, finer built

men are another race altogether, a conquering race from the South, the Kohawahas. They are sinewy, big-chested men, with long thin faces, high cheek-bones, and masses of black hair, seldom braided. A band of leather or coloured cloth is worn, like the old Roman circlet, on the head.

The old trappers of that country tell that many generations ago these men came from the South and conquered the Crees, but in turn were absorbed by the vanquished, just as the Manchus were assimilated by the Chinese. Proof of their ancestry is said to be given by the feathered head-dress and war bonnet they wear, while the missionaries, who have in many cases taken great pains to trace the ancestry of their congregations, point to the curious writings of some of these Indians, which bear not only a close resemblance, but in many cases have the same hieroglyphics and words as the Mexican Red-men.

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In the early part of the summer of 1912, it was evident to the old trappers round Athabasca that some great event was going to take place in the unknown regions of the North. Bands of Indians were all moving in one direction, but beyond the Slave Lakes the movement was more pronounced. Bands from the Great Slave, from the Yellow Knife River; bands from the Great Bear Lake, from the Little Lake country; bands from as far east as the shores

of the Hudson Bay and west to the Rocky Mountains, were all hurrying northward by canoe, by pony, or on foot. Converging towards one point, they moved, a solid army, magnificently caparisoned. Bands meeting each other exchanged formal greetings as from one commander of a regiment to another, and then swept onward, northward, ever northward, in a long unbroken stream. Many a trapper watched them pass; many exchanged greetings with chiefs they knew; some questioned—

"Where you going?"

"Woaocta's village!"

"Eagle Feather's?"

"Eagle Feather dead—we go make Copper Wing big Chief."

Eagle Feather dead! The great Cree chief across the Great Divide! Most of the trappers in that country had heard of Eagle Feather. Some knew and respected his son Copper Wing, head of the Crees, greatest of chiefs in all the North-Western Territories. Eagle Feather was dead, and the Indians of the whole country were swarming to his village to proclaim Copper Wing their chief.

"When make big Chief?"

"When moon full."

One or two trappers hinted that they too would like to be there, but they were courteously but firmly discouraged from making any such attempt.

Now some five years ago I had been trading and hunting for furs round the head-waters of the Mackenzie. I had made close friends with two Indians,

whom I had met one day on the Athabasca on my way into the country. A lucky shot had saved the life of one, and in return they had taken my partner and myself right up into their country and given us splendid hunting. On our return to the Slave we had met a large band of Indians going south. My Indian comrades exchanged greetings, and I found they were of the same village. One came to me and said his Little Chief was there, and wished to meet us. Formal introductions and the pipe of peace followed. We found that the chief was sending some of his bucks down with the season's furs. He, speaking excellent English, told us they would escort us if we so wished. My partner jumped at the chance, and, though I felt sorry at leaving our companions who had proved such excellent friends, the opportunity was too good to be missed.

Next day we all travelled on south until about noon, when we came to the river, which meant separation, as those going on would take canoes. Just as the river was sighted the chief turned to me suddenly and said—

"Have you had good hunting?"

I told him that, thanks to his bucks, we had been very successful.

"If you come back with me," he said, "I shall give you very fine hunting, and you will come out next year with lots of furs."

For a moment I scanned his face incredulously. I was wondering if he really meant his

invitation. I knew from others that the Crees had very little use for white men, yet here was their Little Chief, which meant the son of the Head Chief, inviting me to come back with them to their village and promising me a fine hunt next season. Seeing my hesitation, and reading my mind like a book, he held out his hand.

"You come," he said. "You have been a good friend to my bucks, now I'll be your good friend if you will."

I hesitated no longer. In a few minutes I told my partner I was going back, and arranged to write to him in London, where he was going, when I would be out. My share of the hunt was to be paid into my bank in London. Thus I turned my back on civilisation, and it was two years before I saw my partner again.

But those two years I spent roaming the lands beyond the Slave Lakes in company with Copper Wing, the Little Chief of the Crees. True to his word, he gave me wonderful hunting, and I brought close on \$20,000 worth of furs back to civilisation. His father, Eagle Feather, had also proved my friend, and once I was sorely tempted finally to cast off civilisation and become an Indian. However, as Copper Wing said to me when we finally parted, "The call of blood is too strong for man; if you stayed with us you would become weary of being Indian, and then you would go back to your own people; you are a young man, with life all before you, you might stay

here and be a chief, but your heart is too big, and it would draw you back to your own land."

So I went, but every year would come to me a gift from Copper Wing, forwarded from Edmonton, and every year I would write and tell him of my wanderings.

Then one year, in the spring of the year, came a message: "My father is dead, they will make me chief at the full moon in July. Come to me, your friend, and be a witness of my vows." I was in Vancouver when the summons came, and straightway I left and journeyed north. Thus it was that I too made one of a band of Indians travelling to the village of Woaocta.

The Indians had with them their finest garb. It was as though they were travelling to the coronation of King George. Every description of rich rare furs for their dress—ermine, martin, black, silver, and blue fox; magnificent coats, leggings, moccasins, and other articles of clothing were made of the smoke-tanned buck, caribou, and elk skins, worked sumptuously with beads, silk, and quills. The canoes in which we paddled for days down the winding waterways were the finest of their kind, and everything that in any way could prove the wealth of the owner was packed in big skin bags, to be worn at the great ceremony.

At last we arrived at the head village. There must have been at least four thousand Indians gathered there in one

huge camp. As each chief arrived his followers made the camp, and then, arrayed in the finest robes he possessed, he took his arms and went out alone to the grave of his old chief Eagle Feather to pay his last respects. The dead chief's body lay in a rude wooden, painted coffin perched high in the trees. His bravery and skill had commanded the admiration of all the Indians of that vast country, and now they performed their last duties in much the same way as the last respects had been paid to King Edward VII. as he lay in Westminster Hall.

Each chief slowly approached the tree on which Eagle Feather's body lay, and, standing beneath it, raised his right hand above his head, palm outward. Then in solemn tones he chanted of those great deeds performed by the dead chief, of his powers in hunting, of his skill in governing, his reverence for the Great Spirit. (No longer do they chant of valorous battles with other tribes, of the scalps taken in raids, or the victims of the tomahawk; but now that peace, under the ægis of the Red Coats, the Royal North-West Mounted Police, reigns through all these territories, a man's bravery and virtue is summed up by his prowess in hunting.) Having thus paid his respects to the memory of his dead chief, he would pause, and then, once more raising his voice, he would chant of such deeds as he himself had accomplished—not in any spirit of

vainglory, but that the Great Spirit might recognise that he was no unworthy comrade of the dead man. At the conclusion of this chant he would reverently lay at the foot of the tree some small gift, such as a skin or tooth, or other small token taken in hunting. The chief would then turn and walk solemnly some paces from the tree as the braves of his tribe advanced towards him, and each laid a small token on the ground. All the while their chief stood with his back to the tree, arms folded and head bowed, motionless as a statue, until all his braves and bucks had performed their last duties.

This ceremony completed, all returned to camp and regathered with other Indians of their own rank, and spoke in soft sibilant tones of the hunting and trapping of the great North Lands, much as farmers meeting on some great occasion in Winnipeg will converse of the crops. But the Indians, in their conversation, in greeting old friends or making new acquaintances, never spoke one word of the dead chief, or the great ceremony about to take place.

I also, on arrival, paid my respects to my old friend Eagle Feather, reciting in my own language something of the kindness I had experienced at his hands, and telling him of my adventures in other parts of the country since I bade him my last farewell. Then I also turned back to the camp, feeling like a stranger in a

strange land; for although Copper Wing's message had served me as a kind of passport northward, I had only met one Indian I knew in former days. But no sooner had I reached the main village, intending to make my way to Copper Wing's wigwam, than I was met by two men whom I knew well. They brought me Copper Wing's greetings, and conducted me to a splendidly equipped wigwam which he had placed at my disposal.

Here I was visited by Copper Wing's sister Nakuta, a splendid-looking young woman, of about twenty-three, with whom I had had many hours of companionship in my former visit. She had taught me much of Indian lore, and being well educated herself (having been to the convent in Edmonton for some years), had proved herself not only a trusty comrade but an excellent friend. It was on her account I had hesitated to return to civilisation. If she had attempted to persuade me to stay I would have become a Nitchie; but she, with a selfless cowardice which might be envied by her fairer sisters, had seen clearly that for the white man, brought up in the din of the world, the silent fastnesses of the North would prove but a sorry prison for which even a woman's love could not compensate.

She had made the matter plain in the picturesque metaphor so much in use among the Indians. "Shall the eagle's wings be clipped so that he

soar no more into the great world of sky and sea he loves so well; shall a woman's hand destroy the pinions the Great Spirit gave to the white man? In the world he knows the beaver can build no dams; the Great Spirit gave the beaver and the eagle different work to do; the hunting-grounds of the one cannot be the hunting-grounds of the other, for the eagle swings clear in the sky, far above the haunts of the beaver in the forest."

And now I met Nakuta once again, with something of the old thrill, for she was lithe and tall. Her splendid coat and skirt of untanned elk hide, beautifully worked and ornamented with beads, fitted close about her supple body; her great brown eyes gazed frankly into mine as I held her hand in silent greeting. Thus for one moment we stood, and then she turned to the tent entrance—"Little One," she cried, and like a flash there ran to her a tiny child, brown and merry, like a dormouse slipping through the grass.

"Nakuta!" I exclaimed.

She laughed happily.

"You shall meet Hawkeye, his father, to-night," she said, and picking up her child glided from the tent.

That night, sitting by Hawkeye's fire, he told me how he had wooed Nakuta soon after I had gone. She had spoken to him frankly of me, and what friends we were. Such jealousy of our friendship as Hawkeye had ever felt had soon disappeared, and by talking of me and the hunting trips we

had been on together, Hawkeye showed himself something of a diplomat. To Copper Wing's great delight Nakuta had consented to become Hawkeye's wife, and the marriage ceremony had been quite an event of some three years before.

For about a week after my arrival we spent the days in hunting and fishing. At night we sat round the fires and spoke of many things. In my previous sojourning with these people I had learned much of their language, and could understand most of what was said.

On the eighth day would be the full moon. The evening previous to this the great ceremonies began.

The camp was spread in a huge semicircle, like the horns of an ox, with the village of Woaocta as the forehead. On the tips of the horns spread the forest; on the neck the Great Lake; the space in between the horns was level park land, probably fifty acres in extent; in the centre of this park a council fire had been built. On the evening of the seventh day at sundown the chiefs of seventeen tribes gathered round this fire. The sub-chiefs gathered the braves in separate bands, like soldiers under their company officers, and formed a dense semicircle spaced company by company some distance away from the fire. Daylight fails but for a short hour or two in the summer, but on this occasion the moon rose clear on the horizon, silvering the waters of the lake. At the first sign of the rim of the

moon on the sharp horizon of the waters a tremendous rattling broke out in the forest, where the women of the tribes had gathered out of sight. This rattling kept up an incessant and horrible din until the moon was above the skyline. Silence fell as deeply as the noise before had been deafening, and not a sound could be heard amongst all that vast concourse of people. Then by the great council fire a figure stood out against the leaping flame. The youngest chief present had risen and in level sonorous tones made a speech which was nothing more or less than the nominating speech in favour of Copper Wing. When he sat down another rose and continued the recital. Each speaker dwelt on the character of Copper Wing as he knew it. One spoke of his powers in hunting; another of his brave deeds; another of his unselfishness. Most listened in silence, or now and again interjected a question. Such weaknesses as Copper Wing had had when a boy, were they eradicated? Had his education at a white man's college made him proud? Did he scorn Indian ways? The pros and cons of his character were fully and mercilessly analysed. But of one thing none spoke. Not one man questioned his knowledge of a chief's work, for, being the son of Eagle Feather, it would have been a reflection on that chief's greatness to have doubted the training he had given his son. At last the senior chief present rose and asked if any man objected to

Copper Wing as chief; if he did so he must speak now and make good his objection by the old method of challenge to combat. The scene irresistibly reminded one of the coronation of a British king, when the king's champion stands forth and challenges all men who object to the king's claim to do battle.

No man spoke, and so, going close to the fire, the senior chief raised his right hand as a sign of fealty, and with his left hand dropped a piece of meat into the fire as a sign of his tribe's allegiance. Each chief did the same, and then, advancing to his band, fires were lit in front of each separate tribe, and the oath was taken by the braves in similar fashion. (White men in America have substituted the ballot-box, but the method is curiously similar.) After the oath was taken the night's ceremony was over and the camp was soon wrapped in slumber.

During this time Copper Wing was invisible. Alone he stayed in his tepee waiting in silence the outcome of the chiefs' palaver.

What were his thoughts? Like the knightly champions of old he held lonely vigil. Twelve years before he had been sent to one of the great Indian schools and afterwards had graduated at college. Five years before he had returned to his father's wigwam. It was just at this time I had first met him. After he had talked to me of his people and his hopes and fears, filled with great ideals and real am-

bition, he had determined to devote his life to the good of his people. His education had seemed to him but a step on the road he must tread. He had endeavoured to fit his understanding of the white man's civilisation to the people over whom he hoped one day to rule. Many a night by the camp fire had he discussed with me the good and bad of our civilisation. He knew that to attempt to put the new wine of his learning into the old bottles of his people's superstitions and customs must end in dire failure. He had been a great hunter even in that country of great hunters. He knew the habits of every bird that flew and animal that crept, and now on the eve of his nomination he awaited the decision of his people. Was he to take his father's place, or must he see some other man hold the power, responsibilities, and honours of his father's position as chief of the Kohawaha tribe, which carried with it the leadership of the whole Cree race? Thus alone he communed with the Great Spirit, and awaited his fate. If the chiefs voted against him it meant exile—for could he, Copper Wing, son of Eagle Feather, the Great Chief, remain among the people that rejected him?

At sunrise the great camp stirred into life. Squaws were busy cooking meat and fish, children played their games in and out among the tepees; but the chiefs and braves arrayed in all their finest robes stood or walked around in silence.

Copper Wing's tepee re-

mained closed, for until the choice of his people was made known to him, and he took the oath of fidelity, none must gaze upon his face.

About an hour after sunrise the great semicircle was once more formed, and the women and children sent off out of sight into the forest.

Then at last into the centre of the semicircle stepped the head medicine-man; the senior chief stood by the closed tepee of Copper Wing; three blows struck by the medicine-man on a kind of tom-tom, made of a bear's skull, gave the signal; at the third blow the senior chief pulled back the curtain of the tepee, and Copper Wing came forth.

Tall, slight but beautifully built, about twenty-eight years of age, with strong, handsome, aristocratic features, his long black hair hanging loose on his shoulders—save only for the band of red leather round his forehead,—clad only in a loin-cloth or apron of plain buckskin about eight inches square, and with moccasins on his feet, the new chief walked slowly and with wonderful dignity to the centre of the circle. It was an astounding sight to watch the total unconsciousness of his nakedness under the gaze of some four thousand eyes, that took in every detail of his finely formed body. No white man under similar circumstances could have undergone such a trial. It was as if the elected Premier of Canada was obliged to appear before all the members of the various Provincial Legislatures, and Dominion

Parliament and Senate, naked as he was born.

For a moment he stood thus, the cynosure of all eyes. Then slowly he raised his right hand above his head, palm outward, and chanted the oath of fidelity to his people.

The rest of the day was given up to sports of all kinds, in which Copper Wing joined. He ran, jumped, rode, shot, and swam against all comers, and proved himself the superior of all the braves present. The older chiefs grunted their approval, and showed such enthusiasm as their stoicism allowed; but generally it seemed to be taken for granted that Copper Wing was the best man there.

At sunset came the concluding ceremonies. Although the chief had taken the oath and been notified of his nomination, and shown his powers, yet there remained the most gorgeous spectacle of all. The tribes must take the oath of fealty to their new chief, and with this oath goes the right of any man to challenge the chief to fight.

Arrayed in his very finest and rarest skins, most cunningly ornamented with beads, and wearing a head-dress of skins and splendid eagles' feathers, the new chief stepped from his tepee. Hanging from his shoulder was a smoke-tanned caribou skin, soft as velvet and covered with beads and quill-work, which made a truly magnificent coronation robe. Alone he advanced to the centre fire, where he stood alone, shadowed by the danc-

ing flames, and yet clearly outlined by the moonlight. The great dark masses of men around him and the blue-black depths of the forest behind him made a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Folding his arms proudly across his chest, he raised his head and held the people with his eyes. It is this moment which is the climax of the whole ceremony. If any man chooses he can leave the great circle of braves, and walking boldly forward stoop before the chief and throw a handful of dust into his face. This is a direct challenge to fight. If the challenger wins he has the right to choose another chief, or to take the chieftainship himself, when he too must accept any challenge offered. Within the memory of any living Indian of the North, this challenge has, however, never been given, and Copper Wing's election was no exception to the rule.

After a long pause, during which complete silence was kept, the chiefs stepped forward, and forming a close circle round Copper Wing raised their right hands, palms turned towards the chief. Then they turned their backs on him and faced the tribes, raising aloft as they did their rifles or any other weapons they carried. At once the whole sprang to life, and the braves followed their chiefs' lead, being immediately, in their turn, followed by the bucks. At the same time a most unearthly din was heard from the forest, where the

women and children were hidden, and on top of this came the wild war-cry of the whole tribe. Time and again the cry was repeated: the spectacle was awe-inspiring. Gradually the tribes closed in round their new chief, shouting their war-cry in unison and bidding defiance to all the world, with nothing but the vast silences of the forest to hear them take their vow.

The shouting died away as suddenly as it rose. The circle was once more formed, and figures clothed in skins, representing different animals, crawled in and out among the Indians until they reached the chief. All the while uttering weird cries, they circled round him, and then turned and made for the shelter of the forest as quickly as they could, compatible with the animals they represented. This was evidently meant to show that all animals as well as men are afraid of the Great Chief.

After this the seventeen chiefs formed a circle once more round the fire, each taking his knife and making a small cut in his forearm. One by one they held their arms over the flames and let the blood drop into the heart of the fire. Last of all the new chief did the same thing. The exact meaning of this ceremony no one seems to know, or how it originated; but there is a belief among the Indians that if the chief is false to the tribe, or any man is false to the chief, he will die within the year. Whether this part of the ceremony has

any relation to this belief is not known, but it probably holds out the threat of some blood-feud and vengeance, should the oaths so recently sworn be broken. It is hidden in the mists of tradition.

Once more the circle reformed; the tom-toms and rattles which had resumed their unearthly noise during the blood ceremony died into silence, and the chief medicine-man stepped forward, and in a few well-chosen words introduced the chief to the people present. This is nothing more than the recitation of the tales of the chief.

Thus is a new chief nominated among the Cree tribes of the great Canadian North-West. Thus was my good friend Copper Wing installed

in the place of his father, Great Eagle Feather.

Next day I spoke with Copper Wing for the first and last time on this visit. He presented me with some valuable furs and elks' teeth, and gave me an escort back to civilisation. In his presence I bade farewell to Hawkeye and Nakuta, and kissed the bonny little brave whom the latter had brought into the world.

Fare ye well, brave friends of the vast Northland. Nevermore may I see you, but the Great Spirit that guards yours and mine alike watches over us. Fare ye well, till we meet in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

MENTZ WILKINSON.

ZÛR, ZÛN, ZÛMEEN.

The inner histories of happenings are often very different from the recorded story. In clubs and places where they gossip, as the rubric might have it, in drummers' parlours at commercial inns, in the secretaries' rooms in legations, in the lobbies of army headquarters, and at all unexpected times and in all unexpected places, comes now and again the flash of the inner history. You may get it in the hospital tent among those labelled with the green ambulance ticket, the men who are almost certain to die and are hardly worth the helping. You may hear it from the crippled Eurasian who was at work when a lad

on the railway culverts in the Mutiny, or from the palsied old men who were at Chillianwallah. You are certain to hear it at the bar in the club at Aden, and even in the coffee-bar of the old Lord Warden, at the Savage Club Lodge, or the 'Morning Post' Embankment Home.

There are so many things worth hearing the inner truth of. Why did Kaiser Wilhelm leave Palestine so suddenly? What was really the trouble at Colenso? Did Alexander of Macedon really cut the canal barrage on the Euphrates and so turn Mesopotamia to a waste again? What did Charles the First mean when he said "Re-

member," before the axe fell? If you heard the real true story of Zavern and how it came about, you would know why the German Army was so angry and sympathise with it.

In Persia, that old, old country, whence come so many of the wise sayings of the world, there is a saying which lays all the world's troubles to three causes — *Zür, Zün, Zümeeen*, Gold, Women, Land. We say cards, wine, and women, which is only the western form of the statement. It may be noticed that woman is common to both. Then apart to some extent from the "inner history" we have "the other side of the story." Lately there has appeared that extraordinary jumble of Indian history in its false outer cover—outside 'Some Random Papers of the Pickwick Club,' inside 'The Indian National War of Independence of 1857.' It was a description by brains of infinite subtlety of the Mutiny from the point of view of a twice-born race struggling to free itself from a foreign dominion. Fortified by quotations and extracts solely from British writers, it stands a masterpiece from the anarchistical crucible of Krishna Varma and the Savarkars.

The following is an inner history of the great Frontier risings in India of 1897 from the point of view of the way-side. It will be remembered, perhaps, how in the days long long ago, before even the Boer War, the whole length, or almost the whole length, of the North-West Frontier of India sprang, without apparent rhyme

or reason, into open revolt. It began in the worst part of the year in Waziristan, and then all during the summer and autumn the fiery cross raged up and down the border from the Malakand to Wana. Section by section, clan by clan, tribe by tribe, the long length of the Frontier exploded, burst into flame without any apparent correlation or concert, but in succession where least expected. As troops moved up to the Frontier from Hindustan and the Punjab, they had to be diverted from the appointed places of assembly, and flung piecemeal to the spot which for the moment needed strengthening. A wave of Islamic fervour certainly was surging through the country. Turkey had just beaten the Greeks. Crescent had triumphed over Cross: the drum ecclesiastic of Islam was sounding fiercely. That was no doubt one of the reasons. The salt tax, the forward position of our outposts, our refusal to give up absconding wives so that their husbands might cut off their noses, were all said to be the grievances that had produced the extraordinary and unprecedented outbreak.

To the soldiery the causes of the trouble mattered not one jot or tittle. Off to the wars they went at short notice, each confident in the belief that whichever of their comrades was not to return it would not be him. That is one of the kindly provisions of nature that takes many a one through the dangers of life. Train after train ran over the thrice-

guarded bridge by the old Attock Fort, or crawled over the *püt* to the Indus bank at Kushalgarh. Guns, Gurkhas, more guns, camels, mules, troop horses, Atkinses, pioneers, jammed and jostled and bit and swore, while the sun got hotter and the dust got deeper. Below the terminus was a bridge of boats, only one, to come and to go by, to fetch and to carry on. Those who have helped to bank the fires in a stokehole will have some idea what that bridge of boats was like. Out in the open plain on the Peshawur side it was not much better: the wind blew, it is true, but it blew red-hot, like to strip the skin from even a brown man's face. But the nights were cooler, with a distinct promise of winter. Round about Jamrud, the fort that stands in the plain like a turret-ship, to guard the Khyber mouth, lay the best part of a brigade of all arms. Up and through the pass was another, with two or three battalions guarding the road. The battery of artillery to which I belonged had eaten the bread of discontent for some weeks, and the white dust of the plain lay heavy on our stomachs. It was therefore with immense delight that we had obeyed a summons to march up the road, that great road through which British armies had marched four times already in the last seventy years. However, there had not been much to do. Half a dozen shrapnel at the skyline had been about the size of it, and the time had not yet

come that was to see anything more than the opening of the road. Away in the hills to the north and the south there had been great doings. In the Khyber we had the consolation of blind Milton, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Now it chanced one day that it fell to my lot to take two guns with a foraging party up a side valley, to buy and bully forage from such villagers as were not on the war-path. Anent these same foraging parties, folks there be who inveigh against paying for what in war time they can take by force, but they miss the point. Paying for forage is not paying for what you get, any mug could merely snaffle that, but it is an inducement to folk to bring it to you, instead of your having to go to fetch it, and finding it gone for your pains. However that may be, foraging is dull work for the gunners, who wait in some central spot to bear a hand if aught goes wrong. It is not till the hour of withdrawal, perhaps, that you get a hint that any one objects to your being there; then just as you are packing up it begins—perhaps an odd shot, perhaps a ring of sharp-shooting, from which to retire with dignity and without unavailing loss requires some skill.

On this particular occasion we had first of all halted by the high-road, where the side valley we were exploring turned off into a cleft in the mountains. The heights back to India were picketed, and the road was thronged with

convoys and all such as take advantage of the road being open. I had strolled away from the troops with no better companion than my own Colt, and sat on a culvert close to a stage for the posting *tonga* to change ponies at. The daily *tonga* with the mails had just come up, and from it had descended a stout European, a man in the postal service, or the telegraphs, or what not. Two young Afghans, possibly the road contractor's employees, were talking by the culvert in Pushtoo, which I happened to understand. Said one bright lad, "'Twould be a merry jest to jab one's knife into that fat Englishman's paunch."

"Better not," said the other. "These swine always carry pistols nowadays."

Whereon, as a matter of principle, I made a display with mine. Folks who move across the border and do not wear their pistols openly do an evil thing. False pride makes a man ashamed to let his neighbour think that he is sufficiently apprehensive to carry one. Again let it be said, to hide your pistol is an evil thing. It is putting temptation in the way of God-fearing Pathans and Afghans. You have no conception the temptation that the paunch of an unarmed European presents to the average young man across the border. It is as the lure of the big game to the Englishman. If, however, that Englishman is obviously armed, that is a great assistance to

the young trans-border man to resist temptation. It is like having Dreadnoughts and not telling your neighbour; it tempts him to be grasping. Anyway, the sight of my pistol helped the lads to overcome temptation, and they went about their business. Then I strolled on a bit further, and I heard a man singing, singing as if all the world should know his happiness. I looked for the owner of the voice. It came from across a brook by a homestead clustered round a loopholed tower, of that comfortable kind that has a solid base and a front door ten feet up that you reach by a ladder. Towers of that kind are a common feature of the countryside. The solid base prevents your being undermined. This is a country where sometimes for months together the owner of a tower never leaves it by day. He and his women-folk till the fields by night. Not by day, oh no! Not by day. The owner of the next tower, seven hundred yards away, owns a Martini rifle, a real one, not the kind that they copy in the armourers' booths in the Kohat Pass, but a real one, and knows how to use it. It is unjust, especially if you make no allowance for the fact that you got one notch in the score to the good by killing his cousin last fall. Such is life without the *Pax Britannica*—never dull; but now and again those who live it and have been to India on a visit, a few miles off, wonder if after all it is not better to

be able to go to sleep without wondering if you will wake up in the morning to find your throat out, with your enemy wishing you the top o' the morning.

The life has its humorous side. A few miles farther along there used to live two chiefs, who had been at feud for many years. One of them had a cannon of sorts, a brass piece that made a fine noise and would hurtle a ball the best part of twelve hundred yards. His neighbour's manor-house lay a bare thousand away, and it was the greatest fun to see him and his friends scuttle from a harvesting when a stone ball ricocheted overhead. After half a dozen rounds had been fired the ammunition would run short, and then the neighbour would declare a truce and sell back the balls to the owner of the cannon.

The singing rose high and melodious on the breeze. I saw a man digging lustily by a patch of Indian corn close to a shrine, and I strolled across to him. My pistol-holster was so conspicuous that we were sure to get on. As I approached he sang away more lustily than ever.

I gave him greeting after the custom of the country—

"May you never be tired!"

And he gave the answer, "May you never be down on your luck," and sang on.

"Are you well?" I proceeded.

"I am well," he replied, in duty bound, and continued

his song. It was a merry one, all about the joy of a captive king who had escaped and got back to his kingdom.

"You must be very happy," I observed, "you who sing all day in time of war. What are you doing?"

"Doing, *Sahib*? Doing? I am digging my brother's grave. My brother is dead, killed by the Zakkha Khel for carrying your despatches. My father is dead, killed last week by the English soldiers. My wife has run away to Peshawur and you won't give her up. I sing, *Sahib*, lest I weep. Song is better than tears for a man."

And here my friend threw down the long irrigation spade he was using, and stood up, as good-looking, straight-limbed a lad as ever followed Alexander of Macedon to father good-looking sons in a strange land. Afghan he might be, but not of the Ben-i-Israel; there was nothing Semitic in the blue eye and straight profile. Straightway we liked one another as man to man, the handle of the Colt being witness to our brotherly mood. So I gave such sympathy as a man may, and we talked of affairs and this foolish war. We agreed it was a foolish war, but still young men were young men. Then he said, "*Sahib*, do you really want to know the reason of this war?"

A year and a half later an excited Dutch lady whose husband, the predikant of the *dorp*, I had just arrested for high treason in Cape Colony,

asked just the same question in the same manner. "Captain, do you really want to know the reason of this war?" Her answer was, "Because you English always think yourselves a little better than the Dutch." That, no doubt, is a world-wide sore, and accounts for the new Continental words *favocloquer* and *offtake*. My Afghan friend's question was the same, the answer was longer.

"I will tell you the reason. You say that the tribes are foolish, that the young men are foolish, and that the elders can't restrain them, and must needs go with the stream or they will no longer be the elders. That is so, that is fact, but that is no reason. The tribes are not the only men who are fools. Now for some purpose the English Government wished to keep open the passes. That is an old story, and I have heard my father's father tell the same when Zemaun Shah was Emperor of Kabul. For thousands of years folk have wanted to keep the passes open, and we folk, the Pass tribes, have lived on it. In the beginning the English were wise, wiser than now. When they first began to pay us to let their merchants through the passes, there lived in Peshawur a family of *Khanzadachs*,¹ lords of the land, who had always been influential among us. They were the lords, and we knew it and they knew it.

When the Sikhs, on whom be all misfortune, ruled in Peshawur, there was a *Balaitee*² general there called Witbul.³ Even in his time the *Khanzadachs* were our lords, and were friends of Witbul *sahib*. That *sahib* was a *zorwallah*,⁴ two dead men always hung at his gate, and Peshawur was quiet. When the English went to Kabul in the old time, it was the *Khanzadachs* who managed the Pass tribes. How do I know? Oh, my father and his father knew. So when the English tried to keep the passes free for merchants it was to the *Khanzadachs* to whom they looked. They paid them many *lakhs*, and the *Khanzadachs* became very great men. This is how they managed the tribes. They knew as I know what a savage the Afridee is, always except the Malik Din Khel, who are almost *Khanzadah* themselves. Yes? I am a Malik Din. How should I know about *Khanzadachs* otherwise?

"Once a year they sent for the *jirgahs*, who came in to them. They were met at the gate of the city by the *Khanzadah's* servants and escorted in great state to their residence. The head of the family received them in Durbar, with his family round him, very graciously inquired after their doings and their flocks and their feuds, gave them a feast and some good advice, and to the head of the *jirgah* a gold em-

¹ Lit., "noble-born."

³ Avitabile, the Italian general in the Sikh service.

² European.

⁴ Strong man.

broidered *lungi*¹ worth perhaps Rs. 20, *Sahib*, then to another a pair of embroidered shoes worth perhaps Rs. 10, *Sahib*, to the small son of the head a *kulla* worth perhaps five rupees, or hardly as much. That *jirgah* went on their way rejoicing, immensely gratified with their reception, vowing that the *Khanzadahs* were worthy heads of worthy clans.

"And thus, *Sahib*, were all the *jirgahs* treated, and they went and did what the *Khanzadahs* advised."

It was true, simple *Welt Politik*. In Australia who cares for the jumped-up ones. In Ireland, ah! in Ireland, nay, for the matter of that, in England, the new landlords are not like the old. However . . .

"There came a time when there was only one of the family left, the *Khanzadah* Allahdad Khan, and he alone controlled the tribes as his family and fathers had done. And then he died. All wise men knew that *they* could handle wealth, but that the bare-legged men of the hills could not. Now, *Sahib*, what happened? Your Government is a very wondrous Government, with foolish ideas about men and how to manage them. There were none of the *Khanzadahs* left, and though *we* knew who could take their place, Government did not. Yes, yes, of course, the Commissioner *Sahib* at Peshawur knew — he knows about all

things, that is his business. I mean the Lord *Sahib* and the Sekertaries who issue the *firmands*. A sekertary gave an order that the allowances were to be paid to the tribes themselves. An order came for all the head-men and the heads of *khels* to come to Peshawur. They came. A *policevallah* met them at Hari Singh Burj and Bara Fort. No, there was no ceremony. He brought them to a dirty bungalow with a dirty compound near the jail. A *sahib*, perhaps only a second-class *sahib*, sat dressed in a cotton suit. What do I know about second-class *sahibs*? Why, I've been to Calcutta. Then a babu called out from a list.

"'Jan Fishan Khan, *malik*, Zakkha Khel, 8000 rupees, *lejao aur dastkhat karo*.'² If you can't sign make a mark."

"A chapprassi handed him bags of rupees, and the man, a real savage *malik*³ from Maidan, staggered away with the bags, wondering, but of course pleased. He had never seen a hundred rupees in a bag before. And so the foolishness went on till the *sahib* had finished, when he went off to his own house. That is all, *Sahib*, and the tribesmen went away together amazed, but knowing not whom to get advice from."

I marvelled to hear the story, partly from the shrewdness that the teller displayed, partly, too, because the tale must have been

¹ *Lungi* = head-dress; *kulla* = conical cap.

² Take it away and sign against your name.

³ *Malik* = chief.

exaggerated, but I felt I had not quite got to the end.

"Well, and what then?"

"What then, *Sahib*? What then? Why, what happens if you give a Turkomani horse to a beggar donkey-boy in a Ghilzai *kirri*? The *maliks* became *Duniya-dar*, *Sahib*, and as you know when a man becomes *Duniya-dar*, especially when he is not *Khanzadah*, he loses all wisdom and must fight."

That was it, they had become *Duniya-dar*, that beautiful expressive Persian expression, "Owners of the world." To become *Duniya-dar* and not know how to behave! An old old story in an old old world. Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil, from Jeshurun to Napoleon Buonaparte. Old wine into new bottles and the bottles had burst, that was my friend's diagnosis of his friends the *Duniya-dars*. These same at that moment were on the top of the wave, for I could now hear the rattle of musketry up the valley, and I had to leave the philosophic gravedigger and return to my cannon and bring fleecy shrapnel to burst along the hill-tops for the restraining of the *Duniya-dars*.

Time, the healer of sorrows and sore backs, added to the persistence of the soldiery who sat in the valleys while the *Duniya-dars* sat up on the hill-tops instead of doing their spring sowing, brought these same gentry to some show of submission, and the armies marched away. Then, after the custom of the artillery,

"May I go on a year's leave?" said the captain, and the fates being kind, six months after meeting the gravedigger I found myself back in England. An old aunt had died and left me a small property in the West of Ireland. Thither I betook myself, to find a sideline at the end of the journey with the train crawling, as the loaded troop-trains had crawled over the *pūt* to the Frontier. When we left the main line the stationmaster had called to the guard of the train—

"F'what are ye waiting for?"

"The signal's agin me."

"Faith ye're mighty particular this morning."

It reminded me of the complaint of the Eurasian assistant surgeon coming up with a consignment of medical panniers in the mail train through the jam on the Lahore sidings—

"Oh my! What sort of a mail train is this to wait for a local! Eh?"

It was a day full of Frontier reminders. At my destination I passed by the barrack, now deserted, which had held till a few years ago a squadron of cavalry. The wall was a bastion trace, and there was a loopholed traverse covering the gate, for all the world like Fort Jamrud. A troop of cavalry had been burned in their barracks during the Rebellion, and the men piked as they jumped from the upper windows. I had not seen the place since I was a lad and ran wild over the bog and the moor with my neighbours.

Leaning over a culvert out-

side the demesne, a man passed the time of day, and then stared at me.

"Are you our new captain?" I admitted the impeachment.

"Glory be to God, we've got a man at lasht! Don't you remimber Micky Flannagan, sorr, that taught you to tie a fly?"

Happily I did, and shook hands very heartily. It is good to find some one that remembers you when you come to your own countryside. We sat on the culvert and talked of this man and that, and what had come over the country at all, and how the quality had all left the countryside. Then we talked of the tenantry and the lads I had known.

"What became of Larry O'Shaughnessy, whose father had the bit farm up on the Boyle water?"

"Bad cess to him! He went to America and came back with a mint o' money. It was more

than he could sthand at all. He drank and he gambled and he fought the polis, and behaved just like one of the gentry, him that didn't know the good whiskey from bad, Mister Garge. He's been in jail these lasht two years, and fwhat would ye expect, a bog-throtter like that getting the money."

And then I remembered again my friend of the Khyber digging his brother's grave in the *kach* at Torwam, and his views on those who unexpectedly became *Duniya-dars*. Just the same story that comes down through the ages. In the Book of Wisdom, which some call The Wisdom of Jesus Ben Sirach, it is written—

"As the matter of the fire is, so it burneth.
And as a man's strength is, so is his wrath.
And according to his riches his anger riseth."

G. F. MACMUNN.

SKETCHED IN WAR TIME.—II.

BY A WOMAN RED CROSS SURGEON.

WARD FIVE.

"I WOULDN'T really mind going on night duty, if only there were no Peta Staia, no Ward Five, but that one room is worse than all the rest of the hospital together. The other wards go to sleep, at least generally, but there is always some one really very ill indeed in the Peta Staia keeping me there nearly all night! It's a dreadful room!"

Such was the opinion of the nursing staff of the Fourth Etapna Hospital, but there were two people in that hospital who loved the Peta Staia and who love its memory still, the Sister of Ward Five, and myself, the surgeon in charge. It could not well be otherwise after all the days and nights we worked there, all our struggles day after day and week after week to save Nikóla's leg and Peter's foot, and the desperate hours when we refused to let Georgi die, poor Georgi, who lay with his whole system poisoned from his septic wound, saying, "*Don't do any more, Doktorké, I am so tired!*" Almost all the worst surgical cases were in Ward Five, and, when we had bad medical cases as well, I confess that more than once, on reaching the door in the morning, I made some feeble excuse to myself and went and did something else, just to put off the moment of entering! And yet every day, when the

plunge had been taken, when I had been round and had learned the worst, how Georgi—the typhoid—could not swallow, and Mitu opposite had another rise of temperature, and Peter—the foot—had a bad pain in his inside, and Peter—the fractured skull—was lying shaking with terror because his face had twitched, and he was sure the lady doctor would at once want to trephine him again, and Georgi—the fractured femur—had a rash, and Georgi—the septicæmia—had a temperature of 97 and a pulse of 120,—every day, heartened by the sight of my good comrade the Ward Sister and her faithful work, I continued the attack on the Peta Staia, loving it more than ever.

What times we had with naughty Peter and Ilía who would not stay in bed! Ilía had dysentery and Peter had a septic foot with inflammation of the veins of the leg, and in spite of all the threats and warnings in the Comrade's eloquent speech and in my Bulgarian, which though not extensive in its vocabulary was at least thoroughly comprehensible and forceful, these two friends and accomplices, boys of twenty or twenty-one, Peter the shepherd-lad and Ilía the farm-labourer, were continually disappearing from their beds and from the ward. Again and again we chased

them back and tucked them up, but still, whenever Sister's back was turned, as it frequently had to be, seeing she was in sole charge of (in quiet uncrowded times) twenty-five cases, the Irrepressibles would once more be found to have "softly and silently vanished away," and would next be seen by their harassed guardians standing in the compound in a piercing March wind, engaged in some lengthy conversation, or perhaps they would gently insinuate themselves into the ward after an hour or two's absence, having spent the time in calling on a friend in the next hospital! As the Comrade said, "If one only knew what they would do next, it would be easier!"

Ilía came to us first at the Convoy Corps Hospital in November with five wounds in his arm and a double compound fracture; he looked a haggard man of thirty, but as the wounds healed and the bones united, the lines of suffering disappeared, the bones of his face became less and less evident, until at last he looked what he was, a well-conditioned lad of twenty. He was a trial, but he was a dear boy all the same, and his silky black hair was delightful to pull! He had a sharp attack of pleurisy during his convalescence from dysentery, and he freely acknowledged that his chest-pain had come on after one of his forbidden rambles in the cold spring winds; but in spite of all his disabilities he was able to go home in April, when the Fourth Etapna Hospital was closed,

jaunty to a degree in a new uniform whose scarlet shoulder-straps, facings, and cap were vastly becoming to his black hair and brilliant dark eyes.

And Peter? Poor boy, his wounded foot was not the only thing against which he had to contend, for his lungs were attacked by the tubercle bacillus, which wreaks fearful havoc among the Bulgarian people, and I can only hope he is now in some sanatorium. He was a quaint lad, a spoilt baby, the only child of his parents, and oh! the sulks when the cruel doktorka refused him the roast pork and sauerkraut which his soul desired. "Temperature high? Yes, of course it is, I know, and it will go on being high so long as I have no proper food. No, Sister, you may as well take it away and give it to somebody else, I will not take any more milk. What's milk? It is *food* I want." But when Ilía was ill, or when the other Peter was recovering after his operation, Peter watched over them as if they were sheep of his flock on the uplands of Bulgaria. He had ideas and reflections too, lying in the ward through the winter days or in the spring sunshine in the compound. The Sister of my second ward was engaged one day as usual in teaching me some more Bulgarian words in the few spare moments at our disposal, and the new sentence was, "Obícham nivéto, moréto, certzéto." "I love the sky, the sea, the heart," I repeated meekly after her, and a pensive voice from Peter's bed

remarked, "Yes, doctor, and what is in any of them? Koi asnaí, who knows?"

The Fifth Ward was the last to be cleared when the Fourth Etapna Hospital was closed; the cases there were the worst to move, and each time, as we walked slowly down the lines of beds writing the lists of those to be discharged, I shook my head as we came to the Peta Staia, and we said, "No, not yet, they must have a little more time." Once, when Ilía was moderately convalescent, his name got on to the list for Bulgaria, but Ilía did not want to go, and Ilía's temperature went up that night and stayed up the next day, and his name was erased. I had no doubt he assisted the thermometer, but after all there was plenty of room for him, the hospital was beginning to be emptied, and his pleurisy was still recent, so Ilía stayed with the Peters and the Georgis and Nikóla until there was no one else in the Fifth Ward, and the last morning came. The last morning, and the last dressings before the journey! The Comrade and I worked away at them to the accompaniment of impatient shouts

from the compound below, where the carts were standing waiting: "Peta Staia! Kadé Peta Staia? Where is Ward Five?" and a Peter or a Georgi already dressed would put his head out of the window and say soothingly, "Da, da, yes, yes, it's all right, Peta Staia is just coming."

At last we had them all ready, and every one except Nikóla, whose fractured thigh was in plaster of Paris, walked downstairs alone or with the help of "the best crutches," one of the Tsaritsa's gifts to the hospital, and one by one we packed them into the carts to go to the station, and said farewell, not once or twice, but a dozen times, before the oxen were yoked and the wheels began their creaking roll; then, standing in the compound, we watched the carts disappear among the apple-trees, answered the last hail from one of the Georgis as the last cart was lost to view, and turning away we went sadly upstairs to the desolate barrack dormitory which for three months and more had been our Peta Staia—and Sister relieved her feelings by having a tremendous spring-cleaning.

HOSPITAL VISITORS.

"Peter Marínoff, Peter Marínoff of the 21st Regiment?" I looked up from Nikóla's fractured femur to see a little old woman coming slowly down the ward, scanning with anxious eagerness the beds on either side as she waited in vain for an answer to her call

—"Peter Marínoff"—and then, "Is there *anybody* here from the 21st Regiment?"

"No, little mother, nobody here from the 21st. Is he thy son, this Peter Marínoff?"

"My youngest, O lady doctor. I am come from Bulgaria to seek him, and they

told me that here he might be found."

"Not in this room, mother, but look for him in the other wards, and, if not there, yet may he be in the Russian Hospital close by. They say new wounded arrived there last night. Farewell, and a speedy ending to thy search."

"Farewell, O doctor," and the sad little figure passed on to the next ward to ask again with quiet voice and eager eyes, "Is there anybody here from the 21st Regiment?"

How often did we hear them calling for their sons, their nephews, or their grandsons, sometimes a father and mother together, or a party of old people who had travelled in company from far away and were seeking their children through the long lines of hospital beds—seeking, alas, so often in vain! I met four men in the road one day hurrying towards our hospital. "Art thou from the Russian Hospital?" said the oldest of the four. "No," I said, "I am from the Fourth Etapna, next to the Russian Mission." "Ah, but perhaps thou knowest my boy, Dimiter Petkoff of the 18th Regiment? Is it not so?" But I had to confess that I did not know any of the men in other hospitals. "Is he surely there, and is he wounded?" I asked. "Yes, wounded at Adrianople; and they tell me he was brought to the Russian Hospital last night." "Oh then," I said cheerfully, "his wound will be but a little one, for all those who came last night were only slightly wounded." Never in my life have I so repented

being cheerful. The old man looked at me. "Lady, it is my only son!" he said, and turned along the road, and I hoped with all my heart he would quickly find his boy at the Russian Hospital.

In the Convoy Corps Hospital we were often accosted by a small girl and boy with, "Please, doctor, can we go up and see Daddy?" We must first investigate the basket or the napkin-covered plate the children were carrying. "Oh, you are bringing sour milk, and eggs, and mekitzi (little breads) again? Yes, up you go." "Daddy" was one of our patients who had many friends and relatives in the town, and the delicacies they brought, too numerous for his sole consumption, were shared by several of the less fortunate men in the wards; but when, on the departure of the Convoy Corps, he was removed to the British Mission a mile and a half from the town, the Englishmen, as they afterwards told us, were obliged to prohibit his visitors, for an entire family would arrive in the ward in the early morning prepared to picnic there for the rest of the day!

Daily visitors to the hospitals were vendors of cigarettes, newspapers, sweets, eggs, and "sweet milk or sour," "mléko, mléko, présno o kícelo mlék-o!" and a roaring trade was carried on in the hospital compound among the convalescents, a fair amount of business being done also in the wards. We often wondered "what *would* they say at home?" as we saw the stores behind our patients' pillows,

and occasionally we were compelled to make a clean sweep of some really too choice collection, but for the most part we allowed the men to get what they liked. Poor fellows, many of them well on the way to be healed, and all longing for home, one had to make the place as little like a hospital barrack as possible, and if they did once or twice suffer from a too recklessly varied menu, what was a dose of castor-oil here and there? But there was one thing we sternly forbade, and that was roast pork in the middle of the night! We were only able to have one nurse on night duty for each hospital building, and consequently there was ample time for a gorgeous feast between Sister's visits, especially if there were several bad cases in other wards. But there came a night of discovery, when an English Sister was on duty, and then at last we knew the hitherto untraced cause of several internal complaints! Henceforth we kept an even more widely open eye on the presents and purchases of our patients, and the midnight banquets came to be but memories of a dear delightful past.

One day the hospital was thrilled by the news that the Queen was coming to Kirk Kilisse to inspect the hospitals! We were in the midst of spring-cleaning, the wards were being whitewashed one by one—"hurry, hurry, and get them done in time, before the Tsaritsa's visit!" For nearly a week we lived in daily expectation of her arrival, and

at last the day really came. What could we do to show the welcome we were all feeling? We looked round, and there out in the fields was the almond blossom, waiting, inviting us to gather it. Sisters and patients made time to go out, and came back laden with glorious boughs of pink and white bloom, the unlovely wards were decked with its beauty, and every one was more than rewarded for their efforts when her Majesty exclaimed at the unexpected rosy loveliness, in the midst of the chill bareness of the hospital.

Queen Eleonora was a most gracious visitor, and a most practical one also; she spoke to each patient, not merely a word of greeting or of cheer, but inquiries as to how long they had been in hospital, where they were wounded, how were they progressing, were they warmly clad, and (oh, our joy when we heard it!) had the lame patients good crutches? The crutches we had were like Wordsworth's hedgerows, "lines of sportive wood run wild," and we blessed her Majesty ever after for the veritable crutches which arrived next day. The Tsaritsa is herself a trained Hospital Sister, and her interest was therefore that of an expert as well as of a mother of her people; and it is no wonder that her goodness of heart and thoroughly practical kindness have endeared her to her adopted nation. "Ah, yes, our Tsaritsa, our Eleonora, she is a Queen indeed; she does not only sit and talk about things, she

goes and sees and *does* them, (sic) Queens may be grander and aren't we just proud of perhaps, but would we change her? Some of your European with you? Not we!"

A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

Ten o'clock on a scorching April morning, and the station at Kirk Kilisse thronged with a hurrying crowd, anxious, perspiring, laden with hand-luggage, and, needless to say, all talking at once! The First Etapna Hospital staff was going to Tchorlu, and the Fourth Etapna was starting for Usún Keupru. There were a few other passengers traveling by what was always known as "The First Train," although there was no other during the twenty-four hours, but the *personnel* of the two hospitals already more than filled the compartments. In our division of the corridor carriage, which had comfortable accommodation for six, there were eleven people, eight crowded on to the uncushioned seats, two precariously balanced on some of the innumerable packages containing precious treasures, which could not be entrusted to the luggage van, and the eleventh standing, leaning on the outer door for support! But it was long before we were all packed into the train; every one knew everybody else on the station, and every one had to say good-bye to the rest of Kirk Kilisse, who had come to see us off; greetings filled the air and long farewells, for who could tell, in the fortunes of war, when we should meet again? There was the post-office clerk,

a young law student of Geneva, who arrived at the station with our morning mail, pessimistic as ever, more depressed than usual because his opportunities of French conversation were leaving Kirk Kilisse with us, and seeing no hope of any change of work for himself. "No, docteurs, you are lucky, going to a new place, but there is nothing for me but to stay on here for months and months as I have already done. Yes, I tell you the war will not end yet. What did I say at Christmas? You did not believe it, but I was perfectly right, for here you are still in Bulgaria! You foreigners may possibly be able to go back home in a month or two, but for us others there will still be the hot post office, and the dust and the crowds, and, worst of all, no one to talk to! Au revoir!" and he went sadly back to work.

"Guten Tag," said a voice beside us, and we turned to see the recently appointed Censor of Correspondence (not the Censor chased by Kostadin), an actor from Vienna, "Not well known at present, but I hope some day to be among the stars,"—and if he entertains his audiences one half so well as he did ourselves, on the occasions when we took our own letters into town, to be stamped in his bare little office, up the rickety stairs of a

tumble-down house in a side street, surely one day he will rise like the sun, and his name will occupy that coveted position at the end of the east, below the expressive "and"! We parted from him, exchanging good wishes for all our future careers, and promising to join an enthusiastic audience in applauding him some day in London town. Every one was "coming to London some day," and "Good-bye, doctors, until we meet in London," was a frequent and very cheering parting word.

Ding dong, ding dong! The second bell, and we all began to get into the train; the mass on the platform gradually reduced itself, and the capacity of that train was stretched to the uttermost. Final handshakes from the high windows, half a dozen people standing on tiptoe below, half a dozen crushed through the window-frame above, late comers hanging like a swarm of bees on every step and footboard, last messages and injunctions, then Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding dong! clanged the third bell, and slowly past the cheering waving crowds in the station moved the train, with handkerchiefs and caps thrust out from every window, and Good-bye, Good-bye—finis to the chapter headed "Kirk Kilisse." We left it after five months of work, with memories of many difficulties and some hardships, but with memories also of friendship true and gay, of generous helping hands ready to aid in troublous times, of pain and weariness bravely borne by sick and wounded, of

untiring devotion and faithful tender care lavished upon their soldier brothers by the Bulgarian volunteer nurses in our wards, and with, we hoped, a wider and a deeper understanding ourselves of life, of service and of brotherhood.

Through Kirk Kilisse, with its dusty sun-baked streets, its old burial-grounds with the long Turkish tombstones reared in hundreds and now pointing to the sky in as many different directions, its domes and minarets, its forts, its vineyards, and its fairy fields of orchard blossom—on went the train, slow and relentless, past all the well-remembered places, until even our Fourth Etapna Hospital, the extreme outpost of the town, was lost in the trees, and a final backward glance showed only the white stones of the officers' graveyard on a mound among the meadows, and we sat down wondering which of us would be brought back in after years by the workings of fate to see once more "the City of Vines."

Puffing desperately along, the engine struggled over its appointed way, but, besides being a slow train which stopped at every station, "The First Train" was evidently also an express of the celebrated kind which stops between the stations. Many and exasperating were the halts on the track in the blazing heat, but the stations provided welcome relaxation, both physical and mental. Every one got out, met their friends, and continued the conversation broken off at the last stopping-place, until the second Ding dong!

sent us all flying back to our slippery wooden perches in the train. One and a half hours after leaving Kirk Kilisse, after perhaps fifty minutes of travelling, and forty spent in waiting on the way, we reached Alpoullou, the junction for Tchorlu, and here for four solid hours we awaited the train from Tchorlu to Adrianople, which would take us on to Usún Keupru. But what is four hours in the Balkans? We, after five months' apprenticeship, had learned to be almost Eastern in our attitude towards time, and could accept delay with placidity, simply resigning ourselves to fate, and sitting down with folded hands until the path was freed from obstacles and we could proceed as we had in the dim past intended. At Alpoullou accordingly we sat down to wait. First of all we joined the crowd in the waiting-room and sat upon one of the numerous beds which left small space for the two narrow tables which completed the furnishing of the room! We could not understand at first why there should be beds, but afterwards realised that wounded soldiers also had to "change at Alpoullou," and wait for hours perhaps as we had, or even for a longer time, so that there was really no madness in thus providing for waiting passengers, but truly thoughtful method. The station at Alpoullou was certainly in charge of some one with a sympathetic soul, for large cups of tea were served free of charge to all who wished it—and few, indeed, were the passengers who neglected the opportunity which

they were so fortunate as to have. After a luncheon of tea, bread and cheese, we adjourned to a shady spot outside the station, sat on a log and talked till we slept, awoke to drink tiny cups of Turkish coffee sent over from the inevitable corner shop, and dozed again in the heat, awaking yet again to stretch our cramped limbs and drink another cup of delicious tea in the waiting-room, where we found more than one of our travelling companions fast asleep on the surrounding beds! After long ages, our despairing eyes saw the train at last creeping towards the station, but when eventually it drew up, alas, the officers' portion was already packed full, even the corridors overflowed with passengers! What could we do? Not another train for at least six hours! A keen-eyed colleague spied a horse-box not absolutely filled with soldiers, and to this we repaired with our lesser luggage, the other baggage, for which no resting-place could be found in any truck or van, remaining in charge of two orderlies, to be brought on by the next train. Up we climbed into the horse-box, piled handbags and rugs conveniently, and sat in the open doorless entrance kindly vacated for us by the soldiers, while four lucky members of the party, including myself, sat on the edge with our feet hanging over. It was a lovely afternoon, and we journeyed far more comfortably than in the crowded compartment of the morning train; we had room to move, plenty of fresh air, and, cool and revived, we were

able thoroughly to enjoy the hawthorn bushes, the little ponds with small white flowers like jonquils in the water, the fields of flax, the oaks in delicate leaf, or the vivid blue of anchusa carpeting some dainty dell.

On rolled the train through the sunny afternoon, among the low hills, the corn-fields, and the meadows, until we felt as if it must go on for ever, and for ever we should be carried through a world of afternoon—no more work, no more hospitals, no more sick and wounded, nothing to do but sit undisturbed and wonder

what flowers there would be round the next corner. The train panted up a hill, and round the next corner was Usún Keupru station, and the railway journey of forty miles was over. It had taken eight hours to accomplish, and dusk was beginning to fall when we left our dreams of undisturbed repose, clambered stiffly from the friendly horse-box, and, mounting a tiny carriage like a baby victoria, were whirled at a reckless pace down the dusty hill from the station towards the new work awaiting us in the Field Hospital.

FROZEN.

"And you, Doctor, will take charge of the surgical cases. Let us go and see them." "With pleasure, M. le Chef," I replied, and we went down the steep hillside, away from the cholera tents where Two was working, past the enteric tents, which were in One's charge, till we reached the hospital buildings, a factory and a dwelling-house, on the banks of the river Ergene, and at the western end of the Long Bridge of stone which gives its name to the town of Usún Keupru.

In the dwelling-house, after visiting the operating theatre (which was also the dressing-room), the pathological laboratory, and two rooms inhabited by nursing Sisters, we went up the wide double staircase and entered a small room about twelve by fourteen feet, containing seven beds, all occupied. "These were all frozen in the second snowstorm

in March," said the Director, "and these two," indicating two young men with pale yellow faces lined with pain, "have both had to have their feet amputated." There were twenty wounded limbs in that one room, and no one needed to ask in what state the wounds were. In spite of open windows the atmosphere told its own tale; gangrene had been at work. "Yes," said the Director, "when they arrived we were determined to save everything possible, but in many cases the fingers came away like a glove when we opened the dressing, or we would find the line of demarcation already well marked on the hand or foot—and what could one do? They are nearly all improving now." I gasped inwardly, looking at the weary faces on the low hard pillows; what these men must have endured in the days before

their wounds were "improving"! But the chief was going on—"There are several orderlies who are quite capable of helping with the dressings, and the Starshi (non-commissioned officer and head nurse) knows all the cases and can answer any questions." We visited the other three wards, and the factory where I had sixty more patients, and found much the same state of things in each, though that first room was worst of all. There were wounded in the other rooms as well as frozen cases, but, as in Kirk Kilisse, all the wounds were septic and discharging, though none of them were so appalling as those we had treated in our first little hospital. But the sadness of the frozen limbs, and the hopelessness of the years stretching before those young men! Think of them, four boys under twenty-five, with no feet and no fingers, and only the stump of a thumb! "What am I to do, Doctor?" said one boy of twenty-one, married already and with two babies—"what am I to do now?" Apart from the lump in my throat, I could not reply in sufficient Bulgarian, but the cheery Starshi came to the rescue: "Why, of course you'll soon be going to Sofia, and there they'll make you lovely gummi feet, you won't know yourself, they'll be so comfortable; oh, be sure of it, you'll do very well indeed, don't you fret." But no wounds I ever treated were so pathetic as those frozen feet. An orderly would arrive in the dressing-room, bearing on his back a young soldier with bandaged

feet, would dump him down on the operating-table with a cheerful "There you are, Georgi, soon be dressed now, getting on fine you are, better every day," and two dressers would set to work, each on the remains of a foot or the stump of a leg, and Georgi, helpless on the table, would keep smiling, or would set his teeth for a while until the worst was over. The first day I was there, an elderly man and woman appeared in the room while the work of dressing was in full swing. On inquiry I found they were the parents of Ivan who had just been carried in to have his feet and hands (what was left of them) dressed. Ivan was their only child, and might they stay while his wounds were dressed? They would be very good and not say a word if they might but stay with him, they had come from Bulgaria to find him and were starting on the homeward journey to-day. Would the lady doctor be kind, and graciously allow them to stand by and see Ivan dressed? Poor souls, I let them stay in the end, and they kept their word and made no sound—I only wished they would. The father stood leaning against the wall crushing his cap in his fingers, while the mother stood holding the bandaged hands until the feet were finished, and then crouched down and took the maimed stumps into her arms, gathering them to her breast as if they were the tiny Ivan who had rested there not twenty years before. It comforted the lady doctor, if they had only known it, to see that Ivan would be well cared for when

he was eventually able to go to his village. One poor fellow of twenty-five, who had lost half of each foot and almost all his fingers, had not a relative in the world. No wonder he was so slow to acknowledge that his hands and feet were healing, and no wonder he made small efforts to hold his spoon in his bandaged palms, or to stand up on his heels and try to walk, as most of the frozen did. His eyes used to reproach me, when I urged upon the tender-hearted Sister the necessity of training him to use his hands and of not allowing him to remain a helpless baby, as if he said, "Why should I try to be well enough to leave the hospital, where I lie in a comfortable(!) bed, where good food comes to me each day, and where Sister feeds me and looks after me as if she were my mother? In the wide world there is no one else to care for me!"

Day after day we tended these limbs, there were between

eighty and ninety surgical cases, with over 200 wounds to be dressed; and in spite of difficulties and drawbacks they improved wonderfully. Gradually the dressings decreased, both in number and in size, as the wounds healed up, until at last, just before we ourselves left Usún Keupru, we watched a long procession of convalescents marching slowly to the station, followed by carts taking those who were not yet able to walk so far, and beside those carts I said farewell to the last of my friends with the frozen feet. Only four were left behind, and they would soon be ready to follow the others to the central hospitals in Sofia. "Ah," said one of them, one of the many Georgis, "I am nearly healed of my wounds, and my inside is also recovered from its dysentery. Lo, now I see the reason why these Anglitchánki were sent to Usún Keupru!"

THREE TURKS.

The first Turk we met was the driver of our bullock-wagon on the trek from Yambol to Kirk Kilisse. We were rather alarmed to find that our cart, instead of being the property of one of the sturdy Bulgarian drivers, belonged to a Turk, but when he turned round our fears were set at rest. An elderly man, with a straggly little grey beard, a deeply-lined face, sunken eyes looking out mournfully from his weather-beaten countenance, a turban whose youthful bril-

liance had long merged itself in shades of green and grey, a brown coat, baggy trousers of faded blue, and a loin-cloth originally crimson, now russet and purple: I can see him now, if I shut my eyes, padding along the road in aged sandals of sheepskin, his legs encased in white cloths bound with brown and black leather thongs eked out with string, a forlorn figure, seldom speaking except to his bullocks, apparently sunk deep in meditation, but really always on

the alert to find the best path for his cattle, and never too far from the roadside to see a hole in the track and to return with silent footfall to lead his beasts, by the slender cord round their necks, safely past the pitfall into the comparative safety beyond. Poor "Turkey," the Bulgarians treated him with cheery contempt, and he led a solitary life among the crowd of drivers; but we found that the deep melancholy of his face could be lightened, and his mournful mouth could even smile, if he were offered that joy of Eastern lips, a cigarette. The only word common to him and to ourselves was "Tuka" (here), but it was wonderful what could be done by that one word: if we called "Tuka," he came; if we wanted a bundle put in or out of the cart, we pointed to the baggage, then to its desired resting-place, and "Tuka" completed the order! And he also conversed with us by means of "Tuka." We might hear, as it were, a cat scrambling in the depths of the waggon behind us, and turning we would see the back of Turkey's coat, or perhaps catch a glimpse of the blue trousers, while later the rest of him would emerge, sadly triumphant, with a loaf of bread, half a cheese, or a few onions, which he would wave gracefully towards us with "Tuka," as he silently disappeared from the cart with a soft rustle of the matting roof and a gentle thud as he dropped to the ground.

Some of the drivers were really inconsiderate in the way they arranged their own possessions and had to dig them out when their passengers were asleep, and one or two looked upon all rugs and blankets as common property, and were seen comfortably sleeping on the same while the inmates of the cart were taking a walk! But Turkey was a jewel, never there when not wanted, always at hand when we called, soft-footed and quiet as a creature of the woods, faithful as a dog, and as responsive to kind words (even one word!) and looks. Some weeks after our arrival in Kirk Kilisse, and consequent parting from our cart and driver, we were walking outside the town, when suddenly, from among a long convoy of bullock-waggons, we saw a figure detach itself and stand waving its arms and crying out something in an unknown tongue. There was such a smile all over his face that for a moment I failed to recognise him, but only for a moment! Of course it was Turkey, hailing us, no doubt, as his father and his mother, and inquiring after the welfare of ourselves and all our friends and relations. We could not talk much, but we shook hands and all laughed together before we parted, and after this we used to look out for our Turk in all the long lines of transport waggons, but we never saw him again, so our last memory of him remains as an unexpected shout of welcome in what was still to us a land of strangers.

Our second "Turkey" was a wounded prisoner who walked into the hospital one day among a detachment of Bulgarian wounded. He was a grim youth, with a furtive look, and, mindful of the secreted knife in a Tchataldja hospital which brought death to the medical attendant of one Turkish prisoner, we asked our interpreters (two strong young men) to be good enough to undress the Turk, in case he overpowered the nurses. The alarming patient was put in a corner bed in a crowded room. Promptly the man in the next bed, who had a badly wounded leg, leapt up and sprang to the opposite corner of the room! Fortunately we found among the other patients a calm and reasonable person who was quite willing to occupy the bed next the Turkish Terror, and the ward settled down peacefully for the night. In a few days the furtive look and the grimness had vanished, and a droll boyish face looked at us from Turkey's corner. Poor lad, like the rest of the Turkish army, he had been warned that if any wounded prisoner were not killed at once by his Bulgarian captors he would assuredly be either stabbed or poisoned as soon as he arrived at a hospital! In the hospital at Yambol we had seen orderlies tasting the food in presence of the Turkish patients before giving it to them, and we now saw how real was the fear instilled into their minds. We heard of a wounded Turk in another hos-

pital who begged his doctor not to keep him in suspense any longer but to "do it at once." "Do what?" asked the doctor. "Why, kill me, of course," said the poor fellow; "I know it has to come, and this waiting is far worse!"

Our Turk soon became one of the hospital pets; he was only nineteen, a merry young tinker of Constantinople, and his neighbour, who, as we afterwards learned, was a schoolmaster, befriended him so kindly and instructed him with such zeal that on leaving the hospital to go to Sofia Turkey was heard announcing that when he was set free from the prison hospital he was not going back to Constantinople—not he, Bulgaria was now his country and Ferdinand his King!

And the third Turk?

Into the cholera tents of the First Field Hospital at Usún Keupru one day was admitted an emaciated Turk from Adrianople. "What is your name?" the doctor asked, and a feeble voice replied, "Ali Mústafa, at least, a few weeks ago they baptised me and said I was Georgi, but still—Ali Mústafa."

Poor Ali Mústafa, starvation at Adrianople was an ill preparation for an attack of cholera! In a few days he left the hospital tent to join the lone little company in the graves on the hillside, and surely St Peter was kind to him, even if Christian Georgi insisted that he was "still—Ali Mústafa."

E. J. RAMSBOTHAM, M.B., B.S.
(Mrs S. X. PANTCHEVA).

A NEW METHOD WITH THE DRY FLY.

AMONG the things most apt to be forgotten by the angler with the dry fly is the fact that the reason of reasons why the trout will frequently decline to accept the feathered lure which is offered him by way of a satisfactory simulacrum of the natural insect is the unfortunate circumstance of the gut cast attached to it. Of course this is a proposition which is perfectly self-evident directly it is stated: it is a truism of which every fisher has always been fully aware in theory, but which not one single angler, even among the most highly proficient in his craft, out of ten thousand, appears to have appreciated so thoroughly as to set himself deliberately to meet it with any practical solution of the difficulty which it suggests. I have been privileged to study with close attention the performance of many of the most proficient in this fine mystery; I have discussed the methods, with competent critics, of those whom I have not had the fortune to see; I have read with diligence I believe all the many books on the great subject which ancient and modern wisdom has given for our instruction, yet in not a single one of these works of erudition, and in the method of presenting the fly to the fish of only one of those past-masters, have I been able to find so much as an attempt at a practical solution of this the most im-

portant of all the many problems of the angling art—the presentation of the fly to the fish in such a way that the fly only, or the fly first and the gut merely as a subsequent apparition, shall be proffered to the trout's notice.

Of course it is a problem which we all endeavour to solve, in our practice, when it is a question of fishing at all across the stream. If the angler and trout are in this relative position, the former will always make it his effort to cast in such a way that the fly at the end of the cast shall pitch on the water a foot or two above the nose of the fish, in order that it may float down over him, and that all the gut cast and the rest of the attachments shall be on the hither side, so to say, of the fish—between the fish and the angler. In this case it is to be hoped that the trout will apply his attention to the fly and will take no notice of the gut which, lying across the stream, does not so float as to come over his head. But all, I think, of the great masters of the art will tell you that this throwing across to a trout is not suggestive of the ideally best position for the angler. Directly behind the fish, that is to say, directly down-stream from him, is the vantage-point that they would wish to occupy from which to issue their invitations to him. As Mr Halford writes, if an angler can

find a fish steadily rising under his own bank, that fish is in the most ideal position for capture. If the stream is so shallow and the bed so firm that you can wade in, it may be possible to get thus directly behind a fish feeding out in the middle of the river also, and by so doing you usually gain the vast advantage of obviating the very probable necessity of throwing across a current moving at a different pace from that of the piece of water in which the fish is lying, and thus eliminate most of the chances of that drag of the fly, causing a little wake in the water to follow it, which makes trout rising in certain places almost impossible to delude.

And now it appears to me that having reached this point and having introduced the great name of Mr Halford,¹ I owe a profound apology to the reader for the presumption and the greatness of the claim that I am here making. For the claim, evidently, is no less than this, that I have something to say which is new in regard to this oft-discussed matter of the best way possible of the presentation of the fly to the fish—something that has not yet been said in the many books of Mr Halford and of all the other pundits. It is to be confessed that the claim is no less an one than this. My hope, however, is to make justification of the claim, rather than apology for it—for, after all, it is not to be supposed that either Mr

Halford or any other of the writers who have done so very much in the way of teaching us how to angle scientifically for that most sophisticated of fish in all the world, the trout of the chalk streams, would imagine that, even so, they had said the last word on their science. Such a presumption as that would be a limitation of the variety and interest of the very science itself, which we all confess to be infinite in its variety. All have contributed their quota, and doubtless their craft will continue to develop, while trout grow more shy and men grow more practised, as long as fish swim in the rivers and men walk on the land. But now, in order that I may not appear too certainly to be ranging myself among those persons who rush in on ground too sacred even for the celestials, let me say hastily that I should not have ventured to write one word of this had I not received inspiration from what I have seen of the work of one angler, whom I believe to be pre-eminent over all the many others who are now engaged, at the season of the year, in that most delicate business of beguiling to the hook the trout of the chalk streams. I do not care, without particular permission, to give his name to the public, but there are many who pursue this art on the rivers of the South who will put a name to him at once, without

¹ It is only since the writing of this essay that the lamented death has happened of this past-master of the angling art.—H. G. H.

a moment's hesitation, by virtue of the indication above given. In the opinion of all those who know his skill as an angler, and with whom I have ever discussed the question, he is not only better than any other man at the art, but is even in a class entirely by himself. As I put it to a friend who told me he had lately been watching, on the Itchen, the angling of one reputed great master whom I did not happen to have seen at work,—"I suppose G—," naming him whom I piously believe to be the greatest of all, "could give him a stroke a hole, could he not?" "Two strokes a hole, I should think, from what I have seen of the two," was the reply, delivered with a fervour that bespoke full conviction. It is, therefore, on no unsupported personal opinion that I claim so much for this most remarkable fisher, and the records of a certain book belonging to a certain fishing club, records extending over many years, prove the claim to demonstration that we have, in this angler, one who, in the words of a gillie regarding him, "catches fish when no one else can catch them," and who catches more fish than any one else when others are catching them too. Set this man down, with any other you may name, on a river equally well known to the two of them, and at the end of a week's fishing, presuming that to be a sufficient period to eliminate the luck of finding fish

rising on one beat and not on another, it is my conviction that he would be certain to have killed twenty-five per cent more weight of fish, using virtually the same flies, than the other, and I should be surprised if his advantage were not nearer fifty than twenty-five per cent. It is impossible to suppose that one man would achieve so much greater things than all others simply by a superior delicacy and accuracy in the placing of the fly. It suggests very forcibly that he has some method, some secret, which he has made, and in some measure has kept, his own; and it is, as I hope, by the revelation of that method, or of so much of it as I believe I understand, that I shall justify the large claim lately made. Mention of "keeping of a secret" might be thought to imply an idea, not quite sportsmanlike, of a selfish hugging of an advantage over others. Any such ursine behaviour is as far remote as could be from the disposition of this best of anglers, which is of a modesty that makes him most reluctant to speak of his own doings and methods. He is not of our noble army of scribblers, and it is with difficulty that he can be induced to admit that his skill is at all superior to that of any other. "I happened to be lucky in finding the fish rising," is his usual apology for a day's bag a cent per cent heavier than that of the next man. It is only with the greatest difficulty that he can be induced to admit any

superiority in his skill or any difference in his method. But his method is different, and I will endeavour to make explanation of it.

It may be as well to say, thus early, that if a student of the gentle art of fishing with the dry fly is to take any practical advantage of the inferences to be drawn from the practice of this great master, we must presume him to have passed the first standards, as we may call them, those very early stages of his education in which his attention is concentrated on the work of getting the fly out by any means he can. We must suppose him to have passed that point at which it ceases to be necessary for him to work laboriously at his over-hand casting, and to have acquired the necessary art of horizontal casting, either forward as well as back-handed with the right hand, or forward with both hands ambidexterously. And I may say this for the comfort of those who, like myself, are utterly incapable of executing anything like a useful cast with the left hand, that this best of all fishers is equally useless with his left hand, and does all the work which ambidexterity would perform with the left hand by means of the back-hand cast with the right. Nor can I see that anything of value is lost by it. Now and again it may happen that a trout is lying in a place where

a long reach out with the left hand, while the right hand has grip of a supporting tree on the bank, may get a rise for an ambidexterous fisher where a back-handed throw with the right could not reach to the fish; but these places are rare, and as a rule, that has few exceptions, the back-hand cast with the right, if well done, can pitch the fly where it needs to go in order to reach the most elusive fish. That the fly, however thrown, will float over the fish just like the natural insect, does not by any means follow, no matter by which of the two modes it is cast there.

The secret, then, in brief, which this wonderful angler possesses—to the exclusion of all the rest, to the best of my knowledge, of the angling world—is that of presenting the fly to the fish with such a curl at the end of the gut that the fly only, and the gut not at all, comes floating down over the fish's head. Standing or crouching directly behind the fish, whether wading in the stream or kneeling on the bank, he is able to do this, and is able to do it either fore-handed or back. That means to say, that if he is fishing on the proper right¹ bank of a stream, so that he will naturally cast fore-handed with his right hand to a rising fish, he will be kneeling on the bank, or perhaps have the left knee on the bank and the right foot down in the water, and will

¹ By "proper right," I mean on the right hand of a man facing down-stream.
—H. G. H.

essay to beguile this fish to its death in the following way. With rod held low over the water, he will execute the horizontal cast, fore-handed, making the line travel, in the forward part of the cast, very nearly in the true horizontal plane, parallel with the surface of the water. Then, just before the line and cast have gone out straight, while there is yet a considerable curve, convex towards the bank, in the line, he will arrest the movement and hold the rod rigid. That means that the following movement is imparted to the final end of the cast and the fly that terminates it:—it is arrested, with a sudden stop, almost a jerk, as it is coming round to straighten itself out, and the effect of that is to give it a little sharp flick round towards the left. That is really the final moment of the cast: the cast is completed; but of course there is a moment yet before it all—fly, gut, and line—comes on the water, the moment, namely, that it takes the force of gravity to bring down the line and the rest of the arrangements to fall lightly on the stream. And you see what the result of it is, so far as the fish is concerned, if the final curve of the gut towards the left has been nicely calculated and the whole throw has been correctly performed—that the fly lands a foot or a foot and a half, whatever distance, in the pace of the stream, may seem to be best, above the trout's head, but that no part of the gut is directly in front of its nose. All the gut will

lie on the right of the trout, and will come floating down to its side. The fly alone will pass over its head.

Does this sound something of a *tour de force* or conjuring trick? To those to whom it comes as a new project it is possible that it may so sound, but as a matter of fact it is not altogether so difficult of achievement as may be thought. Far indeed be it from me to pose as having at all conquered its difficulties. Now and again, after much practice, I am able to achieve the throw correctly, to put the fly, and the fly only, to sail over the fish's head; and when this happy event does come off, it is wonderful how seldom a seriously feeding fish seems able to decline the invitation, of course on the assumption that the stream is flowing so as not to put any drag on the fly. But when you can get right behind your fish it is not often that this fatal drag occurs. The real expert should be able to accomplish this little curve of the gut at the end—it is something in the form of a note of interrogation that the cast should fall—equally with the back-handed as with the fore-handed throw, for then he can terminate his invitation to the fish with the correct note of interrogation (only turned the other way round), equally deftly whether it lie under the one bank or the other of the stream. Or it may be, if he is an ambidexterous artist, that he will, on occasion, shift the rod to his left hand and cast the curving tail of gut in that way.

Anything like a moderate breeze of wind seems to make this cast, as is only likely, far more difficult to execute. If the wind be across stream, it either flicks the curve back or brings too much of the gut round, according to the direction of the wind in relation to the direction of the curve. If the wind be straight, and at all strong, behind, it is difficult to avoid its straightening out the curve, and if the wind be down stream it is hard to get the cast to pitch on the water lightly and yet not to have its end blown back on itself.

As for the mode of execution of the throw, I have endeavoured to give an idea of it above. By way of amplifying that suggestion, be it said in the first place that possibly enough there are as many ways of achieving it as there are "of making tribal lays," and very likely "every single one of them is right"; but the way which seems effective, so far as my humble efforts at the stroke go to teach me, is to make the line travel fairly quickly before the moment of arrest. Of course the pace and the power of any throw are determined not by the amount of force that your muscles put into it, but only by the amount of that force which they communicate to the steely-springing rod. It is the flick of the rod that communicates the movement to the line, and that flick does not give its full effect unless it is imparted at the moment when the line is at the right degree of extension backward. All this is of the grammar of the art of

casting, and it is supposed that the student of this, the "interrogation note" cast, will have passed the standards of the first grammar.

It is necessary that there should be a certain pace of travel given to the line by the flick, in order that all its force shall not be spent by the moment of arrest, but that there shall be still sufficient to carry the end of the cast, with the fly, round in its curve. Nor does it in the least follow that the fly and the gut shall not fall with perfect lightness on the water, because they have been travelling at a tolerable speed shortly before alighting. They do not alight with anything like the force of their travel: it is a force which does not, in fact, affect the mode of their alighting, because that force is checked, it is pulled up short, and the fly and the gut come on the water with only the gentle force of the gravity that causes them to fall from the height of a foot or so above the water's surface. For this reason it is a very useful cast to use in a wind of which the strength is not too excessive. The line can be sent out at a pace which defeats the action of a moderate current of air, and yet the gut will fall lightly on the water. The problem is to induce it to alight before the wind has caught it and sent it erratically.

It hardly needs to be emphasised how much greater is the chance of deceiving a fish by means of a lure thus presented than of the most lightly thrown fly offered in the usual way,

for this usual mode implies that a portion of gut shall of necessity pass over the fish's head before the fly comes within its range, and though the wonder is rather that the trout endure the sight of the gut at all than that they are sometimes scared by it, it is quite certain that many a fish which does not at once dart off when it sees the gut may still be made watchful and suspicious. He may even continue to rise, though in a less confident way than before, at the natural fly, and be making so careful an inspection of each insect as it comes to him, before accepting it, that there is very little chance of his making any mistake when the imitation comes to his notice. There is very much less probability of throwing him into this state of morbid watchfulness if the fly be presented to him with such a curve at the end of the cast that the fly only and none of the gut comes over his head.

There is a further point that is worth mentioning in commending this throw to the dry-fly fisher. He will know, of his past experience, that if a fish comes away from his position to the distance of six inches or a foot—he is not likely to move further, unless it be to drop down-stream as the fly comes over him, examining it, in which case he is always a difficult fish to strike if he does finally elect to sample the fly—if the fish moves right or left to seize an artificial fly it means that he has fully made up his mind to have it, and is far more likely to take a good hold

of the fly and to let the hook take a good hold of him, than the fish which merely sucks it in as it passes straight above his head. It is, in fact, almost to be taken as a maxim that the further you can induce the fish to come to your fly the more likely you are to hook him. And that being so, it is evident that you have not done yourself much harm in relation to the fish—have not, to any appreciable extent, spoilt your chance of catching him—if you happen, throwing thus with the cast curving towards the left, to pitch the fly a little outside him, a little to his right. If it sails down say six inches to the right of him, and he does not come for it, no damage has been done. The gut and all the rest of the line of invitation is lying yet further away to his right, and he is little likely to take notice of it; and if, on the other hand, he does observe your fly and think it worth his while to travel this half foot or so to taste it, there is all the greater probability of your tasting him, a little later in the day, at table than there would have been if your fly had been cast so as to pass exactly over him. There is thus this added point to be scored in this cast's favour, that if not exactly achieved at the first or second time of asking, the trout is far more likely to accept a third or subsequent invitation than if each proffer has been accompanied with some of the gut passed over him for inspection.

The essential for the correct performance of this cast, which

is really not so subtle an affair as it is bound to appear in the description, is, as I suppose in every other, that the timing shall be accurate. The line must be sent forward with just force enough, and no more, nicely proportioned to the length of line that is being used, to take it out quickly, yet not too quickly, to the required distance. If the pace be not enough, or again if it be too much, then, when the check is put on, the end of the cast fails to come curving round to make its note of interrogation. On the other hand, if the force is calculated nicely it is most satisfactory to see the right termination placed to the all-important question which you are asking the fish—that invitation to dinner which has to be put so exactly in the form in which he likes it if it is to win his acceptance. And the fly is not

in any real sense thrown on the water. It is thrown out, thrown with a considerable speed and power; but then it is to be arrested. It is to be arrested just high enough above the water's surface to allow the fly and the end of the cast to have time to make the curve, and then to fall, without any force imparted from the thrower's arm at all, just as lightly as if they had been carefully laid there by his hand.

You may believe one who has, with infinite pains and with very moderate success, endeavoured to acquire the art of this most subtle and delicate throw, that it is an endeavour which adds immensely to the interest of dry-fly fishing, and that even its very imperfect acquirement adds more than a few to the fish that you may expect to catch with the dry fly.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

“SCALLY.”

THE STORY OF A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

BY IAN HAY.

“BETTERSEA Trem? Right, Miss!”

My wife, who has been married long enough to feel deeply gratified at being mistaken for a maiden lady, smiled seraphically at the conductor, and allowed herself to be hoisted up the steps of the majestic vehicle provided by a paternal County Council to convey passengers—at a loss to the rate-payers, I understand—from the Embankment to Battersea.

Presently we ground our way round a curve, and began to cross Westminster Bridge. The conductor, whose innate Cockney *bonhomie* his high official position had failed to eradicate, presented himself before us and collected our fares.

“What part of Battersea did you require, sir?” he asked of me.

I coughed, and answered evasively—

“Oh, about the middle.”

“We haven’t been there before,” added my wife, quite gratuitously.

The conductor smiled indulgently, and punched our tickets.

“I’ll tell you when to get down,” he said, and left us.

For some months we had been considering the question of buying a dog; and a good deal of our spare time—or per-

haps I should say of my spare time, for a woman’s time is naturally all her own—had been pleasantly occupied in discussing the matter. Having at length committed ourselves to the purchase of the animal, we proceeded to consider such details as breed, sex, and age. My wife vacillated between a bloodhound, because bloodhounds are so aristocratic in appearance, and a Pekinese, because they are *dernier cri*. (We like to be *dernier cri* even in Much Moreham.) Her younger sister Eileen, who spends a good deal of time with us, suggested an Old English sheep-dog, explaining that it would be company for my wife when I was away from home. I coldly recommended a mastiff. Our son John, aged three, upon being consulted, expressed a preference for twelve tigers in a box, and was not again invited to participate in the debate.

Finally we decided upon an Aberdeen terrier, of an age and sex to be settled by circumstances, and I was instructed to communicate with a gentleman in the North, who advertised in our morning paper that Aberdeen terriers were his speciality. In due course we received a reply. The advertiser recommended

two animals—namely, "Celtic Chief," aged four months, and "Scotia's Pride," aged one year. Pedigrees were enclosed, each about as complicated as the family tree of the House of Hapsburg; and the favour of an early reply was requested, as both dogs were being hotly bid for by an anonymous client in Constantinople. The price of "Celtic Chief" was twenty guineas; that of "Scotia's Pride," for reasons heavily underlined in the pedigree, was twenty-seven. The advertiser (who was an Aberdonian) added that these prices did not cover cost of carriage. We decided not to stand in the way of the gentleman in Constantinople, and having sent back the pedigrees by return of post, resumed the debate.

Finally Stella (my wife) said—

"We don't really want a dog with a pedigree. We only want something that will bark at beggars and be gentle with Baby. Why not go to the Home for Lost Dogs at Battersea? I believe you can get any dog you like there for five shillings. We will run up to town next Wednesday and see about it—and I might get some clothes as well."

Hence our presence on the tram.

Presently the conductor, who had kindly pointed out to us such objects of local interest as the River Thames and the Houses of Parliament, stopped the tram in a crowded thoroughfare and announced that we were in Battersea.

"Alight here," he announced

facetiously, "for the 'Ome for Lost Dawgs!"

Guiltily realising that there is many a true word spoken in jest, we obeyed him, and the tram went rocking and whizzing out of sight.

We had eschewed a cab.

"When you are only going to pay five shillings for a dog," my wife had pointed out with convincing logic, "it is silly to go and pay perhaps another five shillings for a cab. It doubles the price of the dog at once. If we had been buying an expensive dog we might have taken a cab; but not for a five-shilling one."

"Now," I inquired briskly, "how are we going to find this place?"

"Haven't you any idea where it is?"

"No. I have a sort of vague notion that it is on an island in the middle of the river—called the Isle of Dogs, or Barking Reach, or something like that. However, I have no doubt——"

"Haden't we better ask some one?" suggested Stella.

I demurred.

"If there is one thing I dislike," I said, "it is accosting total strangers and badgering them for information which they don't possess. Not that that will prevent them from giving it. If we start asking the way we shall find ourselves in Putney or Woolwich in no time!"

"Yes, dear," said Stella soothingly.

"Now I suggest——" My hand went to my pocket.

"No, darling," interposed my wife hastily; "not a map,

please!" (It is a curious psychological fact that women have a constitutional aversion to maps and railway timetables. They would sooner consult a half-witted errand-boy or a deaf railway porter.) "Do not let us make a spectacle of ourselves in the public streets again! I have not yet forgotten the day when you tried to find the Crystal Palace. Besides, it will only blow away. Ask that dear little boy there. He is looking at us so wistfully." . . .

Yes, I admit it was criminal folly. A man who asks a London street-boy to be so kind as to direct him to a Home for Lost Dogs has only himself to thank for the consequences.

The wistful little boy smiled up at us. He had a pinched face and large eyes.

"Lost Dogs' 'Ome, sir?" he said courteously. "It's a good long way. Did you want to get there quick?"

"Yes."

"Then if I was you, sir," replied the infant, edging to the mouth of an alleyway, "I should bite a policeman!"

And with an ear-splitting yell, he vanished.

We walked on, hot-faced.

"Little wretch!" said Stella.

"We simply asked for it," I rejoined. "What are we going to do next?"

My question was answered in a most incredible fashion, for at this moment a man emerged from a shop on our right, and set off down the street before us. He wore a species of uniform, and emblazoned upon the front of his

hat was the information that he was an official of the Battersea Home for Lost and Starving Dogs.

"Wait a minute, and I will ask him," I said, starting forward.

But my wife would not hear of it.

"Certainly not," she replied. "If we ask him he will simply offer to show us the way. Then we shall have to talk to him—about hydrophobia, and lethal chambers, and distemper—and it may be for miles. I simply couldn't bear it. We shall have to tip him, too. Let us follow him, quietly."

To those who have never attempted to track a fellow-creature surreptitiously through the streets of London on a hot day the feat may appear simple. It is in reality a most exhausting, dilatory, and humiliating exercise. Our difficulty lay not so much in keeping our friend in sight as in avoiding frequent and unexpected collisions with him. The general idea, as they say on field-days, was to keep about twenty yards behind him; but under certain circumstances distance has an uncanny habit of annihilating itself. The man himself was no hustler. Once or twice he stopped to light his pipe, or converse with a friend. During these interludes Stella and I loafed guiltily upon the pavement, pointing out to one another objects of local interest with the fatuous officiousness of people in the foreground of hotel advertisements. Occasionally he paused to contemplate the contents of a shop

window. We gazed industriously into the window next door. Our first window, I recollect, was an undertaker's, with ready-printed expressions of grief for sale upon white porcelain discs. We had time to read them all. The next was a butcher's. Here we stayed, perforce, so long that the proprietor, who was of the tribe which disposes of its wares almost entirely by personal canvass, came out into the street and endeavoured to sell us a bullock's heart.

Our quarry's next proceeding was to dive into a public-house.

We turned and surveyed one another.

"What are we to do now?" inquired my wife.

"Go inside too," I replied, with more enthusiasm than I had hitherto displayed. "At least I think I ought to. You can please yourself."

"I will not be left in the street," said Stella firmly. "We must just wait here together until he comes out."

"There may be another exit," I objected. "We had better go in. I shall take something, just to keep up appearances, and you must sit down in the Ladies' Bar, or the Snug, or whatever they call it."

"Certainly not!" said Stella.

We had arrived at this *impasse* when the man suddenly reappeared, wiping his mouth. Instantly and silently we fell in behind him.

For the first time the man appeared to notice our presence. He regarded us curiously, with

a faint gleam of recognition in his eyes, and then set off down the street at a good round pace. We followed, panting. Once or twice he looked back over his shoulder—a little apprehensively, I thought. But we ploughed on.

"We ought to get there soon at this pace," I gasped. "Hallo, he's gone again!"

"He turned down to the right," said Stella excitedly.

The lust of the chase was fairly on us now. We swung eagerly round the corner into a quiet by-street. Our man was nowhere to be seen, and the street was almost empty.

"Come on!" said Stella. "He may have turned in somewhere."

We hurried down the street. Suddenly, warned by a newly awakened and primæval instinct, I looked back. We had overrun our quarry. He had just emerged from some hiding-place of his own, and was heading back towards the main street, looking fearfully over his shoulder.

Once more we were in full cry. . . .

For the next five minutes we practically ran—all three of us. The man was obviously frightened out of his wits, and kept making frenzied and spasmodic spurts, from which we surmised that he was getting to the end of his powers of endurance.

"If only we could overtake him," I said, hauling my exhausted spouse along by the arm, "we could explain that——"

"He's gone again!" exclaimed Stella.

She was right. The man had turned another corner. We followed him round, hot-foot, and found ourselves in a prim little *cul-de-sac*, with villas on either side. Across the end of the street ran a high wall, obviously screening a railway-track.

"We've got him!" I exclaimed, feeling as Moltke must have felt when he closed the circle at Sedan.

"But where is the Dogs' Home, dear?" inquired Stella.

The question was never answered, for at this moment the man ran up the steps of the fourth villa on the left and slipped a latchkey into the lock. The door closed behind him with a venomous snap, and we were left alone in the street, guideless and dogless.

A minute later the man appeared at the ground-floor window, accompanied by a female of commanding appearance. He pointed us out

to her. Behind them, dimly, we could descry a white tablecloth, a tea-cosy, and covered dishes.

The commanding female, after a prolonged and withering glare, plucked a hairpin from her head and ostentatiously proceeded to skewer together the starchy white curtains which framed the window. Privacy secured, and the sanctity of the English home thus pointedly vindicated, she and her husband disappeared into the murky background, where they doubtless sat down to an excellent high tea.

Exhausted and discomfited, we drifted away.

"I am going home," said Stella in a hollow voice. "And I think," she added bitterly, "that it might have occurred to you to suggest that the creature might possibly be going *from* the Dogs' Home, and not to it."

I apologised. It is the simplest plan, really.

II

It was almost dark when the train arrived at our little country station. We set out to walk home by the short cut across the golf-course.

"Anyhow, we have saved five shillings," remarked Stella.

"We paid half-a-crown for that taxi which took us back to Victoria Station," I reminded her.

"Do not argue to-night, darling," responded my wife.

"I simply cannot endure anything more."

Plainly she was a little unstrung. Very considerably I selected another topic.

"I think our best plan," I said cheerfully, "would be to advertise for a dog."

"I never wish to see a dog again," replied Stella.

I surveyed her with some concern, and said gently—

"I am afraid you are tired, dear."

"No, I'm not."

"A little shaken, perhaps?"

"Nothing of the kind. *Joe, what is that?*"

Stella's fingers bit deep into my biceps muscle, causing me considerable pain. We were passing a small sheet of water, which guards the thirteenth green on the golf-course. It is a stagnant and unclean pool, but we make rather a fuss of it. We call it the pond, and if you play a ball into it you send a blasphemous caddie in after it and count one stroke.

A young moon was struggling up over the trees, dismally illuminating the scene. Upon the slimy shores of the pond we beheld a small moving

object. A yard behind it was another object, a little smaller, moving at exactly the same pace. One of the objects was emitting sounds of distress.

Abandoning my quaking consort, I advanced to the edge of the pond and leaned down to investigate the mystery.

The leading object proved to be a small, wet, shivering, whimpering puppy. The satellite was a brick. The two were connected by a string. The puppy had just emerged from the depths of the pond, towing the brick behind it.

"What is it, dear?" repeated Stella fearfully.

"Your dog!" I replied, and cut the string.

III.

We spent three days deciding upon a name for him. Stella suggested Tiny, on account of his size. I pointed out that time might stultify this selection of a title.

"I don't think so," said Eileen, supporting her sister. (She usually does.) "That kind of dog does not grow very big."

"What kind of dog is he?" I inquired swiftly.

Eileen said no more. There are problems which even young women of twenty cannot solve.

A warm bath had revealed to us the fact that the puppy was of a dingy yellow hue. I suggested that we should call him "Mustard." Our son John, on being consulted (against my advice) by his mother, addressed the animal

as "Pussy." Stella continued to favour "Tiny." Finally Eileen, who was at the romantic age, produced a copy of Tennyson and suggested "Excalibur," alleging in support of her preposterous proposition that

It rose from out the bosom of the lake.

"The darling rose from out the bosom of the lake, too, just like the sword Excalibur," she said, "so I think it would make a lovely name for him."

"The little brute waded out of a muddy pond towing a brick," I replied. "I see no parallel. He was not the product of the pond. Some one must have thrown him in, and he came out."

"That is just," retorted Eileen, "what some one must have done with the sword. So

we'll call you Excalibur, won't we, darling little Scally?"

She embraced the puppy warmly, and the unsuspecting animal replied by frantically licking her face.

However, the name stuck—with variations. When the puppy was big enough he was presented with a collar engraved with the name "Excalibur," together with my name and address. Among ourselves we usually addressed him as "Scally." The children in the village called him "The Scallywag."

His time during his first year in our household was fully occupied in growing up. Stella declared that if one could have persuaded him to stand still for five minutes it would have been actually possible to see him grow. He grew at the rate of about an inch per week for the best part of a year. When he had finished he looked like nothing on earth. At one time we cherished a brief but illusory hope that he was going to turn into some sort of an imitation of a St Bernard; but the symptoms rapidly passed off, and his final and permanent aspect was that of a rather badly stuffed lion.

Like most overgrown creatures he was top-heavy and lethargic, and very humble-minded. Still, there was a kind of respectful pertinacity about him. It requires some strength of character, for instance, to wade along the bottom of a pond to dry land accompanied by a brick as big as yourself. It was quite impossible, too, short of locking

him up, to prevent him from accompanying us when we took our walks abroad, if he had made up his mind to do so. The first time this happened I was going to shoot with some neighbours. It was only a mile to the first covert, and I set off after breakfast to walk. I was hardly out upon the road when Excalibur was beside me, ambling uncertainly upon his weedy legs and smiling up into my face with an air of imbecile affection.

"You have many qualities, old friend," I said, "but I don't think you are a sporting dog. Go home!"

Excalibur sat down upon the road with a dejected air. Then, having given me fifty yards' start, he rose and crawled sheepishly after me. I stopped, called him up, pointed him with some difficulty in the required direction, gave him a resounding spank, and bade him begone. He responded by collapsing like a camp bedstead, and I left him.

Two minutes later I looked round. Excalibur was ten yards behind me, propelling himself along upon his stomach. This time I thrashed him severely. After he had begun to howl I let him go, and he lumbered away homeward the picture of misery.

In due course I reached the cross-roads where I had arranged to meet the rest of the party. They had not arrived, but Excalibur had. He had made a detour, and headed me off. Not certain which route I would take after the cross-roads, he was sitting, very

sensibly, under the sign-post, awaiting my arrival. On seeing me he immediately came forward, wagging his tail, and placed himself at my feet in the position most convenient to me for inflicting chastisement.

I wonder how many of our human friends would be willing to pay such a price for the pleasure of our company.

As time went on Excalibur filled out into one of the most terrifying spectacles I have ever beheld. In one respect, though, he lived up to his knightly name. His manners were of the most courtly description, and he had an affectionate greeting for all—beggars included. He was particularly fond of children. If he saw children in the distance he would canter up and offer to play with them. If the children had not met him before they would run shrieking to their nurses. If they had, they would fall upon Excalibur in a body and roll him over and pull him about. On wet afternoons in the nursery my own family used to play at "dentist" with him, assigning to Excalibur the rôle of patient. Gas was administered with a bicycle-pump, and a shoehorn and button-hook were employed in place of the ordinary instruments of torture. But Excalibur did not mind. He lay on his back upon the hearthrug, with the principal dentist sitting astride his ribs, as happy as a king. He was particularly attracted by babies; and being able by reason of his stature to look right down into perambulators,

was accustomed whenever he met one of these vehicles to amble alongside and peer inquiringly into the face of its occupant. Most of the babies in the district got to know him in time, but until they did we had a good deal of correspondence to attend to upon the subject.

Excalibur's intellect may have been lofty, but his memory was treacherous. Our household will never forget the day upon which he was given the shoulder of mutton.

One morning after breakfast Eileen, accompanied by Excalibur, intercepted the kitchen-maid hastening in the direction of the potting-shed, carrying the joint in question at arm's length. The damsel explained that its premature maturity was due to the recent warm weather, and that she was even now in search of the gardener's boy, who would be commissioned to perform the duties of sexton.

"It seems a waste, Miss," observed the kitchen-maid, "but Cook says it can't be ate nohow, now."

Loud but respectful snuffings from Excalibur moved a direct negative to this statement. Eileen and the kitchen-maid, who were both criminally weak where Excalibur was concerned, saw a way to gratify their economical instincts and their natural affection simultaneously. Next moment Excalibur was lurching contentedly down the gravel path, with a presentation shoulder of mutton in his mouth.

Then Joy Day began. Ex-

calibur took his prize into the middle of the tennis-lawn. It was a very large shoulder of mutton, but Excalibur finished it in ten minutes. After that, distended to his utmost limits, he went to sleep in the sun, with the bone between his paws. Occasionally he woke up, and raising his head stared solemnly into space, in the attitude of a Trafalgar Square lion. The bone now lay white and gleaming upon the grass beside him. Then he fell asleep again. About four o'clock he roused himself, and began to look for a suitable place of interment for the bone. By four-thirty the deed was done, and he went to sleep once more. At five he woke up—and pandemonium began. He could not remember where he had buried the bone!

He started systematically with the rose-beds, but met with no success. After that he tried two or three shrubberies, without avail; and then embarked upon a frantic but thorough excavation of the tennis-lawn. We were taking tea upon the lawn at the time, and our attention was first drawn to Excalibur's bereavement by a temporary but unshakable conviction on his part that the bone was buried immediately underneath the tea-table.

As the tennis-lawn was fast beginning to resemble a golf-course, we looked Excalibur up in the wash-house, where his hyena-like howls rent the air for the rest of the evening, penetrating even to the dining-room. This was particularly

unfortunate, because we were having a dinner party in honour of a neighbour who had recently come to the district—no less a personage, in fact, than the new Lord-Lieutenant of the county and his lady. Stella was naturally anxious that there should be no embarrassments upon such an occasion, and it distressed her to think that these people should imagine that we kept a private torture-chamber on the premises.

However, dinner passed off quite successfully, and we adjourned to the drawing-room. It was a chilly September evening, and Lady Wickham was accommodated with a seat by the fire in a large arm-chair with a cushion at her back. When the gentlemen came in Eileen sang to us. Fortunately the drawing-room is out of range of the wash-house.

During Eileen's first song I sat by Lady Wickham. Her expression was one of patrician calm and well-bred repose, but it seemed to me that she was not looking quite comfortable. I was not feeling quite comfortable myself. The atmosphere seemed a trifle oppressive; perhaps we had done wrong in having a fire after all. Lady Wickham appeared to notice it too. She sat very upright, fanning herself mechanically, and seemed disinclined to lean back in her chair.

After the song was finished I said:

"I am afraid you are not quite comfortable, Lady Wickham. Let me get you a larger cushion."

"Thank you," said Lady Wickham; "the cushion I have is delightfully comfortable; but I think there is something hard behind it."

Apologetically, I plucked away the cushion. Lady Wickham was right; there was something behind it. It was Excalibur's bone.

IV.

A walk along the village street was always a great event for Excalibur. Still, it must have contained many humiliating moments for one of his sensitive disposition; for he was always pathetically anxious to make friends with other dogs and was rarely successful. Little dogs merely bit his legs, while big dogs cut him dead.

I think this was why he usually commenced his morning round by calling on a rabbit. The rabbit lived in a hutch in a yard at the end of a passage between two cottages—the first turning on the right after you entered the village—and Excalibur always dived down this at the earliest opportunity. It was no use for Eileen (who usually took him out on these occasions) to endeavour to hold him back. Either Excalibur called on the rabbit by himself or Eileen went with him: there was no other alternative.

Arrived at the hutch, Excalibur wagged his tail and contemplated the rabbit with his usual air of vacuous benevolence. The rabbit made not the faintest response, but continued to munch green food, twitching its nose in a superior manner. Finally, when it could endure Excalibur's admiring inspection and hard breathing

no longer, it turned its back and retired into its bedroom.

Excalibur's next call was usually at the butcher's, where he was presented with a specially selected and quite unsaleable fragment of meat. He then crossed the road to the baker's, where he purchased a halfpenny bun, for which his escort was expected to pay. After that he walked from shop to shop, wherever he was taken, with great docility and enjoyment; for he was a gregarious animal and had a friend behind or underneath almost every counter in the village. Men, women, babies, kittens, even ducks—they were all one to him.

At one time Eileen had endeavoured to teach him a few simple accomplishments, such as begging for food, dying for his country, and carrying parcels. She was unsuccessful in all three instances. Excalibur upon his hind legs stood about five feet six, and when he fell from that eminence, as he invariably did when he tried to beg, he usually broke something. He was hampered, too, by inability to distinguish one order from another. More than once he narrowly escaped with his life through mistaking an urgent appeal to come to heel, out of

the way of an approaching automobile, for a command to die for his country in the middle of the road. As for educating him to carry parcels, a single attempt was sufficient. The parcel in question contained a miscellaneous assortment of articles from the grocer's, including lard, soap, and safety matches. It was securely tied up, and the grocer kindly attached it by a short length of string to a wooden clothes-peg, in order to make it easier for Excalibur to carry. They set off home. . . .

Excalibur was most apologetic about it afterwards, besides being extremely unwell. But he had no idea, he explained to Eileen, that anything put into his mouth was not meant to be eaten. He then tendered the clothes-peg and some mangled brown paper with an air of profound abasement. After that no further attempts at compulsory education were undertaken.

But it was his daily walk with Eileen which introduced Excalibur to Life—Life in its broadest and most romantic sense. As I was not privileged to be present at the opening incident of this episode, or most of its subsequent developments, the direct conduct of this narrative here passes out of my hands.

One sunny morning in July a young man in clerical attire sat breakfasting in his rooms at Mrs Tice's. Mrs Tice's establishment was situated in the village street, and Mrs Tice was in the habit of letting her

ground-floor to lodgers of impeccable respectability.

It was half-past eleven, which is a late hour for the clergy to breakfast, but this young man appeared to be suffering from no qualms of conscience upon the subject. He was making an excellent breakfast, and reading the Henley results from *The Sportsman* with a mixture of rapture and longing.

He had just removed *The Sportsman* from the convenient buttress of the teapot and substituted *Punch*, when he became aware that day had turned to night. Looking up, he perceived that his open window, which was rather small and of the casement variety, was completely blocked by a huge, shapeless, and opaque mass. Next moment the mass resolved itself into an animal of enormous size and surprising appearance, which fell heavily into the room, and—

*"Like a stream that, spouting from a cliff,
Falls in mid-air; but gathering at the base,
Remakes itself,"*

—rose to its feet, and, advancing to the table, laid a heavy head upon the white cloth, and lovingly passed its tongue (which resembled that of the great ant-eater) round a cold chicken conveniently adjacent.

Five minutes later the window framed another picture—this time a girl of twenty, white-clad, and wearing a powder-blue felt hat caught up on one side by a silver buckle, which twinkled in the hot morning sun. The Curate

started to his feet. Excalibur, who was now lying upon the hearthrug dismembering the chicken, thumped his tail guiltily upon the floor, but made no attempt to rise.

"I am very sorry," said Eileen, "but I am afraid my dog is trespassing. May I call him out?"

"Certainly," said the Curate. "But"—he racked his brains to devise some means of delaying the departure of this radiant, fragrant vision—"he is not the least in the way. I am very glad of his company: I think it was most neighbourly of him to call. After all, I suppose he is one of my parishioners? And—and"—he blushed painfully—"I hope you are, too."

Eileen gave him her most entrancing smile, and from that hour the Curate ceased to be his own master.

"I suppose you are Mr Gilmore," said Eileen.

"Yes. I have only been here three weeks, and I have not met every one yet."

"I have been away for two months," Eileen mentioned.

"I thought you must have been," said the Curate, rather subtly for him.

"I think my brother-in-law called upon you a few days ago," continued Eileen, upon whom the Curate's last remark had made a most favourable impression. She mentioned my name.

"I was going to return the call this very afternoon," said the Curate. And he firmly believed that he was speaking the truth. "Won't you come in?

We have an excellent chaperon"—indicating Excalibur. "I will come and open the door."

"Well, he certainly won't come out unless I come and fetch him," admitted Eileen thoughtfully.

A moment later the Curate was at the front door, and led his visitor across the little hall into the sitting-room. He had not been absent more than thirty seconds, but during that time a plateful of sausages had mysteriously disappeared; and as they entered, Excalibur was apologetically settling down upon the hearthrug with a cottage loaf.

Eileen uttered cries of dismay and apology, but the Curate would have none of them.

"My fault entirely!" he insisted. "I have no right to be breakfasting at this hour. But this is my day off. I take early Service every morning at seven; but on Wednesdays we cut it out—omit it, and have full Matins at ten. So I get up at half-past nine, take Service at ten, and come back at eleven and have breakfast. It is my weekly treat."

"You deserve it," said Eileen feelingly. Her religious exercises were limited to going to church on Sunday morning and coming out, if possible, after the litany. "And how do you like Much Moreham?"

"I did not like it at all when I came," said the Curate, "but recently I have begun to enjoy myself immensely." He did not say how recently.

"Were you in London before?"

"Yes—in the East End. It was pretty hard work, but a useful experience. I feel rather lost here during my spare time. I get so little exercise. In London I used to slip away for an occasional outing in a Leander scratch eight, and that kept me fit. I am inclined," he added ruefully, "to put on flesh."

"Leander? Are you a Blue?"

The Curate nodded.

"You know about rowing, I see," he said appreciatively. "The worst of rowing," he continued, "is that it takes up so much of a man's time that he has no opportunity of practising anything else. Cricket, for instance. All curates ought

to be able to play cricket. I do my best, but there isn't a single boy in the Sunday-school who can't bowl me. It's humiliating!"

"Do you play tennis at all?" asked Eileen.

"Yes, in a way."

"I am sure my sister will be pleased if you will come and have a game with us one afternoon."

The enraptured Curate had already opened his mouth to accept this demure invitation, when Excalibur, rising from the hearthrug, stretched himself luxuriously and wagged his tail, thereby removing three pipes, an inkstand, a tobacco-jar, and a half-completed sermon from the writing-table.

V.

Excalibur was heavily overworked in his new rôle of chaperon during the next three or four weeks, and any dog less ready to oblige than himself might have felt a little aggrieved at the treatment to which he was subjected.

There was the case of the tennis-lawn, for instance. He had always regarded this as his own particular sanctuary, dedicated to reflection and repose. But now the net was stretched across it, and Eileen and the Curate performed antics all over the court with rackets and small white balls which, though they did not hurt Excalibur, kept him awake. It did not occur to him to convey himself elsewhere, for his mind moved

slowly; and the united blandishments of the players failed to bring the desirability of such a course home to him. He continued to lie on his favourite spot upon the sunny side of the court, looking injured but forgiving, or slumbering perseveringly amid the storm that raged around him. It was quite impossible to move Excalibur once he had decided to remain where he was, so Eileen and the Curate agreed to regard him as a sort of artificial excrescence—like the buttress in a fives court. If the ball hit him—as it frequently did—the player waiting for it was at liberty either to play it or claim a let. This arrangement added a piquant and pleasing variety to what

is too often—especially when indulged in by mediocre players—a very dull game.

But worse was to follow. One day Eileen and the Curate conducted Excalibur to a neighbouring mountain-range—at least, so it appeared to Excalibur—and played another ball game. This time they employed long sticks with iron heads, and two balls, which, though they were much smaller than the tennis balls, were incredibly hard and painful. Excalibur, though willing to help and anxious to please, could not supervise both these balls at once. As sure as he ran to retrieve one the other came after him and took him unfairly in the rear. Excalibur was the gentlest of creatures, but the most perfect gentleman has his dignity to consider. After having been struck for the third time by one of these balls, he whipped round, picked it up in his mouth, and gave it a tiny pinch—just for a warning. At least, he thought it was a tiny pinch. The ball retaliated, with unexpected ferocity. It twisted and turned. It emitted long snaky spirals of some elastic substance, which clogged his teeth and tickled his throat and wound themselves round his tongue and nearly choked him. Panic-stricken, he ran to his mistress, who, with weeping and with laughter, removed the writhing horror from his jaws and comforted him with fair words.

After that Excalibur realised that it is wiser to walk behind golfers than in front of them.

But it was a boring business, and very exhausting, for he loathed exercise of every kind; and his only periods of repose were the occasions upon which the expedition came to a halt on certain small flat lawns, each of which contained a hole with a flag in it. Here Excalibur would lie down with the contented sigh of a tired child, and go to sleep. As he almost invariably lay down between the hole and the ball, the players agreed to regard him as a bunker. Eileen putted round him; but the curate, who had little regard for the humbler works of creation, Excalibur thought, used to take his mashie and attempt a lofting shot—an enterprise in which he almost invariably failed, to Excalibur's great inconvenience.

Country walks were more tolerable, for Eileen's supervision of his movements, which was usually marked by an officious severity, was sensibly relaxed in these days; and Excalibur found himself at liberty to range abroad amid the heath and through the coppices, engaged in a pastime which he imagined was hunting.

One hot afternoon, wandering into a clearing, he encountered a hare. The hare, which was suffering from extreme panic owing to a terrifying noise behind it—the blast of the newest and most vulgar motor-horn, to be precise—was bolting right across the clearing. After the manner of hares where objects directly in front of them are concerned, the

fugitive entirely failed to perceive Excalibur, and indeed ran right underneath him on its way to cover. Excalibur was so unstrung by this adventure that he ran back to where he had left Eileen and the Curate.

They were sitting side by side upon the grass, and the Curate was holding Eileen's hand.

Excalibur advanced upon them thankfully, and indicated by an ingratiating smile that a friendly remark or other recognition of his presence would be gratefully received. But neither took the slightest notice of him. They continued to gaze straight before them, in a mournful and abstracted fashion. They looked not so much at Excalibur as *through* him. First the hare, then Eileen and the Curate! Excalibur began to fear that he had become invisible—or at least transparent. Greatly agitated, he drifted away into a neighbouring plantation, full of young pheasants. Here he encountered a keeper, who was able to dissipate his gloomy suspicions for him without any difficulty whatsoever.

But Eileen and the Curate sat on.

"A hundred pounds a year!" repeated the Curate. "A pass degree, and no influence! I can't preach, and I have no money of my own. Dearest, I ought never to have told you."

"Told me what?" inquired Eileen softly. She knew quite well, but she was a woman; and a woman can never let well alone.

The Curate, turning to Eileen,

delivered himself of a statement of three words. Eileen's reply was a whispered *tu quoque*.

"It had to happen, dear," she added cheerfully, for she did not share the Curate's burden of responsibility in the matter. "If you had not told me, we should have been miserable separately. Now that you have told me, we can be miserable together. And when two people who—who——" She hesitated.

The Curate supplied the relative sentence. Eileen nodded her head in acknowledgment.

"Yes; who are—like you and me, are miserable together, they are happy! See?"

"I see," said the Curate gravely. "Yes, you are right there. But we can't go on living on a diet of joint misery. We shall have to face the future. What are we going to do about it?"

Then Eileen spoke up boldly for the first time.

"Gerald," she said, "we shall simply have to manage on a hundred a year."

But the Curate shook his head.

"Dearest, I should be an utter cad if I allowed you to do such a thing," he said. "A hundred a year is less than two pounds a week."

"A lot of people live on less than two pounds a week," Eileen pointed out longingly.

"Yes, I know. If we could rent a three-shilling cottage, and I could go about with a spotted handkerchief round my neck, and you could scrub the doorstep, *coram populo*, we

might be very comfortable. But the clergy belong to the black-coated class, and people in the lower ranks of the black-coated class are the poorest people in the whole wide world. They have to spend money on luxuries—collars, and charwomen, and so on—which a working man can spend entirely on necessities. It wouldn't merely mean no pretty dresses and a lot of hard work for you, Eileen. It would mean *starvation*! Believe me, I know! Some of my friends have tried it, and I know!"

"What happened to them?" asked Eileen fearfully.

"They all had to come down in the end—some soon, some late, but all in time—to taking parish relief."

"Parish relief?"

"Yes. Not official, regulation, rate-aided charity, but the infinitely more humiliating charity of their well-to-do neighbours. Quiet cheques, second-hand dresses, and things like that. No, little girl, you and I are too proud—too proud of the cloth—for that. We will never give a handle to the people who are always waiting to have a fling at the improvident clergy—not if it breaks our hearts, we won't!"

"You are quite right, dear," said Eileen quietly. "We must wait."

Then the Curate said the most difficult thing he had said yet.

"I shall have to go away from here."

Eileen's hand turned cold in his.

"Why?" she whispered; but she knew.

"Because if we wait here, we shall wait for ever. The last curate in Much Moreham—what happened to him?"

"He died."

"Yes—at fifty-five; and he had been here for thirty years. Preferment does not come in sleepy villages. I must go back to London."

"The East End?"

"East or South or North—it doesn't signify. Anywhere but West. In the East and South and North there is always work to be done—hard work. And if a parson has no money and no brains and no influence, and can only work—run clothing-clubs and soup-kitchens, and reclaim drunkards—London is the place for him. So off I go to London, my beloved, to lay the foundations of Paradise for you and me—for you and me!"

There was a long silence. Then the pair rose to their feet, and smiled upon one another extremely cheerfully, because each suspected the other (rightly) of low spirits.

"Shall we tell people?" asked the Curate.

Eileen thought, and shook her head.

"No," she said. "Nicer not. It will make a splendid secret."

"Just between us two—eh?" said the Curate, kindling at the thought.

"Just between us two," agreed Eileen. And the Curate kissed her, very solemnly. A secret is a comfortable thing to lovers, especially when they are young and about to be lonely.

At this moment a leonine head, supported upon a lumbering and ill-balanced body, was thrust in between them. It was Excalibur, taking sanctuary with the Church from the vengeance of the Law.

"We might tell Scally, I think," said Eileen.

"Rather!" assented the Curate. "He introduced us."

So Eileen communicated the great news to Excalibur.

"You do approve, dear, don't you?" she said.

Excalibur, instinctively realising that this was an occasion upon which liberties might be taken, stood upon his hind legs and placed his fore-paws on his mistress's shoulders. The Curate supported them both.

"And you will use your influence to get us a living wage from somewhere, won't you, old man?" added the Curate.

Excalibur tried to lick both their faces at once — and succeeded.

VI.

So the Curate went away, but not to London. He was sent instead to a great manufacturing town in the North, where the work was equally hard, and where Anglican and Roman and Salvationist fought grimly side by side against the powers of drink and disease and crime. During these days, which ultimately rolled into years, the Curate lost his boyish freshness and his unfortunate tendency to put on flesh. He grew thin and lathy; and although his smile was as ready and as magnetic as ever, he seldom laughed.

But he never failed to write a cheerful letter to Eileen every Monday morning. He was getting a hundred and twenty pounds a year now, so his chances of becoming a millionaire had increased by twenty per cent.

Meanwhile his two confederates, Excalibur and Eileen, continued to reside at Much

Moreham. Eileen was still the recognised beauty of the district, but she spread her net less promiscuously than of yore. Girl friends she always had in plenty, but it was noticed that she avoided intimacy with all eligible males of over twenty and under forty-five years of age. No one knew the reason of this, except Excalibur. Eileen used to read Gerald's letters aloud to him every Tuesday morning: sometimes the letter contained a friendly message to Excalibur himself. In acknowledgment of this courtesy Excalibur always sent his love to the Curate — Eileen wrote every Friday — and he and Eileen walked together, rain or shine, on Friday afternoons to post the letter in the next village. Much Moreham post-office was too small to remain oblivious to such a regular correspondence.

But the Curate was seen no more in his old parish. Railway journeys are costly things,

and curates' holidays rare. Besides, he had no overt excuse for coming. And so life went on for five years. The Curate and Eileen may have met during that period, for Eileen sometimes went away visiting; and as Excalibur was not privileged to accompany her upon these occasions he had no means of checking her movements. But the chances are that she never saw the Curate, or I think she would have told Excalibur about it. We simply have to tell some one.

Then, quite suddenly, came a tremendous change in Excalibur's life. Eileen's brother-in-law—he was Excalibur's master no longer, for Excalibur had been transferred to Eileen by deed of gift, at her own request, on her first birthday after the Curate's departure—fell ill. There was an operation, and a crisis, and a deal of unhappiness at Much Moreham: then came convalescence, followed by directions for a sea voyage of six months. It was arranged that the house should be shut up, and the children sent to their grandmother at Bath.

"That settles everything and everybody," said the gaunt man on the sofa, "except you, Eileen. What about you?"

"What about Scally?" inquired Eileen.

Her brother-in-law apologetically admitted that he had forgotten Scally.

"Not quite myself at present," he mentioned in extenuation.

"I am going to Aunt Phoebe," announced Eileen.

"You are never going to

introduce Scally into Aunt Phoebe's establishment!" cried Eileen's sister.

"No," said Eileen, "I am not." She rubbed Excalibur's matted head affectionately. "But I have arranged for the dear man's future. He is going to visit friends in the North. Aren't you, darling?"

Excalibur, to whom this arrangement had been privately communicated some days before, wagged his tail and endeavoured to look as intelligent and knowing as possible. He was not going to put his beloved mistress to shame by admitting to her relatives that he had not the faintest idea what she was talking about.

However, he was soon to understand. Next day Eileen took him up to London by train. This in itself was a tremendous adventure, though alarming at first. He travelled in the guard's van, it having been found quite impossible to get him into an ordinary compartment—or rather, to get any one else into the compartment after he had lain down upon the floor. So he travelled with the guard, chained to the vacuum brake, and shared that kindly official's dinner.

When they reached the terminus there was much bustle and confusion. The door of the van was thrown open, and porters dragged out the luggage and submitted samples thereof to overheated passengers, who invariably failed to recognise their own property and claimed some

one else's. Finally, when the luggage was all cleared out, the guard took off Excalibur's chain and facetiously invited him to alight here for London town. Excalibur, lumbering delicately across the ribbed floor of the van, arrived at the open doorway. Outside upon the platform he espied Eileen. Beside her stood a tall figure in black.

With one tremendous roar of rapturous recognition, Excalibur leaped straight out of the van and launched himself fairly and squarely at the Curate's chest. Luckily the Curate saw him coming.

"He knows you all right," said Eileen with satisfaction.

"He appears to," replied the Curate. "Afraid I don't dance the tango, Scally, old man. But thanks for the invitation, all the same!"

Excalibur spent the rest of the day in London, where it must be admitted that he caused a genuine sensation—no mean feat in such a *blasé* place. In Bond Street the traffic had to be held up both ways by benevolent policemen, because Excalibur, feeling pleasantly tired, lay down to rest.

When evening came they all dined together in a cheap little restaurant in Soho, and were very gay—with the gaiety of people who are whistling to

keep their courage up. After dinner Eileen said good-bye, first to Excalibur and then to the Curate. She was much more demonstrative towards the former than the latter, which is the way of women. Then the Curate put Eileen into a taxi, and having, with the aid of the commissioner, extracted Excalibur from underneath—he had gone there under some confused impression that it was the guard's van again—said good-bye for the last time; and Eileen, smiling bravely, was whirled away out of sight.

As the taxi turned a distant corner and disappeared from view, it suddenly occurred to Excalibur that he had been left behind. Accordingly he set off in pursuit. . . .

The Curate finally ran him to earth in Buckingham Palace Road, which is a long chase from Soho, sitting upon the pavement, to the grave inconvenience of the inhabitants of Pimlico, and refusing to be comforted. It took his new master the best part of an hour to get him to the Euston Road, where it was discovered that they had missed the night mail to the North. Accordingly they walked to a rival station and took another train.

In all this Excalibur was the instrument of Destiny, as you shall hear.

VII.

The Coroner's Jury were inclined at the time to blame the signalman, but the Board

of Trade Inquiry established the fact that the accident was due to the driver's neglect to

keep a proper look-out. However, as the driver was dead, and his fireman with him, the Law very leniently took no further action in the matter.

About three o'clock in the morning, as the train was crossing a bleak Yorkshire moor seven miles from Tetley Junction, the Curate suddenly left the seat upon which he lay stretched, dreaming of Eileen, and flew across the compartment on to the recumbent form of a stout commercial traveller. Then he rebounded on to the floor, and woke up—unhurt.

"'Tis a accident, lad!" gasped the commercial traveller, as he got his wind back.

"So it seems," said the Curate. "Hold tight! She's rocking!"

The commercial traveller, who was mechanically groping under the seat for his boots—commercial travellers always remove their boots in third-class railway compartments upon night journeys—followed the Curate's advice, and braced himself with feet against the opposite seat for the coming *bouleversement*.

After the first shock the train had gathered way again—the light engine into which it had charged had been thrown clean off the track,—but only for a moment. Suddenly the reeling engine of the express left the metals and staggered drunkenly along the ballast. A moment later it turned right over, taking the guard's van and the first four coaches with it, and

the whole train came to a standstill.

It was a corridor train; and unfortunately for Gerald Gilmore and the commercial traveller, their coach fell over corridor side downwards. There was no door upon the other side of the compartment—only three windows, crossed by a stout brass bar. These windows had suddenly become skylights.

They fought their way out at last. Once he had got the window open the Curate experienced little difficulty in getting through; but the commercial traveller was corpulent and tenacious of his boots, which he held persistently in one hand while Gerald tugged at the other. Still he was hauled up at last, and the two slid down the perpendicular roof of the coach on to the permanent way.

"That's done, anyway," panted the bagman, and sitting down he began to put on his boots.

"There's plenty more to do," said the Curate grimly, pulling off his coat. "The front of the train is on fire. Come!"

He turned and ran. Almost at his first step he cannoned into a heavy body in rapid motion. It was Excalibur.

"That you, old friend?" observed the Curate. "I was on my way to see about you. Now that you are out, you may as well come and bear a hand."

And the pair sprinted along the line towards the blazing coaches.

It was dawn—grey, weeping, and cheerless—on Tetley Moor. Another engine had come up from behind to take what was left of the train back to the Junction. Seven coaches, including the lordly sleeping-saloon, stood intact; the other four, with the engine and tender, lay where they had fallen—a mass of charred wood and twisted metal. A motor-car belonging to a doctor stood in the roadway a hundred yards off, and its owner, together with a brother of the craft who had been a passenger in the train, were attending to the injured. There were fourteen of these altogether, mostly suffering from burns. These were made as comfortable as possible in the sleeping-berths, which their owners had vacated. Under a tarpaulin by the side of the permanent way lay three figures which would never feel pain again.

"Take your seats, please!" said the surviving guard in a subdued voice. He spoke at the direction of a big man in a heavy overcoat, who appeared to have taken charge of the salvage operations. The passengers clambered up into the train.

Only one delayed. He was a long, lean young man, black from head to foot with soot and oil. His left arm was badly burned, and seeing a doctor disengaged at last he came forward to have it dressed.

The big man in the heavy overcoat approached him.

"My name is Caversham,"

he said. "I happen to be a director of the Company. If you will give me your name and address, I will see to it that your services to-night are suitably recognised. The way you got those two children out of the first coach was splendid, if I may be allowed to say so. We did not even know they were there."

The young man's teeth suddenly flashed out into a white smile against the blackness of his face.

"Neither did I, sir," he said. "Let me introduce you to the responsible party."

He whistled. Out of the grey dawn loomed an eerie monster, heavily singed, wagging its tail.

"Scally, old man," said the curate, "this gentleman wants to present you with an illuminated address. Thank him prettily!" Then to the doctor: "I'm ever so much obliged to you; it's quite comfortable now."

He began stiffly to pull on his coat and waistcoat. Lord Caversham, lending a hand, noted the waistcoat, and said quickly:

"Will you travel in my compartment? I should like to have a word with you, if I may."

"I think I had better go and have a look at these poor folk in the sleeper first," replied the Curate. "They may require my services—professionally."

"At the Junction, then, perhaps?" suggested Lord Caversham.

But at the Junction the

Curate found a special waiting stance on a hotel bill, departed to proceed north by a loop line; forthwith, taking his charred and being in no mind to receive confederate, Excalibur, with compliments or waste his sub- him.

VIII.

But Fortune, once she takes a fancy to you, is not readily shaken off, as most successful men are always trying to forget.

A fortnight later Lord Caversham, leaving his hotel in a great northern town—he combined the misfortunes of being both a director of the railway company and a Cabinet Minister, and had spent a harassing fortnight attending inquests and explaining to fervent young counsel why he had not been present upon the footplate of the engine supervising the driver and fireman at the time of the accident—encountered an acquaintance whom he had no difficulty whatever in recognising.

It was Excalibur, jammed fast between two stationary tram-cars—he had not yet shaken down to town life—submitting to a painful but effective process of extraction at the hands of a *posse* of policemen and tram-conductors, shrilly directed by a small but commanding girl of the lodging-house drudge variety.

When this enterprise had been brought to a successful conclusion, and the congested traffic moved on by the overheated policemen, Lord Caversham crossed the street and tapped the damsel upon the shoulder.

"Can you kindly inform me where the owner of that dog may be found?" he inquired politely.

"Yass. Se'nty-one Pilgrim Street. But 'e won't sell him."

"Should I be likely to find him at home if I called now?"

"Yass. Bin in bed since the eccident. Got a nasty arm."

"Perhaps you would not mind accompanying me back to Pilgrim Street in my car."

After that Mary Ellen's mind became an incoherent blur. A stately limousine glided up: Mary Ellen was handed in by a footman, and Excalibur was stuffed in after her, in instalments. The grand gentleman entered by the opposite door and sat down beside her; but Mary Ellen was much too dazed to converse with him.

The arrival of the equipage in Pilgrim Street was the greatest moment of Mary Ellen's life. After the grand gentleman had disappeared within the dingy portals of Number Seventy-one in quest of Mr Gilmore, Mary Ellen and Excalibur remained in the street, chaperoning the chauffeur and footman, and keeping the respectful but inquisitive crowd which promptly gathered round the gleaming car at a proper distance.

Meanwhile, upstairs in the

first floor front, the Curate, lying in his uncomfortable flock-bed was saying—

"If you really mean it, sir—"

"I do mean it. If those two children had been burned to death unnoticed I should never have forgiven myself, and the public would never have forgiven the Company."

"Well, sir, as you say that, you—well, you *could* do me a service. Could you possibly use your influence to get me a billet—I'm not asking for an incumbency: any old curacy would do—a billet I could marry on?" He flushed scarlet. "I—we have been waiting for a long time now."

There was a long silence, and the Curate wondered if he had been too mercenary in his request. Then Lord Caversham asked—

"What are you getting at present?"

"A hundred and twenty a year."

This was about two-thirds of the salary which Lord Caversham paid his chauffeur. He asked another question, in his curious, abrupt, staccato manner.

"How much do you want?"

"We could make both ends meet on two hundred. But another fifty would enable me to make her a lot more comfortable," said the Curate wistfully. The great man surveyed him silently—wonderingly, too, if the Curate had known. Presently he asked—

"Afraid of hard work?"

"No work is hard to a man with a wife and a home of his own," replied the Curate with simple fervour.

Lord Caversham smiled grimly. He had more homes of his own than he could conveniently live in, and he had been married three times. But even he found work hard now and then.

"I wonder!" he said. "Well, good-afternoon. I should like to be introduced to your *fiancée* one day."

He walked briskly down the stairs and into the street. Mary Ellen, frustrating the footman, darted forward and flung open the door of the car with a magnificent flourish.

Excalibur, mistaking her intention, and anxious to oblige, promptly tried to crawl in.

IX.

A tramp opened the Rectory gate and shambled up the neat gravel walk towards the house. Taking a short cut through the shrubbery he emerged suddenly upon a little lawn.

Upon the lawn a lady was sitting in a basket-chair, beside a perambulator, whose occu-

pant was slumbering peacefully. A small but intensely capable nursemaid, prone upon the grass in a curvilinear attitude, was acting as tunnel to a young gentleman of three who was impersonating a locomotive.

The tramp approached the group and asked huskily for

alms. He was a burly and unpleasant specimen of his class—a class all too numerous on the outskirts of the great industrial parish of Smeltingborough.

The lady in the basket-chair looked up.

"The Rector is out," she said. "If you will go into the town you will find him at the Church Hall, and he will investigate your case."

"Oh, the Rector is out, is he?" repeated the tramp, in tones of distinct satisfaction.

"Yes," said Eileen.

The tramp advanced another pace.

"Give us half-a-crown," he said. "I haven't had a bite of food since yesterday, lady. Nor a drink neither," he added humorously.

"Please go away," said the lady. "You know where to find the Rector."

The tramp smiled unpleasantly, but made no attempt to move.

The railway-tunnel rose abruptly to its feet, and remarked with asperity—

"Now then, pop off!"

Even this had no effect. The lady looked up again.

"You refuse to go away?" she said.

"I'll go for half-a-crown," replied the tramp, with the gracious air of one anxious to oblige a lady.

"Watch Baby for a moment, Mary Ellen," said Eileen.

She rose, and disappeared into the house, followed by the gratified smile of the tramp. He was a reasonable man, and knew that ladies did not wear pockets.

"Thirsty weather," he remarked affably.

Mary Ellen, keeping one hand upon the shoulder of Master Gerald Caversham Gilmore and the other upon the edge of the baby's perambulator, merely chuckled sardonically.

Next moment there were footsteps round the corner of the house, and Eileen reappeared. She was clinging with both hands to the collar of an enormous dog. Its tongue lolled from its great jaws, its tail waved menacingly from side to side; its great limbs were bent, as if for a spring. Its eyes were half closed, as if to focus the exact distance.

"Run!" cried Eileen to the tramp. "I can't hold him in much longer!"

This was true enough, except that when Eileen said "in" she meant "up."

But the tramp did not linger to discuss prepositions. There was a scurry of feet; the gate banged; and he was gone.

With a sigh of relief Eileen let go of Excalibur's collar. Excalibur promptly collapsed upon the grass and went to sleep again.

THE EARLY VICTORIANS—AND AFTER.

WE are accustomed to apply somewhat vaguely the term "Early Victorian" to anything that strikes us as crude and inartistic in furniture and household decorations; and the period is associated in our minds with ugliness and discomfort in all forms—poke-bonnets and embroidered aprons, starched cravats and tightly-strapped trousers, samplers and reticules, to say nothing of horsehair sofas, heavily-curtained four-posters, and cumbersome tables and chiffoniers. We are apt also to conclude that a society which could tolerate such glaring specimens of bad taste in art and decoration, must in other respects have been vastly inferior to the modern age of progress and enlightenment. As to furniture and decorations, the point may be conceded at once; for many unlovely specimens of it still survive in the "parlours" of farmhouses, handed down from father to son, and untouched since the days of Mrs Poyser, and also in the drawing-rooms of old-fashioned bankers and solicitors in provincial towns. But these specimens of the bad taste of our great-grandfathers—the ponderous mahoganysideboards and dining-tables, the massive epergnes, the wine-coolers, and chandeliers—were chiefly found in the houses of self-made men, who liked their furniture to be solid and substantial like themselves, and regarded it as a

reflex of their own importance and respectability. Higher in the social scale, houses at this period generally had an air of distinction and good taste, for the simple reason that new furniture was rarely bought. Country houses were filled with specimens of Sheraton and Chippendale, Queen Anne's silver and Georgian bric-a-brac, old Chelsea and Lowestoft china, Louis Quinze cabinets and tapestries, and other priceless heirlooms of the past. Even in smaller mansions there was frequently an atmosphere of old-fashioned refinement such as Mrs Humphry Ward has so happily described for us, with a delicacy of touch that is all her own—

"It was a mild March day, and there were misty sun-gleams stealing along the lawns of Cureton House. None entered the room itself, for its two semicircular windows looked north over the gardens. Yet it was not uncheerful. Its faded curtains of blue rep, its buff walls, on which the pictures and miniatures in their tarnished gilt frames were arranged at intervals in stiff patterns and groups; the Italian glass painted with dilapidated Cupids over the mantelpiece, the two or three Sheraton armchairs and settees covered with threadbare needlework from the days of 'Evelina'; a carpet of old and well-preserved Brussels,—blue arabesques on a white ground; one or two pieces of old satinwood furniture, very fine and perfect; a heavy centre table, its cloth garnished with some early Victorian wool-work, and a pair of pink glass vases; on another small table close

by, of a most dainty and spindle-legged correctness, a set of Indian chessmen under a glass shade; and on another a collection of tiny animals, stags and dogs for the most part, deftly 'pinched' out of soft paper, also under glass, and as perfect as when their slender limbs were first fashioned by Cousin Mary Leicester's mother, somewhere about the year that Marie Antoinette mounted the scaffold,—these various elements, ugly and beautiful, combined to make a general effect, clean, fastidious, frugal and refined, that was in truth full of a sort of acid charm."¹

This is a charming picture, and was probably drawn from life. Some of us may have a dim recollection of rooms like this in our childhood, furnished with an austere simplicity but with the taste and refinement of a bygone age. We can almost recall the faint perfume of the *mignonette* boxes in the windows or the *rese-leaves* in the *pot-pourri* vases! There are other charming glimpses of Early Victorian households in Mrs Gaskell's 'Cranford,' in Miss Mitford's sketches of a country village, in George Eliot's description of Dorlcote Mill and Mrs Poyser's farm, and in Anthony Trollope's chronicles of Barchester. Life in the old-fashioned cathedral towns and country villages flowed on from year to year, peacefully and uneventfully—with few amusements or distractions, with no startling episodes, but with a general air of comfort and wellbeing. This peaceful

existence, however, was in strong contrast to the bustle and activity of the manufacturing towns in the north and centre of England; for in the twenty years which elapsed between Waterloo and the Queen's Accession, there had been an amazing outburst of commercial activity and intellectual development. It was in England, as it had been in Greece after the Persian War—

"The increase of national wealth gave men greater leisure to cultivate the arts of peace and inspired them with a loftier ideal of excellence; while the sublime self-confidence, engendered by their achievements before and after their victorious campaigns, led them to annex all Knowledge as their province, and to invade, with indiscriminating zeal, the boundless fields of speculation and research."²

England seemed to have awakened like a giant refreshed by sleep, and as she had put forth all her material strength in her deadly struggle against Napoleon, so she was now displaying to the world another feature of the national character—a many-sided intellectual activity, almost unequalled in her annals. In the twenty years we are speaking of, science had advanced in rapid strides. The dreams of philosophers and the magic of Arabian fairy tales had been realised in actual life. Men's ideas of time and space had been revolutionised. Steam had been applied to

¹ 'Lady Rose's Daughter,' p. 166.

² Aristotle, *Politics*, V. (viii.), 6, sec. 10. The above is a paraphrase, in the manner of Gibbon, rather than a translation of the text.

machinery; a network of railways was spreading itself from one end of the country to the other; coal mines and iron mines were being developed; and the great manufacturing centres — Birmingham, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire — had become hives of multitudinous industry, and were doubling and trebling their populations. Early in the Queen's reign the penny postage was established, and a few years later the tax on newspapers was abolished — two measures of incalculable benefit. The national intellect was expanding in every direction, and probably never again shall we see such illustrious names in every department of thought — in law and history, in poetry and fiction, in the arts and sciences — as in the much-despised Early Victorian age: that is, from the Queen's Accession in 1837 to Lord Palmerston's death in 1865. These names are at once so famous and so familiar that we can hardly realise that the men who bore them achieved their greatness within the narrow limits of thirty years in a single reign. In Literature we have Hallam and Macaulay, Froude and Grote, Tennyson and Browning, Clough and Matthew Arnold, Ruskin and Carlyle, Dickens and Thackeray, Lever and Lytton, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot; distinguished Churchmen such as Philpotts, Wilberforce, Pusey, Keble, Thirlwall, and John Henry Newman; great Lawyers — Brougham, Lyndhurst, Westbury, Copley,

Cockburn; in Science — Tyn-dall, Faraday, Stuart Mill, Richard Owen, and Herbert Spencer. In the domain of Politics the list of distinguished statesmen and debaters is even more striking, for among them may be found the greatest orators since the days of Pitt — Peel, Gladstone, Disraeli, and, greatest of all, John Bright. We might add to them Sheil and O'Connell, both unrivalled speakers on public platforms, and Stanley — afterwards Earl of Derby — “the Rupert of Debate.” These are the protagonists and they stand on the highest level, but in both Houses of Parliament there was no lack of eloquent debaters and accomplished statesmen: Macaulay and Robert Cecil, Palmerston and Robert Lowe, Cornwall Lewis and Sidney Herbert, Lords Clarendon, Selborne, Malmesbury, Hartington, and others. Nor must we forget the great Proconsuls who governed India, and the great soldiers who saved it for us — Auckland, Canning, and Dalhousie; and John Nicholson, the Lawrences, Havelock, Outram, and Colin Campbell.

There is one name which we have reserved to the last — the greatest name of all. The Duke of Wellington was still alive, and retained much of the vigour and intellectual force of his early days. His simplicity and directness of speech, as well as his disinterestedness and devotion to duty, his unswerving truthfulness, raised him far above the dead level of party politics, and

caused him, when he thought the public interest required it, to support the Government of the day, whether it happened to be Whig or Tory. His influence and example were of incalculable value in elevating the tone and temper of both Houses, and in sustaining what John Bright called the innate honesty and moral sense of the politicians of his time. Debates were then, as now, occasionally fierce and acrimonious, especially on the Corn Law question, and there was hard hitting on both sides; but as a rule the speakers were generous opponents, and bore no malice when the fight was over. The House of Commons was then emphatically an assemblage of gentlemen, and still deserved its title of the best Club in London. There was an air of good-fellowship and *camaraderie* about the place which is entirely wanting now. There were many broad-acred squires and heads of county families—men of birth and breeding, of unimpeachable honour and veracity, who had passed, after the manner of their folk, through the best of all trainings, the public schools and the university, and as “Knights of the Shire” brought with them that good sense and practical capacity for business necessary to magistrates and the owners of large estates. Their presence in the House undoubtedly elevated the general tone of the

debates, and their character and influence had a restraining effect on party violence. For at that time Mr Gladstone's eulogium most certainly held good:—

“I may speak of the House of Commons as a school of discipline to those who enter it. In my opinion it is a school of extraordinary power and efficacy. It is a great and noble school for the creation of all the qualities of force and versatility of intellect, and it is also a great moral school. It is a school of temper. It is also a school of patience. It is a school of honour, and it is also a school of justice.”¹

We fear that to the present Government this noble tribute to a great assembly would appear mere foolishness—a vain rhetorical outburst. To them “Honour” and “Justice,” “Truth” and “Conscience,” are so many unmeaning terms—the cant of rhetoricians or the catchwords of an angry Opposition. To them such words have no binding force, no political weight or value, and their use and practice have completely passed out of date,—they may be safely left to politicians with old-fashioned ideas of morality, such as Mr Arthur Balfour or Mr Bonar Law! This state of mind produced by bitter party spirit, noticed by a profound observer in his own day, has actually occurred again: “The meaning of words [he says] had no longer the same relation to things, but was changed by them as they thought proper. Reckless

¹ Quoted in Lord Morley's ‘Life of Gladstone,’ i. 86.

daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; frantic energy was true manliness. . . . The seal of good faith was not divine law, but fellowship in crime." And the historian adds what is as true now as it was then: "The cause of all these evils was the love of power, originating in avarice and ambition."¹

The last sentence quoted gives the real explanation of this latter-day degeneracy in politics. The Victorian statesmen were, as a rule, men of means, as well as men of birth and education, and were quite independent of their official salaries. Many of them accepted office with the greatest reluctance and quitted it without the slightest regret (we need only name three men of different types—Wellington, Peel, and John Bright), whereas nowadays the Treasury Bench is filled by a set of needy adventurers—or gentlemen of fortune, as pirates were fond of terming themselves—ready to promise anything and everything to keep their seats, and to sell their souls so long as they may be allowed to draw their official salaries. It is supposed that political bribery and corruption disappeared with the rotten boroughs in the Reform Bill of 1832 or with the Ballot Act of 1872. But if those robust statesmen, Sir Robert Walpole and Lord North, could revisit the scene of their earthly triumphs and watch the pro-

cedure of the present Government, they would be astonished at their own moderation and lament their lost opportunities. Each of them had, in his day, been accused of political corruption. "Corruption! a fico for the phrase!" What were their little douceurs bestowed on deserving merit—a blue ribband to this peer and a red ribband to that, a few hundreds for a doubtful vote or a few thousands for a rotten borough, a few patent offices for their relations or a few sinecures for their friends,—what were these compared with the millions lavished by the present Government to purchase the votes of the proletariat? In these days of so-called electoral purity, votes are purchased on the same wholesale principle (to use Disraeli's illustration) as in Charlemagne's conversion of the Saxons, who were "proselytised by platoons and baptised by battalions." The Home Rule Bill itself is nothing more or less than a gigantic bribe—a colossal sop to the many-headed Cerberus of Nationalism, a kingdom given in exchange for the Irish vote. The Payment of Members' Bill—a measure detested by every honest man in the House—was passed to catch the votes of impecunious Labour Members. The Old Age Pensions Act was passed to secure the goodwill of agricultural labourers; while a whole section of the Civil Service has been filled by Mr Lloyd George's nominees

¹ Thucydides, iii. 82 (Jowett).

to carry out the provisions of his hated Insurance Act. To quote a phrase from 'Redgauntlet': "They did things on a large 'scale in the *Jumping Jenny*"—not that the Government is worthy of comparison with that gallant little craft. It rather resembles the ill-omened boat of *Lycidas*—

"That perfidious bark,
Built in the *Eclipse* and rigged with
courses dark."

Passing from poetry to prose, we may quote another dictum of Mr Gladstone's: "Personal character," he says, "should be the basis of a man's politics." In other words, a statesman worthy of the name should have a conscience, a lofty ideal of duty, and a keen sense of honour and of responsibility. Above all, he should put the interests of his country above those of his party. The Premiers who held office between 1837 and 1865—Melbourne, Peel, Derby, Russell, Aberdeen, Palmerston—were one and all men of the highest principles, carefully trained in official life, wise and capable, and ready to make any personal sacrifice in order that the country might be well served and the Queen's government carried on. Of these Prime Ministers, the two who were held in the highest estimation by their contemporaries were undoubtedly Peel and Palmerston, whose memory is cherished among Harrovians. Peel's merits as a statesman were not perhaps thoroughly appreciated till his death, when there was an outburst of

national grief among men of all shades in politics. John Bright, who had been at one time his bitter opponent, shed tears (as the Duke of Wellington did) on hearing of his death, and paid a noble tribute to his "profound attainments" and unselfish patriotism. Palmerston was a statesman of an entirely different type. He made no pretensions to learning or eloquence, though he could hold his own in debate and was a master of happy phrases and good-humoured retorts. But he was English to the core, and was trusted—and, indeed, almost adored—by all classes of his countrymen, whom he dominated during his last tenure of office as Bolingbroke and Pitt had dominated them in their day. The secret of his amazing popularity was his devotion to his country and his vigorous and masterful foreign policy. He may perhaps have sometimes carried his *Civis Romanus sum* theory too far, but the result was that foreign powers recognised—and detested—a master's hand, and the prestige of England on the Continent never stood higher than during his last Ministry. The maxim, *si vis pacem, para bellum*, was amply justified, for the country was never so peaceful and the burden of taxation was never lighter than between the years 1859 and 1865—the year of Palmerston's death.

Such words as "patriotism" and "prestige" carry no weight (as we have said before) with H.M.'s present Ministers. They act on the principle expressed

by Bolingbroke with such cynical frankness in 1813:

"I am afraid [he writes] that the principal spring of our actions was to have the government of the State in our hands; that our principal views were the conservation of this power, great employments to ourselves, and great opportunities for rewarding those who had helped to raise us, and of hurting those who stood in opposition to us."¹

These atrocious maxims, worthy of Machiavelli or Mephistopheles, have been taken seriously to heart by Mr Asquith and his colleagues. No better exposition of their political faith and practice could possibly be found. Their "principal views" have nothing to do with the service of their country. Their objects, freely and frankly avowed by them, are "the conservation of power" at any price—namely, by an unholy coalition with the Irish Nationalists; the "rewarding" of their satellites and sycophants by lavish gifts of public money; and "the hurting" of their opponents by destroying, as far as they can, every safeguard of the Constitution. They have already "broken," to use the Radical phrase, the controlling power of our Second Chamber; they have tried to crush the loyalists of Ulster by a *coup d'état*, and because the army refused to do their "dirty work" for them, the army is to be "broken" like the House of Lords! The amazing thing is to find a man

so highly educated and of such exceptional ability as Mr Asquith pursuing a policy which Peel or Palmerston, or indeed any Early Victorian Premier, would have repudiated with loathing and contempt. Mr Asquith was in his day a distinguished Oxford scholar, who sat at the feet of Gamaliel,—that is, he was at Balliol under Jowett. He took a first-class in the Classical school, which implies a considerable knowledge of ancient history and philosophy. Did he learn nothing from the history of the past? Did Aristotle's scathing indictment of demagogues and democracy in the 'Politics' convey no moral lesson? Did the long controversy on Justice and the masterly analysis of a nation's decline and fall in Plato's 'Republic' carry no weight or argument? Did the heroic examples of unselfish patriotism in Greek and Roman history afford no models for imitation? Apparently, Mr Asquith is a political Gallo, who regards strong emotion or enthusiasm with cynical indifference. He weighs the chances and calculates the profit of a certain line of policy with the scrupulous care of an opportunist and a utilitarian—

"One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can
cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great or
small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all."²

¹ Quoted in Lord Morley's 'Walpole,' p. 22.

² Wordsworth, "The Poet's Epitaph."

No. Oxford was wasted on a cold-blooded temperament like his. It is from his experiences at the Bar that he derives his moral tone and his "methods of reasoning in politics." These methods are those of an Old Bailey lawyer, in the days of Mr Serjeant Ballantyne, who had no inconvenient scruples and was not overburdened by a conscience. Mr Asquith is a master of evasion, of equivocation, of bringing in side issues to avoid debating the main question, and of making the worse appear the better reason. He envelopes the subject in an atmosphere of *Nisi Prius*, and he is as adroit and dexterous in wriggling out of a false or difficult position as the Artful Dodger himself. It is something to be a great dialectician, but it is something more to be an honest man. If Mr Asquith was sincere in his convictions, allowance might be made for him, but we know—and he knows himself—that in his heart he cares no more about the Home Rule Bill than about last year's snow. He never mentioned the subject in his electoral address of 1910, and it was only when the Liberal party lost 100 seats at the election that he found it necessary to make a compact with Mr Redmond and sacrifice the finest province in Ireland as the price of the Irish vote, which has served to keep him in office.

Passing on to Mr Asquith's colleagues, the Foreign Secretary and the Chancellor of

the Exchequer rank first. Sir Edward Grey is a gentleman and a well-trained diplomatist: he has discharged the duties of his office with tact and skill, and one can only wonder—as he probably wonders himself—*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* What the deuce is he doing in this gang of adventurers?

Now what are the qualifications of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Greeks expressed these by a single word—*phronēsis*—that practical knowledge or skill which marks the expert at his trade, whether that trade be the making of boots or the framing of Budgets. "This skill," says a shrewd observer, "may be considered as the combined result of special training, actual experience, and natural capacity."¹ The two most distinguished Chancellors in Early Victorian days, Mr Gladstone and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, combined these three necessary qualifications in a remarkable degree. Compared with these intellectual giants of the past, with their brilliant careers at Oxford and their capacity for Finance, what are Mr Lloyd George's qualifications for his office? Has he the natural capacity, the special training, and the actual experience which are considered indispensable? When his "exuberant verbosity"—to use a mild expression—had procured his election to Parliament, and subsequently to two

¹ Sir G. C. Lewis, 'Methods of Reasoning in Politics,' ii. 399.

important offices, where he was as much out of place as Christopher Sly in the Duke's palace, the consequences were exactly what might have been predicted when an ignorant and ill-bred man is thrust into a position so manifestly superior to his capacity. He launched forth at once into the wildest schemes of taxation and expenditure which have cost his country more millions than he is himself worth pence. The only two great financial measures for which Mr George is directly responsible have been pronounced by public opinion to be "colossal failures." The first of these was his Budget of 1909, with its iniquitous "land valuation," and the hated Insurance Act, which has ruined the Friendly Societies.

Again, what is to be said about Mr George's "Secret Inquiry" Commission and its preposterous "Report"?¹ A Royal Commission, with the power of cross-examining witnesses and sifting evidence, might have done much to clear up the questions of land-tenure, housing, wages, and so forth. But such a Commission would have been carefully selected from both sides of the House: it would have been composed of experts who would have examined both sides of the question and would have made an impartial statement of the case. The Commission nominated by Mr George consists entirely of his own partisans, and with the

exception of the chairman, Mr Acland, none of the members apparently own an acre of land or are connected with agriculture. It is in fact a Commission *pour rire*, and might have figured in a comic opera. There are one or two K.C.'s, one or two M.P.'s, including a Mr Davies of Carnarvon, solicitor; an Austrian baron; there is a Celtic scholar, a writer of stage plays, a gentleman interested in cocoa, and a journalist who probably worked up the materials of the Report in a catch-penny form and added the necessary local colour. The Report itself is a farrago of false inductions, sophistical arguments, unreliable statistics, quack remedies, and impossible recommendations, founded on evidence which would fall to pieces under cross-examination, and which has been supplied not only by farmers and labourers, but by "grocers, barbers, chemists, chauffeurs, schoolmasters, signalmen, fell-mongers, and cycle-agents!" It would really seem as if the Committee had examined the chance acquaintances they met in the bars of country inns or the tap-rooms of village ale-houses! They sent out some four thousand papers of questions, and selected such answers as suited their purpose. "Those who think" (says Mr Acland in his preface) "that information obtained in this way is necessarily tainted at the source, will judge ac-

¹ This is, of course, the Agricultural Report. The Urban Report was published since the above criticism was written.

cordingly." We thank Mr Acland for his hint, and do judge accordingly. A Report based on "information obtained in this way" is not worth the paper it is printed on. A scathing exposure of its fallacies and inaccuracies has already been made by the two writers of an admirable little book—'The Land Retort'—recently published.¹ Unlike the members of this hybrid Committee, these writers are men of practical experience who know their business thoroughly. One of them is Mr Charles Adeane, the Squire of Babraham—that picturesque little village near Cambridge, associated with the names of the two famous racers, Godolphin Arabian and Eclipse. Mr Adeane is not only a landowner, but a farmer himself on a large scale; while his fellow-author, Mr Edwin Savill, is a land surveyor of wide and varied experience.

Mr George owes his success entirely to a brazen tongue and unabashed effrontery. He is glib, fluent, persuasive, and plausible, reckless in assertion, and a noble economist of the truth. That, indeed, is the only economy which he condescends to practise. Demagogues, of course, are the commonplaces of history. They appear at intervals like baleful meteors, flash across the political horizon, and then disappear into the outer darkness. They are of many types and varieties—all more or less offensive—

but it has been reserved for our age to produce a new and portentous specimen of the *Georgium Sidus*!

The demagogue *par excellence* in Early Victorian days was, of course, John Bright, but morally and intellectually he stands on an incalculably higher plane than Mr George. There is no comparison or resemblance between this latter-day Jack Cade and the great Tribune of the people, any more than there is between a St Bernard and a toy spaniel. The one is calm, dignified, majestic, with a deep-toned voice that shakes the hills; the other is fretful, snappish, and a "yapper." Indeed, no two characters ever offered so complete a contrast. On the one side we have the typical Welshman—excitable, impulsive, voluble, and not too scrupulous; and on the other—"Genuine Saxon by the soul of Hengist," as Cedric says of a knight in 'Ivanhoe.'² Saxon he was to the core in speech, in manner, in appearance—calm and unimpassioned, using no gesticulations—but clothing his thoughts in that pure well of English undefiled, drawn from the two books he studied most—the Bible and 'Paradise Lost.' Bright's moral earnestness and noble character made him respected even by his bitterest political opponents, who were enthralled in spite of themselves by his marvellous oratory. He enjoyed, as he tells us himself, "doing a little

¹ 'The Land Retort' (2s. 6d.) Published by John Murray, 1914.

² This illustration occurs in one of Hayward's Essays.

prize-fighting," but he fought fair, and did not slander individuals. If he was a hard hitter, he was also a generous opponent. It is true that he had no liking for the Church (bishops' aprons were an abomination in his sight), or for "the privileged classes"; but he was on friendly terms with many of the latter, and spoke of "the Duke of Newcastle, Sidney Herbert, Lord Stanley, and Lord Hartington as 'useful and industrious members of the aristocracy.'"¹ On two important points he was as sound as the staunchest Conservative. He showed a consistent loyalty to the Crown, and he was a strenuous supporter of the Union. He recognised the personal virtues of Queen Victoria. "I am not a courtier [he writes], but I can respect an ancient monarchy, and admire and even reverence a monarch whom monarchy has not spoiled."²

Bright was the uncompromising opponent of the Home Rule Bill, introduced by Glad-

stone in 1886, and it was mainly his opposition and the weight it carried with the public that caused that Bill's ignominious overthrow. Bright writes thus to Mr Gladstone in May 1886:—

"I am not in favour of Home Rule or to the creation of a Dublin Parliament. . . .

"I cannot consent to a measure which is so offensive to the whole Protestant population of Ireland, and to the whole sentiment of the province of Ulster, so far as its loyal and Protestant people are concerned. I cannot agree to exclude them from the Protection of the Imperial Parliament."³

When the fateful Debate was over and the bells were ringing for the division, Bright solemnly left his seat on the Treasury Bench, where he had been sitting next Mr Gladstone, and without a word walked into the Opposition lobby. That parting of the ways must have been one of the bitterest moments in Mr Gladstone's life.

C. W. C.

¹ Trevelyan's 'Life of John Bright,' p. 156.

² *Ib.*, p. 401.

³ *Ib.*, p. 450.

THE NEW ROAD.

A ROMANCE.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE PORTRAIT.

THROUGHOUT the night a sudden change came on the weather. Next day there was a fog that hid the mounts completely, narrowed every prospect to a circle of a hundred yards. The loch was blotted out but for a leaden margin; it seemed a scrap of town—the ruins of a fire, still smoking—that stood at the river's mouth with a gable now and then shown through the vapour, gullet of a lane, or figures moving vaguely on the quay. The fishermen were out yet on the water; high above the burgh, in the steeple, rang the bell to guide them in, and on the breast a man kept constant drumming with a drum.

To the child of mist this fog came like a benison. Ninian breathed it like a scent; bathed his spirit in it; felt old powers revive. It was an extra night to him, conceded by Almighty for the *beachdair's* benefit. Many a turn he took that morning through the town and up the glen, unseen as if he had Macreevan's mantle. For once were windows useless to a people who never saw Ninian walk along the causeway but they looked out after him to

see where he was going. With a plaid hung loose about his body and his hat scrugged down, he could pass within a whisper of acquaintances unrecognised.

It would be ill to say what he was looking for; indeed he did not know himself; but as in mists like this his folk, in the years of persecution, found from practice speculation quicker, instincts more acute since all their being was on edge to make up for the loss of vision, and they became as leaves stirred by the faintest air, he hoped the gloom of this November day that threw him in upon himself might send him stumbling on something.

That morning he had bathed in ice-cold water, thinly clad himself, but for the plaid, and eaten nothing—not a scrap! It was his father's plan.—“Aye, Ninian, be clean, and lean, and cold, and ravenous when big things are a-doing; then God will come to thee, and woe upon the foe!”

The death of Duncanson last night had been a blow. It was a fox gone into earth just when the grip was on him. And with him, too, had disappeared a hundred chances to find out

his secret. No other body knew where Paul Macmaster died, nor how, and it was doubtful if he had left a scrap of anything for dog to fasten on. That had been Ninian's notion in the morning; he had grown more hopeful as it passed. For he had found out how, exactly, Duncanson had died. He had had no warning. There was granted him no time to trample out the embers of his fire the way Clan Alpine did in woods when they heard the *cailleach-oidhche* command a scattering. There had come to him a letter; he had read it standing, given out a cry, and fallen in a heap, to die ten minutes after.

In the suddenness of this was Ninian's hope that everything could not yet be destroyed; he was sure it was MacCailein's letter, and at ten o'clock, when he went up to Drimdorran House by MacCailein's orders to seal up Duncanson's repositories, this letter was the first thing that he asked for.

What was his amazement to have the Muileach hand it to him still unopened, the boar's head still intact on the red seal at its back!

"What's this?" said he. "There was another letter, then?"

And then he heard of Lovat's. A runner had come last night from Inverness, and it was a letter from Simon Fraser that Duncanson was reading when he fell.

"Where is it?" asked Ninian sharply. "Fetch it, Donald, fetch it!"

It changed the whole posi-

tion, and yet it had less than a dozen lines. "All I have got is the twig the fish were on," wrote Lovat. "They're gone on the road to Inveraray, round by Ruthven. And here I can do no more for you. I am beat to ken what your trouble is, but if it concerns Paul Macmaster umquhile of Drimdorran, the lad's papa, they have talked it out with Fraser, who at the time was my post-runner, for he was shipped with them. I cannot lay hands on him; he may be with them."

With the letter in his hand, Ninian stood in the business closet pondering a while. He sought in its lines for what had crumbled the man who had got it, now lying up the stair, his warfare over. It was plainly not the news of their escape, for that was known to him already; it was the reference to Fraser. Ninian took out his tangled hank and absently began to pluck it, although the keys of Duncanson were there before him on the desk.

The room was sombre, darkened by the plaid still tacked above the window, and only half drawn over by the Muileach to let in the dim light of the foggy day. Ninian tugged it from its fastening when the Muileach left him to his business, and looked out into the garden. Beyond the gravel and a plot of perished flowers was nothing visible; the fog hung over all. From a twig of rose-bush nailed to the ribbits of the window moisture dripped;

there was a smell of mould and rotten leafage.

He turned his first attention to the desk. Everything was in the trimmest order. It was a great, deep oak 'scretoire, its drawers filled up with letter-books, accounts, and leases. He started at the lowest drawer, having lit a candle; sat on the floor, and patiently went through its whole contents. There was no need to scrutinise either individual letters copied, or accounts; their character as a whole was obvious: they were concerned with Islay's business. In none of the drawers was a single document of any interest to the searcher.

It was more hopefully he opened up the flap at the top of the 'scretoire and looked at the pigeon-holes within, but even there, was nothing to reward his curiosity. Bundles of letters and receipts docketed on their backs brought Islay's business down to three weeks ago, among them Æneas's acknowledgments of fees paid for his tutoring of Will Campbell.

Such desks had always in them nooks and slides, with what had long become a mere pretence at secrecy; Ninian pulled at the fluted thick partitions in between the pigeon-holes, and drew out upright drawers that were empty—all but one, and that the last he came on, slyly fastened with a spring it took him long to find.

There was in it a silver

snuff-box, tarnished, and a strand of a woman's hair tied up with a piece of tape.

He put the hair back where he got it, and stood up to examine the box a little closer to the candle. When he opened it and saw a portrait on the lid inside, he started. At first he thought it was Margaret, or her mother, but it was neither, and yet the face, in a dim way, seemed familiar.

"*Tha i agam!*—I have her!" said he, at last. "Macmaster's wife!" and he slipped it in his pocket.

Beyond this he found nothing with the slightest bearing on the former owner of Drimdorran.

He went along the shelves that lined the room; took out more business books and looked at them: at the back of the topmost shelf he found a plan of the estate, a list of farm-stock, and a letter of Paul Macmaster's, all tied together in a roll. The letter he read with interest, and pocketed.

On the desk and on the chamber door he put a seal, and it was afternoon when he went home, his business finished.

To the food which his daughter put before him he did little more than give a stirring on the plate; he fed on cogitations. It was not till she told him Æneas and his uncle had been calling for him that he saw she was, herself, absorbed and troubled, something remote, detached, and apprehensive in her man-

ner. It was plain she had been weeping. What thoughts of her and Æneas had been waked in him by the hint of Forbes at Bunchrew he had stifled up till now as soon as they arose; an awkward shyness made him shrink from prying. But this unquiet anxiety of hers demanded settlement; this time he summoned up his courage, as he always could when tender things were urgent—not in English, but in Gaelic.

"Ar't a little dipped in love, lass?" he asked her slyly, with a bold dash at the point which approached more delicately he probably would have shied from at the last.

She got on the instant in a flame of colour. It was the first time he had ever shown a sign that he expected her some day to be a woman with a life of her own apart from him.

"As deep's Dunchuach!" she said in passion: if she had not said it so she should have lied.

"Tach!" said her father, wondering to find this awkward business so simple at all, "thou'rt just a slip of a lass, and that disease is not enduring. Take sleep and buttermilk, and a cooler day will come, and another fellow. This one's just as poor's the tongs."

"And that's what I like about him!" she cried. "And you would make of him a laird!"

"Well," he said, "that's what it looks like. If I could just get the truth of his father's end——"

"I hope you never will!" she cried.

He jumped to his feet. "My soul!" said he, "wasn't I the *burraidh* not to see it sooner! You're thinking to yourself the house is big up yonder in the glen, and will want a great big woman. You're thinking you're good enough to wed the tongs, but too small for Drim-dorran. Fie, shame on ye, Macgregor, child of kings! The rock is not more old than us, nor yet the mountain. There's not one blemish on our tree, and you will make me feel a dog that child of mine should think herself not good enough for a Macmaster, even if he wore the banners!"

"Stop, stop!" she cried, ashamed; "you go too fast for me. For all that there is between us—just a word."

"There's not much need for words at the age of you: it's in the eyes, and I have seen him look at you in yon bit coach of Duncan's till my face was red. By God, you'll marry him! And it's not the tongs will do for Ninian Campbell's daughter!"

The upper buttons of his waistcoat burst; he was inflamed and swollen with injured pride. She picked up one that fell to the floor and polished it along her sleeve; she stood abashed like a little child.

"You put me to my shame, father," she said.

"Yes," he cried, "and you put me to my shame that you should harbour fancy for a lad as poor's a dishelout and turn from him with your tail between your legs when you find

he's like to be a landed gentleman. The one thing I will not have in child of mine is that she should be humble! I would sooner have you wicked! I would sooner have you dead!"

"But I am not humble," she said. "It is because I am proud, I do not want a man to marry me because he may think it is his duty, and he is just the man who would. So long as he was poor I had no doubt of him, and I was happy. I would have followed him across the world, but you are going to spoil him for me, bringing back to him Drimdorran. How am I to tell now that he wants me for myself? I'm frightened, father; frightened!"

Ninian rubbed his chin. "My loss!" said he, "that your mother was not to the fore; she maybe could have understood ye! Ye beat me! But one thing I'm determined on—ye'll marry him! An hour ago I couldna let myself think o' ye marryin' anybody, but now we've got this length my mind's made up—I'll never rest till I get proof that Sandy killed his father: that's all that's needed now to get Drimdorran for him. He's bound to marry ye! If I clear this thing up he's under an obligation."

"Oh," she cried, and wrung her hands, "that's just what tortures me! I want no man who's under an obligation, or might think he was!"

She flung from the room in a rage of indignation.

He went round to the Bailie's house. Æneas was out; he

had spent the whole day calling upon men who had been friendly with his father to see if any one by chance had had a correspondence with his father after he had gone to France. His uncle went to a man who had been skipper of a barque and knew the port of Havre. MacIver was his name; he had sailed for twenty years with fish in their season to the place and knew what Scottish merchants lived there. In all his time he had never known of one Macfarlane; there had been no such Scottish merchant fourteen years ago in Havre.

"I knew it all along," said Ninian, when the Bailie told him this. "It was the lie of a desperate man, no more in it than there was in the charge that Paul was turncoat. Duncanson was lying right and left, enough to make the green rocks cry. He had your brother killed! And he lost no time about it either. Paul never spent a year in France—the thing's ridiculous! Do you think, Alan, the brother of your blood with a boy here waiting on him would not find some means to get a letter to you in a twelvemonth?"

"But Duncanson would burn them," said Annabel.

"Supposing he did? That might work for a month or two but no' for a year on end. When Paul got no reply from you to the letters he sent through Sandy he would be a stupid man that didna jalouse something and try another post."

"That's true!" said the Bailie. "There was many a

way he might have written us. There was, for one, Mac-Iver."

"But he didna write ye. What way? Because he was dead! That flashed on me the other night when Æneas told me Sandy's story. There was never a penny of Drimdorran rents sent into France; your brother was killed as soon's he got there."

He produced the letter from Paul he had found in Drimdorran House. It had come from Leith with bank-notes paying back a loan with interest. They searched the ledger and found the loan still debited to Paul. It was among the very last of the advances made by Duncanson, and the absence of any allusion to a balance showed that all that had preceded had been also paid.

"That's all I found up-by in Sandy's closet that had the least concern with Paul's affairs. The old rogue—peace be wi' him!—made a clearance. Not a scrap is left to help us. But here's a thing—how came the old man to have this?"

He handed Annabel the snuff-box.

She knew it at once. "Paul's!" she cried with agitation, and opened up the lid. "And that is his wife, my dear Selina."

It was, of all they had lost with Paul, the one thing they had most regretted. To him it had been extravagantly precious. And that Duncanson should have kept it from them seemed the most cruel of his villainies.

"But how came he to have

it?" asked Ninian. "That's what puzzled me. It's not a thing a man would forget at a fitting nor make a gift of to his factor."

"Never on earth!" said Annabel. "I *can not* think what way that man should have it."

"There was with it a bit of a woman's hair; it was hers I'll swear. Now what would a man like Duncanson keep these things in his desk for?"

Annabel sighed. "He was one time very fond of her," she said. "Alan, ye remember, told ye?"

"Tach!" said Ninian. "That's a woman's reason, and there's no' much in it. A man like Sandy hasna room in his body for two affections—a dead lass, and a lump of land. He had some other reason for having the box and making such fraca about its loss when he thought her son had taken it. Where did he get it? When did he get it? Tell me that and I'm at the end of my bit string! If Paul had the box with him at Glenshiel we're comin' close on the very hand that slew him. Was it sent from France?"

He gave a start as he asked the question, and beat his breast. "My grief!" he cried, "aren't we the fools to believe one word of Sandy's story when we have proved so much of it is false? *Was Paul in France at all?* Did he ever get out of Scotland? That's the thing I should have questioned from the first! If Paul was killed abroad, and the box

in his possession, nobody would think of sending it to Duncanson. What for should they?"

"He might never have taken it with him to France," said Alan-Iain-Alain Og.

"Na, na!" said his wife. "Ye needna say such a thing to me! Wherever Paul went in the body, he had Selina's picture. He kept it like a watch below his pillow."

"Oh man! if I were only sure he had it in the North!" said Ninian with eagerness, and turned as he said so to the opening door. Æneas entered, looking wearied: he had tramped for hours all round the country, and the first thing that his eyes fell on was the tarnished box he knew in his uncle's hand. He learned with amazement that the portrait was his mother's; he had never seen another.

"That I should not have guessed!" he said as he looked

at it again, with moistened eyes. "And now, quite plain, I see myself in her as Lovat did."

Ninian glowered. "What's that ye say?" he shouted. "Did Lovat see this picture?"

"He did indeed, unless there chance to be another."

"There never was!" said Annabel. "And that's what made me long for't many a day."

"Then," said Æneas, "Lovat saw it. He saw it with my father that time at Castle Dounie."

"Are ye sure?" asked Ninian.

"He told me so himself at his dinner-table. You might have heard him. And how, now, comes it in Drim-dorran House?"

"I'll tell ye before I'm five hours older!" said the *beach-dair*; picked up his hat, and without another word was gone.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE COBBLER'S SONG.

He dashed home, spattering through the dubs, for now the rain was falling; found his daughter absent; opened a press, and got a pair of shoes, his own, much worn. These were each thrust in a deep skirt-pocket of his coat, and away he went to the house of a cobbler near the jail.

"Here's a pair of shoes," he said; "put thou fresh heels on them, just man, that I can walk in grandeur. I want them for Drimdorran's funeral."

The cobbler was an old wee

man with grizzled whiskers, and lips for ever puckered up for whistling. He was a bard, made ditties, mostly scurrilous, which were sung in taverns. As he sat on a stool and hammered leather on a lap-stool, Ninian set him chanting at a song. It was about a tenant in the glen, and a horse he had neither bred nor bought, yet brought in a cunning way to market; the poet clearly hinted theft.

"Capital!" cried Ninian. "A splendid song! Many a

time, I'm sure, it put a fury on Mackellar. It's a long time now since I heard it last, on a Hogmanay. It came into my head to-day, and I just was wondering to myself did he steal the horse in truth, or was it poetry."

"I'll warrant thee he stole him!" said the bard. "Or else he were a warlock brute got from the waters."

"When was this?" asked Ninian sharply.

"It was twelve—ay, fourteen years ago," said the cobbler. "Son of the Worst! he got a pair of shoes from me when he had drink, and would he pay them, sober? No! I put it before my Maker and was stirred to song. Many a time since then would Mackellar rather he had paid the shoes!"

The *beachdair* left the cobbler in a hurry, and through the driving rain went up to a farm at Tullich. It was Mackellar's farm. The man who had paid so dearly for his shoes was on the hill, but returned in a little while, and Ninian questioned him for nigh an hour.

When he got back to town it was the gloaming. A gale was risen; the woods were rocking, and the rain came down in sheets. It drenched him to the marrow, but he went, all dripping as he was, to Alan-Iain-Alain Og's, and who was there before him but his daughter? Only a desperate interest in his movements would have brought her there.

One word he said when he

went in beside them in the parlour—one word only, in a cry, his face like flint, his hand uplifted.

The word was "Havock!"

Between his teeth it sounded like a snarl.

They stood about as he dripped; a pool ran on the carpet.

"At last," he cried, "I have him! It's well he has the linen on his chin, or he would squeal upon the trestles! Now I ken what for he did not like the night and must have candles! Your father, Æneas, filled the dark; outside the candle-light, night roared for vengeance!"

"What did he do to my father?" Æneas cried, trembling.

"He did what I said he did—he killed him! Somewhere in this parish lies your father's bones! Sit down the whole of us, and I'll tell ye how things happened. I'll take my string."

He took out the line so curiously employed to mark his progress in unravelling the secret.

"The way to find out what a rogue would do in a given habble is to be a rogue yourself. In every one of us there is the stuff of roguery as well as grace; good fortune to us if we needna use it! And I said to myself, 'Now, Ninian, if you were Duncanson and bogged so deep in mischief, what lengths would ye go to clear your neck?' Duncanson wanted Drimdorran, and when he couldna get it by fair play he tried the foul. For weeks

he thought that Paul was drowned, and before he learned the truth he had put his head into the hemp. He hashed and haggled at the books; he forged Paul's name; he grabbed the property. And then, *mo chreach!* he got a staggerer! He was no sooner in Drim-dorran, laird, and his chair drawn to the fire, than a messenger came one day from the North with dreadful tidings. Paul Macmaster was alive! He was here in the North, with Lovat! He might appear at any hour, though he was papered, and find out how he had been wronged!

"I put myself in his position. 'What's to be done?' I asked the rogue of me. I was there, Drimdorran, at my window, looking out upon my lands, and a letter in my hand, and I saw the scaffold. When a body will see the scaffold he deserves, there is nothing he will shirk to save him. And I said to myself (for mind ye I was Duncanson!), 'There is only one thing for it—Paul must go!'

"Now, how could this be managed? I thought of Simon. Lovat could have shipped him to oblige a friend, the way he shipped yourself and me, Æneas; but he wasna asked, and that of itself looks black. It meant that Duncanson could not feel safe with Paul alive, even though the ocean lay between them. He must die! Lovat is a bad man, and some day he will suffer for it, but he's not the one to risk his neck in a dirty murder for another man, and Duncanson must do

the deed himsel'. Your brother never went to France, Alan: he meant to go, but first he meant to come to Inveraray. For a while it puzzled me that Lovat should be ignorant that Paul came this way, but I think that now I have the reason. Paul couldna trust him. No man with his wits about him ever sat with Sim a day without seeing he was a quirky one. Paul would look at that sly face and mind old Lovat's history, and say to himself, 'This man runs double; if he thinks I'm venturing home he'll inform, and they will watch for me.' So he never said a word of Inveraray."

"But all this," broke out Bailie Alan, "is but speculation! What makes ye think Paul came to Inveraray?"

"He would never pass this door without a cry on us!" said Annabel.

Ninian shook his head. "That's the bit!" he said. "I thought of that mysel'. Here were his kin and offspring, and his heart was warm, and he was going to banishment. Would he go past this house at night and not come in? . . . He never passed! The whole thing lies before me like a strath seen from the mountain-top: your brother came down the glen, but never got any farther. . . . Have ye a bite of bread? I've tasted nothing all this day, and now I'm like the wolf."

Annabel put bread before him and some milk.

"But are ye sure, Ninian, that he came this way at all?" the Bailie asked, still doubting.

"As sure as I hear the wave beat on the shore there! When he left Castle Dounie he made straight for here, and met with Duncanson. How did Sandy have the box? When ye told me, Æneas, that Lovat saw the picture with your father, I knew the worst—that Sandy had destroyed him with his own hand! I knew then what the letter meant that Lovat wrote to Duncanson and brought the death to him—he was afraid of Fraser. That man in the Muir of Ord knew something. He must be shipped with us, if Duncanson would sleep.

"Now, I had the good sense to ask the wife of Fraser for his history. Fourteen years ago he was a man of Lovat's. He carried letters. I thought, when she told me that, of Duncanson, and asked if her man had carried letters to Argyll. She told me he had once been there, and it was to Duncanson, with a letter from a gentleman Macmaster. He brought an answer back, and she knew the very day and date; a child was born to her that morning."

"Ah, the poor body!" said Annabel.

"Well, I thought to myself, 'What was that letter? And what for should Sandy want that man trepanned?' I looked at it like this—Paul had affairs with Sandy; he was going abroad; he wanted money; he wrote to Duncanson, his doer, and asked for it. But the thing was far past money with Duncanson; the crying need was death. Oh, man! I saw

it all like print! Duncanson said, 'Yes; ye'll have the money; come and get it.' And your father, Æneas, never doubted Sandy. He came to Inveraray! He darena come by day, for his name was at the cross and on the doors o' kirks; he came down that glen in the dark, and he met with Sandy under cloud of night. Where did they meet? In Drimdorran House?"

"Never on earth!" cried Annabel. "Paul wouldna put a foot in't."

"And that was a thing I thought of, too. They met, I'll swear, in the glen. And then I ask the rogue of me what happened. The scaffold loomed for Duncanson. He had got a property by crime. Here was the only witness, nothing but his breath to make him dangerous. . . . He killed your brother, Alan, there and then!"

"I canna believe it!" cried the Bailie.

"I'm just as sure as if I saw it! It's what I would do myself if I were him. Consider, Alan—search yourself for the savage in you,—here is a glen in dark and loneliness, and a hunted man condemned by law who may bring ye to the scaffold. What for have we got pistol or the dirk except to use them for our own particular skins? . . . Somewhere in Glen Aray, Æneas, your father died! That box was taken from your father's corpse; to keep it was the worst mistake of Sandy."

"You have still produced no evidence that he came here," said Æneas, who was pallid.

"But I have plenty," said the *beachdair*. "A dead man can be buried, or thrown in a linn with a stone tied to his neck, but a horse is not so easy hidden. Your father borrowed a horse from Lovat and never sent it back. What happened to the horse? . . . You ken the tenant in Tullich — Ellar-an-Eich? It came to me, this day, that his by-name came from a song made on him by the cobbler. I knew it but in parts, and I went to the cobbler and made him sing it. It all rose out of a horse Mackellar said he found astray, and nobody believed him. So I went up to Tullich. 'Fourteen years ago,' I says, 'a horse was lost. You sold, about that time, a horse at Kilmichael Market, and I'm curious to ken just where ye got it.'

"He told me there and then. What he said from the first was true—it was a wandered horse, and he found it on a Sunday in his corn, a wise-like well-bred saddle-beast, without a strap on. He put it in his stable for a fortnight, with never a word to any one about his find. It was the very week Paul rode from Inverness; a fortnight later came Kilmichael Market, and Mackellar rode it there in night-time—thirty miles, and got twenty Saxon pounds for it. Of course the thing came out; the whole land kent of it; the cobbler made his song, and the droll thing was there was never a cheep in the shire of a missing horse!

"There's no mistake about it, Alan; that was Lovat's

horse, the one he lent your brother! And here's the cope-stone of it—Lovat told ye, Æneas, at his table, that your father, later on, through Duncanson, sent the value of the beast. Your father never did, poor man! The money came out of Sandy's pocket, and he little guessed that after fourteen years the lie would rise against him. Sandy heard, like all the rest, that a horse was found in Tullich, but he never said a word. Yet he paid the value of the horse to Lovat! . . . 'I didna hear ye bark!' MacCailein said. If Duncanson was living now there would be barking, for I have everything except the corp of the man he killed. I see the whole thing but the blow. Was it the dirk or pistol?"

"I canna follow ye!" said Alan-Iain-Alain Og, confused.

"Then I'll make it plainer for ye, Alan, and I'll start again wi' Paul in Castle Dounie. He knew he must henceforth stay abroad, and the quicker he was gone the better. Of all the realm of Albyn this parish was most dangerous for him; let him show in Inveraray and his kail was cooked. But he was bound to come here for two things—first to see his child, and next, for money. He wrote to Duncanson to fix a meeting; Fraser took the letter, and brought back an answer. The place of meeting and the hour were fixed. It must be in the night, ye'll mind! Paul darena venture here in daytime. And I wouldna say, when I think of it, but Sandy warned him no'

to give his plans to Lovat; that's what I would do in plotting murder. So Paul set out on the borrowed horse with the silver-mounted saddle.

"He came over Glen Aray in the dark, and his foe was waiting. It was somewhere in the glen; it couldna be Drimdorran. He took Macmaster unawares, with dag or dagger, and I'll swear it was the dagger in the back, for that's the Clan Maclean! Then he ripped the dead man's pouches; got, with other things, the snuff-box; lest earth or water should give up the body he must leave no single thing on it to show that it was Paul's. What he did with the body God Almighty knows, and the woods are wide and thick, and Aray deep, but he put with it the harness of the horse, and lashed the brute back on the road it came. It went into Mackellar's corn that morning, and good for us it did, and that the cobbler made a song!"

All this the *beachdair* gave in gusts that left no chance for question; he was like a man possessed. The steam rose from his clothing; a flush was on his cheek-bones, and his knees were trembling; Janet stared at him

with a face white as the *Can-noch*.

And none of them for a while could speak.

Æneas was first to find his tongue in a stifled way.

"I'm thinking of the doocot," he said, and Janet flinched, with her father's eye on her.

"I'll warrant ye I thought of that, but there's nothing in the doocot, and it stands on rock."

"It's just the very place that Paul himsel' would fix on for a tryst," said Alan. "Many a night they spent beside its fire."

Ninian gave a start. "That's just what I was goin' to ask," he said. "Ye talked before about a fire, but fire was never there unless it was a chaffer."

"It wasna any chaffer, but a fireplace and a chimney; I've dried my feet at it when I was at the hares; ye'll see't unless you're blind."

Ninian jumped to his feet. "Blind, indeed!" said he. "But I have my nose! Æneas, did I no' tell ye I could smell the soot? And now I must go up and look again."

"Let me go with you," Æneas said.

"Na, na! You'll just take Jennet home, and I'll come back again. I'll not can sleep till this is settled."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—DIRK.

Of them all there was no one more disturbed by Ninian's story and the stress of his emotions than his daughter. She was so wan and broken

when he left them, Annabel took pity, motherly wrapped her up in a hood, and made Æneas convoy her home. It was nine o'clock; rain teemed;

the street was quite deserted; melancholy drenched the night. And there and then, as they went through it, she with a hand on the crook of his arm, it seized on Æneas that all of steadfastness for him, security, and faith were, in this vexed and mocking world, dependent upon her. All else was meantime reeling for him, he walked on quicksands; every hour brought some new consternation, and now he had a fresh one—he was not so sure of her feelings to him as he had dared at times to be. Like Annabel, he scented doubts. Could the horror of the crimes her father tracked have influenced the change in her?—she was aloof, evasive, and yet, two nights ago, she stood surrendered in his arms!

“What is it ails you?” he asked her suddenly. They were come to her doorstep; another moment and she was gone unless he acted quickly.

“I’m tired,” she said. “I’m in a stupor. This dreadful business——”

Remorse took hold of him. “I know, my dear,” he said; “I know! It would shake the rock, and I am a fool to think you could be calmer than myself. Just for a little, there, I had a fear that I was grown distasteful to you.”

His hand was on her shoulder. A fanlight on the doorway dimly lit the porch from a lamp within. The gale blew up the lane with noises of the sea; they occupied a privacy of storm. The crimson hood was slipped back from her head, and her face was wet

with rain. Her eyes were troubled; she was dumb; he drew her close to him; she leaned against him for a moment, and he felt a wild heart-flutter, and then she shrank back from him, pushing with her hands against his breast.

“No, no!” she whispered; “that is by with! My far-too-clever father has put an end to that!” and Æneas was dismayed.

“Has he, faith?” he said, and bridled. “I feared what *you* might think, but I never dreamt your father would let that affect him.”

“What?” she asked in wonder.

“This — this nightmare in my history, my father’s downfall; this appalling mystery. What blame have I? Am I the worse a man for it that you or yours should shun me like a plague? It’s not what I would look for from Macgregors — God knows your people, like my own, have died in ugly ways. But I’ll have it out with him! This thing is far more vital to me than his search for bones.”

At this she changed immediately. Distant no more, she nestled to him. “Æneas,” she whispered, “you know my father just as little as I knew you till now! Forget what I said; it was all in error.”

Her face was cold and wet; the rain was in her hair; his own face, burning, found in their contact, in their moisture, in their chill, a delight that was almost aching. It is in fires that love is withered, but

not in fires that keep a surface damp and cool with clean night-air and storm, and Æneas with his lips on her, drank bliss.

"How can we—how can we be happy?" she gasped at last. "At such a time! Are we not wicked?"

"No," said Æneas gravely; "the world must aye go on. Weeping may endure a night for death and wrong, but love's the morning; we begin afresh. And you will think me a strange man that every fresh discovery of your father's makes me the sorrier for that poor wretch who surely never knew what love was, and can never learn it now. It was not my father's life was marred, but Duncanson's; my father's death was glorious compared with his, even if it were as your father thinks. It's for the sake of that poor clay I hope it wasna."

"You may be sure my father's right," said Janet quietly. "This time he'll find what he is wanting."

"In the doocot?"

She nodded.

"Tell me why you say so."

"I know! I have known it for a week."

"But how?" he cried.

"For not one reason you will listen to, Æneas, but the foolish first was that I loathed the doocot. I hated it since ever I guessed that you were there that night with Margaret, and when my father told me how your troubles started there, I seemed in a flash to see what Duncanson had done. My father might

talk about France and your father dying there, but somehow I could think of nothing but the doocot, and Duncanson's cold fishy hand. Believe me, Æneas, that's where your father lies!"

He soothed her agitation; she was shaken like a leaf. "You should have told your father what you thought," he urged, but gently.

"I daren't!" she said. "I was afraid. I hoped he never would discover; my happiness looked like depending on his not discovering. And you need not ask me now for why; I'm too ashamed to tell you. Some say——"

"Ah, never mind!" he said in a gush of sudden pity at her turmoil.

He had no faith in her intuitions; and even from Ninian's search expected little. When he got back to the house, he found them there of the same opinion—that the *beachdair's* reasoning had gaps in it patched up with mere surmise.

But the first glance at Ninian's face, when he returned, confounded them. It was grey as ashes. He looked at Annabel strangely, and she left the room.

"Well," said Æneas, sick at the heart, "did you find anything further?"

"*Mo creach!* I did: Drim-dorran!" Ninian answered. "Sit you down; my hank's unravelled."

"Was it there?" cried Æneas. The name that Ninian gave him was portentous.

"No other place!" said

Ninian, solemn. "The first thing you will do, Drimdorran, is, destroy that tower. Leave not a stone of it upon another!"

He sat with his hands on his lap, and stared at the fire; the gale whooped in the chimney.

"One thing I overlooked," he said, "and it was very stupid of me. It never crossed my mind that Duncanson could build, though I kent he had some skill with the saw and hammer. It was his own hand blocked the pigeon-holes. The only wright about the place at the time was old Carmichael, and he never knew the place was boarded up. Another mistake I made was not to trust my nose that I smelled the soot. When first you talked about a fire, Alan, I thought ye meant a chaffer in the middle of the floor, for I saw no sign of chimney or fireplace in the walls——"

"But the fire was there! I know!" said the Bailie.

"Of course it was! I found

it half an hour ago. He had built the fireplace up! I found the very trowel he had used to spread his mortar! He built it up with rubble, pushed the bin against the place, and locked the door for fourteen years. But, my God! ye canna lock a door on terror! No wonder he kept the plaid tacked on his window in the latter days, with the tomb before his eyes. . . . I took a pick, when I found a place, and broke the wall, and the first thing I came on was a rotten saddle."

He held out his hand on a sudden; on its palm was a piece of metal.

"I cut that from the leather," he said; "it's part of the silver mounting—a buck's head wi' a motto—Lovat's crest!"

"And—and was there more?" asked Æneas, parched.

"There was," the *beachdair* answered. "At least your father may rest at the last in good Scots clods; it was what I said—the dirk!"

THE END.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF FEDERALISM—ENGLAND
FOR THE ENGLISH—EXAMPLES OF THE PAST—THE CIVIL SERVANT
—A NEW ART OF BIOGRAPHY.

WHEN the ill-omened Home Rule Bill was introduced into the House of Commons, we were told that it was a first step to Federalism. Remembering the preamble of the Parliament Bill and the notorious debt of honour, which has not been paid, we did not believe in the sincerity of the Cabinet. The Home Rule Bill was framed not to advance the policy of Federalism, not to save the Commons' House from a congestion of business, but to satisfy the demands of Mr Redmond. The Cabinet, which thought nothing of breaking its pledged word to the country, dared not disobey the Irishmen, who, against their will and conviction, had helped Mr George to pass his ineffective Budget. And even if the Cabinet had ever entertained any hope of Federalism, which may be doubted, they made their Bill an effectual bar to any such system of Union. While Federalism was on their tongue, they would give Ireland the free control of her taxation, with a separate Post Office, and thus make Federalism for ever impossible.

And now that the Home Rule Bill has brought the Cabinet face to face with Civil War, on either side we hear

fresh murmurs of Federalism. Here, cry the sanguine, is a way out of the blind alley into which the reckless and interested folly of the Radicals has plunged us. Let us make the pretence of the Cabinet a reality, they say in effect, and exclude Ulster until a real measure of Federalism be passed. But at the very outset a difficulty appears. Shall Ireland be two units or one? One unit, declare the Home Rulers, and thus by postulating an undivided and indivisible Ireland, they begin the old argument all over again.

What, then, is the system of Federalism which is expected to extricate us from all our difficulties — even from the monstrous folly of the Cabinet? Federalism is a union of several States, which combine for the common objects of policy and commerce, under one central government. The States are left free to manage their local affairs, and look to the central government for guidance in all that affects their national security and ambition. They are thus asked to obey two sets of laws—those which they pass themselves for their own convenience, and those which the Federal Government passes for

the safety and advantage of them all. One for commerce and defence, they are separate in the plainer conduct of their lives. Free trade within the Union and a common army are essential conditions of a prosperous federation. A writer in 'The Morning Post' has recently divided the functions of the lesser Parliaments and the Imperial House, in an article which makes the object of Federalism clear enough. The district Parliament—a kind of glorified County Council—would control—

Education, literary and technical.

Police.

Railways and other methods of communication.

Factory and all other Industrial legislation.

Insurance, Poor Relief, Old Age Pensions, and Public Charity.

Housing and Land Settlement.

District trade and markets, with no right of discrimination against another district.

On the other hand, the Imperial Parliament would reserve to itself control of—

The Army and Navy.

Relations with the Self-Governing Dominions and Foreign Countries.

Government of India and the Crown Colonies.

Administration of Justice.

The Tariff and the Collection of all national Taxes.

All regulation of overseas trade and shipping; fisheries.

Posts and Telegraphs.

Right of Veto on any Act of a District Parliament.

There is a brief schedule in the partition of duties, and from it we may learn what Federalism would mean to us and to the Empire.

The history of Federalism is old and honourable. It carries us back to the dim past of ancient Greece. It was, as we know, in modern times the solution of the difficulties and dangers which after the Rebellion seemed likely to overwhelm the newly-emancipated American colonies. Under the auspices of Lord Durham it saved Canada from disruption. And if we apply it to Great Britain and Ireland, we shall discern therein some obvious advantages. England especially, did she take a merely selfish view, might be expected to favour it. For many years she, the predominant partner, has been prevented by a coalition of Scots, Irish, and Welsh malcontents from having her own way, or from settling her affairs in accord with her own sentiments and ambitions. By temperament England is, and has always been, intensely Conservative. She has always displayed a wholesome power of reaction. It was the plain necessity of her nature which decreed that Charles II. should be restored to the throne after the brief rule of Oliver Cromwell. She walks most happily in the ancient ways, and by the hazard of parliamentary coalitions she is driven headlong down the slope of reck-

less, unknowing Radicalism. To her at least Federalism might bring relief. She would once more be mistress in her own house, free to preserve her cherished remnants of feudalism, and to obey the wise, stern voice of tradition. Again, for that congestion of Parliament, which is said to impede the deliberations of the elected of the People, Federalism might prove a remedy. When Railway Bills and Factory Acts, when all those measures of relief and pauperism, which serve to buy the demagogue votes at the public expense, are relegated to district assemblies, the House of Parliament would be free to meditate upon weightier matters of policy, to strengthen our defences, and to knit closer the bonds which bind us to our colonies and to our friends abroad. This argument, specious as it is, would appear stronger if we had any faith in the wisdom and loyalty of Parliament. Perhaps the best security which a single chamber, elected by the popular vote and unchecked by a powerful Upper House, could give us is the security of impotence.

Before we discuss the disadvantages of Federalism, let us remember that the system that has proved successful elsewhere need not of necessity bring blessings to Great Britain. There is a piece of advice given by Pericles to the Athenians and quoted by Mr F. S. Oliver in his 'Alexander Hamilton,' which we should do well to ponder. "Our State," said Pericles, "does not enter en-

viciously into a comparison with the laws and systems of others. We do not imitate them; rather we provide them with an example." And Great Britain, of all countries in the world, is least suited to bold political experiments. The march of our development has always and happily been slow. We have advanced with dignified deliberation from precedent to precedent. Like all honourable men we have proudly acknowledged the wholesome domination of the past. Even when we have made a change we have sometimes been fortunate enough to preserve the ancient order under the new form. If you would wish to measure the danger of revolution to Great Britain, you have but to look at the fatal consequences of the Parliament Act, passed by a Cabinet which contains a Welshman, a Jew, and a Minister who carries American blood in his veins,—by men, in fact, who did not inherit a natural sympathy with the aims and ambitions of Great Britain. The Parliament Act has brought us, as we prophesied it would bring us, at its first passage, in sight of civil war. And it should warn us of the risk we run, when for the mere purpose of convenience we attempt to mend or to destroy our ancient Constitution.

We are to-day a Union. In spite of agitators and of secret societies, England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, form one undivided whole against the world. If we adopt a Federal system, we must

begin with disintegration. What shall it profit ourselves to pull the fabric of union to pieces merely to put it together again? And when we have pulled the fabric to pieces we shall not have satisfied the demands of Mr Devlin and his Molly Maguires. The very essence of Federalism is the majesty of the sovereign power. Ireland, under devolution, will be as far from being a separate and hostile nation, to which state she aspires, as ever. She will not be able to use her Custom House as an instrument of revenge against England. She will not be able to discriminate in favour of her friends and paymasters across the Atlantic. Her Nationalists will not be able to bleed Ulster white as a punishment for recalcitrancy. And she will repudiate Federalism, as she will repudiate anything else that is offered her agitators except complete independence and the right of hostility to Great Britain.

Moreover, when we look to the examples of the past and point with satisfaction to the triumphs of Federalism, let us reflect that, quite apart from differences of temperament and tradition, its success was due in two conspicuous instances to the genius of its initiators. What the United States owed to the genius and persistence of Alexander Hamilton all the world knows. Had not Lord Durham most courageously allowed Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the wisest Colonial statesman that ever we bred, to inspire his famous report,

the fortune of Canada might have been far less happy. Have we in our present Government a Hamilton or a Wakefield, who by tact and policy can smooth out the difficulties and soften the asperities which are inherent in a federal system? Of course we have not. Even if our present Cabinet believed honestly in Federalism, which it does not, it could not frame a federal constitution. It has neither the brains nor the morals to achieve so high an enterprise. Demagogues who have talked such nonsense as Messrs George and Churchill have flung at their dupes in the country are incapacitated from devising or carrying great reforms. Besides, it would be absurd if the Cabinet, after the events of the last few years, expected the country to put trust in its good faith. If Federalism were found to be a solution of our difficulties, it could be accomplished only by men of cool heads and honest hearts, who put the good of the country before the profit of party, and who forget in statesmanship the mere chance of a tactical victory. It would demand not only honest statesmen, but many years of unselfish toil. To attempt to tack so vast a constitutional change, as a make-weight, upon an unpopular Bill is to plumb the depths of human folly. The dangers of Federalism are obvious—a slackening of justice, an impaired solidarity, a perpetual conflict between the interests of the part and the interests

of the whole. You cannot compensate for those by a hastily-constructed measure, which shall embody not the sincere wisdom of patriots, but the accumulated prejudices of interested partisans. And what shall we say of a Federalism which leaves out of account the sympathies and hopes of our Dominions oversea? To satisfy their aspirations, to bring them within the circle of a common tariff and a common system of defence, would be worth years of discussion and a great sacrifice. We should resist any hasty attempt to federalise the United Kingdom, made with no other object than to extricate the worst Government of modern times from the pit of its own digging. And is not our Government still supposed to be representative? Then what becomes of the mandate? Will the supporters of the new plan declare that Federalism also had a place in the election addresses of its newest converts?

The Report of the Commission on the Civil Service, recently published, proves as clearly as the lamentable conduct of the Cabinet that the government of the country is no longer a means to an end, but an end itself. While the Commission has been deliberating, the Civil Service Estimates have increased from £46,787,873 to £57,065,816, or eleven millions more than the total expenditure of the nation as set forth in the budget of 1842; and for aught we know they have by

this time securely rounded the Cape of sixty millions. Our present governors have so little imagination, so little faith in the people, that when they detect what they believe to be an abuse, they instantly organise an office and pack it with patient, unambitious clerks. The truth is, that having entered upon the fatal path of democracy, we are fast becoming a nation of officials. In this wholesale manufacture of paid posts, autocracy and democracy join hands. The countries whose energies are most seriously paralysed by bureaucratic indolence are Russia and France. The autocrat hopes by conferring small salaries upon a vast army of inefficient persons to make his own position securer. The democrat is sure that no better system has ever been invented to keep the people in subjection than the multiplication of government offices, which besides fitting a trusty band of voters with jobs provide places at the top for needy partisans. The gloomiest of all the professions, the Civil Service, may boast a few comfortable rewards; and again and again it has seen these snatched from it, that a post might be found for some party hack who has fought a bye-election, or a miscreant who has rattled at the right moment. There is no more melancholy passage in the Commission's report—from the point of view of the Civil Servant—than that in which it deplores one practice of the Government. "In a minority

of cases," it says, "gentlemen have been appointed from outside the Civil Service, and amongst these are some whose previous careers suggest no obvious qualification for the duties of the official positions concerned. At the present time, when patronage as a normal system of recruiting has been generally abandoned for more than a generation in favour of a system which purports to open a career to talent, we regard appointments of this kind as an anachronism. They are disheartening, and give colour to the suspicion that governments may attach greater value to personal service to a particular Minister than to lifelong efficient service to the State." We condole sincerely with the officials who, having sacrificed their lives to a dull routine, find the prizes snatched from their grasp at last. But what is the Government to do? If it be deprived of its patronage, what loaves and fishes shall it find to throw to its henchmen?

Nearly sixty millions a-year spent upon the Civil Service! No private firm would tolerate so great an extravagance as this sum implies for a single year. But public money is notoriously slippery, and our Ministers, chiefly amateurs not bred to the business, esteem wastefulness a virtue. There must, however, be a breaking-point, and if democratic government becomes much costlier, it must be replaced by an honester, more economical system. We have heard, in

private enterprises, of an official called a "cutter," whose duty it is to detect and mitigate reckless expenditure. If such a one were let loose in our Government offices, he could reduce the bill, we are sure, by many millions. And it is not only the waste of money that we deplore, it is the waste of men. We are spending over a million a-week on what is, to a large extent, unproductive labour. We are creating a class of sad, patient, obsequious men, who throughout the miserable certainty of their lives will keep the same hours, hold the same thoughts, enjoy the same official holidays, will know plenty as little as they know want, and will slip out of their office, like a cog out of a machine, to be replaced by something equally serviceable and equally inhuman.

It is with a profound pity that we contemplate their careers; with a pity all the more profound because we believe that half the work that they do is unnecessary. For a pittance they renounce all the adventure and uncertainty of life. From the very moment that they enter a government office they are comfortably sheltered. They have the assurance that, with decent morals, they will never starve. The long years stretch before them, bleak and monotonous, each marked by a constant "rise," until, if they are very fortunate, they reach what we believe is known in their own cant as "four figures," and presently retire upon a comfortable pension, still comparatively young in

years, but so sadly unused to initiative as to be unfit for any work of their own. Then, as they mount to the higher offices or are enrolled among the private secretaries, it is their gloomy privilege to attend official banquets, to rub shoulders with Ministers, the elect of the people, whom they, the permanent officers, must instruct in their unaccustomed duties, and serve for the brief season of their sojourn with flattering obedience. In other words, they must do the work and bestow the credit, such as it is, elsewhere, and find solace in the sixty millions annually devoted to their support.

The findings of the Commission are in the main what we should expect. It does not quarrel with any "fundamental principles"; it applauds the organisation without reserve. Meanwhile those who sign the report of the majority "take the opportunity of saying that the actions which, over a series of years, have been taken to improve the Civil Service has, in our judgment, resulted in the creation of a competent, zealous, and upright body of public officers. To this result, we have no doubt, the system of open competition has most materially contributed." We do not know upon what facts this favourable view of competitive examination is based. Are the Commissioners sure that in the old days of patronage, when the Civil Service did not cost sixty millions a-year, the country was ill-served? The truth is that

competitive examination is, like universal suffrage, a complete confession of failure. It is only when our governors are unable to make a wise choice of those who should serve them, that they resort to expedients and shift responsibilities. If competitive examination has been a success, its success is a mere accident. The patrons of old had just as good a chance of finding the right man as a set of examiners, and when they had the privilege of appointing worthy gentlemen to sinecures, they used it with generosity and discretion. The sinecures, far less costly than the reckless system of to-day, at least gave to distinguished writers the opportunity of a dignified old age. We would far rather see an income bestowed upon an elegant writer, such as Congreve, than millions wasted in superfluous officials.

There is one inevitable consequence of competitive examination which does not appear to be noticed in the Report. Those who pass the ordeal are provided for in a tepid fashion until death calls them. What of those who spend some years of their life in attempting to dodge the examiners? They have wasted their time more effectually than they would had they been caddies on a golf-course. When their last trial is past they are thrown back upon themselves tired and useless. It is not thus that a wise country squanders its most valuable material, the men and women of its breed. We

should like to have the figures before us and know for certain how many fail for one who succeeds. What the Civil Service costs in money we have been told. It would be yet more instructive to discover what it costs in ruined hopes and wasted endeavour.

Some of the recommendations of the Commission seem to lie far beyond the scope of their inquiry. For instance, it is suggested that "greater facilities should be provided, especially in England and Ireland, from the Primary to the Secondary Schools, and thence to the Universities, of pupils capable of benefiting by secondary and university training respectively." If the Universities are the delectable haunts of jobbery and snobbery, as is said, why should there be a general desire to go to them? It is easy enough to detect here a political bias. The educational ladder is one of the hopes of the Labour Party. It is already so securely set up that any one who has the talent may easily climb it. In other words, a career is open to all. But when you propose to turn the ladder into a highway, to use the image of a mob orator, you assume that all are equally capable of education, and that virtue exists nowhere else than in a board school. In other words, you are making an appeal to class prejudice, with which the Civil Service has nothing, and should have nothing, to do. Its business is to choose, by the sorry means of competitive examination, the men it believes best fitted for

its job. It is not asked to inquire into the antecedents of the competitors, or to prefer the board school to Eton. Its business is with the finished product alone, and it would have been wiser to leave the educational ladder out of its report.

Again, it suggests that "there should be closer co-ordination between the educational systems of the country and the Civil Service examinations." This may well be advisable, but it is the Civil Service which must do the co-ordinating. In spite of its annual expenditure of sixty millions, the Civil Service still exists for the country, not the country for the Civil Service. That may come presently. Meanwhile the educational systems of Great Britain will, we trust, evolve themselves as they think best, as though there were no such things as Treasury Clerks in existence, and in the full consciousness that there are other and worthier ambitions to be set before youth than the prospect of spending some forty years of routine in the seclusion of a Government office.

The multifarious suggestions flung down will meet with approval or rejection according to the temperament of the reader. For instance, we cordially hope that the Celtic languages of the United Kingdom will never be included into the syllabus of examination. Why should we yield an obvious advantage to the Welsh, at whose hands we have already suffered too bitterly? On the other hand

we welcome gratefully the proposal that one year "in respect of the age limits" should be conceded to candidates who have taken the full course in the Officers' Training Corps. We did not expect to find in the Commission's report so signal a recognition of the principles of Lord Willoughby de Broke's bill. At any rate, here is plenty of material for discussion, and as we lay aside the report, our keenest hope is that another Commission shall shortly be appointed, not to consider the conditions, but the instant reduction of the Civil Service. No country can permanently sustain the loss in men and money, more devastating than war, which is incurred year by year by the purchase for sixty millions of highly educated, duly examined, and enterprising officials.

Mr Henry James has invented a new art of biography. It is an art of atmosphere. What his brothers and he achieved is indicated in the subtlest fashion. In his 'Notes of a Son and Brother' (London: Macmillan & Co.), the second volume of his great work, he does not often trouble the reader with direct statements of fact. He asks us to look at the past through a haze of memory which blurs the sharp edges of life, and composes even discordant elements into a gracious whole. Above all, he has the skill to put upon paper the sensation which, half unconsciously, we cherish of that which has happened

to us. The lapses of remembrance, the guarding of this event, the omission of that, the many accidental preferences of human nature,—all these are indicated with the greatest delicacy, and by a process which is not easy to discover. We might hazard the suggestion that Mr James contrives his wonderful effects by constantly qualifying what he wishes to say. He is as little positive as life itself, and thus is able to give a vivid impression of life. His sentences, into which mitigating clauses are ingeniously dovetailed, and which sometimes seem to set out for one goal and to reach another, chime with the uncertainty of this earthly existence. We do but dimly understand events as they pass before us. We frame dogmatic opinions about them when they live only in our memory. But Mr James, careful not to be dogmatic, reproduces what he has seen, and heard, and known, wrapt in the speculative atmosphere which enveloped it when it was first presented to his ear and eye and mind. And the choice of these memories, which he thinks should not be lost, show his uniform inclination to things of the spirit. Even when, by his own account, he was fumbling after his own talent, it was already literature which engrossed him. For him "the enrichments of life," "the large arrivals," are the masterpieces of fiction. "For these appearances," he writes, "these strong time-marks in such stretches of production

as that of Dickens, that of Thackeray, that of George Eliot, had in the first place simply a genial weight and force, a direct importance, and in the second a command of the permeable air and the collective sensibility with which nothing since has begun to deserve comparison." The coming of the first 'Cornhill' wakes him to enthusiasm. "With which wild memories they stand out for me too," he says, "the lively importance, that winter, of the arrival, from the first number, of the orange-covered 'Cornhill'—the thrill of each composing item of that first number especially recoverable in its intensity." These are the real events which mark our progress through life, and few are the biographers who prefer them to the *faites divers* of the newspapers, or the solemn announcements of deaths and marriages.

Mr James's method is peculiarly well suited to the delineation of character. His brother, William James, is still the hero of his book, and a very brilliant enjoying hero he appears upon Mr James's canvas. Nothing is more striking in these 'Notes' than the sympathetic acceptance by his family of whatever William James might do. He turned from art to science to a chorus of approval. There is no hint of fatherly displeasure at his rejection of the craft to which he had been

trained. On either side there was whole-hearted affection and perfect trust. Mr James's father, absolute in sympathy and understanding, is as fine a study as his brother, suggested rather than drawn. And hovering over all is the gallant, pathetic figure of May Temple, a cousin, who faces death with a high-hearted courage and brave cheerfulness which it is pleasant to contemplate. And even those who appear but a moment, are all sketched with a separate truth and firmness. Here, for instance, is a phrase about a cousin at Harvard, who died in battle at Chancellorsville, a phrase which sets him before us for always: "He made all life for the hour a foreground, and one that we none of us would have quitted for a moment while he was there."

We cannot take leave of Mr James's book without celebrating his marvellous skill in the building of long sentences. And his long sentences are not merely collections of short ones; each of them is a definite and organic whole. As we read his book, we were reminded irresistibly of Stéphane Mallarmé, a writer as far as possible from Mr James in the aim and theory of his art, and yet at one with him in the determination to make a style that was his own, and to shun, like the plague, the short, crisp manner of Voltaire.

THE AGRARIAN STAR CHAMBER.

"ARBITRARY Courts of Justice, particularly one termed the Star Chamber, afforded the King the means of punishing those who opposed themselves to the Royal will," is Sir Walter Scott's concise summary of one of the most potent influences in producing the sense of intolerable grievance that eventuated in "the Great Rebellion," and brought on the three kingdoms "an Iliad of woes." A later historian writes—

"The extraordinary Courts bequeathed by the Tudors to the Stuarts—i.e., the Star Chamber, the Court of High Commission, and the Council of the North—had never been so active and so severe. . . . The Act of Revocation in Scotland, the perambulation of the forests in England, the projected Connaught plantation in Ireland, were so many proofs that neither length of possession, nor unquestioned loyalty, nor the faith of the Sovereign himself, could secure any man in the peaceable enjoyment of his estate."

Substitute for the Royal will the *fiat* of the oligarchy of party politicians, mainly lawyers of more or less professional position, who now in the name of democracy

"With armed heel
Bestride the Commonweal;"

for the Connaught Plantation, the Radical Irish Land Acts; for the perambulation of the forests, the Land Inquiry Committee and the "ruthless" and reckless calumnies of its principal promoter; for the Act of

Revocation, the Small Landholders (Scotland) Act; and for the faith of the Sovereign, the guarantee of the Common Law and of Acts of Parliament, which have invited and encouraged large outlays and commitments on the faith of undoubted and unfettered ownership—and the parallel to present-day conditions stands out curiously complete.

The constant complaint of Whig Constitutionalists under the later Stuart kings was directed not against the limited monarchy of Britain, but against the exercise of "arbitrary power," and the first remedy adopted by the Long Parliament was that "the oppressive Courts in which arbitrary proceedings had taken place were abolished."

Nearly two years' administration of the Small Landholders (Scotland) Act of 1911 has provided important sections of the Scottish community with an experience as alarming as it is novel to British conceptions of a Court of Justice, of what it means to be placed under the unfettered domination of a tribunal as arbitrary in its exercise of power as it is in its conceptions of right and wrong between man and man. When that measure passed into law by means of a compromise between the two great political parties in the House of Commons, it was felt by many that unfortunate and regrettable as

was the interference with free contract in the occupation of land in the Lowlands of Scotland, and the possible embarrassment and disorganisation of the management of agricultural estates, yet that if the Act was fairly administered by an impartial tribunal, rural economy would adjust itself with as little friction as possible to the new conditions, and that some sacrifice might well be borne for what was understood to be a settlement, in order that the land might have rest from political agitation. The facts that the tribunal was to be a "Court" and not a "Commission," and that its head was expressly given the rank and tenure of a Judge of the Court of Session, appeared to afford some guarantee of judicial impartiality and dignity. But as a monarch may make a man a nobleman but cannot make him a gentleman, so in the case of the Land Court, the "rank and tenure" have failed to provide either the impartiality or the dignity. In the early days of the Court's proceedings, complaints were frequent of the discourtesy with which the agents and factors of landowners were treated, and the daily press was enriched by revelations of a habit of mind vouchsafed in frequent interpositions by the nimble-witted and *bizarre* personality of the President.

The original Crofters Act of 1886 was defended, and to some extent justified, by the peculiar circumstances of the Highland counties to which it

applied, where, though not based on legal right, there had existed a sort of customary hereditary tenure, where there still remained, though in course of modification by modern education and the call of the larger life in the towns and on fertile virgin soil, made audible by the Press and the emigration agent, and easily responded to owing to increased facilities of communication, an engrained attachment to the particular plot of ancestral soil, and where the equipment with buildings, such as it was, had been as a general rule the work of the tenant or his predecessors in the same family. In the Lowlands the circumstances were very different. The ordinary law of landlord and tenant, based not on feudal ideas but on the Roman law of contract, was in active and well-understood operation, the tenant of a small holding moved on frequently to another and often a larger one, and on most estates the bulk of the buildings had been either originally erected or paid for on a change or renewal of tenancy by the proprietor. It was under the system of free contractual occupation, with the maintenance of the permanent fertility of the soil secured by judicious Estate Regulations, that the great development of Scottish agriculture had taken place which made it second to none, and the agricultural community had been carried successfully through the period of depression caused

by unlimited American competition in British markets. There was no eviction grievance, no general complaint of the conditions on Lowland estates, and nothing like the agitation of the Highland Land League. The local agitation of the early "eighties," run by large farmers and engineered by a knot of minor politicians in touch with Irish Land Leaguers at Westminster, had fizzled out very quickly. Where the existing system pressed hardly under modern conditions, a remedy had been afforded and any legitimate grievance redressed by the Agricultural Holdings Acts, and the relief which agricultural depression required had been given by large and voluntary reductions of rent by the landowners or by natural and economic adjustment when leases expired or were renewed. Brighter prospects were dawning for Scottish agriculture, and in many counties rents, though not approaching the figures in the heyday of prosperity when competition for farms was extravagant, were again on the rise.

If in these circumstances it was considered necessary to interfere with the old Scottish system of full ownership, on the faith of which the landowners had incurred heavy and continuing obligations for the development of their estates, and of free occupancy under nineteen years' leases, affording a reasonable security of tenure to the cultivator, and

at the same time flexibility and adaptability to changing conditions, it was essential to justice and success that the tribunal to be set up should be one commanding the confidence of all classes composing the agricultural interest, and that its administration, dealing with complex and far-reaching conditions, should be conducted with caution, with a careful regard to existing as well as to newly conferred rights, and with strict impartiality. It was above all necessary that the head of the tribunal should be a man possessing the temperament of the judge and not of the advocate, and who could be trusted to practise the counsel of Bacon that "an over-speaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal." The worst possible selection for impartial dealing with the definite and practical conditions of high-class Lowland agriculture was to be found in a faddist or theorist panting to substitute his personal ideas for actual legal rights recognised and acted on for centuries, bitten with the loose notions of Trans-Grampian Land Leaguers, and combining the intellectual ingenuity of a sophistical dialectician with conceptions of the rights of owners of land resembling those entertained by the Highland caterans of former days as to property in cattle.

When the appointments to the new Land Court were announced, they were not such as either to invite general con-

fidence or to inspire general distrust. The Sheriff and Professor selected for elevation in rank and tenure was known in legal circles as a somewhat erratic genius, the course of whose orbit it would be difficult to forecast, a voluminous pleader of metaphysical subtlety, and a Radical ex-candidate for a Highland constituency in which the forces at his back had been mainly those actuated by local land hunger and its political exploitation. But the experience of Sheriff Brand had shown that responsibility and acquired knowledge produced a steady effect, and it was hoped that the high judicial *status* was intended not merely as a prophylactic against Parliamentary criticism, but as an indication of true judicial character and methods.

As regards the lay members of the Court, there did not exist the public reputation that qualified to form an opinion; and probably the prevailing state of mind of Scottish landowners, whose families had managed and developed their estates on practical lines for generations, of the skilled and experienced chamberlains, commissioners, and factors who followed land agency as a scientific profession, and of the large tenant-farmers whose highly cultivated fields and proportioned steadings were menaced, was one of open-minded inquiry, "Who are those men who have been made judges and dividers over us?"

The experience of practically the first two years of the Act

and of the Court has cleared up any doubts as to the character and impartiality of the administrators. It has produced a widespread feeling that it is difficult for a landowner to obtain ordinary justice in the Land Court or fair treatment from the Board of Agriculture. It has shown that the Land Court is essentially an "arbitrary" tribunal, that its members are determined to "ride upon the top of their Commission," and that the convenience of, or the loss inflicted on, those who have to suffer some sacrifice under the legislation is lightly regarded. Like other bureaucratic bodies created by recent Acts of Parliament, the Court has exhibited great alacrity, where the matter was in doubt, in extending the scope of its own jurisdiction. It has, on the other hand, displayed equal readiness and considerable ingenuity in whittling down and restricting, or by its practical judgment rendering nugatory, provisions limiting the inroads upon owner's rights. Its rules of procedure tie the landowner down to short shrift in meeting allegations, but he may be kept in suspense for months while the Court delays its judgment. The practical inspections of holdings have been often cursory, and in some cases farcical. The reductions of rent have been wholesale, indiscriminate, and huge.

The main purpose put forward for the passage of the Small Landholders Act was to stem the diminution of the

rural population by the creation of new small holdings. There was undoubtedly in some counties a deficiency of these, and room for a judicious policy for the encouragement and enforcement of their extension. A wise and large-minded Board of Agriculture, with compulsory powers in reserve, could have done much by inviting and stimulating the cordial co-operation of landowners, and the Act contemplated this method of procedure by making the first step in the process negotiation with the proprietors. Unfortunately the Board of Agriculture has failed to realise the practical advantages of harmonious co-operative action, and has proceeded in a spirit of bureaucratic arrogance. The practical difficulties and details to be considered were not realised by the political theorists who framed the Act, sufficient money was not provided, though the necessity for more was clearly pointed out at the time. The activities of the Land Court have hitherto been directed, not so much to the formation of new holdings, as to the cutting down of the income derived by landowners from those which they have voluntarily constituted or maintained.

The powers of the tribunal in regard to the fixing of rents relate to three classes of holdings — those in Highland counties in which so-called "Fair Rents" had already been fixed by the Crofters Commission; those all over Scotland, in which the Court

proceeds on proof or on assumption that the buildings, or the major portion of them, had been constructed by the tenant or his predecessors in the same family; and those known as statutory small tenancies in which the buildings or the major portion of them have been erected or paid for by the landowner. It might have been anticipated that in the case of the second class coming under the purview of a tribunal for the first time considerable reductions might be made, but no one contemplated that at a time when agricultural prices have improved there could be much diminution of rents already judicially fixed; and no practical person who knew anything about the cost of equipping small holdings with buildings and the value in the open letting market of Lowland holdings of all sizes, could have imagined that any knowledgeable and fair-minded tribunal would make reductions in the case of statutory small tenancies at all approximating to those in the crofting parishes of the Highlands. But the Land Court have taken the same broad axe to all classes, and have wielded it with special vigour in the case of statutory small tenancies, against which a peculiar prejudice appears to be entertained. The President has exhibited an impatience of the statutory small tenant clause which resembles the wounded *amour propre* of an egotistical author when his manuscript is returned edited to any extent,

however small, by another hand.

The following figures are taken for the year 1912 (April to December) from the first official Report of the Land Court, and for the year 1913, and January 1914, from a collection carefully made of cases reported in the daily press. The columns are 1. number of cases dealt with, 2. rents reduced, 3. rents unaltered, and 4. rents raised:—

REVALUATIONS OF CROFTERS' RENTS.				
	1.	2.	3.	4.
1912 .	99	87	10	2
1913-14 .	228	222	6	0

The rents dealt with in 1912 had been reduced by the Crofters Commission from £914 to £699, and were further cut down by the Land Court to £562—on an average by 19½ per cent. Those dealt with in 1913-14 were £1052, cut down to £833, or a reduction of over 20½ per cent.

FIRST "FAIR RENTS" OF SMALL LANDHOLDERS.				
	1.	2.	3.	4.
1912 .	256	250	6	0
1913-14 .	541	511	24	6

The rental dealt with in 1912 was £2226, reduced to £1568, or an average of 29½ per cent. In one case a proprietor had voluntarily reduced first by 15 per cent, and again by 20, and subsequently, in the case of those who did not apply to the Crofters Commission, by 30 per cent. Yet on some of these tenants applying the Land Court further reduced by 26 per cent. In 1913-14 the rental dealt with was £4794,

reduced to £3240, or slightly over 32 per cent. In four cases in Elgin the reduction was over 70 per cent, in thirty-five in Arran over 40.

"EQUITABLE RENTS" OF STATUTORY SMALL TENANTS.

	1.	2.	3.	4.
1912 .	89	87	2	0
1913-14 .	101	99	2	0

The rental dealt with in 1912 was £1581, and the reductions £402, or 25½ per cent; in 1913-14 the rental was £1946 and the reductions £522, or 27 per cent.

ARREARS OF RENT.

The Land Court have only power to deal with arrears in the case of tenants declared small landholders for the first time. They have, however, used these powers in the most high-handed fashion.

	Cases.	Arrears.	Cancelled.	Percentage.
1912	127	£1721	£771	44½
1913-14	—	1688	1218	72

In Arran, an island in which the tenants draw substantial incomes from summer lessees or lodgers, the whole arrears were wiped out. Upon all the arrears dealt with the proprietors had paid rates and taxes, and these in some districts are very heavy.

The total average reductions, so far as ascertainable, have been

	Per cent.
Crofter Revaluations . . .	20
First Fair Rents . . .	29
Equitable Rents . . .	26½

The action in regard to

statutory small tenants has been specially scandalous. The clause dealing with tenancies in which the landlord has provided or paid for the whole or the bulk of the buildings was the principal element in a Parliamentary compromise, and the chief consideration in respect of which the Bill became an Act. A very large concession was made on behalf of Scottish landowners in accepting a statutory right of renewal of tenancy, which involved some outside authority to fix future rent, and the duty imposed upon the Land Court was that of acting as a single and impartial arbiter. The Legislature gave separate and explicit instructions as to the matters to be kept in view in fixing equitable rents for statutory small tenancies. It enacted that the Land Court

"shall so far as practicable act on their own knowledge and experience, taking into consideration all the circumstances of the case, including the rent at which the holding has been let, the proposed conditions of the new tenancy, the improvements made by the landlord and tenant respectively, and the then condition and value of such improvements, and shall fix as the rent to be paid by the tenant the rent which in their opinion would be an equitable rent for the holding between the landlord and the tenant as a willing lessor and a willing lessee."

This provision clearly suggests that the case should be approached with a presumption in favour of the rent at which the holding had been actually let, that full interest

should be allowed on the landlord's expenditure, and that, while the highest of competitive offers would not be conclusive, offers actually received, especially if more or less about the same figure, would be the most useful and cogent evidence of all of the equitable rent as between a willing lessor and a willing lessee.

In one case a holding of about 30 acres had been let in 1901 at £56. On expiry of the lease, after offer to sell to the tenant, it was advertised. Five offers were received, two of £60, two of £56, one being from the previous tenant. The proprietors—who were trustees—having accepted an offer of £60, the previous tenant applied to the Land Court, who decided in his favour and reduced the rent to £49. In a second case notice to quit had been given owing to deterioration. The acreage was 5¼, the rent £9, and the buildings, examined annually and kept in repair by the owner, worth at least £300. The Court, while expressing approval of their condition, reduced the rent to £5, 10s., an offer of £11 having been received, and the letting value of the neighbouring ground being from 25s. to 35s. per acre. In a third case an owner had let a holding of a little under 8 acres in 1898 to a stone-dyker, and renewed the houses at a cost of £230, accepting a rent of £9 rather than put out the tenant. The Court reduced this rent to

£7, 15s., or $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent on the outlay on the buildings alone, 4 per cent being now the rate of interest on first-class heritable securities, and the landlord's local rates being 4 per cent. It is obvious that the Land Court does not intend to allow valuers under the Finance Act to have a monopoly of "minus values." In a fourth case the applicant held 17 acres arable and 113 pasture, at a rent of £40 fixed in 1907, being a reduction of 10s. 8d. on the previous lease. The owner had had a further net loss of £52, 4s. 10d. in connection with the transfer of sheep-stock from the old to the new tenant, who derived a considerable sum from trapping all the rabbits and letting the house in summer. Since 1871 the proprietor had expended £1123 on the farm, including £693 in rebuilding. Since the tenant's entry the owner's expenditure had been £136, 17s. 4d. The Court reduced the rent to £35.

These cases, which occurred in widely different districts of the country, appear to display a deliberate intention to disregard the meaning of the Act of Parliament, or at least to assume that its distinct directions to take certain things into account are overridden and rendered valueless by the words "in their opinion." In effect the Court is exercising not a judicial but an arbitrary discretion, and is undoubtedly doing its best to get behind the compromise, on the faith of which the Bill passed both

Houses, and to withdraw the protection given to the equipping owner by Parliament. In the case of the statutory small tenant, as distinct from that of the Highland crofter, or croft-erised Lowlander, the Court is really fixing not only the rent for the land, but the rent for the house provided by the proprietor, and interest or rent for the other buildings. How can such owner's outlay receive fair credit in the difference between 29 and $26\frac{1}{2}$ per cent?

Under the Crofters Act the tribunal is bound in fixing the rent to take into consideration all the circumstances of the case, holding, and district, and particularly any permanent or unexhausted improvements executed by the crofter or his predecessors in the same family. It is obvious that the Legislature intended to draw a clear distinction between the "Fair Rent" in the one case and the "Equitable Rent" in the other, and that its intention was in the case of the equipping owner not to supersede ordinary market value, or to operate a practical transfer of slices of proprietorial right, but to provide the necessary ancillary arbitrating authority to adjust the question of rents on the same lines as prevailed under free contract on average well-managed estates. In both cases it seems to be clear from *dicta* which have been uttered, and from the action in the Arran cases, that the Court of set purpose refuses to consider "all the circumstances of the case, holding, and district,"

and sets its face against the consideration of more or less demand for land in the locality, and the pregnant evidence of actual offers where this is available.

The Land Court assigns no reasons and gives no explanation of the grounds on which it proceeds in fixing either "Fair" or "Equitable" rents. The so-called "Fair" or "Equitable" rent is in no ordinary or natural sense of the word either "fair" or "equitable." It is really simply an arbitrary figure, fixed by persons who have no exceptional qualifications, after inadequate inspection, sometimes at a most unsuitable season, without the local knowledge and experience necessary in the widely differing conditions throughout Scotland. The interpretation put upon the terms "Fair" and "Equitable" recalls the forcible comment of Lord Watson upon "the constructive principle" by which arbiters' awards need to be reduced on the grounds of "corruption, bribery, and falsehood," involving "that for the purpose of doing justice it is necessary to call a man 'corrupt' who is not corrupt but 'honest,' to call a man 'bribed' who never listened to an improper suggestion from any quarter, to call a man 'false' who never uttered a falsehood." So under this administration a rent is described as "Fair" which gives the owner something far below the "true avail" of his land, and "Equitable" which is much less than practical and prudent men,

with a keen eye to their own interests, are ready to pay. No principle is indicated which would assist landlords in voluntarily readjusting rents and saving the expense and friction of litigation, and there is no redress from the *sic volo, sic jubeo* of a Court whose canon appears to be just that of the unjust steward of the parable: "'How much owest thou unto my lord?' 'An hundred measures of oil.' 'Take thy bill and sit down quickly and write fifty.' 'And how much owest thou?' 'An hundred measures of wheat.' 'Take thy bill and write four-score.'" If the real intent of the Act was to set up a system of wholesale political corruption, and the "Court's" true function to be that of agents in its exploitation in the interests of a faction, it must be admitted that the Scriptural comment also applies: "The children of this world are *in their generation* wiser than the children of Light."

The Act was universally understood to apply to proper small agricultural holdings, where the land was the principal subject, and not to cases where the house was the principal subject and a little accommodation land was given with it. Allotments under Acts of Parliament were expressly excepted. The Court is, however, in fact really fixing house rents where a little bit of land, not expressly described as garden ground, goes with the house. In one case a house was let with about an acre of ground

at £2, 15s., offered by the tenant two years before. The Court reduced to £1, stating that the house was not in habitable order. The estate then expended from £80 to £90 on the house, and it was inspected and approved in September 1912, but up to January 1914 no reconsidered rent had been intimated. In another case a man rented along with his house $\frac{1}{4}$ of an acre of potato ground (described by the Court as "arable"), and $\frac{1}{8}$ share of 58 acres of pasture ground for his cow. The house was obviously the chief subject, and the total rent £4, 4s. 6d. The Court declared the occupant a statutory small tenant, and reduced the rent to £3, 4s. Thus those owners who have been most kind to the occupants of houses in giving them accommodation land are penalised.

An excellent system existed in the north-eastern Lowlands by which landowners set aside for the use of villagers a number of acres of good arable land, known as "lotted lands" or "village lands," in fact, allotments, though not under the Allotment Acts. The average size was two acres; one man might hold more than one lot, and the tenant had to remove from the lot on giving up his house. The Land Court promptly swept these into the net, and on the terms of the Act their jurisdiction was sustained by the Court of Session. The result is not consistent with the general policy of Parliament as to allotments,

and non-exemption of such voluntarily created allotments must have been an omission in the drafting of the Act, unless there was a deliberate intention to punish any voluntary action by a landlord, however beneficial. One result is to prejudicially affect the value of houses in villages, where the old tenant has thus been given a permanent right to the land which in ordinary course would have been relet with the house. Rents formerly readily paid have been reduced by about 30 per cent, though the former rent could easily have been obtained from other "willing lessees."

The sense of injustice has been aggravated by the methods of the Court. The reductions could only be justified if made after careful inspection when the crops are on the ground; and it is difficult to see how the Court, with the many cases before it, can be really proceeding upon practical inspection, when the judgment is not given for months afterwards. In the case of one small owner, where the rent was reduced by 18 per cent, the inspection was made "when it was so foggy that it was impossible to see more than a few yards in front of one." In one of lotted lands, two members of the Court inspected the land "on a boisterous day when snow was falling," and they "could not possibly arrive at any opinion as to its fertility." The same men deal with districts where the conditions are totally dissimilar, and the

President, whose proper function is the legal aspects of the Act, poses as a practical expert. There has latterly, with more publicity, been an improvement in the treatment of landlords' representatives, but the weight of evidence adduced for them receives insufficient consideration, while the complaint is repeated that loose hearsay and uncorroborated evidence by tenants obtains ready acceptance. The *dicta* vouchsafed from the tribunal have been startling. It has been announced that "bad farming was no disqualification for a landholder," and that "a Home Farm is not a Home Farm if it is mainly worked for a profit." The delay in issuing decisions is also complained of, and the rules of the Court bear hardly on proprietors. Inadequate time is allowed for lodging answers, which may involve much research, to meet unfounded allegations, and for intimating the only appeals permitted. The holding up of rents, and the practical invitation to accumulate arrears while applications are pending in the case of existing holdings, and the embargo imposed on letting where new holdings are in contemplation, while taxes, rates, and interest on bonds have to be promptly paid, cause serious inconvenience and loss. In regard to the constitution of new holdings, the Board of Agriculture appear to be pursuing a policy of disregarding the provision which expressly exempts Home Farms, and the

Court appears to be as anxious to assist them in restricting or ignoring home farms as it is to rope in houses to which a little land is appurtenant.

Apart from the injustice to the landowners, there is the gravest apprehension as to the effect of the Act and its administration upon the maintenance of the permanent fertility of the land, and upon the morality of its cultivators. The landowner by his estate regulations was the guardian of the national interest in the sustained productivity of the soil. Under the new system he is warned off personal interest in and effective management of his own property. While the tenant is given a right to remain for ever, he is also given the right to throw up his holding at any time on a year's notice. It is made his interest to run down his holding in order to get a low rent fixed, in the sure and certain hope that the Court will never raise it again. In the case of new holdings created out of highly cultivated farms, there is great danger that after the novelty has worn off and the new holders have to meet one or two bad seasons, the accumulated fertility will be sucked out of the land and the holdings then thrown up. The only effective guarantee of the best being done for the land is the interest and control of the permanent owner, with the responsibilities as well as the superficial advantages of ownership, whether he be a landlord with tenants or a peasant pro-

prietor. But the paralysis of ownership, and the transference of a moiety of its attributes to one who can at any time shuffle off its responsibilities, is likely to prove disastrous.

The Small Landholders Act may either have been an honest, though doubtfully wise, measure for the sound settlement of agricultural relations, or one of a series of devices for getting the knife into the landed gentry and raiding the property of one class of the community. Its administration may render it either a useful measure for the reasonable supervision by the State and regulation of occasional abuse in the management of an important form of

property, or an underhand instrument for disguised confiscation and theftuous transfer of large slices of money's worth from one set of men to another. Experience can alone show what is the true character and spirit in which it is being worked. It was said of the Milesians of old that "Maybe they were no fools, though they did the same things that fools are wont to do." So it may be affirmed of the authors and administrators of this Act, that maybe their action is neither confiscating nor oppressive, though its effect is to do the same sort of things as confiscators and tyrants have done from the beginning of time.

A PAGE OF HISTORY.

HAPPY is the country which has no history! If the old saying be true, England can lay little claim to happiness during the last six weeks. The unpleasant experience has been ours to be the puzzled witnesses of a plot, not yet wholly unravelled, and to mark the depths of shame and dishonour to which popular government and an assured majority inevitably drive Ministers of second-rate intelligence and no patriotism.

The origin of the plot has not yet been laid wholly bare, and if our Ministers have their way it will be hidden for ever from the body which they find it profitable to flatter as the sovereign people and very simple to deceive. But piece by piece admissions have been dragged from unwilling mouths, and we may conclude that the first step towards disaster was taken on March 11. On that day it was agreed (we are told) by the whole Cabinet that a battle squadron should be sent to Lamlash. As Mr Asquith ten days later repudiated all knowledge of this agreement, we have every right to regard it with scepticism. The same uncertainty obscures the purpose of the squadron's despatch. Mr Churchill's own explanation is inconsistent with itself. "It was decided," said he, "that a naval force comprising a battle squadron, with attendant vessels, should in the near

future be stationed at Lamlash, which is a convenient and usual station for them to conduct their exercises from, and where they would be in proximity to the coasts of Ireland in case of serious disorders occurring." Here at once is a contradiction. If Lamlash is no more than "a convenient and usual station," the prospect of "serious disorders" need not have influenced the Admiralty one whit; and if the Cabinet were really in fear of disturbances, it is merely idle to chatter of convenience. At any rate the answer inspires as little confidence as the suggestion that the field guns were carried merely "to exercise the men at Lamlash if the weather was bad."

So the battle squadron was ordered to Lamlash on the 11th, with or without the knowledge of the Cabinet. Three days later the second step was taken. Mr Churchill went to Bradford and made a speech about Ulster. Mr Churchill has made many speeches about Ulster. He has approached the most difficult questions which the Ministers have to answer from every point of view. There is no opinion on the subject of Ulster that he has not held. He has flattered the Volunteers and he has threatened them. He has murmured platitudes about the Heptarchy and has freely acknowledged the delicacy of Ulster's position. A visit to Belfast, whence he

hardly escaped with a whole skin, should have taught him that the convictions of Northern Ireland were not lightly held. But Mr Churchill did not go to Bradford to flatter or to soothe. He went there that he might apply "ginger" to the forward movement, if we may use a favourite word of his own. His speech was full of blood and thunder. He assumed the familiar attitudes of Bombastes Furioso, and he must have driven poor little Mr George, who shrieked at Huddersfield a week later his threadbare platitudes about the Dukes, wild with envy. At Bradford there was no talk of Ulster fighting and being right. Mr Churchill had discovered that there were worse things than civil war, and that the time had come to put these grave matters to the proof. And surely the grave matters would have been put to the proof, if the plot had not been discovered, and had the plotters not lost their nerves.

The squadron had been ordered to Lamlash, the gauntlet had been thrown down at Bradford. Mr Redmond had declared to his triumphant followers that force would be met by force. Mr Devlin had given the men of Ulster a proof of the truculence which they might expect when Home Rule had procured a union of hearts. All was in readiness for a rapid advance. Cruisers were despatched to Belfast Lough. Arrangements were made to move troops to the North—Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery. In Colonel Seely's own words:

"One company of Infantry was instructed to move to Enniskillen, Omagh, Armagh, and Carrickfergus respectively. One battalion of Infantry was ordered to proceed, half to Dundalk and half to Newry respectively, and one battalion from Victoria Barracks, at Belfast, to Holywood Barracks, which is a barracks adjoining Belfast just outside." All seemed well, and all might have been well for those who were plotting Civil War, had not Sir Arthur Paget, on the 18th of March, acting under instructions from the War Office, placed alternatives of conduct before certain officers at the Curragh. What precisely Sir Arthur Paget was instructed to say we have not been told, and so sternly resolute is the Government to suppress the truth that it may be years before a clear, complete account of these tortuous proceedings be given. Here is a statement taken by one who heard it, and given by Mr Bonar Law, of what was said by the General Officer commanding the troops in Ireland to his commanding officers: "Sir Arthur Paget said that active operations were to be begun against Ulster, that he expected the country would be in a blaze by Saturday, that he had been in close communication with the War Office, and that he had the following instructions to convey to the officers from the War Office—'Officers domiciled in Ulster will be allowed to disappear, and would be reinstated in their positions, but

they must give their word of honour that they would not fight for Ulster. Officers who are not prepared to take active operations against Ulster, for conscientious or other scruples, were to send in their resignations and to be dismissed the army." Colonel Seely, without having heard this statement, took upon himself to repudiate it. "I can assure the right honourable gentleman," he said, "having seen Sir Arthur Paget this morning, that he denies absolutely that he said anything like it." Assuredly he protested too soon and too much. Mr Balfour's retort was crushing. "As the right honourable gentleman had not seen the statement at the time," said he, "I suppose he cannot have had an opportunity of cross-examining Sir Arthur Paget as to its accuracy." And indeed the statement given by Mr Bonar Law differs in no material point from that which, ten days later, was extracted from Mr M'Kenna, then for a brief moment leader of the House. Sir Arthur Paget, declared the Home Secretary, "informed the general officers of the permission given by the Secretary of State to all officers whose homes were in Ulster to withdraw temporarily from their regiments in the event of operations becoming necessary in Ulster, and requested the general officers to find out at once the number of officers who would withdraw on this ground. He was asked whether any officers who could not claim this exemption would

be allowed to resign, and he replied that the result of any refusal to do their duty could only be dismissal." You do not thus interrogate officers, if you intend to make a purely precautionary movement. It is clear, then, that the Government contemplated an immediate attack upon Ulster. It is clear also that the Government was resolved to provoke Ulster to strike the first blow. An extract from a letter written by Sir Charles Ferguson to a young officer, a letter which has not been disowned, throws a strong light upon the situation: "Steps have been taken in Ulster," said Sir Charles, "so that any aggression must come from Ulsterites, and they will have to shed first blood." The comment does not err on the side of strength: "The idea of provoking Ulster is hellish!"

Such was the situation when Sir Arthur Paget put the alternatives to his commanding officers. General Gough and others did not hesitate for a moment. They refused to fight against Ulster, as by the terms of Sir Arthur Paget's question they were entitled to do, and were instantly dismissed. It was strenuously denied in the House of Commons that they were ever dismissed at all. But as a successor was appointed to General Gough, and as the word "dismissal" occurs even in Mr M'Kenna's version of Sir Arthur Paget's speech, it seems idle to dispute the question. What is not in dispute is that General Gough was summoned to London, that he was inter-

rogated by Colonel Seely, and that he returned to Dublin with a signed document in his pocket, assuring him that "he would not be called upon to order his brigade to take part in the coercion of Ulster in order to compel them to submit to a Home Rule Bill." The assurance was lucid enough, and might have been accepted as a definite protection, had it come from any other hands than the hands of His Majesty's Government.

Thus we are brought to the end of a week black for the country and the army. We know not which to wonder at the more, the folly or the wickedness of Mr Churchill and Colonel Seely. And then for the first time Mr Asquith appears to have intervened in what had now become an acute crisis. The truth had been slowly emerging; the country was in a blaze of a different kind from that foreseen by Sir Arthur Paget; and the Prime Minister, perhaps, like the public, was beginning to discover the existence of a plot. At any rate, at a late hour on Sunday, March 22, he authorised 'The Times' to make the famous statement on his behalf. The movements of troops in Ireland, he asserted, were "purely of a precautionary character." Forgetting Lamlash and the battle squadron—if, indeed, he had ever heard of them—he declared that "the so-called naval movements consisted in the use of two small cruisers to convey a detachment of troops to Carrickfergus, with-

out the necessity of marching them through the streets of Belfast." Furthermore, he asseverated that warrants were not out for the arrest of the Ulster leaders, and that the rumour had never had the slightest foundation in fact. Still more boldly committing himself, he insisted that the Government did not contemplate "instituting a general inquisition into the intentions of officers in the event of their being asked to take up arms against Ulster"; and this for the best of reasons, "that the employment of troops against Ulster is a contingency which the Government hope may never arise."

Thus Mr Asquith; and those who like to exercise their ingenuity in composing differences, may see how far they can reconcile the Prime Minister's statements with the admitted facts of the case. It is not the common practice of Ministers to confide their thoughts late on Sunday evening to the editor of 'The Times,' and we may assume that Mr Asquith recognised the delicacy of the situation. What is really remarkable in his departure from the habits of Governments is the scanty information which he either possessed or desired to convey. The probability is that he was kept deliberately in the dark. It cannot be supposed, for instance, that he endorsed all the wild and whirling words which the First Lord of the Admiralty permitted himself to use at Bradford. Lamlash was evidently a

sealed book to him; and it is difficult to understand why he should deny "an inquisition into the intentions of officers," since he had obviously been told of what took place at the Curragh. Perhaps, by the familiar process of Jesuitry, he hoped to ride off on the word "general," or to find in a past tense an easy way of escape. However, his statement was made, and did nothing whatever to allay the general feeling of uneasiness which had crept over the country.

The scene now shifted from Ireland and the War Office to the House of Commons, and there began such an exhibition of prevarication as has never been equalled in that Assembly. If the Tories were resolute to uncover the truth, the Radicals were obdurate to conceal it. Unhappily for them, they did not take the sound advice once given by Lord Melbourne to the members of his Cabinet—that they should agree upon the particular lie they were resolved to tell. With a great appearance of frankness Colonel Seely presented a White Paper to the House, which ingeniously suppressed precisely what the House wished and had a right to know. For instance, you will search the White Paper in vain for the instructions given by the War Office to Sir Arthur Paget. Not a word is said of Sir Arthur's visit to London; not a syllable of Sir Arthur's speech to his officers. Almost the only pertinent documents in the Paper are the letters

from General Gough, and the famous guarantee which was given to him, signed by Colonel Seely, Sir John French, and Sir Spencer Ewart. That this guarantee should have been given direct to a subordinate commander accords ill with what should be the practice of the War Office, and is proof sufficient that Colonel Seely, like all the Ministers, believed himself to be beyond the reach of precedent.

But no sooner was the White Paper printed than the guarantee given to General Gough excited the Labour Party and the extreme Radicals to a blind fury of anger. That a soldier, being presented with alternatives, should choose that which chimed with his own honour and dignity, seemed an open affront to the chosen of the people. For them a soldier is a mere instrument to register the popular will, the patient, unthinking servant of the odd man. And so with one accord the Ministers began to renounce responsibility for Colonel Seely's guarantee. How that document came to be signed is not yet clear, and the torrent of contradictory explanations hastily given has swept away all chance of immediate understanding. What emerges from the mist is something as follows: the document, giving General Gough the guarantee which he asked, was drafted by the Adjutant-General and approved by Colonel Seely; it was neither seen nor accepted by the Cabinet as a whole; and Colonel Seely, admitting that

he was gravely blameworthy in supplementing the agreed decision of the Cabinet with paragraphs of his own, placed his resignation in the hands of the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister at that moment refused to accept it. As Mr Bonar Law said, Colonel Seely was thrown to the wolves, with a bargain on the part of the wolves that they would not eat him.

It was said that in supplementing the agreed decision of the Cabinet, Colonel Seely acted without accomplices. This statement, too, must be qualified. The guilty document was shown at least to Lord Morley, and read by him, though at first it was not certain what precise part he played in the episode. Mr Churchill had no doubts. "When Lord Morley came into the room," said Mr Churchill in his most defiant manner, "the Secretary of State was opening for the first time the box in which the letter of General Gough was contained. . . . Lord Morley asked my right hon. friend what was actually to be stated in the other House consequent on the Cabinet decision. He never revised or examined these paragraphs, or expressed any criticism upon them. . . . Lord Morley thought it his duty, though he was only remotely and indirectly brought into contact with the event, to say that he takes full responsibility for it." Unfortunately Lord Morley does not agree with Mr Churchill. His own account differs absolutely from

that given by his colleague. "The Secretary of State," said Lord Morley, "drafted the form of words—in consultation, as he mentions, with myself—which he considered stated clearly the policy of the Government and the military authorities." Nor did he, as Mr Churchill asserts, accept the smallest responsibility for what was partly his own doing. He is still a member of his Majesty's Government, while Colonel Seely is reviling the Tory Press and lamenting the loss of £5000 a-year, a private member before his constituents at Ilkeston.

Colonel Seely, then, was not immediately thrown to the wolves. His guarantee was merely repudiated by the Prime Minister, and in the face of this repudiation he thought it no disgrace to remain at the War Office. Is it not reassuring for our national honour that the undertaking of one Minister can be made, in a phrase delivered by another, "non-operative"? But Mr Asquith, in thus getting rid of his colleague's solemn promise and keeping his colleague, forgot Sir John French and Sir Spencer Ewart. These plain soldiers did not understand how a guarantee given and accepted could become suddenly of no effect. They obviously cherish old-fashioned views of a pledged word. Colonel Seely does not appreciate their delicacy. "Sir John French and the Adjutant-General," he told his constituents, "found for some curious and inverted reason they must resign." The reason

naturally seemed "curious and inverted" to our Radicals, for it is no more than a sense of honour. But their resignation forced Colonel Seely's hand,—even he, too, was then compelled to go; and we may congratulate ourselves that Lord Morley, made of sterner stuff, still directs his party's campaign in the House of Lords.

But, as we have said, the left wing had already broken out into open revolt. That any one, save an honest working man, should be burdened with a conscience was a plain outrage. The extremists also saw, or thought they saw, an election cry which would serve them as well as the lie about Chinese labour. Mr Churchill, that Catiline in pinchbeck, rose, as he thought superbly, to the occasion. In one of the most disgraceful speeches ever made in the House of Commons he used these words: "When everything has been said to reduce these things to their proper proportions, the fact remains that the great issue has been raised of the Army *versus* Parliament. We are content to let that issue, in so far as it has been raised, move steadily forward to its ultimate conclusion. Another issue has been broken in upon this—the Army *versus* the People." They are light words, lightly spoken, and they strike at the safety, at the very existence of the Empire. The man who thinks them and says them is a paricide—no more and no less. They have no justification, in fact, and if they had been doubly true it would have been

a blow struck at the country to speak them. There can be no opposition between the Army and the People. Take away the Army and the People speedily will cease to exist. There has been no insubordination in the Army, no reluctance to obey lawful orders. Whatever General Gough and his comrades said they were invited to say by a Radical Minister. A question asked and an answer given in the House of Lords will justify the Army completely against any aspersions cast upon it:

Lord Selborne. Have any officers, in any rank, in any command, regiment, or corps in Ireland refused to obey any order received from a superior officer; and if so, what is the name of that officer, and what is the order which he received?

Lord Morley. The answer to this important question is that there has been no disobedience to orders in connection with recent events by any officer or man in Ireland. . . . The conduct of the troops generally has been exemplary.

Lord Morley's answer may presently be repudiated by his colleagues; it may be pronounced by the pleasant euphemism of the day "non-operative." At present it is uncontradicted, and should protect the Army against the aspersions of Mr Winston Churchill and his friends.

However, Mr Churchill's intervention has not been without advantage to England. Even his colleagues have already denounced the "issue" which he so proudly raised. Not that

that matters vastly, since the Prime Minister has ceased to exact of his Cabinet the obedience which is the unbroken tradition of the Army. But Mr Churchill does not stand where he did before he proved this signal lack of judgment. There have long been disquieting rumours that he wished to return to the Tory Party. Articles have been written extolling his patriotism and his moderation. He was all for quiet counsels, we were told not long since, and if he were not received back into the fold which once sheltered him he would start a new party of his own. Happily the speech delivered on March 25 has put us out of danger. Mr Churchill will never speak again on a Tory platform. If he shifts his party it will be to try conclusions with Mr Ramsay Macdonald for the leadership of the group which pretends to fight under the banner of Labour.

Meanwhile Lord Haldane, not to be behind his fellows, was showing what could be done by a little judicious correction to change the whole purport of a guilty speech. On March 24 he had spoken these words in the House of Lords: "No orders were issued, no orders are likely to be issued, and no orders will be issued for the coercion of Ulster." Colonel Seely's guarantee had not then been repudiated. Mr Churchill's inflammatory speech had not been made. But when Lord Haldane came to correct the proofs of his speech the situation was changed, and he

thought it not derogatory to the dignity of the high office that he holds to slip in the word "immediate," and thus transform the whole meaning of his utterance. That the Lord Chancellor of England, the Keeper of the King's conscience, should be guilty of this meanness is hardly credible; yet in the welter of recent prevarications it left Lord Haldane wholly unabashed, and assuredly was generally approved by his accommodating colleagues.

With Mr Asquith's appointment of himself to the War Office, the recent crisis was temporarily suspended. And in the lull no one who looks backwards upon it dispassionately, from Mr Asquith's uncontested bye-election to the speech delivered at Bradford by Mr Churchill, can have any doubt that events followed one another in a logical sequence. None of the Ministers emerge from the ordeal with a rag of credit. Upon Mr Asquith, who appears to smile at insubordination, the heaviest responsibility falls. If he is unable to control his team, then he should resign and leave the work to firmer hands. Of the rest, Mr Churchill and Colonel Seely come the worst off, and it would have been better if the late Secretary of State for War had kept a discreet silence after resignation. The tragic trilogy has been followed as usual by a satiric drama. In other words, Colonel Seely has taken his constituents into his confidence. He boldly refused to stand in a white sheet. Why, indeed, should he thus

enwrap himself? After the Marconi scandals and the Ulster plot, we can imagine no indiscretion which should suggest the penalty of a white sheet to the most sensitive of Radicals. It was all the fault of the Tory Press, he said. "The Conservative newspapers went mad." Can the Conservative newspapers, then, mad or sane, achieve so great marvels as to drive a Cabinet Minister and two distinguished soldiers into resignation, persuade a Lord Chancellor to tinker a speech, and compel Mr Asquith to double the parts of First Lord of the Treasury and Minister for War? Surely it is taking the Press a little too seriously. No, that explanation will not serve even in Ilkeston. And Mr Seely was on surer ground when he declared that "the only difference was he was £5000 a-year the poorer." There he touches the real motive-power of modern politics, and if some of his colleagues would consent also to be £5000 a-year poorer, the public life of England would be better entitled to respect than it is to-day.

One thing is plain from all the rhetoric of the past few weeks, and that is the danger in which the Army stands. The Army of Great Britain is a small, if perfect, instrument, properly designed for use against the enemies of the country. If we understand Mr Asquith, he intends presently to employ the Army, not to repel a foreign foe, but to enforce the decrees of Mr Redmond. We do not envy the conscience of him who thus assumes the re-

sponsibility of civil war. There are reasons—such as threatened liberty or religious persecution—which justify men in taking up arms against their fellows. Mr Asquith can urge no such excuse for the employment of the British Army against the Ulster Volunteers. The Home Rule Bill has been passed through the House of Commons despite an English majority. It has never been submitted to the approval of the electors. It will be passed, if it be passed, in compliance with a pledge secretly given to Mr Redmond and the Irish Nationalists. If the Ulster Volunteers refuse to accept its provisions, as they will, then the British Army is to be sent to fight the battle of the men who have insulted that Army for years, who have cheered when it has suffered defeat, who have done their best by the dissemination of falsehoods to prevent their brothers and sons from serving in its ranks. We say that no body of men should be asked to perform so degrading a task. With England at war, it is the duty of all soldiers to obey the orders given without question or delay. In civil strife another rule has always prevailed—a rule openly recognised by Colonel Seely, when he put before General Gough and the rest the choice of two alternatives. In the American War permission was freely given to officers to remain at home, if they objected to fight against the revolting Colonists. And there is a nearer intimacy between Ulster and the Army of to-day than existed in the eighteenth century between the

Army and the Colonists. In every civil war the Army must be divided against itself. You cannot ask the best-disciplined soldier to shoot his brother; and yet Mr Asquith, spurred on by bellicose Quakers, truculent peace-at-any-price men, and bloodthirsty dissenters, is travelling fast down the incline of power to the ruin of the Empire and the disruption of the British Army.

In all the tangle of dangerous absurdities in which the Parliament Act, that inevitable prelude of civil war, has involved us, none is more grotesque than the fury of the peace-mongers. The men who, if England were fighting for her life or her honour against foreign aggression, would clamour for peace, would bring comfort to the enemy, and would rejoice at the failure of British arms, are screaming aloud for the army to fight Mr Redmond's battle in Ulster. How shall we explain the incongruity except by confessing that political rancour is stronger than principle, stronger than honour, stronger than patriotism. To defend England from attack is an unrighteous thing, unworthy the peaceful Quaker and the zealous Nonconformist. To shoot Ulstermen for daring to disagree with the Quaker and the Nonconformist is so lofty a duty that it sanctifies even war itself!

The late crisis has brought upon Great Britain an indelible shame. It has poisoned the

wells of truth. Never again can we accept any statement upon the bare word of a Radical Minister. Reports may be "corrected," the House of Lords may flatly contradict the House of Commons, facts may be sternly suppressed, guarantees may be rendered inoperative. How great an injury this contempt of truth will inflict upon the country cannot be estimated. Politicians still appear to the people, which they flatter, persons of some worth. Why then, if its leaders scruple not to tell falsehoods, should the people take the trouble to say that which is? History, no doubt, will put the miscreants in the right place. It will nail them upon an immemorial barn-door as a warning to others. Meanwhile, to adopt Colonel Seely's happy phrase, they are £5000 a-year the richer, and doubtless they think that all is well. The only comfort left us is to reflect that recovery is still possible. What has been, and we are reminded by late events of an admirable saying of Dr Johnson. "Pulteney," said the Lexicographer, "was as paltry a fellow as could be. He was a Whig who pretended to be honest; and you know it is ridiculous for a Whig to pretend to be honest. He cannot hold out." That is what has come to our Radicals of to-day, the lineal descendants of Pulteney and the Whigs. They have pretended, some of them very shamefacedly, to be honest, and they couldn't hold out.

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THE DEVIL OF THE WATERFALL.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL J. H. PATTERSON, D.S.O.

THERE must be a huge magnet somewhere in the heart of Africa, and every unfortunate traveller who once penetrates into this mysterious continent is fated, sooner or later, to come under its potent influence. No matter what his trials, privations, and miseries may have been, no sooner does he get back to civilisation than the magnet begins to pull on his heart-strings, and before he knows where he is he finds himself again wending his way to some portion of the Dark Continent.

That seems to be the experience of nearly all African travellers; and I find that I myself am no exception to the rule, for no sooner did an opportunity present itself than I was off again, answering to the pull of the magnet.

I had already travelled in the north, south, and east of this sunny land, but had never yet visited the West Coast.

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It so happened, however, that my interest in this particular region was aroused by a casual meeting with a man who had a wide experience of what is known as "The Coast." He spoke of vast forests of oil-palms, extraordinary peoples still dwelling in darkest heathendom, who, under the magic spell of the crafty witch-doctor, still practise fearsome and bloody rites. Above all, he told me that in a very wild and inaccessible part of the country there existed a waterfall which had such an evil reputation that no natives could be induced to go near it. They had a superstitious dread of a "Devil" who was said to live in the whirlpool at the bottom of the Falls, and the bravest savage among them quailed with terror at the idea of venturing within the demon's grip; for the legend ran that any intruder was clutched by the

demon, taken into the depths of the whirlpool, and there devoured. Whether there was any truth in this report or not, those who read this narrative will be able to judge for themselves.

All that I heard about the country was intensely interesting; so I determined to go there on an exploring trip, seek out this wonderful waterfall, and unravel on the spot the mystery of the Devil and all his works. At the same time I wished to investigate the possibilities of the waterfall with the view of installing a hydro-electrical power plant within the Devil's domain, if circumstances should justify such a scheme. Accordingly, soon afterwards, I organised a small scientific expedition, the European members of which consisted of Mr Pelly, Mr Risch, Mr Hollenweger, and myself.

We sailed from Liverpool on a bright, frosty November morning, and landed at Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, eleven days later. As we approached the harbour our first view of the place was a very pleasing one. Dense tropical luxuriant growth of all kinds abounded, and quaint-looking houses peeped out from the midst of groves of palm- and mango-trees. The somewhat straggling city extends from the sea-shore to the foothills of the massive mountains which rise in the immediate background.

As there is no proper accommodation for travellers in the place, I was fortunate in being the guest of the officers

of the garrison, whose quarters were on Tower Hill, some little distance out of the town. On rising at dawn the day after our arrival I climbed on to a verandah, and was much impressed with the beautiful view I obtained of Freetown and its surroundings.

It stretched below me like some fairy city that one has imagined might exist in the peaceful Isles of the Blest. Not a sound was to be heard save the mellow far-away pealing of church bells. Everywhere swayed the graceful palm and luxuriant mango, while here and there a gigantic cotton-tree spread out its enormous branches. Each little house peeped out from its own bower of evergreen foliage, and the smoke from each chimney-pot curled lazily upwards through the trees. Nothing stirred, and perfect peace and content seemed to brood over the place, thus emphasising the idea that the whole was but a scene from fairyland.

Beyond the town stretched the calm wide expanse of the Atlantic, glittering and sparkling in the morning sunshine. The coast-line is very broken, and here and there the ocean takes a bite out of the low cliffs and forms most peaceful-looking lagoons whose shimmering waters gently lap the verdant shores. The broad estuary of the Roquette river sweeps round to the north-east of the city, separating it from the distant and low-lying Bollom shore.

In spite of all the natural beauty of the place, it must not for a moment be imagined

that here is a paradise all ready to hand. Far from it; the climate is enervating and depressing, and few can stand it for any lengthy period. A year at a time is quite long enough to stay in the place, and for some too long, as a visit to the cemetery will amply testify.

The population is principally made up of the descendants of slaves who made their escape in one way or another from America, and who then took refuge in London. Their numbers after a time began to embarrass the Government, so they bought a strip of territory round Freetown from a native king and on it settled these fugitives. Their descendants call themselves Creoles, and speak no language save a very peculiar English. Their accent, especially that of the women, is beautifully soft and melodious. They are on the whole a simple, kindly, good-natured folk; and, judging by the number of churches and chapels dotted all around, they must be of a very pious turn of mind.

Freetown is at least two hundred years behind the times, and the whole colony, European and native alike, is crying out for development and some of the up-to-date comforts which civilisation can bestow.

There is neither horse nor carriage of any kind in the city, owing to the deadly tsetse fly, and if one wishes to go about and to be saved from the heat and burden of the day, one must be swung along in a hammock carried on the heads of four strapping negroes.

The dilapidated streets are very wide and are covered with a carpet of green verdure. Red paths run their tortuous course where the naked feet of the natives have worn away the grass, exposing the red laterite rock beneath. These streets are a positive danger to the pedestrian, it being no uncommon thing to tumble into a hole several feet deep, right in the midst of the roadway! Want of drainage, moreover, is a standing menace to the lives of both European and native. Why a devastating epidemic has not broken out before now is due, principally, to the painstaking efforts of the local European sanitary officials in disinfecting stagnant pools and similar plague-spots.

The present miserably wretched condition of the place is not due to poverty, for its revenue is ample and more than ample to meet all the demands and requirements of civilisation. When one visits the French and German Colonies along the same coast, and notes the up-to-date methods which they have adopted and the comforts and conveniences enjoyed by the inhabitants, such as electric light, excellent sanitary systems, good water supplies, splendid motor roadways, tramway services, &c., one cannot fail to be much struck at the comparison between the efficiency of their governments and the slackness and incompetency of our own Colonial Office.

I do not for a moment wish to cast any slight on the local officials of Sierra Leone, who are all most anxious for the

improvement of the place. Unfortunately, however, they are cramped and thwarted in all their suggestions by officials at home, who know nothing whatever of local conditions, and do not take the advice of the man on the spot.

A railway extends from east to west through the heart of the country, from Freetown to the Liberian border. It is a somewhat switchback line of two feet six inches gauge, winding a tortuous course through the palm belt. The track is well maintained, and, Lilliputian as it is, it is nevertheless a great boon to travellers, and also to the merchants and small traders of the country. It is, however, entirely inadequate to cope with the traffic offered, and something drastic will have to be done before long to meet the urgent demands of the ever-increasing volume of trade which pours in through the various feeder roads to the little wayside stations. Fruit—especially the orange and banana—grows in profusion, and is of an exceptionally good flavour. It may be had almost for the asking fifty miles from the coast, yet the impossibility of finding room in the trains makes the price of this “rare and refreshing fruit” as expensive in Freetown as it is in London.

We were glad to avail ourselves of this railway for the first 170 miles; so after a few days’ stay in Freetown, we boarded the little train and set off on the first stage of our journey towards the mysterious Falls on the Sewa river.

All day long we travelled through dense tropical bush, enlivened for the first dozen miles or so by lovely peeps of the sea or the Roquelle river, or perchance of a picturesque native plantation. At times our train worked up to the desperate pace of some fifteen miles per hour, but more often it was just touch and go whether the wheezy little engine would succeed in getting us to the top of the incline.

At a wayside village on the line we made our first acquaintance with the notorious Bundu Devils, a special parade of whom had been arranged in our honour. We were much struck by the extraordinary appearance of these weird and forbidding-looking creatures, and I hope to have something further to say about them later on.

On the following day we left the train at Blama, as this was the point from which we intended to set out on the more arduous part of our journey northwards to the Falls.

Blama is a most important trading centre, from whence a vast quantity of palm-kernels are despatched to the coast every year. It is situated in the heart of great forests of palm-oil trees, from which the natives derive an easy and comfortable living. The trees propagate themselves, require very little attention, bear the palm fruit in the course of a few years, and provide the owner with practically everything that he wants. There are millions of these trees in Sierra Leone which are never

touched from one year's end to the other; and the produce which the soap-makers and others are eager to handle falls to the ground and rots, for want of an adequate system of collecting it and putting it on the markets of the world. I daresay that all this will be righted in time. Want of population is one reason for this sinful waste of a much-needed product.

I am glad to say that, under the able and zealous guidance of the local officials, the people are being taught to live in a more healthy manner, and to build their villages on high ground instead of on low mosquito-infected swamps, as was their custom. Population is therefore now rapidly increasing. Intertribal warfare, too, which used to wipe out whole sections of the community, is now absolutely prohibited. Infanticide is less practised than formerly, and altogether the people are becoming much more civilised than they were even a dozen years ago.

We were now about to leave civilisation behind and to strike out on foot northwards to the Falls. On our march we would have no opportunities of procuring much in the way of food-stuffs; so of course all our stores, scientific instruments, camp equipment, &c., had to be carried on men's heads, and it took wellnigh a hundred porters to form our caravan. We were fortunate in having the company of Dr Maxwell, C.M.G., Commissioner of the district, who joined us at Blama, and who

proved of the greatest assistance to us throughout the journey. As it would be necessary for me to do a great deal of talking to the men of the caravan, I had to secure the services of an interpreter, and I was recommended an excellent native named Joe Mendi. He was very intelligent, and spoke English fairly well, and he acted as my guide, philosopher, and friend for the rest of the way. He belonged to the great Mendi nation, who inhabit a large portion of the Protectorate of Sierra Leone. The Mendi tribe have been noted in the past for their dark deeds and ferocious cruelty. In comparatively recent years, when the tribe mutinied, they indulged in the gentle sport of cutting the white missionaries into pieces by sawing them up on a taut barbed wire! Joe, however, showed none of these unpleasant traits, and was as amiable and cheery and bright a negro as could be found in Africa.

Our first day's march was rather trying. It was exceedingly hot and the road was practically without shade, although, strange to say, it was a good one, some fifteen feet wide. The fact that the porters managed to carry their 60-lb. loads on their heads through the great heat for twenty-five miles, shows the amount of physical endurance which the native of Africa possesses. Nevertheless, it was with a sigh of relief that each carrier threw down his load when we reached the pretty

village of Boadjibu, where we were to camp for the night.

In the cool of the evening I strolled out to explore this picturesque village, which is practically buried in an immense forest of the finest palms I had so far seen in the country. I wandered aimlessly through the straggling but cleanly huts, noting with intense curiosity the quaint customs and ways of life of the primitive inhabitants. Suddenly at a little distance I noticed a small party resting under the shade of a tree. I was much struck with the appearance of the man in the centre of the group, who was evidently the leader. He was commanding in stature and of a good countenance, gentleness and humility being the chief characteristics of his well-marked features.

"That is not a negro," I said to myself. "He looks more like a Moor from North Africa," and wishing to know how he had come to such an out-of-the-way part of the world I walked up to him. As I approached I gave him the usual Mahomedan salutation. His face literally shone with joy when he heard his language spoken so far from his native home, and by a white man. He invited me to be seated, one of his followers finding me a block of wood to rest on, and we entered into a most friendly conversation. I discovered that he was of Moorish descent and was a Shereef, or Holy Man, from the Saharan Haud. He had walked all the way from the interior of the far-away desert, preaching the Mohomedan faith to the heathen as he passed.

He was now ill and in a very low state of health, so I asked him how he managed to get food and medicine. He replied that he had started from his home with nothing in his hand or wallet, but that God had cared for him through many perils and dangers, and would, if He thought well, succour him even now in his extremity. On inquiring if he had any success as a missionary, he pointed to his half-dozen disciples reclining near, and told me that he had rescued these from a pagan tribe, and when he had taught them the full way of truth and life he would send each one out into the wilderness to bring their pagan brothers into the fold, for in this way is the faith of Islam spread. He told me that the local chief was hostile to him, and that when he knelt down to pray the heathen villagers openly laughed at and reviled him. I thought how like his story and way of life was to that of the apostles, who spread the Christian faith, at the hazard of their lives, nineteen centuries ago.

I was much attracted by the personality of the Shereef, and we quickly became good friends. It was, therefore, with very great pleasure that I fetched from my stores some flour and biscuits, tea and sugar, powdered milk and a little medicine, which I brought and placed before Mohamed Ahmed, for that was his name. He was quite overcome at the sight of my gifts, and first thanking God for them, he then warmly thanked me and said that the Lord had again

sent him aid in the hour of his need. He told me that he intended to return to his native land after a little time, and pressed on me a most cordial invitation to visit him at his home at a place called Walaitha, some ten days' camel journey from Timbuctu.

He told me many strange things about his city, which he said was on a hill in an oasis in the Great Desert. He said that no white man had ever been there, but that if I came to Timbuctu he would himself meet me, and would escort me in safety to his desert home, where there was much gold and good water. He also wrote a sentence in my notebook commending me to all good Mussulmans in his country, where he is held in great honour; and, finally, he gave me his seal so that all men might know that I was his friend. With the good Shereef's benediction I went on my way, and I have never since heard of him. Should, however, my feet ever stray to the Sahara, I shall certainly go and explore the "city on the hill where there is much gold and good water," and I shall renew my friendship with Mahomed Ahmed.

On the following morning, when we went to summon the porters, we were somewhat surprised to find that during the night about fifty of them had deserted. This, however, is no uncommon occurrence in Africa, and with Dr Maxwell's help we were soon able to get others to fill their places.

When we left Boadjibu we said good-bye to the government road, and struck into the

native trail through the bush. We traversed some magnificent palm country, and, as we marched along, Joe Mendi described to me the various uses that the product of the palm could be put to. These wonderful trees provide the native with practically everything that he requires. Should he want a fishing-line, he hies him to his palm and gets from it a fibre strong enough to hold the biggest fish in the river. If he wants oil to fry his fish, he squeezes it from the palm-nut kernel. To light his hut, the same oil is employed,—the wick being made from the palm fibre. He uses the oil and glycerine which he gets from the pericarp, or outer covering, of the palm-nut to make soap, wherewith to wash himself, for he is withal a clean animal. He covers his hut with the palm leaves. If he wants a vegetable, he gets an excellent cabbage from the top branches, thereby, however, ruining the palm. Should he wish for a wife, he climbs the tree and hews down the fruit, and from this extracts the nuts which he sells to the white merchant at from 5s. to 8s. per bushel; and when he has got some £3 together he takes it to the lady's mother and pays it over for his bride. If he wants a spree on the wedding day, he taps the palm and can get hilariously merry on the wine. In fact this wonderful oil-palm is the local Universal Provider, and the native can turn to it for almost anything he may require.

We got out of the palm belt as we proceeded northwards,

but here and there struck strips of primeval forest which added beauty to an otherwise monotonous scene. Our marches were somewhat uneventful. The narrow track turned and twisted in a most tortuous fashion, through the dense bush which rose some twenty feet high and which shut us in on all sides. We rarely saw ten yards in front of us, and not more than a yard or two to the right or left. Now and again we had to cross boggy swamps, and, as incidents on the march were few and far between, we enlivened the proceedings by making small wagers as to who would get a ducking during the passage, since it was usual for our boys to carry us over on their backs. Mr Risch was generally the unlucky one, as he was a tall and heavy man, and the unfortunate carrier usually stuck fast in the mire and flopped him into the deepest and muddiest pool on the road. Joe Mendi always insisted on carrying me over such places, and so careful was he of my comfort, and so light a weight am I, that we never had a mishap, much to the disgust of the other, and less fortunate, European members of the party.

I had rather an amusing adventure at a little village called Bama, which we reached in the evening. It was an ill-kept bush village, but luckily it was too dark to see how dirty my hut was. I was having my usual bath soon after sundown when I heard a tremendous commotion amongst the rafters and leaves over my

head. Fearing that it was a snake, I peered up into the gloomy smoke-grimed dome of the beehive hut, but could see nothing, as I had no light save the dim flicker of a solitary candle stuck in a hole in the mud floor. The noise ceased as suddenly as it had begun, so after listening for a few moments I went on with my bath. I had scarcely sat down comfortably in it, when flop came a cold body right on to my back. With a yell I leaped out, thinking it was a deadly snake, but on lifting up the candle to see what was splashing about in the water, I saw a rat vainly trying to climb up the side of the bath. My boy, who had hastened into the hut when he heard my shout, killed the intruder by deftly seizing his tail and banging his head on the floor before he could turn to bite.

I related my experience at dinner, and at the end of my story Mr Pelly gravely remarked that it was rather early in the trip to be seeing those sorts of things. My boy, however, who understood English but who failed to see the joke, and who evidently thought my veracity was at stake, quietly slipped out and in a few moments returned triumphantly dangling the rat by the tail!

On the following morning we were aroused by a tremendous din among the natives, who were running about in great excitement, uttering cries and shouts, beating drums and blowing horns. On inquiring what it was all about, I was told that "the Bundu" was about to be "pulled." Asking

what that meant, I was informed that all the young girls of the village had been for some time past hidden away in the bush with the Bundu Devils, and now, after having been initiated into various secret rites, they were about to be released, and as many of them would be carried off as the young men in the village wanted.

West Africa is the home of secret societies of all kinds, such as the Bundu, which is a secret society for women; the Poro, which is a secret society for men; and the dread Leopard Society, which deals out death and destruction to any one incurring its displeasure.

Of course it is very difficult for an outsider to get at the inner meaning of these various societies; but during our marches Joe Mendi told me many curious and strange stories of the habits and customs of the natives, and gave me many a vivid account of deeds of darkness enacted in the depths of the gloomy bush.

So far as I could gather from him, and from other natives whom I questioned on the subject, the Bundu bush is a special part of the forest which from time immemorial has been set apart in the neighbourhood of each village and held sacred to the rites of the Bundu. Here all the young girls of the village must live in seclusion for some time, to be taught the duties of wifehood and motherhood by the "Bundu Devils," and to be initiated by them into various mysterious rites and practices which no man is permitted to

know. These "Bundu Devils" are old women, specially set apart for this purpose, who during their term of office must never allow any portion of their skin to be seen. They are entirely enveloped in a hideous and fearsome-looking "devil dress," which conceals every portion of the body from view, only the tiniest of slits being cut in the mask for the eyes and mouth. It is quite an unheard-of thing for any member of the male sex to be found anywhere near the Bundu bush, but if by any chance an unfortunate man should enter the sacred precincts, certain death is his portion. Strict secrecy is the absolute rule, and before their return to the ordinary village life the girls are warned not to divulge any of the mysterious rites on pain of death. If afterwards any girl is suspected of betraying the secrets, she is at once pounced upon by the "Bundu Devils," carried off into the Bundu bush, and nothing more is ever heard of her.

The Poro is a somewhat similar society, into which all the men of the tribe are initiated on attaining maturity. The word Poro means Law, and the leaders of this society keep the whole country more or less in their grip. If a man is to be punished, or a war made, or anything else to be done of an important nature, a Poro is summoned, and its enactments are obeyed without hesitation throughout the country. Woe betide any one rash enough to rebel against its orders.

The Leopard Society is the

most notorious and dreaded of all, for it exists for the purpose of putting to a horrible death any one unfortunate enough to incur its animosity. The members are called "leopards," and whenever any person in the community, man, woman, or child, becomes, for any reason, obnoxious to one of the chiefs of the society, a leopard is informed that the unfortunate one must be removed. It then becomes his duty to watch his victim, and when he has carefully studied his habits and movements, and knows where he will probably be at a certain time, he dons a leopard skin, puts on gloves furnished with iron hooks, and takes up his position in some gloomy spot on a branch overhanging the path along which his victim must pass. As soon as the unsuspecting one walks underneath, the human leopard springs on him, and tears his throat open with his iron claws. He then drags the dead body off into the bush, where certain parts of it are devoured by himself and a few boon companions.

This horrible custom exists to this very day, in spite of all efforts to stamp it out; and when I was at Freetown a leopard who had been caught red-handed at his gruesome work was hanged. The society is rampant throughout the colony, and especially in the southern part of it, where only a few months ago scores of natives were caught in these dreadful practices. Many of them were hanged, and others transported and imprisoned for life.

After witnessing all the excitements of "Bundu pulling," we continued our journey and found the route a very trying one, as the rough path led us up and down over many hills and valleys. Towards the end of the march we heard a dull booming sound, like the continued reverberations of great guns, coming to us across the silent bush. We halted, wondering what the strange noise could be, when it suddenly occurred to us that this must be the roar of the waterfall. We were still many miles away from it, but the fact that we were within hearing distance cheered us up and lightened the fatigue of the journey. So it was with much brisker steps that we marched the rest of the way to Punderu, which we were told was within three miles of the Falls. We liked the look of this village, as it was clean and comfortable. We decided to make it our headquarters during our stay in the neighbourhood.

We were met at Punderu by the son of the paramount chieftainess—for, strange as it may seem in a country where women are absolutely despised and bought and sold with as little compunction or feeling as if they were sheep, still there are several women who rule as chiefs and have almost absolute power in their own districts. The ruler of the country round the waterfall was too old to travel to meet us, but she sent her son Johanna to receive us, and to see that we were properly cared for during our stay in her territory. Johanna arrived in great state, dressed

in long flowing white robes, reclining in a hammock carried by four sturdy negroes in smart uniform. He was preceded by a weird native band, and escorted by quite a large number of followers. As a "dash," or present, he brought me a bull, which, of course, I had to pay for handsomely.

We had not long settled down into our new quarters when Joe Mendi came and told me that, of course, none of our native workmen would dream of venturing within the domain of the Devil of the Waterfall unless the Devil's High Priest, who lived in the village, would first go and make sacrifice to the Evil Spirit. I remarked to Joe: "I suppose this means that the High Priest wants a present," and he replied, "Yes, Master; he is outside now waiting to see you."

On going out with Joe I was introduced to a tall, slim, cynical-looking old pagan, known as Pabeari, the High Priest to the Devil of the Falls. I asked him what he required to propitiate the Evil One. Pabeari answered with a smile that his Devil would be pleased to accept as a sacrifice a white kid and a white fowl, while he himself must be arrayed in a white linen garment to perform the ceremony. I asked the High Priest if I might witness the rites, and he willingly consented. It was thereupon arranged that the ceremony should take place as soon as possible after daylight on the following morning.

We were up betimes and found the whole village prepared to accompany us on our

expedition. The old priest, in his white sacrificial robe, marched at the head of the procession; then followed the acolytes carrying the sacrificial offering of the white kid and the white fowl; after these came a whole crowd of seminaked savages; and finally the European members of the expedition brought up the rear.

The route was terribly rough, and towards the end there was no path whatever. We had to pick our way as best we could, and when at last we reached the edge of the deep gorge which the river in the course of ages had hollowed out for itself, our ears were fairly deafened with the roar of the falling waters. We were all anxious to catch a glimpse of the wonderful Falls as we crept and scrambled down the steep face of the escarpment, and at last we reached a position where we could peep through the trees. Our eyes were gladdened by the sight of an immense sheet of water dashing in a solid volume over a precipice at least a hundred feet high, and dropping sheer down into a whirlpool of spume and spray in the depths below. The sun shone gloriously on the snowy waters, and cast a rainbow against the cloud of fine mist which rose up into the air to a height of at least two hundred feet.

We lost no time in making our way to the edge of the river, as we were all anxious to have a nearer view of this glorious spectacle. Meanwhile Pabeari had wriggled himself down with wonderful agility, and by the time we had breath-

lessly scrambled to the bottom he had already taken up his position on an enormous flat stone overlooking the whirlpool which, through the mist and spray, one could now and again make out to be a veritable devil's cauldron.

I was curious to see what the old man would do, but for the space of about half an hour he neither did nor said anything. He just sat there with his arms lying listlessly on his lap, gazing into the whirlpool with a dreamy far-away expression in his usually crafty-looking eyes. All the natives—and there must have been some hundreds of them—crouched around, gazing spell-bound on the scene. We were very much impressed by the weirdness of it all—the old priest praying to his Devil, the awesome-looking whirlpool, the silent, superstitious natives, the deafening roar of the Falls, and lastly, the beauty of the high forest-clad and evergreen hills of Bay Kongo, rising sheer up on either side for some hundreds of feet from the very edge of the water. The view of the swirling river down-stream was much enhanced by the huge boulders which jutted up on all sides, and by the great trees which threw their shade right to the water's edge.

Presently we began to wonder when the High Priest would perform the sacrificial ceremony; but the wily old man seemed to think there were too many people around who might want to share the goat and fowl with him, so he gravely informed me that he had been

talking to his Devil all this time, requesting him not to do us any harm. The Devil had replied that while we were at the Falls he would not remain there, but would go to another part of the river some half mile farther down, where there were some rapids.

"Even now," said the old fellow, "I see him rising out of the water and floating with the current, so I must go and sacrifice before him at his new abode."

Without more ado the old man got up, and signed to his attendants to follow him to the lower rapids with the goat and fowl. No doubt he killed and ate them there with zest.

With the departure of the old priest all semblance of mystery vanished, and we at once turned our attention to business. We all agreed that we had not come on a fruitless errand, and that here indeed was a vast store of natural power which, if judiciously harnessed, would prove an inestimable boon to a country where no transport animal can live owing to the tsetse fly.

The first thing that had to be done was to cut a road, and reach the river at a point well on the upper side of the Falls, where we intended to begin our surveys. This was by no means an easy task, as we had to climb to the top of the escarpment and from there clear a way through the virgin bush.

After about four hours' strenuous work, and with the help of some scores of natives slashing away the jungle, we eventually reached the bank of the river some distance above the Falls.

We found that the stream raced through many channels, and was some four hundred yards broad at this point. It was a wonderfully picturesque sight, and looked a most promising field for our work.

The day was now almost spent, and evening was at hand. So, having decided what we should do on the morrow, we all returned to our tents in Punderu village.

Soon after daylight on the following morning we were on our way to the scene of operations, and on arrival there every one was busily employed all through the day. Trial lines had to be run from one point to another, and, of course, most careful readings had to be made to find the difference of level between the intake and the position of the turbines at the place where we proposed to erect the Power House. This was an extremely laborious and somewhat hazardous task, as in order to carry out our work we often had to cling on to a root or tuft of grass on the edge of a precipice, or to take a perilous stand on a temporary bridge in the shape of a time-worn tree which nature had thrown across a yawning chasm.

To Mr Hollenweger, who was a most enthusiastic worker, fell the greater portion of this trying work, he being the hydraulic engineer; and, as we shall see, his courage and fortitude were taxed to the uttermost in the terrible tragedy which occurred on the last day of our stay.

Amongst other things it was necessary to take soundings

and speed readings of the river from bank to bank. The current being very strong a rope had to be stretched across, and of this we had brought none, since we had been told that it was quite unnecessary, as the rope-vine which grew in profusion in the locality was an excellent substitute. When we came to try it, however, we found it exceedingly fragile, and time after time it broke, so that we wasted practically a whole day in endeavouring to get it to hold. This experience as to the unreliability of this bush-rope proved of the greatest possible value to me, as will be seen later. The trouble with the rope so retarded our work that Mr Pelly and Mr Risch had to return to complete it on the following day, while I went with Mr Hollenweger to select a site for the Power House and to assist him to complete the survey above the Falls.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon we had finished everything, and sat down in a shady spot on a great flat rock to eat the modest lunch which we had brought out with us in a chop-box. While we were eating our bread and cheese Joe Mendi amused himself by pushing great logs into the river and watching them being whirled and dashed about in the seething flood. This appeared to have a peculiar fascination for him, and the incident became for ever stamped on my mind owing to the terrible catastrophe which I witnessed a few minutes later. When we had finished our light lunch

I called to Joe to come and eat what was left, and he, like the good, generous fellow that he was, shared it with his friends.

Our porters now came crowding round, and asked how much longer they were to be kept at this devil-haunted spot. I told Joe to tell them that we had finished our work, and would start back for the coast in the morning. A joyous shout from the men showed how welcome this news was to them, and how pleased they were at this early prospect of escape from the Devil's clutches.

At this moment Mr Hollenweger remarked to me that he would like to go across to a little island, as he wanted to make a sketch of the river and could get a better view from that point.

Now, the only way we had of getting about on the river above the Falls was by means of a crude raft which we had constructed out of three dried logs of cottonwood, each some fifteen feet long, and secured together with rope-vine. On this we placed a chop-box for a seat, and made a couple of paddles out of flat pieces of board let into cleft sticks and tied with "tai tai," the vine twine. It was, of course, a very crazy structure, and the least thing overturned it; duckings were quite the order of the day, as Mr Pelly can testify. Our paddlemen were two old fishermen, who had spent their lives on the river catching fish at a point about a mile below the Falls. The island from which Mr Hollenweger wished to sketch could

be reached by paddling across a backwater some fifty yards wide, so there was practically no danger whatever in getting across this stretch of water. I therefore called to Joe and told him to send the two fishermen for the raft which was moored a little higher up the river, and in a few minutes they brought it to the bank at our feet. Just as Mr Hollenweger was about to step on to it I said, "You had better take your boots off in case of an upset." He took my advice, and I then pulled out my pocket-book and began to jot down some notes. Presently I asked Joe Mendi a question, and not getting a reply I looked up and found that he had gone off with the raft in place of one of the fishermen. He was still within easy hail, so I called out to him, "Can you swim, Joe?" He replied, "Yes, master, me swim good. Me like him water."

On getting this reply I took no further notice of the raft, and continued making my notes. In a few minutes I was suddenly startled by loud excited exclamations from the men who crowded round, and on looking up to discover the cause I was horrified to see the little raft out in mid-stream being rapidly carried along by the current in the direction of the Falls. Faster and faster it swept along towards the first rapid, as if it had been a mere straw. The men were paddling with all their might, endeavouring to escape from the clutches of the stream; but nearer and nearer, bit by bit, they were relentlessly borne along towards

the yawning gulf below. The only possible hope now left was that they would be able to make for a big rock which divided the river into two streams, and then save themselves by jumping on to it. Up to this point I felt fairly confident that they would be able to do this. It was with keen and expectant anxiety, therefore, that I watched the brave fellows exerting themselves to the uttermost to reach the rock. They worked to the very last, but the mighty force of that rushing flood of water proved too much for them, and the next moment I saw the tail-end of the raft shoot up into the air, and Mr Hollenweger make a violent spring for a little jutting rock on the edge of the cataract, while the two natives were hurled into the roaring rapids. A terrified howl went up from the assembled workmen as the three men disappeared from our view.

The river, at the point where the accident took place, sweeps round to the right, rushes down several steep rapids, and then bends back again round a projecting tongue of rock some hundred yards in length, where it is throttled up in a rocky gorge not more than sixty feet wide. Although this tongue of rock, which jutted out into the river and caused it to make this detour, was terribly rough and filled with chasms and boulders, I flew across it, hoping that by some chance or other I might be able to succour the unfortunate men whom I now knew would be swept along before my eyes, and possibly within reaching distance

of me on their way to the great Falls. In ordinary times it would have taken me at least five minutes to negotiate the distance, but in this case I do not think I was more than a few seconds in reaching the river. I eagerly scanned the on-rushing boiling flood, and to my horror saw, just for a second, the dusky head and body of poor Joe Mendi being tossed and whirled about in the seething water, exactly in the same manner as the logs, which he himself had delighted to throw in, had been whirled and tumbled about.

I called to the natives who crowded on the rocks round me, asking them if they had seen anything of the others, and they replied that two black men had gone by, but they had seen nothing of the white man. Realising then that he must have succeeded in holding on to the rock, I raced back up the river, and to my great joy I saw Mr Hollenweger standing on the rocky ledge in the midst of the cataract. Of course no voice could possibly be heard in the roar of the water, so I made signs to him to sit down, and that somehow or other I would bring about his rescue.

At this point all my native followers began to raise howls of terror and to run off for their lives into the bush, fearing that the Devil of the Falls would catch them too. Luckily I had with me an old soldier of the Frontier Force, named Bokari Engi, who could speak English, and who had been kindly lent to us by Dr Maxwell to assist in keeping

the men in order. This man now proved absolutely invaluable, and aided me in running after the men and calling them all back to their duty, with many curses and cuffs and belabourings of a heavy stick which he always carried.

As soon as we had somewhat calmed the men, we set them to work to cut down the rope-vine, and then I proceeded to plait a thick rope some hundred yards long. Knowing from the previous day's experience how treacherous this kind of rope could be, as soon as each length of thirty or forty feet was finished, I tested it by putting twenty men on to it and straining it thoroughly, for, of course, life and death depended on its holding. The making of this rope took some considerable time; but it was all in the full view of Mr Hollenweger, so he knew that we were not neglecting any precautions to ensure his safety. When at last the rope was ready, a big cotton-wood log was notched at one end, and the rope was firmly lashed to it. We then had to go a little way up the river where it was somewhat shallow, and where there were lots of rocks jutting up, and by wading and jumping we got to a little island which was washed by the current. Here we threw in the log, which was quickly carried down-stream to the cataract, in the midst of which Hollenweger was a prisoner. It was with very great anxiety that I watched it going steadily nearer and nearer to him as we passed out our long length of rope. Here again Bokari

Engi was of the utmost value, because he made the natives work together, and interpreted my instructions as to how and when and in what direction they were to pull. It was most exasperating to watch the buffeting hither and thither of the log, which sometimes was carried towards the rock, and then, just as it was getting near, would be suddenly swirled away by the current. Time after time we were disappointed, and that wretched log went everywhere except within reach of Hollenweger. The force of the current would sweep it to the right or to the left of where he stood, but never went near enough for him to jump on to it. My great fear was that he should attempt to do so and miss his hold, for, of course, in that case he was absolutely a doomed man.

By this time it was getting rather late, and it seemed as if we should not be able to reach the unfortunate Hollenweger before nightfall. In this extremity it occurred to me that if I added another fifty feet to the length of my rope and letting it go right down the cataract for some distance, then hauled it back, the pressure of the water would force it close to the rock as we pulled it up against the current. To my great joy as we hauled it in, hand over hand, we saw it forced nearer and nearer to Hollenweger, and at last, when it got to about six or eight feet from him, I saw him crouch and make a spring for it. He succeeded in seizing the log, but

his weight carried it under the water, and both disappeared from our view in the surging torrent. It was an anxious moment, and I knew that no time was to be lost, so I ordered my twenty men to haul with all their might, and, to my unutterable relief, when we had pulled the log clear of the foaming water, I saw that Hollenweger was still holding on to it, although he had been pushed almost to the very end by the force of the water. In a few more moments we had hauled him to safety under the lee of our island, and I never felt so pleased and relieved in the whole of my life as when I gripped him by the hand and helped him ashore. The intense anxiety of it all told upon me so much that when the reaction set in I felt a curious bitter taste in my mouth just as if I had been eating quinine.

Hollenweger himself was little the worse for his adventure, and we now made for our headquarters at Punderu as quickly as possible. On the way there we met Mr Pelly and Mr Risch hastening to the scene of the tragedy. It will be remembered that we had left them at work a mile or so below the Falls, so, of course, they had known nothing of the occurrence. Some of the workmen, however, who ran off in terror into the bush, had passed them in their flight and told them that I had been washed over the Falls with the raft and two natives, and that all three were drowned. They were therefore relieved to find that

the accident was not quite so bad as the terrified fugitives had reported.

While we were dining that evening Bokari came in, saluted, and told me that he had five prisoners for trial. On asking him what crime they had committed, he replied, "They run away to-day while white man in danger." I told him to tell them that they would be forgiven this time, but it must not occur again.

Later on that night the chief wife of the poor drowned fisherman came and asked us for a little gin and some white cloth to wear, as she wished to hold a kind of "wake" for her husband. We gave the poor woman liberally from our stores, and all night long wails and cries rent the air, and bitter imprecations were called down on the Devil of the Falls, who had carried off the two unfortunate men and refused to release them from his clutches. Nor were the bodies ever found, although a careful watch was kept for some time.

Next morning I met my friend Pabeari, the High Priest.

"Well, old man," I said, "it appears that your Devil was not propitiated after all. You cannot have made the sacrifice properly."

He blinked his cunning old eyes, folded his cloth more closely round him, and then said: "White man pay for sacrifice, white man saved. Black man no pay sacrifice, Devil take him."

That High Priest is wasted in the wilds of Africa!

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY IAN HAY.

I. THE HEADMASTER.

FIRST of all there is the Headmaster of Fiction. He is invariably called "The Doctor," and he always wears cap and gown, even when birching malefactors—which he does intermittently throughout the day—or attending a cricket match. For all we know he wears them in bed.

He speaks a language peculiar to himself—a language which at once enables you to recognise him as a Headmaster; just as you may recognise a stage Irishman from the fact that he says "Begorra!" or a stage sailor from the fact that he has to take constant precautions with his trousers. Thus, "The Doctor" invariably addresses his cowering pupils as "Boys!"—a form of address which in reality only survives nowadays in places where you are invited to "have another with me"—and if no audience of boys is available at the moment he addresses a single boy as if he were a whole audience. To influential parents he is servile and oleaginous, and he treats his staff with fatuous pomposity. Such a being may have existed—may exist—but we have never met him.

What of the Headmaster of Fact? To condense him into a type is one of the most difficult things in the world,

for this reason. Most of us have known only one Headmaster in our lives—if we have known more we are not likely to say so, for obvious reasons; and it is difficult for Man (as distinct from Woman) to argue from the particular to the general. Moreover, the occasions upon which we have met the subject of our researches at close quarters have not been favourable to dispassionate character-study. It is difficult to form an unbiassed or impartial judgment of a man out of material supplied solely by a series of brief interviews spread over a period of four or five years—interviews at which his contribution to the conversation has been limited to a curt request that you will bend over, and yours to a sequence of short sharp ejaculations.

However, some of us have known more than one Headmaster, and upon us devolves the solemn duty of distilling our various experiences into a single essence.

What are the characteristics of a *great* Headmaster? Instinct at once prompts us to premise that he must be a scholar and a gentleman. A gentleman, undoubtedly, he must be; but nowadays scholarship—high classical scholarship—is a hindrance rather than a

help. To supervise the instruction of modern youth a man requires something more than profound learning: he must possess *savoir faire*. If you set a great scholar—and a great scholar has an unfortunate habit of being nothing but a great scholar—in charge of the multifarious interests of a public school, you are setting a razor to cut grindstones. As well appoint an Astronomer-Royal to command an Atlantic liner. He may be on terms of easy familiarity with the movements of the heavenly bodies, yet fail to understand the right way of dealing with refractory stokers.

A Headmaster is too busy a personage to keep his scholarship tuned up to concert pitch; and if he devotes adequate time to this object—and a scholar must practise almost as diligently as a pianist or an acrobat if he is to remain in the first flight—he will have little leisure left for less intellectual but equally vital duties. Nowadays in great public schools the Head, although he probably takes the Sixth for an hour or two a day, delegates most of his work in this direction to a capable and up-to-date young man fresh from the University, and devotes his energies to such trifling details as the organisation of school routine, the supervision of the cook, the administration of justice, the diplomatic handling of the Governing Body, and the suppression of parents.

So far, then, we are agreed—the great advantage of dogmatizing in print is that one can

take the agreement of the reader for granted—that a Headmaster must be a gentleman, but not necessarily a scholar, in the very highest sense of the word. What other virtues must he possess?

Well, he must be a majestic figurehead. This is not so difficult as it sounds. The dignity which doth hedge a Headmaster is so tremendous that the dullest and fussiest of the race can hardly fail to be impressive and awe-inspiring to the plastic mind of youth. More than one King Log has left a name behind him through standing still in the limelight and keeping his mouth shut. But then he was probably lucky in his lieutenants.

Next, he must have a sense of humour. If he cannot see the entertaining side of youthful depravity, magisterial jealousy, and parental fussiness, he will undoubtedly go mad. A sense of humour, too, will prevent him from making a fool of himself, and a Headmaster must never do that. It also engenders Tact, and Tact is the essence of life to a man who has to deal every day with the ignorant, and the bigoted, and the sentimental. These adjectives are applicable to boys, masters, and parents, and may be applied collectively or individually with equal truth. Not that all humorous people are tactful: bitter experience of the practical joker has taught us that. But no person can be tactful who cannot see the ludicrous side of things. There is a certain Headmaster of to-day,

justly celebrated as a brilliant teacher and a born organiser, who is lacking—entirely lacking—in that priceless gift of the gods, a sense of humour, with which is incorporated Tact. Shortly after he took up his present appointment, one of the most popular boys in the school, while leading the field in a cross-country race, was run over and killed by an express train which emerged from a tunnel as he ran across the line, within measurable distance of accomplishing a record for the course.

Next morning the order went forth that the whole school were to assemble in the great hall. They repaired thither, not unpleasantly thrilled. There would be a funeral oration, and boys are curiously partial to certain forms of emotionalism. They like to be harangued before a football match, for instance, in the manner of the Greeks of old. These boys had already had a taste of the Head's quality as a speaker, and they felt that he would do their departed hero justice. They reminded one another of the moving words which the late Head had spoken when an Old Boy had fallen in battle a few years before under particularly splendid circumstances. They remembered how pleased the Old Boy's father and mother had been about it. Their comrade, whom they had revered and loved as recently as yesterday, would receive a fitting farewell too; and they would all feel the prouder of the school for the words that they

were about to hear. They did not say this aloud, for the sentimentality of boys is of the inarticulate kind, but the thought was uppermost in their minds.

Presently they were all assembled, and the Head appeared upon his rostrum. There was a death-like stillness: not a boy stirred.

Then the Head spoke.

"Any boy," he announced, "found trespassing upon the railway-line in future will be expelled. You may go."

They went. The organisation of that school is still a model of perfection, and its scholarship list is exceptionally high. But the school has never forgiven the Head, and never will so long as tradition and sentiment count for anything in this world.

So far, then, we have accumulated the following virtues for the Headmaster. He must be a gentleman, a picturesque figurehead, and must possess a sense of humour.

He must also, of course, be a ruler. Now you may rule men in two ways—either with a rapier or a bludgeon; but a man who can gain his ends with the latter weapon will seldom have recourse to the former. The Headmaster who possesses, on the top of other essential qualities, the power of being uncompromisingly and divinely rude, is to be envied above all men. For him life is full of short cuts. He never argues. "*L'école, c'est moi,*" he growls, and no one contradicts him. Boys idolise him. In his presence they are para-

lysed with fear, but away from it they glory in his ferocity of mien and strength of arm. Masters rave impotently at his *brusquerie* and absolutism; but A. says secretly to himself—"Well, it's a treat to see the way the old man keeps B. and C. up to the collar." As for parents, they simply refuse to face him, which is the head and summit of that which a master desires of a parent.

Such a man is Olympian, having none of the foibles or soft moments of a human being. He dwells apart, in an atmosphere too rarefied for those who would intrude into it. His subjects never regard him as a man of like passions with themselves: they would be quite shocked if such an idea were suggested to them. I once asked a distinguished *alumnus* of a great school, which had been ruled with consummate success for twenty-four years by such a Head as I have described, to give me a few reminiscences of the great man as a *man*—his characteristics, his foibles, his vulnerable points, his tricks of expression, his likes and dislikes, and his hobbies.

My friend considered.

"He was a holy terror," he announced, after profound meditation.

"Quite so, but in what way?"

My friend thought again.

"I can't remember anything particular about him," he said, "except that he *was* a holy terror—and the greatest man that ever lived!"

"But tell me something per-

sonal about him. How did his conversation impress you?"

"Conversation? Bless you, he never *conversed* with anybody. He just told them what he thought about a thing, and that settled it. Besides, I never exchanged a word with him in my life. But he was a great man."

"Didn't you meet him, all the time you were at school?"

"Oh yes, I *met* him," replied my friend with feeling—"three or four times. And that reminds me, I *can* tell you something personal about him. The old swine was left-handed! A great man, a great man!"

Happy the warrior who can inspire worship on such sinister qualifications as these!

The other kind has to prevail by another method—the Machiavellian. As a successful Headmaster of my acquaintance once brutally but truthfully expressed it: "You simply have to employ a certain amount of low cunning if you are going to keep a school going at all." And he was right. A man unendowed with the divine gift of rudeness would, if he spent his time answering the criticisms or meeting the objections of colleagues or parents or even boys, have no time for anything else. So he seeks refuge either in *finesse* or flight. If a parent rings him up on the telephone, he murmurs something courteous about a wrong number, and then leaves the receiver off the hook. If a house-master, swelling with some grievance or scheme of reform, bears down upon him upon the

cricket-field on a summer afternoon, he adroitly lures him under a tree where another house-master is standing, and leaves them there together. If an enthusiastic junior discharges at his head some glorious but quite impracticable project, such as the performance of a pastoral play in the school-grounds, or the enforcement of a vegetarian diet upon the school for experimental purposes, he replies: "My dear fellow, the Governing Body will never hear of it!" What he means is: "The Governing Body shall never hear of it."

He has other diplomatic resources at his call. Here is an example.

A Headmaster once called his flock together, and said—

"A very unpleasant and discreditable thing has happened. The municipal authorities have recently erected a pair of extremely ornate and expensive—er—lamp-posts outside the residence of the Mayor of the town. These lamp-posts appear to have attracted the unfavourable notice of the school. Last Sunday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, they were attacked and wrecked, apparently by volleys of stones."

There was a faint but appreciative murmur from those members of the school to whom the news of this outrage was now made public for the first time. But a baleful flash from the Head's spectacles restored instant silence.

"Several parties of boys," he continued, "must have

passed these lamp-posts on that evening, on their way back to their respective houses after Chapel. I wish to see all boys who in any way participated in the outrage in my study directly after second school. I warn them that I shall make a severe example of them." His voice rose to a blare. "I will not have the prestige and fair fame of the school lowered in the eyes of the town by the vulgar barbarities of a parcel of ill-conditioned little street-boys. You may go!"

The audience rose to their feet, and began to steal silently away. But they were puzzled. The Old Man was no fool as a rule. Did he really imagine that chaps would be such mugs as to own up?

But before the first boy reached the door the Head spoke again.

"I may mention," he added very gently, "that the attack upon the—er—lamp-posts was witnessed by a gentleman resident in the neighbourhood, a warm friend of the school. He was able to identify *one* of the culprits, whose name is in my possession. That is all."

And quite enough too. When the Head visited his study after second school he found seventeen malefactors meekly awaiting chastisement.

But he never divulged the name of the boy who had been recognised, or for that matter the identity of the warm friend of the school. *I wonder!*

One more quality is essential to the great Headmaster. He

must possess the Sixth Sense. He must see nothing, yet know everything that goes on in the school. Etiquette forbids that he should enter one of his colleague's Houses except as an invited guest; yet he must be acquainted with all that happens inside that House. He is debarred by the same rigid law from entering the form-room or studying the methods and capability of any but the most junior form-masters; yet he must know whether Mr A. in the Senior Science Set is expounding theories of inorganic chemistry which have been obsolete for ten years, or whether Mr B. in the Junior Remove is accustomed meekly to remove a pool of ink from the seat of his chair before beginning his daily labours. He must not mingle with the boys, for that would be undignified; yet he must, and usually does, know every boy in the school by sight, and something about him. He must never attempt to acquire information by obvious cross-examination either of boy or master, or he will be accused of prying and interference; and he can never, or should never, discuss one of his colleagues with another. And yet he must have his fingers upon the pulse of the school in such wise as to be able to tell which master is incompetent, which prefect is untrustworthy, which boy is a bully, and which House is rotten. In other words, he must possess a Red Indian's powers of observation and a woman's powers of intuition.

He must be able to suck in school atmosphere through his pores. He must be able to judge of a man's keenness or fitness for duty by his general attitude and conversation when off duty. He must be able to read volumes from the demeanour of a group in the corner of the quadrangle, from a small boy's furtive expression, or even from the *timbre* of the singing in chapel. He must notice which boy has too many friends, and which none at all.

Such are a few of the essentials of the great Headmaster, and to the glory of our system be it said that there are still many in the land.

But the type is changing. The autocratic Samson of the past has been shorn of his locks by two Delilahs—Modern Sides and Government Interference.

First, Modern Sides.

Time was when A Sound Classical Education, Lady Matron, and Meat for Breakfast formed the alpha and omega of a public school prospectus. But times have changed, at least in so far as the Sound Classical Education is concerned. The Headmaster of the old school, who regards the classics as the foundation of all education, and regards modern sides as a sop to the parental Cerberus, finds himself called upon to cope with new and strange monsters.

First of all come the members of that once despised race, the teachers of Science. Formerly these maintained a hunted and precarious exist-

ence, supervising a turbulent collection of young gentlemen whose sole appreciation of this branch of knowledge was derived from the unrivalled opportunities which its pursuit afforded for the creation of horrible stench and untimely explosions. Now they have uprisen, and, asseverating that classical education is a pricked bubble, ask boldly for expensive apparatus and a larger tract of space in the timetable.

Then the parent. He has got quite out of hand lately. In days past things were different. Usually an old public-school boy himself, and proudly conscious that Classics had made him "what he was," the parent deferred entirely to the Headmaster's judgment, and entrusted his son to his care without question or stipulation. But a new race of parents has arisen—men who avow, modestly but firmly, that they have been made not by the Classics but by themselves, and who demand, with a great assumption of you-can't-put-me-off-with-last-season's-goods, that their offspring shall be taught something up-to-date—something which will be "useful in an office."

Again, there is our old friend the Man in the Street, who, through the medium of his favourite mouthpiece, the half-penny press, asks the Headmaster very sternly what he means by turning out "scholars" who are incapable of writing an invoice in commercial Spanish, and to whom double entry is Double Dutch.

And lastly there is the boy

himself, whose utter loathing and horror of education as a whole has not blinded him to the fact that the cultivation of some branches thereof calls for considerably less effort than that of others, and who accordingly occupies the greater part of his weekly letter home with fervent requests to his parents to permit him to drop Classics and take up modern languages or science.

The united agitations of this incongruous band have called into existence the Modern Side—Delilah Number One. Now for Number Two.

Until a few years ago the State confined its ebullience in matters educational to the Board Schools. But with the growth of democratic ascendancy and class jealousy—the two seem to go hand-in-hand—the working classes of this country began to point out to the Government, not altogether unreasonably, that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. "Why," they inquired bitterly, "should *we* be the only people educated? Must the poor *always* be oppressed, while the rich go free? What about these public schools of yours—the seminaries of the bloated and pampered Aristocracy? You leave us alone for a bit, and give them a turn, or we may get nasty!" So a pliable Government, remembering that public-school masters are not represented in Parliament while the working classes are, obeyed.

They began by publicly announcing that in future all teachers must be trained to teach. To give effect to this

decree, they declared their intention of immediately introducing a Bill to provide that after a certain date no Headmaster of any school, high or low, would be permitted to engage an assistant who had not earned a certificate at a training college and registered himself in a mysterious schedule called "Column B," paying a guinea for the privilege.

The prospective schoolmasters of the day—fourth-year men at Oxford and Cambridge, inexperienced in the ways of Government Departments—were deeply impressed. Most of them hurriedly borrowed a guinea and registered in Column B. They even went further. In the hopes of forestalling the foolish virgins of their profession, they attended lectures and studied books which dealt with the science of Education. They became *attachés* at East End Board Schools, where, under the supervision of a capable but plebeian Master of Method, they endeavoured to instruct classes of some sixty or seventy babbling six-year-olds in the elements of reading and writing, in order that hereafter they might be the better able to elucidate Cicero and Thucydides to scholarship candidates at a public school.

Others, however,—the aforementioned foolish virgins,—whose knowledge of British politics was greater than their interest in the Theory of Education, decided to wait and see. That is to say, they accepted the first vacancy at a public school which presented itself,

and settled down to work upon the old lines, a year's seniority to the good. In a just world this rashness and improvidence would have met with its due reward—namely, ultimate eviction (when the Bill passed) from a comfortable berth, and a stern command to go and learn the business of teaching before presuming to teach. But unfortunately the Bill never did pass: it never so much as reached its First Reading. It lies now in some dusty pigeon-hole in the Education Office, forgotten by all save its credulous victims. The British Exchequer is the richer by several thousand guineas, contributed by a class to whom of course a guinea is a mere bagatelle; and here and there throughout the public schools of this country there exist men who, when they first joined the Staff, had the mysterious formula, *Reg. Col. B.*, printed upon their testimonials, and discoursed learnedly to stupefied Headmasters about brain-tracks, and psychology, and the mutual stimulus of co-sexual competition, for a month or two before awakening to the one fundamental truth which governs public school education—namely, that if you can keep boys in order you can teach them anything; if not, all the Column B's in the Education Office will avail you nothing.

That was all. The incident is ancient history now. It was a capital practical joke, perpetrated by a Government singularly lacking in humour in other respects; and no one remembers it except the people to whom the guineas belong.

But it gave the Headmasters of the country a bad fright. It provided them with a foretaste of the nuisance which the State can make of itself when it chooses to be paternal. So such of the Headmasters as were wise decided to be upon their guard for the future against the blandishments of the party politician. And they were justified; for presently the Legislature stirred in its sleep and embarked upon yet another enterprise.

Philip, King of Macedon, used to say that no city was impregnable whose gates were wide enough to admit a single mule-load of gold. Similarly the Board of Education decided that no public school, however haughty or exclusive, could ever again call its soul its own once the Headmaster (of his own free will, or overruled by the Governing Body) had been asinine enough to accept a "grant." So they approached the public schools with fair words. They said—

"How would you like a subsidy, now, wherewith to build a new science laboratory? What about a few State-aided scholarships? Won't you let us help you? Strict secrecy will be observed, and advances made upon your note of hand alone." Or words to that effect.

The larger and better-endowed public schools, conscious of a fat bank-balance and a long waiting-list of prospective pupils, merely winked their rheumy eyes and shook their heavy heads.

"*Timeo Danaos*," they remarked, "*et dona ferentes*."

When this observation was translated to the Minister for Education, he smiled enigmatically, and bided his time. But some of the smaller schools, hard pressed by modern competition, gobbled the bait at once. The mule-load of gold arrived promptly, and close in its train came retribution. Inspectors swooped down—clerkly young men, who in their time had passed an incredible number of standards, and were now receiving what was to them a princely salary for indulging in the easiest and most congenial of all human recreations—that of criticising the efforts of others. There arrived, too, incredibly precocious prize-pupils from the Board Schools, winners of County Council scholarships which entitled them to a few years' "polish" at a public school—a polish seldom attained even by constant friction with their new and loving playmates.

But the great strongholds still held out. So other methods were adopted. The examination screw was applied.

As most of us remember to our cost, we used periodically in our youth at school to suffer from an "examination week," during which a mysterious power from outside was permitted to inflict upon us examination papers upon every subject upon earth, under the title of Oxford and Cambridge Locals—the High, the Middle, and the Low—or, in Scotland, the Leaving Certificate. These papers were set and corrected by persons unknown, residing in London, and as we answered them we were supervised not

by our own preceptors—they stampeded joyously away to play golf—but by strange gentlemen clad in obvious Sabbath attire, who took charge of the examination-room with an air of uneasy assurance, suggestive of a man travelling first-class with a third-class ticket. In due course the results were declared; and the small school which gained a large percentage of Honourable Mentions was able to underline the fact heavily in its prospectus. These examinations were, if not organised, at least recognised, by the State; and once they had pierced the battlements of a school, an Inspector invariably crawled through the breach after them. Henceforth that school was subject to periodical visitations and reports.

Naturally the Headmasters of the great public schools clanged their gates and dropped their portcullises against such an infraction of the law that a Headmaster's school is his castle. But, as already mentioned, the screw was applied. The certificates awarded to successful candidates in these examinations were made the key to higher things. Three Higher Grade Certificates, for instance, were accepted in *lieu* of certain subjects in Oxford Smalls and Cambridge Little-go. The State pounced upon this principle and extended it. The acquisition of a sufficient number of these certificates now paved the way to various State services. Extra marks or special favours were awarded to young gentlemen who pre-

sented themselves for Sandhurst or Woolwich or the Civil Service bringing their sheaves with them in the form of Certificates. Roughly speaking, the more Certificates a candidate produced the more enthusiastically he was excused from the necessity of learning the elements of his trade.

The governing bodies of various professions took up the idea. For instance, if you produced four Higher Certificates—say for Geography, Botany, Electro-Dynamics, and Practical Cookery—you were excused the preliminary examination of the Society of Chartered Accountants. (We need not pin ourselves down to the absolute accuracy of these details: they are merely for purposes of illustration.) Anyhow, it was a beautiful idea. A Headmaster of my acquaintance once assured me that he believed that the possession of a complete set of Higher Grade Certificates for all the Local Examinations of a single year entitled the holder to a seat in the House of Lords.

In other words, it was still possible to get into the Universities and Services without certificates, but it was very much easier to get in with them.

So the great Headmasters climbed down. But they made terms. They would accept the Local Examinations, and they would admit Inspectors within their fastnesses; but they respectfully but firmly insisted upon having some sort of say in the choice of the Inspector. The Government met them more than half-way. In fact,

they fell in with the plan with suspicious heartiness. "Certainly, my dear sir," they said, "you shall choose your own Inspector; and, what is more, you shall *pay* him! Think of that! The man will be a mere tool in your hands—a hired servant—and you can do what you like with him."

It was an ingenious and comforting way of putting things, and may be commended to the notice of persons writhing in a dentist's chair; for it forms an exact parallel: the description applies to dentist and inspector with equal accuracy. However, the Headmasters agreed to it; and now all our great schools receive inspectorial visitations of some kind. That is to say, upon an appointed date a gentleman comes down from London, spends the day as the guest of the Headmaster; and after being conducted about the premises from dawn till dusk, departs by the evening train with his brain in a fog and some sixteen guineas in his pocket.

He is a variegated type, this Super-Inspector. Frequently he is a clever man who has failed as a schoolmaster, and now earns a comfortable living because he remembered in time the truth of the saying, *La critique est aisée, l'art difficile*. More often he is a super-annuated university professor, with a penchant for irrelevant anecdote and a disastrous sense of humour. Sometimes he is aggressive and dictatorial, but more often (humbly remembering where he is and who is going to pay for all this) apprehensive, deferential, and

quite inarticulate. Sometimes he is a scholar and a gentleman, with a real appreciation of the atmosphere of a public school and a sound knowledge of the principles of education. But not always. And whoever he is and whatever he is, the Head loathes him impartially and dispassionately.

Such are some of the thorns with which the pillow of a modern Headmaster is stuffed. The principal thorn is Tradition—most of it manufactured by house-masters who have been at the school longer than he has. Of Parents we will treat in another place.

What is he like, the Headmaster of to-day?

Firstly and essentially, he is no longer a despot. He is a constitutional sovereign, like all other modern monarchs; and perhaps it is better so. Though a Head still exercises enormous personal power, for good or ill, a school no longer stands or falls by its Headmaster, as in the old days, any more than a country stands or falls by its King, as in the days of the Stewarts. Public opinion, house-masters, the prefectorial system—these have combined to modify his absolutism. But though a bad Headmaster may not be able to wreck a good school, it is certain that no school can ever become great, or remain great, without a great man at the head of it.

Time has wrought other changes. Twenty years ago no man could hope to reach the summit of the scholastic universe who was not in

Orders and the possessor of a First-Class Classical degree. Now the layman, the modern-side man, above all the men of affairs, are raising their heads.

Under these new conditions, what manner of man is the great Head of to-day?

He is essentially a man of business. A clear brain and a sense of proportion enable him to devise schemes of education in which the old idealism and the new materialism are judiciously blended. He knows how to draw up a school time-table—almost as difficult and complicated a document as Bradshaw—making provision, hour by hour, day by day, for the teaching of a very large number of subjects by a limited number of men to some hundreds of boys, all at different stages of progress, in such a way that no boy shall be left idle for a single hour, and no master be called upon to be in two places at once.

He understands school finance and educational politics, which are even more peculiar than British party politics. He combines the art of being able to rule upon his own initiative for months at a time with ability to render a satisfactory account of his stewardship to an ignorant and inquisitive Governing Body which meets twice a-year.

He is, as ever, an imposing figurehead; and if he is, or has been, an athlete, so much the easier for him in his dealings with the boys. He possesses the art of managing men to an extent sufficient to maintain his house-masters

in some sort of line, and to keep his junior staff punctual and enthusiastic without fussing or herding them. He is a good speaker, and though not invariably in Orders, he appreciates the enormous influence that a powerful sermon in Chapel may exercise at a time of crisis; and he supplies that sermon himself.

He keeps a watchful eye upon an army of servants, and does not shrink from the drudgery of going through kitchen accounts or laundry estimates. He investigates complaints personally, whether they have to do with a House's morals or a butler's perquisites.

He keeps abreast of the educational needs of the time. He is a *persona grata* at the Universities, and usually knows at which University and at which College thereof one of his boys will be most likely to win a scholarship. In the interests of the Army Class he maintains friendly relations with the War Office, because, in these days of the chronic reform of that institution, to be in touch with the "permanent" military mind is to save endless trouble over examinations which are going to be dropped or schedules which are about to be abandoned before they come into operation. He cultivates the acquaintance of those in high places, not for his own advancement, but because it is good for the school to be able to bring down an occasional celebrity to present prizes or open a new wing. For the same reason he dines out a good deal—often when he has been on his feet since seven

o'clock in the morning—and entertains in return, so far as he can afford it, people who are likely to be able to do the school a good turn. For with him it is the School, the School, the School, all the time.

If he possesses private means of his own, so much the better; for the man with a little spare money in his pocket possesses powers of leverage denied to the man who has none. I know of a Headmaster who once shamed his Governing Body into raising the salaries of the junior staff to a decent standard by supplementing those salaries out of his own slender resources for something like five years.

And, above all, he has sympathy and insight. When a master comes to him with a grievance, he knows whether he is dealing with a chronic grumbler or a wronged man. The grumbler can be pacified by a word or chastened by a rebuke; but a man burning under a sense of real injustice and wrong will never be efficient again until his injuries are redressed. If a master, again, comes to him with a scheme of work, or organisation, or even play, he is quick to see how far the scheme is valuable and practicable, and how far it is mere fuss and officiousness. He is enormously patient over this sort of thing, for he knows that an untimely snub may kill the enthusiasm of a real worker, and that a little encouragement may do wonders for a diffident beginner. He knows how to stimulate the slacker, be he

boy or master, and he keeps a sharp look-out to see that the willing horse does not overwork himself. (This latter, strange as it may seem, is the harder task of the two.) And he can read the soul of that most illegible of books—save to the understanding eye—the boy, through and through. He can tell if a boy is lying brazenly, or lying because he is frightened, or lying to screen a friend, or speaking the truth. He knows when to be terrible in anger, and when to be indescribably gentle.

Usually he is slightly unpopular. But he does not allow this to trouble him overmuch, for he is a man who is content to wait for his reward. He remembers the historic verdict of "A beast, but a just beast," and chuckles.

Such a man is an Atlas, holding up a little world. He is always tired, for he can never rest. His so-called hours of ease are clogged by correspondence—most of it quite superfluous—and the telephone has added a new terror to his life. But he is always cheerful, even when alone, and he loves his work. If he did not, it would kill him.

A Headmaster no longer regards his office as a stepping-stone to a Bishopric. In the near future, as ecclesiastical and classical traditions fade, it is more likely to be regarded as a qualification for a place at the head of a department of State, or a seat in the Cabinet. A man who can run a great public school can run an Empire.

ANGLESEY COASTWISE.

It was in February, the only month in the year that does not go mad, that She whom I love said, "You will be wanting a house-boy."

"To-morrow I will go and find one," said I.

It was a lovely morning when I and my old dog Pharaoh set out. The sky was blue, and the sea was as calm as a lake, with great flecks of froth, and little waves at its edge sounding with a sudden clink, which showed that it had frozen over-night. We left Rhosneigr behind us, and started walking westerly along the shore. The village of Rhosneigr is an ensample to all humanity how corrosive are the two elements, money and visitors, to the generous nature of the Celt. Here you may see how greed hath overtaken a community, and each man hath built out his neighbour, and all for one horrible object—to bleed unhappy parents who come for their children's sake in the month of August. This is a great pity, for one of the most beautiful characteristics of the Welsh people is their love and kindness towards little children.

On a somewhat precarious bridge, founded on piers of cement, we crossed the river Crigyll. This stream has a story that is very ancient. It is believed that Phœnician ships, and Irish ships, and Danish ships have sailed upon it up into the land. Old people will still tell you that the prow of Arthur's boat stemmed its

blue waters. In later times its name has been terrible, not from the river but the folks that lived on its shores. The Lladron Crigyll—Crigyll Robbers—were famous from Liverpool to Cardiff. It is the old tale. A rich ship is expected on a windy night. Lanterns are fixed to donkeys, which are driven over the sand-hills. Bodies coming ashore—and plenty came—were put away in the sand-hills. They were the safe repository of all treasure given up by the sea, and the smugglers used to hide their kegs of whisky and bags of salt therein; for the lightest breeze would soon conceal the hiding-place, and no one but the hider would know where to dig.

Through these mounds I took my way to that lovely little strait which separates Holy Island from the Isle of Anglesey. It opens with a narrow channel, which immediately expands into a sandy lagoon, where there is safe harbourage for small vessels in any weather. And now begins a series of little promontories, little bays, little islands. The whole strait is charmed. It is not like a thing in ordinary life. It is not a Man's world, it is a boy's world—a setting for the Child-mind. It is not too big for it to grasp, too small for it to despise. Grown-ups see nothing in it. But give a boy a boat and let him be here, and he will want nothing else.

Oh Anglesey scenery, what

a secret thing you are, and how few come at the charm of you! A man can be in Anglesey one day when the wind is blowing and the floods descend, and he will tell you that he was never in such a barren, wind-swept, God-forsaken hole in all his life. And he can be there when the sun shines, and he will tell you that he had no idea there was such a pretty spot on earth. The scenery, in fact, is as much a slave to circumstance as is the sound-box of a gramophone. And why? It is, I suppose, because it is so small. It is as though being the last stronghold of the fairies, they had formed it with their tiny hands, so that it should not be too big for them to live amongst and enjoy. Its beauty depends upon its extreme delicacy; and as the air is always as clear as crystal here, when the sun comes out everything shows up its colour to the fullest. But so delicate is it that at the sight of one ugly building its beauty shrinks and shrivels. It cannot stand anything big or ugly. That is why the only domestic architecture that suits the island is the little cottage with whitewashed or pink-washed walls and whitewashed roof and red chimney-pots. The hideous and unsuitable buildings that the inhabitants are now persistently rearing all over the island blast the peculiar beauty of the surroundings in a way almost impossible to imagine.

I followed westward up the straits till, passing a stone quarry on the right from whence all the local roads are fed, I crossed three fields and

came into the little hamlet of Rhyd Bont, or Four Mile Bridge.

"Good morning, Margeat," said I to a tall dark woman of an extraordinarily regal and masterful exterior—she is indeed called the Queen of Four Mile Bridge, and rightly, for she settles all the affairs of the district, and against her royal pleasure no one dare lift a finger.

"Good morning, Master Edmoon," said she. "Come in till I get you a cup of tea."

So I went in.

"Where are you going to with all that bag and baggage?" said the Queen.

"I am going to walk round Anglesey to find a hogin-drwg," said I.

"Well, I wouldn't do that if I was paid," said she.

"Now, Margeat, you know that if I were to pay you you would run round."

"Meroy on us!" she cried with a laugh, "I'm not so sure that I wouldn't neither."

Then I took my way by the road to Valley.

"Dear me!" said a good woman who greeted me. "Have you seen the first lamb of the season yet?"

"Yes," said I.

"And had he his head or his tail at you?"

"He had his head at me."

"Then you will be lucky all the year—yes, indeed. My first lamb had his tail at me. Dewks Anwyl, I wonder what's going to happen!"

Crossing the main branch of the London and North-Western Railway, and immediately thereafter the big road that Telford

made, Pharaoh and I went up a little lane that leads northerly. Soon we came out again on the bay that opens up the straits, and the mouth of the river Alaw. This is one of the longest rivers in Anglesey, and has quite the prettiest estuary. Below the last little village on its banks it widens out till it is more than half a mile to cross, then it suddenly brings up sharp to a passage of some thirty or forty yards in a defile of sand-hills, and, sweeping round a right-angled corner, goes away to the sea. At this corner is said to be a fathomless pit; but within half a cable of the same is a ford so shallow that you can cross long before the tide is out in the estuary. So now, taking off my boots and stockings, I went over the ford, and holding Master Pharaoh well in check I traversed a prolific rabbit-warren and came once more upon the shore. Hereabouts are remains of what must once have been forest. These submarine relics are frequent round the west coast of Anglesey, showing that at one time the island deserved the name which it possessed before the coming of the Romans—of *Ynys Dywyll*, or Dark Island,—so thickly was it shadowed with trees.

It was not long now before I reached the farm of Peniel Bach. A tall, dark young man was standing outside leaning against the wall, from which position he had been observing my approach for a considerable distance.

"Good afternoon, Owen Edwards," said I in Welsh.

"Brenin Mawr! I know the voice—I know the voice!" cried he in English. "But I do not know the man."

"No?" said I. "But you knew the boy."

"Dewks Anwyl, it's Master Edmoon. Come inside and have a cup of tea."

Now the Welsh of the old school have the true spirit of hospitality, and they make better tea than any other nation on earth. So I was full fain to do as my friend bid me. And there were the mother and daughter standing curtsying in the dear old kitchen, whose furniture was scrubbed till it reeked of cleanliness, and whose spotless floor was criss-crossed and patterned with fresh green turnip-tops, and whose hearth was scrolled and draught-boarded with whitening. And oh, how homely was the smell of the new-made bread, and the kindly aspect of the old china, and the everlasting tick of the "grandfather"; which timepiece had doubtless continued its sermon uninterrupted since it last talked into the ears of a boy too careless to listen to it. When we had all exchanged congratulations, the mother and daughter went in search of the best tea-service, for the Welsh are not hospitable by halves; the stranger must have the best of everything. (I wonder will secondary-school boys and high-school girls when they become men and women have lost this God-like courtesy.)

"Are you a great shooter still?" said my host.

"Yes," said I.

"Well, there's plenty shooting now. Go along with you, take my gun—but I've only got two cartridges."

"I am afraid I must be going on," said I.

"Ewks!" cried Mrs Edwards, filling up my cup for the fifth time, "you come here after fifteen years, and then you talk of going away. You must stay two or three days!"

"Dyn Anwyl, yes," said my host.

"Well, I'll stay one night," said I. "Lend me your bike, Owen Edwards, and I'll go off and get some cartridges." I did this and had some sport that evening.

After supper, the best room having been prepared by now for my reception, we all sat there in state. The farmer, that good old man, also Owen Edwards, had returned, and was in a fine humour for doing his part in the conversation. And the best conversation of the Anglesey farmer is the telling of stories, which he does with a vigour and word-painting quite lost away from their own mouths and out of their own language.

"Come," said he in Welsh. "Take me a rhyme—Ma gini iar yn gorri ar ben Penmaenmawr—I have a hen sitting on the top of Penmaenmawr."

"I went to the bottom of Snowdon to call her down," I replied after the correct formula.

"She flew and she flew"—he swam his arms abroad, a smile came into his face, and his keen blue eyes devoured the fire-light—"with all her chickens,"

"Right over to Ireland calling 'Good morning, John,' to me," I finished.

"Oh, I see you are a very good Welshman yet," said my host senior, immensely pleased.

"Now," said I, "tell us a tale about the little people—the fairies—the Tylwyth Teg."

"Aha!" said he, "I have forgotten all about them—but let me see now!" He clenched his hands fast together and stared into the hot coals. We were silent a long time and then he began with great intensity of speech.

"A young woman going to chapel. Very dark, oh very dark. The moon she only just getting up. Tylwyth Teg comes springing out of the hedge, whispers into her ear and gives her his arm, and away they both go together. No one seen anything of them for a year. Till one fine morning she comes riding home on a milk-white pony, dressed like a queen, and Tylwyth Teg was with her on another milk-white pony, and dressed like a prince he was. And they were wedded man and wife.

"Her mother was proud to see them, and got the best of everything in the house for them, and gave the horses the best stalls in the stable, and made a great feasting with the neighbours that night, and put the two to sleep in the best bedroom.

"In the morning she was up very early and got a fine breakfast ready, and waited for them to come down. But no one coming. So she went up and knocked on the door—tap-tap,

like this—no answer coming. So she went in, but nobody there. She went to the stable and the door was locked, but the milk-white ponies had gone both.

"But there was a man going to work had seen them when the dawnlight was just coming. She and her husband-prince came riding like the wind—and stop all of a sudden. Tylwth Teg gets off, and his horse goes away in the air. And she gets off, and her horse goes away in the air. Then he knocks three times on the earth—thump, thump, thump, like that—and the ground opens and music comes out. Inside hundreds of little people are dancing, and tables are spread with the finest things to eat and drink. Then Tylwyth Teg gives her his hand, and down they go into the earth, and the ground comes together again as it was before. They never saw her no more."

Then it was my turn. And when I had told my tale, the old man told another, and so we went on till at last I said, "Did you ever see anything

of the smuggling, Owen Edwards?"

"No," said he cautiously, "only hear about it."

"What did you hear?" said I.

"When I was a boy I used to work for a man at Cær Gybi that had been a pirate when he was a young man. Pirates and smugglers, they were all the same in those days. Yes indeed—plenty going on in those days."

"How did they get the smuggle away from the coast?" said I. "Did they use carts or ponies?"

"Oh, all sorts. But chiefly they used to bring it down, salt and spirit and all, on little sledges. And then old women would come round to the houses with little baskets and sell it. Ay, ay! I've heard my mother say that salt was dear in those days."

Here the grandfather clock wheezed as if taking in such a long breath as would sustain its proclamation of eleven o'clock. On this we all gave salutations for the night and went to bed.

SECOND DAY.

I was up at six fighting duck in the Peniel bog. The day was cold and drizzly, and it looked as if I was to have a wet walk. After breakfast I took my leave of all the family except Owen Edwards the elder, who conducted me off the property, where I shook hands warmly with the good old man and went off to the North. Crossing the last point

which gives on the Straits of Holy Island, I came on to the lovely little bay of Tywyn Mawr, whose blue waters roll in from the Irish Sea. And they were blue now, for with the suddenness of Anglesey weather the sun had come out and all the mist and rain were gone. This bay is the first of a whole series of fan-shaped porths whose margin is of a

clean fine-grained sand. You do not call them coves or coombs in Anglesey, you call them porths. They are features quite individual to the island, and like the rest of the scenery I have endeavoured to describe, are as if the fairies had made them to sport by. One can think of mermaids here without any jar of anachronism or uncomfortable strain of imagination. The land seems to love the sea. It does not put up great barriers of jagged cliffs like some one trying to keep a thief away with a wall of broken bottles. It comes sloping down with its green fields and its old walls, and its blazing gorse and its scrubby growths, right to the shore. Then there is a belt of shingle like a symbol of covenant, and then the sand, and the seaweed, and the sea.

I was now looking for a cave called Ogo Fingham, or the Cave of Bingham, which gentleman I made no doubt had once a nautical reputation which has since faded. I disturbed many a mating duck and gaunt old curlew round the headland rocks, but I could not find the cave of Bingham. On one little promontory, all feather-bedded with tight springy grass and the dainty little herb called thrift, I came to the site of an ancient stronghold. And then I came to the little porth of Trefadog. Here there was a farm whose house looked to be of sixteenth-century origin. A blue-eyed Kelt with a tawny beard was tipping dung in a field hard

by, and I went and accosted him.

"Dim Sisneg—no English," said he, and went on with his work as if a stranger were the commonest thing in the world. What between the courtesy of the Anglesey man and his great lack of curiosity, he never stares. Heaven bless him in this respect!

"Well," said I in Welsh, "can you tell me where Ogo Fingham is?"

"I have lived here all my life," said he, "but I cannot tell you where Ogo Fingham is. I believe it is up in the North by Mynachdy."

So I went to the house. A bright well-made boy with rosy cheeks and round blue eyes accosted me.

"Oh yes, I will take you to Ogo Fingham," said he in excellent English.

So we two went off the way I had come.

"By the way you hold your hands you should be a telegraph boy," said I.

"I am one," said he. "My home is in Liverpool, but I come down here to spend my holidays with my aunt."

"That is interesting," said I. "So tha canst talk broad Lancashire, canst ta, and siarad cymereig at the same time?"

"I can an' a'," said he, laughing, with as broad a Liverpoolian *a* as I have ever heard.

"What are these old mounds?" said I, indicating the remains of the fortress I have spoken of.

"It is called Castell Madog. You know the farm is called Trefadog. So I suppose it was a castle belonging to Prince

Madoc. It's a funny place round here. When I was smaller I found a man's skull on the shore there. It was whiter than anything when the waves rolled it up into the sunlight."

We found Ogo Fingham, but the tide was too high to go in. It seemed to be a natural cleft, but the boy told me that it was said to go far up into the country, and somebody's house that was built at the end of it always had plenty of money.

Leaving the blue-eyed laddie I went away up the coast again. Endless little porths and elfin crag-lands out to sea continued. At Porth Crûg-mor a lady was kind enough to offer me and Pharaoh some refreshment. From here I shaped my course by an unusual monument in the island, the spire of a church: I say unusual, because most of the Anglesey churches have merely a belfry. This church turned out to be that of Llanrhyddlad. By the lich-gate in the wall are most spacious mounting steps which serve the purpose of a stile as well, for on the churchyard side is a broad stone stairway. Inside is preserved a pre-Reformation Sanctus bell. I ventured to put my fingers through the bars of its cage in the wall and tinkle it. Its tone was clear and beautiful. To hear in the twentieth century the speech of a bell that in the Middle Ages was wont to tell the people in the same sweet accents of the consecration of Christ's Body: to think how the ears that heard it and the hands that rang it have gone

to utter nothingness, is a wonderful thing. But to know that as its voice still lives with us no whit altered, so does the great Sacrament that it once proclaimed, is a thing more than wonderful. As I stood in that lonely church, with the sunlight coming in at the door, and the wind about the graves and grasses in the churchyard outside, I looked to the East and saw the emblem of our Faith. And I wondered if any one of our great religious hecklers had been alone where I was, and thought as I thought, whether he would not have felt a very puny person.

Behind this church is a hill up which Pharaoh and I now made our way. It is the beginning of that North-West corner which might not inaptly be called the Highlands of Anglesey. From its bald heathery brow the middle of the island and the whole of the west coast down to St George's Channel appeared like a contour map made in high relief. It was not beautiful, for the peculiar scenery of Anglesey loses its charm when viewed from any height, when it has not the background of the Welsh mountains to throw it up; and to-day there were no hills visible on the Carnarvon shore. There is a higher eminence than this one on which I stood, to the north-east, called Garn. But as I am not one of those who delight to be on the highest point, or to touch the lowest level in any particular district in order that I may communicate the fact to my friends, I did not bend my

steps towards the Garn. *Garn* is of course the same as the Cornish *Carn*, and means a heap. This north-west corner that I have called the Highlands of Anglesey has a scenery entirely differing from the places I had so far visited. It is a miniature Dartmoor, or perhaps better a West Cornish moor such as lies between St Ives and the Land's End. Shaggy rolling heaths with outcropping rocks stop short at high beetling cliffs over whose steep and ragged edges rivers out off in their noisy youth go break-neck into the sea. The air is so inspiring here that one wishes one had more than a couple of lungs therewith to enjoy it the fuller. Presently we came down by the cliff's edge into a little gorge where two streams were racing abreast over their bright gravel beds. A great chasm sank here to the beach. The stream on the higher side ran into a cleft it had made for itself, and descended in a comfortable cascade on to the shingle below. The one on the far lip of the ravine ran along the edge as far as it could, and then fell over the sheer blank face of the rock. But its fortune was curious, for as it leaped from the brim, the wind caught it in such a fashion as to convert it into spray, which seemed by some enchantment to pass into the air, giving to the eye a million shining beads and tossing rainbows as the sun and wind listed to play with it.

On a high rock-piled promontory I sat down in the shelter, that my pipe might

be unmolested by the mischief of the breeze. Carmel Head, which is the corner-stone of Anglesey, stood up round the bend of the bay, and in this deep sea-niche lay an island dark with caves and crevices. A little out to sea the long lean-ribbed Isle of Skerries pushed its way up through the fury of the ebbing tide that curled in frothy wrinkles between it and Carmel Head. It has a lighthouse, and has possessed one for over a hundred years. A Liverpool steamer bound for Cork came thrusting through the narrow passage, and its white funnel in the sun and its jet-black smoke gave just that happy note that makes a landscape laugh and live.

Descending the cliff to the shore by the island in the bay, we crossed a pebble-ridge that cuts off a little land-looked water from the sea. In this island there is a beautiful arch like a flying buttress, where, by contrast, one beholds the sea sparkling through a loop-hole of darkness. Hard by this there is a cave with a great pillar set in its mouth, from whose sounding interior the noise of the sea is magnified and made musical, so that it sounds like a wailful chant struck from the deep chords of the old harp of Wales.

From Carmel Head I laid a course by compass for Mynachdy farm, and came there in about a quarter of an hour. Mynachdy means Monks' House. For the place was originally built by a settlement of monks from the priory at Conway. Nothing now remains

of the ancient building saving green mounds. But in the sixteenth century the present house was built. Many a grim and ghostly story lurks about the place, and the house is in harmony with the dark sound of the name Mynachdy. On the outskirts of this haunted mansion Pharaoh did battle with two furious colliers, so that fluff flew in great quantity.

"Get some water, you dun-derheads!" I cried to the men who were grinning and looking on.

"Dim Sisneg," said one fellow.

At which I gave him Welsh to such purpose that he fairly precipitated himself after the bucket.

Addressing another in Welsh I asked, "Anybody in?"

"Skipper," he answered. And he kept on telling me that the Skipper was at home and could speak English. For a long time I was at a loss to know what gentleman, servant, or official the Skipper might be, unless indeed it were the Captain of the household. Then I had it—Housekeeper he meant. This good woman entertained me most hospitably, took me over the house and gave me tea. The rooms are as magnificent as they are lugubrious. The kitchen is a grand specimen, with its capacious ingle-nook and its massive oak beams full of hooks and nails. The entertaining rooms are heavily panelled in a dark-stained wood, and the doors, which are double, are furnished with pillared jambs and corniced lintels. In the haunted room I turned and

asked the Skipper, "Any bwgan?" Bwgan is a ghost. But she shook her head as if not wishing to enter into details on this point.

Mynachdy is half a mile from the sea, but a subterranean tunnel or cave has been cut right away through to the cellars, which have two approaches. One through an ordinary door, which no doubt in old days only led to a room where nothing offensive to the law was kept. But the one which communicates with the sea-cave has a way into it through the flooring of a cupboard in the hall, which evidences of the trade contraband need no further comment. Some time ago they built up the cellar end of the cave, which operation laid at least half the ghosts. For when this sounding-funnel was open to the house, noises of the most appalling description were heard through the building day and night. One can imagine the powers of a megaphone, but not of a cave half a mile long, where a stormy tide flows and ebbs with all its thunder, and wherein seals fight and sea-gulls screech, and in whose reverberating funnel the noise of a steamer hooting far out to sea is picked up and delivered a hundredfold into the cellars of Mynachdy.

Leaving Mynachdy by way of the stream where the old monks kept and caught their Friday's meal, I came to Cemlyn, an exceedingly quaint and pretty little place, where at the brink of the bay is a long curved pebble-ridge, land-locking a piece of water. So beauti-

ful is its curve, and so cleanly swept, that at a distance it looks like nothing so much as a great white sickle that has cut the sea in two pieces. As I walked over this stony chine, marking how close the smooth flat pebbles neighboured each other; and as I felt and heard them champ and rattle beneath my feet, as only these sort of things know how to do, I thought that anybody born in this place would be struck in infancy by a strange glamour, so that in after life, away from the pebble-ridge of Cemlyn, they would miss it from their lives more than the highlander misses his hills and the coast-dweller his sea. There is a mystery in a pebble-beach that I can never explain away.

Coming inshore again I crossed a field. The sun was setting now and the air was quite still, so that the whistle of some one coming up the

road had its full value. And never did I hear such whistling except in a bird. I hastened to the hedge dividing me from the highway to see who it was, and lo! not a fairy but a farm boy. He had a face rather like a blackbird. I asked him whence he had learned such fluting. He told me that he had learnt it from no one.

"I love whistling more than anything," says he. "I am always at it whistling."

We kept each other company for some distance, and then I came into Cemaes. Here I entered an inn. They told me that a Woman's Suffrage meeting—the first known in this place—was being held in the parish hall. So thither I repaired. There was a great crowd of people and the lady was speaking in Welsh. But it was more like a prayer-meeting than any other synod I ever attended.

THIRD DAY.

This morning was clear, and fresh, and breezy, with a blue sky and little cherub clouds, and the sun striking the many-shadowed fastnesses of the Welsh mountains. Anglesey never really looks its best unless these Cambrian monarchs lend their masterful presence to its distance. When you see them they do not dwarf the scenery but expand it. There they go, the whole muster of them, tossing their many varied forms from the bluff of Penmaenmawr to the far peaks of the Rivals!

Striking back a little down

the road along which I had come I turned off to the left and made for the village of Llanfechell. I had not gone far before I overtook a man of middle height who was walking with short quick steps. His trousers of a curious check were bell-bottomed, he carried a bag in his left hand and his head was bowed. I got into conversation with him, and found that he was travelling in the shoemaking trade. A man who is a cobbler is usually a philosopher, though often a bigoted one, and this propensity to think, but to think in a

groove, extends pretty generally to those who cater for our footwear.

"The time is at hand," said he. "Priests and landlords have had their day."

"Have they?" said I.

"Yes, and thank God," he cried, shaking his fist. "We shall all have to give an account at the Day of Judgment. I shall be there, I know, but I don't mind rendering my account—for we are all sinful beings—so long as I can see the landlords judged. There will be no Lord *this* or Lord *that*," he cried, stopping and putting his bag down and shaking his clenched fists. "There will be only one Lord. Down with the landlords! When Christ was on earth, he condemned the landlords and the priests. Do you know what he would do if he were to come here again now?"

"No," said I.

"He would condemn them again."

"When Christ was on earth, he left a greater teaching than the one you rave about," said I. The man was growing so desperately excited I could not help getting heated myself. "Do you know what that was?"

"Certainly not," said he, breaking into a string of texts in Welsh.

"It was to condemn the narrow mind, and to teach men to love one another."

At this he whipped off his spectacles, and having polished them hastily on his coat sleeve, plucked up his bag off the road, and started walking at a much greater pace than when I had found him.

"I thank God *my* mind is broad enough," said he, "and since I have been saved I have loved my neighbour as myself. The Chapel is the great religion, it shows a man his God. The Nonconformist minister is the man who does his work the right way. The Church clergyman is kow-towing to the big landlord all the while. If you do not go to his church, he goes and tells the landlord. And then down comes the agent—the devil—and up goes the rent. What between a parson and a landlord I have seen a prosperous man sent begging on the roads to get relief for his young wife that was dying in childbed. My God, I have." Here the poor man was overcome by some emotion. Violent as his language was, I felt deeply sorry for him, for I guessed who that prosperous man had been. I thought he was going to break into another tirade, but he changed the subject. "Wales for the Welsh," he cried, once more halting to burnish his glasses. "They are teaching Welsh in our schools now. We shall go back to our old national character again."

"You will, no doubt," said I; "and build cromlechs and burn people in wicker cages, and worship the sun in the end."

"What!" he cried, bursting out again. "Do you think we should go on talking your English language? The language of the Conqueror? The language of the people that cut Dafydd ap Gruffydd in little pieces and hawked them about England for crows' meat."

"Dafydd ap Gruffydd broke his word and his treaty. I should not have thought for the sake of him it was worth while crippling the industrial opportunities of the whole rising generation of Wales by forcing them to learn a lingo that no one in the wide world outside your own little country understands a word of."

On this I could see the choler rising all up him. He was on the point of explosion when I bade him good morning and took my way over the fields, at which his more generous nature suddenly came to the fore, and he wished me a pleasant walk.

It was a cromlech in an advanced state of decay that I visited now. From here I followed a footpath that led me back to Cemaes.

Once more I started east along the shore. Rounding the point I came on another delightful little bay, on whose farther headland is the ancient church of Llanbadrig. It is said that St Patrick, being sent by the Pope to convert the heathen in Ireland, stayed with St Eilian farther down the coast, and then came to this spot. Here he stayed for some little time, for Eilian was very loath for him to go. So he persuaded Patrick to build a church. Patrick, too, loved Eilian and the bright air and sweet scene where he was; but all the while the hammers of workmen were busy below in the little rocky porth making a ship. And one summer morning, before a breeze springing from the south and east, Patrick went over the blue

sea to build another church in Ireland.

I think Saint Patrick would do more than turn in his grave could he see what has been done to his church here in Anglesey. We all know that with reference to old buildings the word "restore" is a masked word, and any one putting on disguise-piercing spectacles can read "destroy." But can any one conceive (think of it, oh daughter cathedral in Dublin) that a fane with such an ancient and glorious tradition should in these very days in which we live have for its portico a cement arch. Yet lo! a splendid consolation. At any time this may break into dismal cracks—as is the invariable habit of Welsh cement, and we shall then be able to peep at the work of the mediæval mason.

"Lo! the garden we have trod
Surely is the Church of God,"

says an old hymn-writer. He who comes forth from worship here must sing, "Lo! the garden we have trod is cement." Ugly grey cement, with the swish marks of the mason's trowel on them! But the masterpiece is the walls. Not only are the walls of this most ancient relic of British Christianity cemented, but, oh reader, they are spattered! In Dante's 'Inferno' we do not read of the Hell of the Jerry-Builder and the Anglesey Architect. Perhaps it was because the place was not yet made. But I think rather that even the sublime fortitude of Virgil quailed at the thought of entering this place, and so he led the poet by another way.

From Llanbadrig Pharaoh and I kept inshore a little. The land once more is breaking into tubby hills rising like islands from the fields, covered with gorse, heather, and sloe. In about a mile we came to the sea again at a little gully called Porth Cynfor, or Hell's Mouth. Hell's Mouth is not a translation of Porth Cynfor, which means probably Chisel of the Sea, but it is a good name for this place. The name Porth Cynfor, I take it, is first cousin to Ganvor Cove in Cornwall. I have said, however, that Hell's Mouth was a good name; let me illustrate it. The inlet bites sharp into the land as a tooth, and like teeth pinnacle rocks rise island-wise from the sea and jag out and up from the cliffs and ridges that swoop incontinent to the water. In many a rift and cave the waves moan, gurggle, and roar, and overhead in place of the innocent gull there soars and croaks the raven. But the place has a stern charm, a wild fascination, so that for an hour or more it held me from my walk.

At last my second pipe went out and off we went again. Skirting Porth Wen, which is as pretty as Porth Cynfor is dreadful, I struck for Bull Bay. Up on a wild lea I accosted an old man digging a drain through a sopping field.

"Wet land," said I in Welsh.

"Ay, indeed," said he, "land very wet," and went on with his work, as if a stranger walking in the winter with a *rucksack* were the commonest thing in the world.

"You speak English?" said I.

"Yes, little."

"I think by your voice that you speak a good deal."

"No indeed, only a few," said he, smiling at my compliment, for the Welsh in these remote parts take it as a great compliment that you should suppose they spoke good English.

"I am surprised you do not ask what my business is here," said I, "for I am not a Welshman."

"Not a Welshman! Yes indeed, you are Welshman."

"No indeed, I am not. I am Saxon."

"Dear me, no! No Saxon can not pronounce the ll or the ch."

"You are quite wrong," said I. "Every Saxon, if he takes the trouble, can pronounce the ll and the ch. It is the y and the u that they cannot pronounce."

"May be," said he, "but you are a Welshman all the same," and he spat on his hands and went on digging.

We soon now came into the little place called Porth Llechog, which is the only settlement of any importance on Bull Bay, and will no doubt itself come to be called Bull Bay, as the English tripper is incapable of pronouncing anything that is not absolutely English-sounding. At Porth Llechog is an hotel, which bears a striking resemblance to a Nonconformist place of worship, and as though to set forth a pleasing variety of interesting styles, the architect, with astonishing versatility, has caused the garden walls to be massively crenelated and embattled with that

everlasting friend of his that sticketh closer than a brother—Portland cement, with local characteristics. Poor little Anglesey! when will they learn that at the aspect of such oppressive structures your beauty faints and languishes, and your soul becomes as paralysed as his who designed them?

Between here and Amlwch I met a man whose nose had been bleeding. He was proceeding slowly, but with the sublime uncertainty of one who is drunk. When I came near, without turning his head in the least, he addressed me, so to speak, out of the side of his face.

"Please to take the iron from my neck. I think in a minute it is going through my trousers."

I put my hand at the back of his neck, and between that and his collar discovered what felt to be the giant head of a portentous nail.

"Dewks Anwyl!" said I. "You must get up against that wall till I pull this thing out." So I climbed the wall and he shuffled up alongside. "Mind to pull it straight, a hook was in the end of it," said he.

I got at the thing and heaved up three feet of iron crowbar, such as they use about here for blasting rock. The point was very bent, as he had warned me. He said he had made it that shape that it should not "go through his trousers." But, considering the weight of the instrument, it is great wonder that it had not gravitated through his garments despite his precautions. Then he took

and heaved it over the hedge. But the effort that this cost him brought on his sanguinary effusion afresh.

"Tad Mawr, I think must to put it back," said he gloomily.

"Rubbish!" said I. "This bit of stone here will do quite as well."

"No indeed, I think must to put it back," he persisted doggedly.

So I got and put it down his neck again and left him to sprawl back as best he might, for there is no arguing with a Welshman, not even in a circle, and an Anglesey man is as stubborn as a cromlech.

Amlwch is like a healthy man that has been stricken with paralysis. The limbs are palsied and dead. The head alone lives, and that is apathetic. In this place I was not a little surprised to find a smart, though small, commercial hotel. It went by the modest name of the Mona Café. But when the proprietor told me that he had been chief steward on a western ocean boat, I knew I should be cosy here for the night. Having tasted nothing since breakfast saving water-cresses and tobacco smoke, and it being now the hour of five, Pharaoh and I regaled ourselves and then went out into the town. Of all the industries that once flourished at Amlwch, tobacco is now the only one—except a little copper and ochre—that survives. So I went to visit a factory of the famous narcotic known as Amlwch shag tobacco. The manager who kindly took me over, showed me first the tobacco as it arrives from

Havannah. The leaf is moistened, then it is fed into a machine that cuts it to threads. After this it is put on the trays under which, like a camp oven, a fire is burning. A man turns and kneads the tobacco on this with his hands, and it afterwards sticks together much better than it did before.

"You seem to employ a good many boys," said I.

"Yes," replied my guide.

"What becomes of all the boys in Amlwch?"

"Oh, most of them come into the tobacco factories when they are nippers, and then go away to sea."

"I am looking for a house-boy," said I. "Have you any one to suggest?"

"Where do you want him?"

"At Rhescolyn, the other side of the island."

"Dewks no! you would never get them to leave Amlwch."

"But you say that they go away to sea."

"Oh yes, they'll go with a ship, but they won't go any other way."

We had now gone upstairs and were in the room where the twist tobacco was being produced. In one place a machine was at work making it, and in another it was being made by hand. To make twist tobacco by hand entails the work of three boys and a man. The first boy smooths the leaves out on his knee, and then hands them to another urchin. That urchin stands on the twister's left hand at the end of a long table like a shop-counter. The third boy winds a wheel. As this

machine performs its simple function, the twister—who has fed a leaf or two in for a start—with a flat oval of wood strapped to the palm of his right hand, rolls the leaf on the table in such a way as makes it coil to a uniform thickness. He then feels out with his left hand, and the boy who is standing on that side of him, and who has received the leaves from the first youngster, gives a leaf or two to the groping hand, which member reinforces the growing train of twist tobacco. And so the pair of them move to the left up the long table, the twister never taking off his eye till the tobacco leaves have grown into a long stalk that is neither too fat nor too thin in any part. Like all skilled manual work, I found it most fascinating to watch.

When we had turned away from this performance, my friend opened a cupboard suddenly, and a sound of dismal groaning came out of it. It was caused by a kind of cannon-ball, which was kept perpetually travelling round the vortex of a funnel. Being dark, I put my head inside to see better, on which I began sneezing violently. It was a snuff mill!

"Yes," said my guide. "That thing is always going round so long as the engine is going."

"How did you work the machinery before gas-engines were invented?" said I.

"We had a horse going round outside," said he.

Thanking him for his kindness, Pharaoh and I took our

leave and went down to the old port of Amlwch. Never did I see such a prospect of desolation. Vacant houses, vacant warehouses, old mills, tumbling to decay; workshops, foundries, kilns, cracking and falling and mouldering; and all through the midst of this horrible dissolution, through the narrow confines of the rocky harbour, comes that slimy stream from the copper mines, yellow with its burden of old iron rust, painting and coating everything in its passage through the harbour mud with the sickening tinge of ochre.

"Great heavens!" I cried in the ear of an old seaman who was standing by me, the only person in this great desolation, "how can Amlwch allow such mortification to go on? It will kill and eat out the whole place if they leave it."

"Ewks! they are all asleep, all asleep," said he. "I mind the time when there was more bustle here than any place in

Anglesey. Ships coming with coal for yon old smelting works, and ships coming with general cargoes from Liverpool, and ships coming with old iron for the copper pools in the Parys mines, and ships coming again to take the copper away. There was life here in those days, I can tell you."

That evening I held a levee of house-boys, who all said the same thing as the tobacco manufacturer had prophesied. They would not leave the north of the island for the south—not above twenty miles away. But they would, any one of them, go in a ship to any part of the world you liked to name. I told them all what I thought of their lack of enterprise, but no flame of passion or emotion fluttered in reply.

The Suffragettes were here to-night, and they did me the honour of asking me to be chairman of their meeting, which distinction, however, I declined.

FOURTH DAY.

My premonitions of a comfortable night at the Mona Café were justified, and Pharaoh and I met, the morning of the fourth day of our stroll, full of vigour. Again it was below blue sky and bouncing clouds that we set off from Amlwch. About half a mile on our way I saw a nice house standing back in a little wood, with all the blinds down. "Here is a house to let," said I, and seeing that I had a commission from a friend to inspect "suitable houses" I approached this manor; and

tucked away behind it I found an old Gothic door surmounted by a very ancient crest. Behind this again was a farm, conjoined.

"Can I see over the house," said I to the farmer's wife.

"Yes, and welcome," said she.

At the end we went into the big parlour.

"An English writer made a book here," said she.

"Which writer?"

"Charles Dickens."

"Indeed! What was the book called?"

"The Uncommercial Traveler."

"That is most interesting," said I. "May I pull this blind up a little to see the room better?"

"Oh yes, the funeral is over now. I will pull them all up."

So then it was the funeral of a relative in a remote district, and not a state of "to let" that had caused the blinds to be in the descendant.

Taking the road again I went on a mile towards Llancillan, when up a little hill I saw two boys collecting road-scrappings. Getting abreast of these, and then turning suddenly on them, I cried out, "What's your name?"

Both boys together—

"Samuel Roberts."

"His name is Samuel Roberts."

It is not the first time I have had recourse to this trick. It is one that depends on Natural Selection, and is a test of the stronger-minded of two boys, Samuel Roberts in this case proving the more masterful character. I explained to Sam that I was looking for a house-boy, and I asked him if he would like to come to the other side of the island and be my house-boy.

"Yes, I'll come," said he, putting down his muck-scoop.

"Would you be prepared at any time to row a boat, land a fish, or sleep in a tent?"

"I wouldn't mind in *fine* weather."

"Bah!" said I, and left them dung collecting.

Finding St Eilian Church locked, I went to the neighbouring little cottage and

knocked. A very motherly old lady came to the door and asked me to come in and take a seat.

"I want to go over the church," said I.

"Dear me, come in and take a seat first."

These old Welsh women have a way of making you feel a sort of childish confidence in doing what they tell you. So I went in and sat down. The very atmosphere and arrangement of the inside of an Anglesey cottage inspires rest and confidence and a comfortable feeling that Time is quite an irrelevant thing to Life. At least I always feel like a little boy as soon as I enter an Anglesey cottage. The old lustre jugs and ornaments from Staffordshire confront you on the dresser. There stands the old grandfather clock, beating his time with huge solemnity and circumstance, an hour too fast. A round water-stone, blacked so much that it is conspicuous even in the dark, stands ready to prop the door open; and near it a large shell from the Pacific—for from the sea and of the sea come fifty per cent of the decorations of these little abodes. In the present instance it was the late husband who had been the "Captan." In these parts the title of captain does not necessarily imply that the individual in question has commanded anything larger than a rowing-boat. But should he indeed have been master of any vessel of importance, his wife often shares dignities with her husband, and becomes Mrs Captan Jones. But we have

wandered while we stared at the cottage walls; for our eyes were resting on an old faded sampler displaying geometrical beasts and ships, and angular birds, alphabets, dates and texts—all quite irrelevant. Neighbouring this a three-masted schooner is seen to cleave the waters of the ocean. Perhaps you may notice a striking caricature in oils of the worthy Captan himself as he was in the days of his youth. But you will certainly see a picture of an English king or queen, and a funeral-card, and a Roman Catholic print representing the Virgin emerging from a hubbub of rainbows, stars, moons, and cherubs. As likely as not, too, you will see a glass rolling-pin hung up by a bit of ribbon tied to its either extremity, or probably it will be a ship in a bottle, or a Calvary in a gin-flask. On the mantel-shelf will be a fine display of burnished brasses—candlesticks, bits of harness, door-knockers, fragments,—all shining like nothing else in the world. But the prettiest and the most homely thing of all that you will see is the old lady herself courtseying on the hearthstone. A few more years and these things will cease to be. The antique dealer and the superficial educationalist will have done their work. Then shall the jerry-builder frame the setting and the cheap milliner cut the jewel.

"You have a tad and mam, machgen i?" said the old woman.

"Yes, Nain, I have a father and mother."

"And a wife and little childers?"

"Dear me, no, Nain. I am only twenty-five."

"My gour had had me six years then," said she, shaking her head. "And a good lad he was, too,—but the sea had him in the end."

So we discussed our families, and then we went into the church. There is a fine old treasure-chest here, and a wonderful instrument called dog-tongs. At one end of an expanding trellis are the tongs, at the other the handles. So that by grasping each handle and drawing them together the machine shoots outwards and the tongs grip the canine offender. There is a most beautiful rood-loft in this church. At the west end hung a picture that the old lady told me represented St Eilian. But my Friend the Antiquarian has since informed me that it is one of twelve Dutch paintings that came ashore off a wreck.

On the south side of the chancel we passed through a low door that led down three steps into a little whitewashed vestibule which further conducted into a tiny cell or chapel. At the east end of this was a curious piece of furniture made of massive oak. It looked like a box that had pillars and panels, two of which last were missing.

"Get in there!" said she, pointing with her stick at this thing.

"Nain, I'm sure I never could, besides I believe it is the shrine of the saint."

"Get in, machgen i—it is a wishing-box."

I doubt not that it was horrible sacrilege, but when a woman or anything resembling a witch tells me to do a thing, I always do it on principle. It was a difficult thing to get in, but she kept me going by belabouring with her stick the last part of my person that was in the recessional.

When I had wished, I came out again. For my own defence, let me say it—for I would be the very first to condemn any one who had done this thing just because it was "the thing to do," as is the creed of tourists and trippers,—I had done it because an old woman had artlessly given me the tradition of a holy man's virtue. And as I believe in my religion, so do I believe that my wish will come true.

When I had left this spot I ascended the hill called Mynydd Eilian. When nearly at the summit I looked back and saw Point Linas, that came like a great lizard up out of the sea. There is a lighthouse on it, and off this point ships outward bound from Liverpool put off their pilots, and those returning home pick up these thrice-welcome people. Is there any sight in a trip to foreign lands more thrilling, soul-stirring, or joyous than the sight of the English pilot? As he comes up over the side of the ship on his little Jacob's ladder, the throb of the engines going ahead again seems music, and for the first time *all* one's fellow-passengers appear to be agreeable people.

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On top of the Mynydd I suddenly opened out a view that really did—although it is a trite thing to say—make something come in my throat. I will not endeavour to describe it, it is too sacred to my memory. But let any one who does not believe in poetry go up to the top of Mynydd Eilian and look to the east—over the bays, between the island, to the hills.

This place whereon I stood was once a stronghold of Caswallon of the Long Hand, who expelled the Irish that had invaded and settled in Anglesey about the time of Good King Arthur, and a farm here still bears his name.

In a little field a man came up and spoke to me.

"Won't you come in and have a glass of milk?" said he.

"Yes, thank you," said I. "I should like a glass of milk very much."

In his little kitchen, or living-room, which was spotlessly clean, as all these places are, his sister was taking the butter-milk out of the churn. When her brother told her that I was a stranger traveling through the country, she at once set about laying a cloth and getting out the best of everything.

"Please do not put yourself out," said I. "I only want a glass of milk."

But she would not be persuaded that milk was good enough, and she must make coffee, and cut up bread and butter. So exceedingly hospitable are these good folks of Anglesey that if one did

not stop them cutting bread and butter, I verily believe they would slay every loaf in the house.

And now the old mother came in. Very infirm she was, and she advanced slowly, leaning upon her staff, and looking at me with her shrewd old eyes, that were shaded by her white starched frills and little black bonnet. She sat down, and I drank my coffee.

Then, "What a curious cupboard," said I, for its open door revealed a smaller cupboard almost hidden away in the shadow. "What is in that?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," said the old woman. It was the first time that she had spoken. As it seemed nothing was in it, I opened it. A little old brass tobacco-box was discovered. I had picked it up, and was going to examine it, when the old woman called out, "Indeed there is nothing in that, nothing at all." The thing, however, was heavy as lead—or perhaps gold would be the better metallic simile. I hastily put it back, and shut both cupboards to. It was not difficult to guess what was in it. In old days there were no banks in Anglesey, and the family treasure was put in all sorts of places.

"What do you like?" said I, as I stood in the doorway to depart.

"Grapes," said the old woman without hesitation.

"I will send you some," said I.

Crossing some fields, I found in one a great lump of stone hollowed in the top so that it looked as if some pivot in

bygone days had worked therein. I built it into a wall, so that I might fetch it on another occasion when I had more means of conveying it away. "It never rains but it pours," and in the next field I found a large implement of the Stone Age in a wall, and in the next field to that again I found an ancient British milling-stone. This last, which was lying in a stream, I built into another wall, but I carried off the implement.

I was now almost doubling on my tracks, returning towards Amlwch. I could have continued my journey round the island from Mynydd Eilian, but the fit took me to see the copper workings on Parys Mountain, for I could discern the big yellow pools in the distance. These hideous lakes are really only the waters of an innocent young stream that has been kidnapped almost at its birth and made to fill these reservoirs. The reason for its early seduction is of course because it is rich—rich with copper in solution. Into these pools are tipped cartloads of decrepit old iron. The water is robbed by precipitation of its wealth, and runs off ghastly with rust, leaving behind it copper and a by-product of ochre.

When I gained the main road I saw a boy coming along from Amlwch wheeling a bicycle, whose both tyres were windless. I waited for him to come up, that he might tell me the orthodox way of approaching the copper workings, for till now I had been across country from Mynydd

Eilian. But I might have guessed, if I had only thought that I was in Wales, that though he had lived all his life within a mile of the place, he had never been there. He had a broad face, and the freckles that were on it set off his honest blue eyes.

"It is Saturday, and the works are shut," said he.

"It is always Saturday or early closing day when I come forth to do any business," said I. "What is your name?"

"Jones."

"Of course. But what sort of a Christian name do you keep?"

"Arthur."

"I thought so," said I.

"Why?"

"What do they teach you at the County School?"

"Oh, everything."

"I'll bet they don't teach you that 90 per cent of Arthurs have blue eyes and an open face."

"What is your name?"

"I'll soon tell you that, because I want you to take this stone home, pack it up, take it to the railway station and send it to me."

"Aren't there any stones where you live?"

"No, only rocks," said I.

So as he was going my way I walked along with him to his home.

"Is Wales going to be a great nation?" said I.

"Yes, I think."

"Then the Welsh boys must buck up and get to themselves three qualities that they have no idea of at present."

"What's that?"

"They have no enterprise, and they have no code either of morals or of honour. I can always trust a Welsh boy to promise me anything under the sun, but I can never trust him to do it. I can never rely on a Welsh boy to keep an appointment or to tell me the truth. And as for enterprise, why, I have only ever met one who would go out for sport in bad weather."

"The English masters in school say the same thing," said Arthur Jones.

"Why is it?"

"I suppose it is the way they have been used at home, you know."

By the village of Pensarn I left the lad with the breathless bicycle and my neolithic weapon, and went off with the collie on the road to Moelfre. Passing through a place called City Dulas I thought to myself, "Everything looks prosperous here. I must be in the territory of a lord." And I found upon inquiry that it was so, and that I was in the domain of the Lord Boston. This made me think of my friend of "Down with the landlords!" and I wondered whether he would have discerned the difference as quickly as I did—the well-developed agriculture, the comfortable and satisfied look of farmer and cottager, the absence of suspicion in people's faces, the well-mannered school-children capping and curtseying. Towering upon my right now like a Gibraltar set in the land was the rocky fastness of Mynydd Bodafon, and to my left the pretty sloping lands going down to Dulas Bay.

It was beginning to rain, or rather to mizzle, when I got to the ancient Norman church of Hen Capel Llygwy. This little building is in a field off the road and stands open to the winds of heaven. It looks as if it should have a wonderful history, but I do not know it. Below the chancel is a little underground cell approached by steps. Within a few hundred yards of this is one of the finest cromlechs in Anglesey, its cap-stone being of stupendous dimensions. But its ancient glory is departed from it. One does not on beholding it feel that strange eerie thrill in one's bosom, that ghostly calling from the darkness of the Past, that unique sense of being face to face with History and the Ages, in a word, that atmosphere drudical which only a cromlech can call up, because—because there is a railing round it. The museum, the caretaker, the notice-board, the railing, the guide-book, the picture post-card is the order in a descending scale of those things which butcher the sentiment of History. The only things I would rejoice to see in a museum are the five last-mentioned articles.

Through the drizzle I found my way to Moelfre. From Point Linas down, the coast loses its way of breaking into an eruption of little porths, and takes up the less original attitude of sloping into big bays. Moelfre, however, is an exception. It is a beautiful little cranny in the cliff. The sea comes into it, and then there is the road, and behind that the houses, and in the midst

thereof spouts a waterfall. It takes its name, however, from the headland. Moelfre means Bald Place: in Cornwall we have Mulfra.

Entering the inn, I accosted the landlord, and asked him if he would put me up for the night, and he in turn went to consult his daughter who was the managing spirit. She came and inspected me—a fine, masterful woman, with her hair in plaits. I repeated my need to her, and she said—

“There you are now!” and went away.

Presently she came back and said that a relative of hers up the hill took in visitors and would entertain me, and her little girl would take me up to the eyrie of that lady.

“I do not care to go to a resort of tourists,” said I. “I either stay here or go on to Benllech.”

“Well, there you are now!” said she, stroking her chin straight up and down and looking past me out of the window. Then she glanced at me again and said, “There you are now!” Unfortunately I was not the least sure of where I was in the graces of my lady of the land. But her next sudden remark assured me instantly. “I will put you up and make you very comfortable,” and without waiting to hear my comment she whirled herself out of the room, and next instant from the bow-window of the bar-parlour, which interchanged furtive glances with that of the best parlour, I saw hands with dusters in them windmilling

about, and gathered by the voices that she had turned out the whole household, young and old, to prepare that state apartment for my reception.

I spent some time that

evening talking with the old men in the bar, and then went to bed, the good woman having kept her word splendidly and made me very comfortable.

FIFTH DAY.

I was away betimes with a little girl from the inn to see the place where the *Royal Charter* was wrecked, which, as every one knows, happened in the year 1859. Homeward bound for Liverpool from the Cape, she carried £300,000 of bullion, and most of her passengers were successful gold-diggers who were returning home to live upon the ripe harvest of their labours. It was blowing a gale, but why the *Royal Charter* ever found herself so far off the track between Point Linas and Liverpool is, I believe, still a mystery. Some tell one tale and some another, but, howsoever, one terrible thing is certain, the *Royal Charter* went down in Moelfre Bay, and four hundred souls perished within bow-shot of the land. The rich gold-diggers, all of them, at the last moment, wrapped their wealth about them in belts, actual or improvised, and owing to this fact the people of Moelfre profited in no small degree. The birth of many a house hereabouts could be traced to Australian sovereigns. But they say that no luck ever came to those that had wealth off the *Royal Charter*.

"They are still finding sovereigns in the beach on the ebb of spring tides," the little girl told me.

"Is all of the wreck gone away," I asked.

"No, you can see some of it still when the water is low," said she.

From Moelfre I kept south with Pharaoh on the road to Benllech. Visiting the little church of Llawallgo to attend the service of Holy Communion I noticed there a pillar set up to those who had perished in the sea in the October of '59.

Farther along the road I saw a man in a blue jersey smoking outside his door, which piece of furniture belonged to a lodge at the end of a private drive.

"What house is that?" said I, pointing to a mansion up in the trees.

"That is Parciau," said he.

"Oh, indeed."

He must have detected in my voice that which said, "It doesn't convey much to me," for he cried—

"Parciau! every one knows of Parciau. John Bodfel of Parciau! The bwgan of Parciau! Dear me, you must live out of the world if you have not heard of them."

"Well, I do live out of the world, so I haven't heard of them. Who was John Bodfel?"

"Oh, every one knows of John Bodfel. He built that pigeon-house, and that big wall. And I've heard the old men tell that every man who

built that wall only got a penny a-day, and a leather penny too! John Bodfel was a hard man—Owks yes!—he coveted every one's land. He would never go away from Parciau without putting soil in his boots, so that wherever he went, even if it was in the King's house in London, he could say that he was standing on his own land."

"And what about the bwgan?"

"Indeed, I don't know much about the bwgan except that it was always rattling, and banging, and thumping at night, and making all sorts of noises. It was called the devil of Anglesey."

"Where is Ffynnon Allgo?" I asked.

"In that field yonder; the farmer at that little farm will show it to you."

So I repaired to the farmer and asked him if he would be kind enough to show me St Allgo's Well. My friend the antiquarian tells me that there is a Holy Well to be found somewhere near every church in Anglesey. The farmer turned out to be a dear old gentleman, and was very willing to show me Ffynnon Allgo. It was in the middle of a field. Three steps led up to the little stone enclosure where, round the pool, were ranged the old benches of stone used by the Faithful in the days before Edward VI. sat on the throne.

"It is a wonderful place," said the farmer, shaking his head slowly as he looked into the dark unruffled spring. "The water here never runs

dry, no matter how hot the summer. Every one comes here when there is no water anywhere else. And again, no matter how hot the summer, the water is always cool here, and yet in the winter it is warmer than in any other place."

"How came there to be a bwgan at Parciau?" said I as we walked back.

"It is a bad story," said he.

"Was there a murder?"

"A murder? Ay, a horrible murder."

"In the time of John Bodfel?"

"No, I think it was his son. He fell in love with a girl on the farm and he promised to marry her. I've heard she was a very innocent child, and pretty too. And she was happy, for she loved young Bodfel. Some drunken blackguard dressed up as a priest and made mock to marry her and young Bodfel in a church one night with candles burning. She didn't know, poor thing, but that it was a real marriage, and that she was Lady of Parciau. One night—I've heard them say how glum the dark was, and how still the air was, and no clouds in the sky, and yet the stars wouldn't shine on Parciau; and all the time there was like wind blowing in the trees and making a wailing all round the house and in the chimneys. And yet if you had let drop a feather it would have fallen straight to the ground. Well, on this one night there was young Bodfel and his companions drinking and shouting late into the hours, getting drunk,—mad drunk. But up-

stairs all alone, listening to the men shouting and brawling down below, and listening to the noises that were in the trees and round the house—which no wind made—this young girl was lying. And it was at the time when women pray that God will be good to them. Presently she hears the doors open downstairs and sees lights reeling upstairs. The house is full of the voices of these drunken men laughing and singing. And young Bodfel comes in, her sham husband, mad with drink too.” The old man stopped and stood still, looking down and nodding his head slowly. “Yes,” said he. “She was alone, expecting to be a mother, and he killed her. Well, they took her body out to sea in a row-boat, him and a few servants he could trust, and they hove her overboard, weighted heavy in her winding-sheet with iron. But next morning there was her body on the shore. They took her out again, but this time she came back farther than the shore. She came to Parciau!”

This morning had been unusually warm and fine, but as I took my way to Benllech it came on to rain. I went into the hotel for a little lunch, and heard news that my old friends the Suffragettes had come, and were going to hold a meeting the following night. After lunch I sought out the cromlech of Tyn-y-gongl. One end of it is down, and it sits there up on the hill like a great toad. But it had no railing, so I enjoyed it with that peculiar joy that nothing but a cromlech

ever fills me with. There is another one about half a mile to the south again, but it is hard to get at on account of the thick undergrowth that is about it. The sky had now gone into the most extraordinary extremes of colour. Brilliant contrasts of purple and orange, blacks, greys, and mud colours, as the sun-rays were caught in bafflements of clouds. An odd end of a rainbow, as if this historic arc must be represented on such an occasion, posted itself irresolutely in the lethargic east, while twirling and moving, like witches' cloaks, with a howling gale racing underneath them, hailstones came headlong down the space between me and the clear-cut distance. As the stones buzzed past me almost parallel with the ground like spent shot, and cut, and lashed, and froze upon my face, I flew into as bad a temper as they were in, and heeded nothing till I got to Red Wharf Bay.

At a little cottage down upon the shore here, I was entertained most hospitably to a beautiful tea. And here I saw the first pretty girl I have ever seen in Anglesey. Welsh prettiness—we will not say beauty—when you meet it is peerless. A pretty Welsh face is like the song of an old bard—it comes like a storm upon you, and you never forget it.

Red Wharf Bay is the largest in the island, and it has a peculiar charm of its own, though Anglesey scenery is too small to make much of an “effect” when it opens its arms to the sea for more than a quarter of a mile. Coming

into the main road that leads from Pentreath to Beaumaris I met two young women.

"Where is the Three Leaps?" said I.

"Down there by the entrance to Plas Gwyn," said one of them. Coming to the field I saw three stones like boundary stones each twenty feet apart.

"Who was it that jumped those spaces?" I asked of a man and a little boy who were leaning over a wall.

"Indeed I don't know, I think it was a giant. But *there* is a man who will tell you." He indicated a postman. I have often found postmen to be sounder and more genial philosophers than cobblers are, and I have known in His Majesty's Service of the Mails great scholars, historians, and antiquarians. The last person who spoke the Cornish language was *not* Dolly Pentreath, but the postman of Zenor, who only died quite recently.

"No, it was not a giant," said this one, "who made those big jumps, it was an ordinary man. Hundreds of years ago the hand of the heiress of Plas Gwyn was sought after by two men, sons of Ap Geraint. It was decided that who could make the biggest leaps with the pole should have her and Plas Gwyn too. That is where the lucky man jumped."

"A wonderful thing," said I; "but where is the fourth stone?"

"It is in the brambles on the bank over the other side of this road," said he.

And so talking of old things I walked with the postman

into Pentreath. The sun was setting as we reached the village, and the little church—founded, I believe, by the father of the successful jumper—was making an end of calling people to come to even-song. I told the postman I was looking out for a house-boy, and asked him if he knew of a lad. He said he thought he did.

"Then," said I, as we reached the inn door, "bring him round after church, for I am going to service now."

"I thought English tourists who went on walking tours did not go to church," said he.

"I am not a tourist, neither am I on a walking tour," said I. "I respect the first day of the week as much as you do, and hold it no sin to walk on any day."

Later in the evening the postman came to say that the boy "he had in his eye" wanted to go to sea.

"Then," said I, "if the boy wants to go to sea, he must go to sea! but for all that I will come and see him."

So we repaired to his domicile. The cottage was such an one as I have endeavoured to describe before. The boy and his mother were drinking tea at a little deal table, and the grandfather and grandmother were sitting on each side of the fire. We all got talking away comfortably when I spied a curious old jug on the mantelpiece.

"That is a pretty old crock," said I in Welsh to the old man.

"Yes, I was inside of that once," said he, laughing.

"You were what?" cried I.

"I was inside of that jug."

"He was such a little one," said the old lady, "they popped him in for fun!"

She became very interested when she heard that I came from Rhosneigr or Crigyll.

"I was born there at the little old mill by the railway station—Felyn Wen we used to call it," said she. Then she turned to the postman. "Tell the gentleman that my grandfather brought up twenty-nine children there, and three lots of them were triplets."

"Did they all live?" asked I, for the thing sounded curious.

"Live?" said she. "Yes indeed, they did live, and my grandfather got a prize at the Horticultural Show for them, and a good sum of money it was too."

"Did they give prizes at the Horticultural Shows in those days for rearing children?" I asked the postman.

"*She* says so whatever," said he.

"I have done enough dawdling about," said I to myself as I came out of this cottage. "To-morrow I will do nothing but walk and get home at night."

So the next day in the early morning Pharaoh and I headed north from Pentreath, walked two miles over the fine hard sand of Red Wharf Bay, and came up on to the Bwrdd Arthur, or Arthur's Table. Hereabouts I found a Roman bead on a molehill. The sun was shining merrily and the feeling of the road was strong in us both that morning—we

could wait for nothing. Away we went down to Beaumaris and so along the Menai Straits. I suppose there are no such perfect views of hill and wood and sea all together in the whole of the British Isles as there are from about Beaumaris. But this side of Anglesey I like the least. Soon we hove in sight of the Suspension Bridge, that most glorious of all bridges. Surely no one can look at it and go away uninspired. For I think the highest thing that can be said about any building can be said about the Menai Bridge; it is in the heart of a very beautiful scene, and itself makes the beauty of that scene perfect. The cliff of Anglesey drops down into the woods, into the sea—the mountain of Carnarvon soars up from the sea, from the woods, into the sky. And all between them the Menai Bridge bows shore to shore and sweeps its curve of grace to unite not only the road of the mainland with that of the island but the beauty too.

I watched it grow before me like a dream, and I stopped to look back at it where the road turns inland. And at this spot there leaps that other bridge, the Britannia Tubular. If we had compared the work of Telford to Aphrodite we might without hesitation compare that of Robert Stephenson to her stern lover Zeus. For whereas one reigns supreme by loveliness, so does the other by virtue of grim majesty. They are fit mates these two bridges, the one for the horse, the other for the steam-engine.

We went swinging away

now over mile after mile of road, and at set of sun crossed the sea-marshes of Malltraeth. Then away in the dark to Trefdraeth. I had never been here before, and I wanted a light to look at my compass by. The windows of the village school blazed and the noise of feasting came out of them. In the porch a lot of boys were huddled, and inside some one was haranguing in Welsh. I sent a lad for the schoolmaster, who presently appeared. I asked him if I might stand in his porch a moment or two to examine my map, and he was very kind to me and told me all he knew of the way. He even believed I was going to the place I said I was. I told him I wanted a house-boy who had plenty of spirit but no fads. And I told him I had been all round the island looking for one.

"I've got the boy you want," cried he, and he had.

"What is all this carousing?" I asked.

"Dear me, didn't you know it was St David's Day?"

"No," said I.

"Well, come in then and give us a speech whatever."

But I thanked him and declined. I afterwards heard that all this while a dignitary of the Church had been speaking. And his theme was, "Why are we all so narrow-minded and bigoted? Why all this Wales for the Welsh and England for the English?" On which the good schoolmaster had come in and cried, "Here is an English gentle-

man come who says he must have a Welsh servant." And this good omen was received as a sign of the times and uproariously applauded.

Beating over the windy sands from Llangadwaladr, which takes its name from the last king of all the Britons, I crossed the river Ffraw into that ancient seat of Prince Llewellyn, the last king of the Welsh, Aberffraw. And from thence devouring two miles of road I came out on to the wild headland of Tre Castell, where under the wan light of the slim young moon I could see the old cromlechs, called in the Welsh a Giantess's Apronfull. Away again over the glimmering sands by the edge of the roaring waves we went, and Pharaoh found out the country he knows, where dwell his legion friends.

It was ten minutes after eleven when I opened the back-door of the house from whence I had started.

"Well," said She whom I love. "Have you got your house-boy?"

"Yes," said I. "I have."

Alas! I had reckoned without my host—the Anglesey Mother. Nine miles proved a sufficiently good excuse for her to spoil her son's chances. So the little blue-eyed rascal in a steward's "jumper," who at this moment is observing me over the tip of Pharaoh's tail, hails from no other place of romance, tradition, and historic lustre than the township of Bootle.

EDMUND VALE.

THE FIRE-SHIP.

THE fire-ship was the rude but, in favourable conditions, most formidable ancestor of the torpedo—not of the torpedo-boat, be it observed, but of the weapon itself. The distinction must be carefully borne in mind, for in it lies the explanation of the fact that, powerful as it was sometimes shown to be, this instrument of destruction has played but a subordinate part in the history of naval warfare.

The desire to possess some means of defeating an enemy on the sea by methods other and less costly than the employment of equivalent battle-ships, or of the ram, or by boarding, or the broadside of guns, arose naturally and at an early period in the minds of thinking warriors. The torpedo itself floated, as an aspiration, among the speculations of the ingenious for ages before the progress of mechanical skill allowed it to take shape. Ben Jonson did not imagine that he was in some sort a prophet when he invited the derision of the public to the supposed absurd invention of the equally supposed and absurd Hollander, Cornelius-son—

It is an automa, runs under water,
With a snug nose, and has a nimble
tail,
Made like an auger, with which tail
she wriggles
Betwixt the costs of a ship, and sinks
it straight.

The reader sees, of course, that “costs” are *costes* in old,

and *côtes* in new, French spelling—the ribs of the vessel. The swordfish, or, as it is even more likely, the *teredo*, or boring worm, of the tropical seas, with which Elizabethan seamen were familiar, may have put the notion into the head of some one, whose speculations, expounded at the Mermaid Tavern or elsewhere, moved the derision of Ben Jonson. His contemporary, Hues, could hardly find words of adequate contempt for the scurvy fellows who professed to make a clock which would enable the mariner to preserve the time of his port of departure, and so find the longitude. None the less a chronometer was in due time constructed, and a torpedo of snug nose and nimble tail is very much with us. Jonson’s contemporaries might turn over, in their speculative moments, schemes for dealing effective blows with the help of clockwork, for they had the well-known case of Gianibelli’s fire-ships at the siege of Antwerp to set them following up that train of thought. It is curious to see how old are some things which, when they are made available, impress the world as new. The chronometer was present in the mind of Gemma Frisius as a thing desirable and possible three centuries before it was almost simultaneously worked out in England and France. If any one novelty more than another has revolutionised naval war-

fare, it is the firing of shells. We constantly find the case of explosive missiles fired from a ship's guns spoken of as most modern. Yet shells were fired by Sir Charles Knowles in his action with the Spaniards off Havannah in 1748, and again by the Russians in their attack on the Turks at Tchesmé in 1770. Why were they not universally used? Probably because the advantage of using them could not be confined to one side, and they were too dangerous to the wooden ship, with its canvas sails and tarred cordage. Invent a machine which will make it certain that the two sides will exterminate one another there and then, and it will be barred by tacit agreement or international conference.

There was no difficulty in making a fire-ship. It was as easy a thing to do in the fifth century of the Christian Era, when the Vandals burnt the fleet of the Byzantine general, Basiliscus, as it was in the Greek War of Independence, when Constantine Canaris of Psara revenged the massacre of Chio by burning the Capitan Pasha and two thousand of his men. One takes the achievement of the Vandals on the authority of Gibbon, which is of the best. How the Vandals fitted their ships he does not say. But we know that they had no explosives, not even at that date Greek fire, and must therefore have been unable to make a fire-ship equal to the Dutch "brander" which destroyed the flagship of the Earl of Sandwich at the battle of Solebay,

to say nothing of Gianibelli's "infernal machines." They, to be sure, were not fire-ships in the proper naval sense of the word. They were barges or lighters, with a chamber of brick and stone built in them to hold thousands of pounds of gunpowder. Paving-stones were heaped on the powder, and clockwork was fitted to cause the explosion. The whole was allowed to float down the Scheldt on the current and without a crew. Gianibelli's inventions were, in fact, floating mines. A fire-ship was quite another thing. It was, to begin with, a real ship, rigged, manned by its proper officers and crew, and navigated by them till it was in contact with the vessel to be destroyed. Mr Motley will have it that the English were inspired by the Italian when they drove the Spaniards from Calais by fire-ships in 1588. But if they needed to be inspired, they could have obtained all the stimulus they wanted from Livy. The real successors of Gianibelli's floating mines were the various infernal machines tried in the Queen Anne wars to destroy French ships in harbour, or again in the war with Napoleon to make an end of the invasion flotilla. As they had no motive power of their own, but were left to float on tide and current, there never was any security where they would go. They were useless. The only man who scored even a partial success with them was Gianibelli himself. The successes of the fire-ship were many.

When you proposed to make one you first took a vessel of moderate size—say 150 tons or thereabouts. Then you made a “fire-room” in her. It took up about two-thirds of her total length between decks, counting from the bulkhead which shut off “the bay,” that is the triangular space where the sides join at the bow, to another bulkhead aft. Your purpose was to fill this crater with rapidly inflammable material, and also to provide that in the very act of firing the stuff which was to burn you would set up a violent draught. In order to make sure that it would be produced and be strong, scuttles and funnels were placed in the upper deck, and six or seven small portholes were made on each side of the vessel. The port-lids were hinged below, so that when they were blown open there was no possibility that they would close again. Small “chambers” of iron were fixed in each porthole. They were filled with corn powder and connected by matches which started from two portholes in the after bulkhead. Two “troughs” primed passed through these openings and could be fired from outside. The fire-chamber was full of troughs and barrels charged with reeds and “bavins,” *i.e.*, small bundles of wood (the word is excellent English, and is still in current use in some country parts). Troughs and barrels were also filled with a composition of saltpetre, sulphur, corn powder, pitch, resin, tallow, tar, and oil. There

were canvas curtains soaked and re-soaked in the composition. Of course trains of priming were laid everywhere. To reinforce the fire-room and add an outside to an inside blaze, boxes filled with the same composition were hung from cat-heads, yards, and booms. The sides of the room, the masts, the sails, were smeared with it. The nature of the thing, in short, was that it would blaze up instantly, and to a height. Fire was a terrible danger to wooden vessels rigged with canvas and tarred cordage. They were open to a tremendous draught from their gunports and hatchways. It is not necessary to read more than the account of the burning of Lord Keith’s flagship at Leghorn in order to learn with what devouring speed the flames would spread. And the *Queen Charlotte* was not in action when she was burnt on the 17th March 1800. Nevertheless, 673 of her officers and men perished. The aim of the fire-ship was to start such a blaze as this, when a vessel was in action and her crew could not apply all their attention to putting out the fire. If one could but reach her object, fix the grappling-irons on her yards well into it, send the flames leaping up the rigging and roaring through the open ports, then hardly any discipline would check panic, and the destruction of the victim was certain—quite as certain, and in so far as capacity to fight was concerned, nearly as rapid as when the blow is given now by a torpedo or

floating mine. The burning ship might continue to float for some time, but from the moment the flames had firm hold her military value was destroyed. It must be allowed that while she floated and blazed she constituted to some extent a danger to the enemy. When *L'Orient* caught fire at the battle of the Nile, the British ships near her drew off, and men were called away from the guns to pump water on their sails, rigging, and decks, lest they also should be set alight by the fragments when the fire reached the powder magazine and she exploded. But the power of *L'Orient* to hit back was destroyed from the moment she was alight.

The difficulty was how to bring the fire-ships into actual contact with the enemy. On the open sea, and when fleets were moving, their worth was but small. They could only attack from windward, and then when there was neither current nor tide to contend with. A strong breeze would enable them to stem a tide or current, but they would go very slowly, and the pressure of the water would tend to separate them from an opponent if they did reach him. What the fire-ship required was a good breeze, an enemy to leeward, and tide or current to help, or at least absolutely still water. Then they could go at a reasonable speed, and would be held in place when they had reached their goal. At all times there was the possibility that they might be sunk by the enemy's

guns, or seized by his boats and towed aside. In 1759, when the French at Quebec sent fire-ships down the St Lawrence to burn Admiral Saunders' squadron, they were seized by the British guard-boats, towed through the intervals between the ships, and sent to burn themselves out down stream. And in this way they often failed. But the chief of all the weaknesses of the fire-ship was the human one.

Sailors, said Fielding, are the most courageous fellows in the world, and without disrespect to any other class of fighting men we can agree with him. The influence of training on men is wellnigh boundless when the subject is duly qualified. The sailor has but to start with an average endowment of natural courage, and his virtue will be inevitably developed to the highest degree. Some measure of danger enters into nearly all his work. He lives only by constant watching, and dexterous mastering of forces which are for ever tending to his destruction. His nerve, his capacity for keeping a steady eye, and going to the very verge of destruction without going over it, are brought to perfection. But none the less sailors are men born of women, and their lives are not without value to them. You may rely on them to go up to the edge of destruction, but you cannot count upon them to be willingly destroyed. Now the main defect of the fire-ship was that it could not be

steered to actual contact with a foe, and held there, except by men who were prepared to incur a very great danger.

Let us see what a fire-ship attack was—one, that is, in which the weapon could develop its whole power. When the commander-in-chief decides that the time has come to use the fire-ship, the priming is laid, and all the members of the crew, except the captain, the lieutenant, and the four or five picked men or volunteers who are to steer her down on the enemy, are taken out. They leave in the larger of the boats she carries. The smaller boat is lowered and is towed alongside. The captain takes the helm. The lieutenant and the few men left sheet home the sails, and stand by to light the external fire-boxes. They are provided with port-fires—pikes or poles with a light at one end. The port-fires will burn for twelve minutes, and it is calculated that the fire-boxes can be set in a blaze in one. The fire-ship must cross the danger belt, within which she may be sunk by the enemy's guns. With the artillery of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this will be a space of seven hundred, or seven hundred and fifty yards. There is the risk that an alert enemy will have guard-boats ready to grapple her and tow her aside. Her crew is too small to fight, and indeed it would be folly to fire in the midst of an actual dripping of inflammable "composition." The result could only be to fire the vessel prematurely

and throw away their own lives for nothing. The fire-ship must needs find an opening and push through it. When by favour of fortune or good management she has come close on her enemy, the port-fires are used to light the outer fire-boxes. The lieutenant and the crew take to the boat, and hang on alongside. The captain remains alone at the helm till she is just about to touch. Then he fires the train which sets the fire-room alight, and he also jumps into the boat or leaps overboard, and is picked up. The fire-ship runs into the enemy—with the flames pouring out of her side ports, through the funnels and scuttles on her deck, and leaping up her rigging. When once she is fixed the enemy can do nothing. His own rigging will be alight in a moment, and his men must jump overboard or perish like mosquitoes in the flame of a candle.

The fire-ship was indeed a terrific weapon when it could be used to the full—but how often was that? If we look at three actual cases we shall be able to see what were the limitations which militated against its effective employment. Two of them—the destruction of the Turkish fleet at *Tohesmé* in 1770, and the burning of the flagship of the *Capitan Pasha* by *Constantine Canaris* in 1820—were successes, but the very conditions in which the victory was scored serve to show that the fire-ship needed aid from fortune. The third case—the unsuccessful attempt of the British fleet

in the battle of Toulon in 1744 to burn the flagship of the Spanish admiral, Don José Navarro, the *Real Felipe*—shows that in normal conditions of a naval battle this class of war vessel could not only be baffled by the enemy, but might be a danger to her own friends.

In 1770 the British Government, not being able to see beyond the end of its own nose, and having nothing better to do than to annoy France, which was then the peculiar patron of the Sultan, helped Catherine of Russia to attack Turkey in the Mediterranean. British naval officers, Elphinstone (not, by the way, Elphinstone), Greig, Dugdale, Mackenzie, and others, were allowed to enter her navy. Her ships were relieved and refitted at Portsmouth on their way to the Levant. The French and their good friends the Spaniards would willingly have stopped them, but in the face of our support did not dare. In short, we did our best to help Russia to achieve a summary solution of the Eastern Question in the worst possible way for ourselves. It was not our fault if Catherine did not succeed. But we are not concerned at present with this phase of the unending question, but only with what happened at a certain point of the coast of Anatolia during the night of the 7th-8th July 1770.

On the 7th the Russian squadron came through the passage between the island of Scio and the mainland of Anatolia. It found a superior

Turkish squadron at anchor, in no small confusion, outside and to the north of the harbour of Tohesmé. An action was fought—an encounter between the one-eyed man and the blind. Elphinstone was an able officer, but his position as a foreign mercenary (for that is what he was), dealing with men who were his inferiors in skill and experience, but his superiors in rank, was a delicate one. And it appears that he was a somewhat arbitrary gentleman. He had no influence over the Russian Admiral, Spiridoff. But the Russians had abundant courage. They pushed their attack home fiercely. Spiridoff laid his ship aboard a big Turk. The crews came to close quarters, the ships were set on fire and drifted among the Turkish vessels, which fled hastily into Tohesmé. They hoped to be protected by the batteries on shore. But Spiridoff decided to follow up his first success by sending fire-ships among them. The opportunity was excellent, for the enemy was in the utmost confusion, and there were in harbour, in addition to the Turkish men-of-war, nearly a hundred transports and trading boats.

The attack was made that very night under the direct command of Greig. Three old Greek vessels were fitted as fire-ships. They were commanded by two British lieutenants, Dugdale and Mackenzie, and by a Russian officer. Three vessels of the squadron were told off to cover their advance—the *Netromena*, the

Ratisloff, and the *Europa*, all of sixty-six guns. They stood in and opened fire on the Turks, using shell. One of the enemy was set on fire. Meanwhile the fire-ships went ahead, and their fortunes were instructive.

"Lieutenant Dugdale," says the English narrative of the action, "was now about to fire his ship, to hasten their destruction and make it more sure; but the men who were to bring him off, either mistaking his orders or dreading to stay in the face of so much danger, jumped into the boat and rowed away as fast as they could from him, whilst she was going, with all her sails set, down upon the enemy. He saw the situation he was in, and yet, preferring his duty to safety, he remained alone, and when near enough, as he imagined, to take effect, fired a pistol into the train, stayed to see it take fire, and then boldly leaped into the sea."

It was fortunate for him that he was a strong swimmer, for it was long before he was picked up by a boat. His fire-ship had after all been fired a little too soon, and, moreover, she touched on a point of rock. Mackenzie and the Russian were better served by their men. They brought their ships into contact with the enemy. The flames spread rapidly among the crowded Turkish vessels, and

"Nothing now remained but united shrieks and unavailing cries, which, joined to the martial music and the loud triumphant shouts of the victors, served to swell alternately the various notes of joy and sorrow that composed the solemn dirge of their (to wit, the Turks') departed glory."

The destruction of the Turkish shipping was complete. But we see very clearly that the time of the fire-ships came when

the enemy was already broken. It completed a victory, just as the Japanese torpedoes at Tsushima finished the destruction of Russian vessels already beaten by the gun.

The second example, that of Canaris, need not detain us long. The Turks, fresh from the massacre of Chio, were celebrating the Bairam festival, and were keeping no look-out. The Psariot seaman had been cruising in sight of them all day. But they were utterly careless. He was allowed to lay his fire-ship alongside them in the night while they were dancing and drinking. Two thousand Turks perished. Their negligence and stupidity were beyond the beyonds, and made it easy for him to take his signal revenge. But we may note that when the Japanese attacked the nearly equally ill-guarded Russian ships outside Port Arthur they did far less harm.

The case of the British fire-ship in the battle of Toulon is not confused by the element of sheer stupidity on either side. It is true that the French and Spanish ships were not in a high state of discipline. But, then, neither was the fleet of Admiral Mathews. Without wasting time over unessential preliminaries, it is enough to say that Mathews made a rather clumsy attack from windward with part of his fleet on a part of the enemy. Neither line was in good order, and one of the British ships, the *Marlborough*, was entangled among the enemy. The fire-ship was sent down on the

Spanish flagship, the *Real Felipe*. The Spaniards opened a telling fire on her, and one of their boats grappled her and turned her aside to where she burnt without doing them any harm. If they had managed better, or had had more luck, they might have turned her on the *Marlborough*, which was crippled in her rigging and was ill able to move. The experience seems to have convinced naval officers that fire-ships were of no use in a battle. They continued to be used, and, as in the case of the attack on the French squadron in the Basque Roads, with considerable effect, mainly by the terror they produced on the crews of ships at anchor. But it was against ships at anchor that they were used. And in the Basque Roads affair the fire-ships were also floating mines, and the chief purpose they were to serve was to blow away the barrier put up to cover the French ships behind it.

The cases in which fire-ships were used, or prepared to be used, are of course far more numerous than the three here quoted. In the war of American Independence Howe made preparations to send them against the French squadron, then at Newport under the command of D'Estaing. The knowledge that he might be attacked in this way had a great influence in forcing the Frenchman to sea. That was what Howe wanted it to do. A storm balked him of his chance of a battle, but the withdrawal of D'Estaing from

Newport was the first move in his departure from the American coast to the West Indies. In the seventeenth century fire-ships were more generally used. They were not only fitted out when needed, but they regularly accompanied fleets at sea. They formed, in fact, a regular class of warships. The French navy of Lewis XIV. had a rank of *capitaine de brûlot*. In our own navy of that age fire-ships carried guns, and were employed on convoy duty. But as they were always small—no navy could have afforded large ships for a purpose which entailed their total loss—they were weak for all purposes except their own. They hampered the movements of the big ships. Against an active enemy of superior strength to windward they were worse than useless, for they inevitably fell behind in a retreat. All that could be done with them in such circumstances was to set them on fire to prevent the enemy from getting them, which entailed loss of time in taking out the men. In naval battles their one useful function was to make an end of an already crippled enemy, whom for some reason it was not possible or advisable to take as a prize. In the last battle of the First Dutch War, Monk, who was intent rather on destruction than capture, caused several damaged enemies to be destroyed by them. The burning of the flagship of the Earl of Sandwich at the battle of Solebay is one of the best-known episodes in our naval history.

She was crippled by gun-fire and her rigging cut to pieces, when, after several others had failed, a Dutch "brander" did at last succeed in boarding her. When the spars and sails of a sailing warship were down, lying in ruin on her deck or hanging over her side, she would catch fire in a flash. The Dutch had no prospect of being allowed to carry her off. They had won, but they had not won sufficiently to allow them to hope they could do that. There was nothing to be done but to destroy.

Occasions there were in which only destruction was aimed at. When a swarm of Algerine pirate craft had been beached under batteries, it was not worth the while of an intelligent officer to try to get them off. The operation would have entailed heavy loss of life for no rational purpose. The sensible course was to burn them, not by sending boats to board and then fire them, which would have meant loss of men, but by sending in a fire-ship.

A particularly fine example of such a piece of service was set by Sir Edward Spragge in 1670. Six Algerines had taken refuge under batteries at Bougie, as we call it to-day, in imitation of the French. At that time we preferred the Italian form Bugia. The pirates had hauled their light craft into shallow water, where Spragge's heavier vessels could not follow them. He had three fire-ships with him, two of them being very small, and

one of somewhat larger size. She drew eight feet of water, and that was too much to allow her to reach the enemy. An attempt was made to destroy the Algerines in a night attack with one of the small fire-ships, but she was prematurely fired. The other little one was set alight by a drunken gunner, who fired a pistol in the midst of her combustibles. In the meantime the Algerines had fortified themselves with a boom of spars. But Spragge was resolved not to be baffled. He lightened the larger fire-ship till he reduced her draught to four feet. Then he engaged the forts with his larger ships. Under cover of their fire the boats of the squadron cut the boom. The fire-ship was steered through the gap before a strong breeze, laid alongside the weathermost Algerine, and the six pirates were burnt.

The part of the drunken gunner in this story is not wholly unimportant. Nor does it merely go to show that the discipline of the Navy of the seventeenth century was far below what would now be considered the necessary minimum. The more interesting feature of it is wholly different. That sinful gunner and the premature firing of the small vessel combine, with much more we can find recorded, to show that a high level of conduct and very steady nerve were required on the part of the officers and men who were sent on dangerous work, with the very

probable cause of their own sudden destruction, as it were simmering and straining to act under their feet. The great peril of the duty they were sent to perform, the call it made on their judgment and resolution, ought, one would suppose, to have rendered service in a fire-ship peculiarly honourable. Yet we do not find that it was so regarded. The Admiralty distinguished the duty by the promise of a special reward. Whoever performed it with success was promised a bounty in money, or a gold chain and jewel to be kept as a mark of honour. Yet we do not find that service in a fire-ship ranked high in the estimate of the Navy. There are even, in a vague way, indications that it was considered not quite creditable, as if there had been in it something underhand, not manly and gentlemanly. Nobody, perhaps, ever openly said so, but it is to be noted that we do not hear of officers who came to distinction as having commanded fire-ships. The standard of honour varies from age to age. No officer of to-day would be ashamed of having approached an enemy in the dark and of having smitten him with a torpedo. Yet where is the essential difference between the two, from the point of view of the moralist and the man of honour? It is to be feared that the whole view of the nature of war has become more ferocious in our more

civilised age than it was in the times of our "rude forefathers." British officers who had occasion to say their say about the notorious French fiction of the sinking of the *Vengeur*, declared indignantly that it would have been ignoble to fire on a sinking enemy, even if he had not surrendered. To-day the commander of a torpedo-boat would think it no shame to complete the destruction of a shattered battleship. Whether the change of sentiment is due to the spread of that "civilised barbarism," which has been called the worst of all, or only to the fact that in peaceful times men are not checked by experience of retaliation, is a pretty question. Certainly, if naval war is to be conducted as it is talked about, the next struggle between fairly equal forces will brutalise a whole generation, and probably its successors too.

That, however, is a large subject, and not particularly relevant to our own, which is only a modest brief inquiry into the doings of an ancient and now disused weapon of war. What lesson we can draw from them is very uncertain. It is the weak side of the study of naval warfare that the continuity of the story is so broken. Science has changed war on land, and very largely, but, on the whole and in the end, mainly by making it easier to move and support large bodies of men and to kill at longer distances. There has been a

steady advance on the same road from slings and javelins to the most improved rifle and quick-firing gun. But there are violent breaks and differences of kind between galleys, wooden sailing-ships, and the naval craft of to-day, which render it very hazardous to argue from one to the other. Certain things there are—human things—which will always remain the same. The essential principles will never alter. The questions are, By what kind of vessel, and with what weapon, are they to be applied? The fire-ship, destructive as it could be when the occasion fitted the virtue, was but a subordinate instrument of war, simply because the occasion had to be found and could so rarely be made.

Therefore the line-of-battle ship could disregard its menace, or easily guard herself. Will the battleship of the modern world be able to do the same? Many affirm that she will not, when what she has to fear is the torpedo launched by smaller craft on or below the surface of the water. Some of us find it hard to believe that any “man-of-war” which dare not openly confront an enemy and conquer in an exchange of blows, can ever dominate the sea. Victory has never so far gone to those who fight by evasion, by concealment, by striking in the dark, by waiting for the unguarded moment,—points they may score, but they have never won in the end.

DAVID HANNAY.

ALADORE.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER X.—OF THE LADY AITHNE, AND OF THE GIFTS
THAT SHE HAD FROM HER BIRTH.

Now leave we Ywain to his fighting and turn we to the lady, that was there heavily cast down to be so left and benothinged. For she was of all earthly women the most beautiful and the wisest in magic: yet she had great need of such as would serve her truly, for her life was full of pain and perplexity, being divided in a strange manner between two realms. And this came of no sudden hap, but it fortuneed so to her from her birth, and was according unto her nature, as I shall show you.

First then, she was of a high lineage and descended out of faery: for her father was Sir Ogier, Lord of Kerioc, that lies over beside Broceliande, and her mother was called the Lady Ailinn of Ireland, and she came of the kindred of Fedelm of the Sidhe, that was called Fedelm of the Nine Shapes, by reason that she could take on her nine shapes, and each more beautiful than other. Therefore the Lady Ailinn would have called her daughter Fedelma, but Sir Ogier named her with the name of Aithne, and she was called thereby all her life-days, as for her earthly name: but of her elfin nature she had other names, as was but reason,

and in especial one name she had that none ever knew but Ywain only. So of that name I shall make no more matter.

Now when the Lady Ailinn had been some while wedded, and was looking for her child to be born presently, upon a night she lay a-bed in the castle of Kerioc: and midnight was two hours past and there was none waking but that lady alone. And in her chamber was a fire of wood burning, for the year was still cold and hard: and the fire was bright and cast upon the wall of the chamber both light and shadow. And Ailinn lay so upon her bed that she saw not the fire, but the wall only, and she perceived that the shadow upon it was the shadow of her nurse, that was fallen asleep beside the hearthstone.

Nevertheless though the nurse slept, yet were there voices in the chamber, as of two women beside the fire: and Ailinn knew well that they were fays, or women of the Sidhe, seeing that there were upon the wall no shadows of them but only of the nurse. So she lay still to hearken what they would say. And one said, "The child shall be a woman, and I give her the

gifts of womanhood: for her skin shall be white as the swans of Aengus, and her eyes grey like the dawn, and the colour of her cheeks soft like the sunset. And she shall be loved by a hundred knights and one, and her love shall be to her true lover both meat and madness, like the wild honey of Arroy: and so is my giving done." And the other said, "The child shall be a fay, and I give her the gifts of faery: for she shall hold of me the realm of Aladore, that was the Rhymer's heritage: and of her own magic she shall come thereto and therefrom, all her days. And so is my giving done."

Then the two voices fell silent, and Ailinn turned her upon her bed that she might see after what likeness they were that had spoken. And she saw no one by the fire save the nurse only. But in that moment came the moon, going downwards to the sea, and a beam of her shining entered into the chamber and lay upon the floor, and so moved across the floor and came to the hearthstone. And in that beam Ailinn saw plainly how there stood two shapes of women between the bedside and the hearth. And they were grey shapes and thin as air, for she saw behind them the fire burning and the embers of it, but she saw it some deal faint, as it were behind two wisps of smoke.

Then those two fays drew near to her and stood by the bedside, and the one of them touched her head and the other

touched her hand. And at the touch of them her blood was made heavy, and she slept deep, beyond voice or vision. And in the morning when she awoke she found in her hand a golden key, and upon her head she found also a golden comb that she knew not: and by the tokens of the key and the comb she had certainty of that which she had heard and seen. But of the meaning thereof she held great debate with herself and might not be satisfied. And she thought to take counsel of her kindred, when she should come again into Ireland: but to Sir Ogier, that was her husband, she said nothing of the matter, for he was a man that had no dreams, neither by night, neither by day.

Then in short space thereafter the child was born, that was called Aithne, and she was heir to her father and her mother both, for other child they had none, man nor maid, but this one only. And she was a wise child and a beautiful, but always she made for herself a way and walked in it. And when she was come to seven year, and it was the day of her birth, she played in the Castle of Kerioc all such games as she would. And at the last she came into her mother's chamber and there found a little chest, and opened it, and in the chest was a comb of gold and a key of the same. And the key she left there lying, but the comb she laid into her hair, and stood before a mirror and preened herself. Then came her mother suddenly and took the comb from

her, and gave her instead the key of gold, to make her a game therewith. And right so the child was gone from the place, and she was seen no more in Kerioc for the space of three hours. Then before night she came again with the like swiftness, and she was no whit weary or hungry or afear'd, but she greeted her mother dearly as one that had been long gone from her into a far country. And afterwards the child said how that she had been in Aladore, and the time that

she had been there was by her deeming three years, for she said firmly that she had seen the cowslips there three several times, and three times had gathered them all fresh in their springing. And thereat her father laughed out, as a man will laugh that hath the better knowledge: but the Lady Ailinn perceived that she spoke truth. And as the child had said, so it was with her many times thereafter: for she came and went by her own magic, and that was by the gift that she had of faery.

CHAPTER XI.—HOW THE LADY AILINN DEPARTED OUT OF THIS LIFE AND OF THE COUNSEL THAT SHE GAVE TO HER DAUGHTER AITHNE.

Then with the years so passing the time came that Aithne was a damsel grown, and many knights sought her love and many asked to have her in marriage. And it happened at this time that her mother, the Lady Ailinn, was taken with sickness, and though her malady was but light to the deeming of such as saw her and heard her speak thereof, yet inwardly she knew that the end of it was to be by death only.

So upon a day she lay in her chamber in the Castle of Kerioc, and Aithne sat there beside her and they talked together of this and of that. And at the last the Lady Ailinn ceased from talking, and then she spoke to Aithne again and said: My daughter, I would not have you parted from me by blindness, as others are parted from me: for they

deem that in the Spring I shall be healed of this my malady, whereas I know inwardly that before the thorn is hoar I must be elsewhere. And of that, beloved, I say no more; for you too shall one day pass out by this gate, and I bid you to the Tryst after Death. But as for your earthly life I have a counsel for you: that you consider well to whom you give yourself; seeing that a woman should not love but after her own kind, and for one such as you are this may well be a hard thing to compass. For the half of your heart is with the faery, and the half of your days you live in a land that is no land of men. And of that land I also have had knowledge, for I was sometime there in my maidenhood: and though I came never there

again, yet have I remembered it in my dreams, and I know this, that few men find the way thereto. Yet will a maiden think, as I also thought, to take a man for lord and lover and to bring him in thither: but the magic of it is not so, for every man must win there by his own desire. Choose then whom you will, as of your sovranty: but if it may be, my daughter, before your choice be uttered, come you up hither into this that was my chamber, wherein also you were born, and remember me, and how that I spoke with you of that realm that is your heritage. So shall your choice be my choice, for good fortune or for ill, and we two shall not be parted.

Then Aithne when she heard those words held her mother fast by the hand and bowed her head down upon the pillow beside her: and she wept bitterly, for the heart of youth cannot bear to hear speak of death and departing. And it is no marvel, seeing that the darkness is great and the Tryst is very far off. So it was with Aithne at her mother's departing; for in no long time afterwards that lady's life failed her, as in this world, and she was gone. But Sir Ogier for all his grief was still the more minded to make for his daughter some marriage of good counsel: for he held women to be as it were ships, that may fetch and carry well enough, but without a master they are blown about and go no whither.

Now came again those knights of whom I spoke

before: and they were by number a hundred from the first to the last. And they loved her all of them, not for her lands only, but each with such love as he had: for her beauty some, and some for her sweet voice, for oftentimes when she spoke and looked the blood would dance in them that heard her. And many there were that came from far countries, whereof some sought her for the praise that went abroad of her, even to the out isles, and some for the renown of her father Sir Ogier; for he was a great knight under shield, and a hunter that never knew weariness, and thereby he came quickly to his end, for he took the river with a horse that was wholly spent.

So Aithne was left alone, and her loneliness was great: for always in her castle of Kerioo she saw the faces of them that were elsewhere, and at night she had no peace for the crying of the sea-birds. And many times she made escape into her realm of Aladore: but there also was loneliness, for she had found as yet no soul to dwell with her. I speak not of fays, for of them there was great plenty: but they have no comfort in them, for they are born of moonlight and not of blood and breath. Therefore also they are from the beginning without transgression, and they know not pain or memory, neither do they fear or hope at all. And of these Aithne took no count, save that she dwelt often with them and was their lady in Aladore. But of the knights that were her

earthly servants she took much pleasure and perplexity: and to one or another of them she came near to have yielded her.

Yet when the time came, at every time she held aback: for she remembered her mother the Lady Ailinn and the promise that she made to her at her departing, and always when she thought on her words she saw that they were true. And therewith she remembered a

saying of her father, and she saw that this also was true, as for the most part: for he said of men and women that though they be born of one blood yet they are ever strangers each to other, both by kind and by custom, and though they sit at one board and lie under one blanket, yet they dwell apart all their life days. But Aithne hated that saying in her heart, and in her hope she bettered it.

CHAPTER XII.—OF THE WARRING OF TWO COMPANIES, AND HOW YWAIN DID BATTLE FOR THE ONE OF THEM AGAINST THE OTHER.

Mark now that which I tell you concerning the Lady Aithne: for after the manner of minstrels I tell you both that which she knew herself and that which she knew not. First then she knew not, for all her magic, that this was a man of a strange fortune, and as it were born again by the casting away of his possessions: nor she knew not yet what her spirit and his spirit had perceived at first sight, each of other. But she knew in her heart darkly that he was either boon or bane to her, for of his coming she had been warned without words, as it will happen to those that have the gift: and this also darkly, that his looking and his speaking were both to her mind, whereby she was the more cast down at his breaking from her. And again she knew not wherefore he should wish to go, yet she could not choose but remember that he seemed to have some great

purpose in his going; and upon a man's face such purpose will show like beauty, so that even out of her pain there grew a sweetness, as fruit grows out of the wounding of a tree.

But Ywain thought not at all of her, neither darkly nor clearly, for he saw the banner upon the top of the bank and under it the two companies fighting. And they fought in a green ground before the gate of a city: and they that fought to keep the city were all of a likeness, armed every one in black armour, and their banner was of black with a golden tower upon it. But they that strove against them were furnished scantily and piecemeal, no two alike, save that every man of them had a sword in his hand, and upon his body a badge of a silver scutcheon with an eagle displayed therein, and though the badges were of one fashion yet they were of diverse colours.

Now when Ywain came to

the top of the bank he saw the companies, and the city some deal beyond them, and he looked about him to see the boy, and saw nothing of him. But hard by there was a man there standing, the same that had blown upon the horn, and beside his feet upon the grass lay two naked swords. And as Ywain looked towards him he threw down his horn and took up the two swords, and the one of them he gave into Ywain's hand, and the other he took by the hilt, and without a word said they two began running towards the banner, for it was some way from the bank thereto. And when they were come there where the banner was, Ywain saw that the companies had ceased from fighting and were standing apart: and they were glad to do so, as he guessed, by reason that the men of the Tower were weary and fordome with the burden of their armour, and as for the men of the Eagle they were beaten back, and there were many of them wounded and some dead men. But the battle in this manner standing still, there came forth a man of the Tower armed at all points, and he mocked the men of the Eagle for striplings and fools, and defied them to fight with him, man to man and one down another to come on.

Then when Ywain heard those proud words it seemed to him as though the quarrel were his own quarrel and the scorn the scorn of his proper enemy: for he looked upon the company of the Eagle and saw them as men, enduring with

weariness and pain, but those of the Tower he saw not as human flesh but as ironwork of artificers, multiplied according to one pattern, and without blood or mercy in them: and he hated them and the green earth went red before his eyes. Then again his blood changed, and his heart became hard and smooth and cool like the heart of oak: and he stooped slowly and took from a dead man the badge that he had worn, and made it fast upon him, and he threw down his cloak and in his left hand he took the knife that the hermit had given him, and in his right hand the sword. And he stepped forward until he came within five paces of his enemy, and the two companies drew near to watch the fighting, and the man of the Tower let close his visor and came on. And Ywain looked at him and saw how he moved him as one that bears a great weight and underprops it warily lest it fall over on this side or on that: and he remembered to have moved himself in like manner at end of day, when he was outwearied in the wars. And he laughed in his heart at the remembrance, for it seemed to him of good counsel. And in that moment he saw his enemy make at him to strike, and he caught the stroke upon his sword and put it by, and ran in upon him as dog runs in upon dog, and caught him by the throat and shook him one way with his arms and another way with his knee, and threw him down upon the ground.

Then the man of the Tower rolled heavily in his armour, that he might come to his knees and rise again, but in his rolling Ywain fell upon him and pressed him down, so that he grubbled in the earth with his visor as a swine grubbles with his snout. And Ywain held him so and leaned upon him: and he struggled with his legs a little, but no long time, for his breath left him. Then Ywain found the lace of his helm, and with the hermit's knife he cut it, to recover him: and in the cutting of it he was aware of a great shouting and ramping all about him; and he looked

up and saw that the men of the Eagle had run in upon those of the Tower even as he had run in upon his man, and had toppled them in like manner, and they were prising them open with their swords, whereby in short space they had them all unharnessed and disarmed.

Then Ywain got him to his feet, and the rest in like wise: and they of the Eagle gave the banner into Ywain's hands and set him in the forefront, and they marshalled the men of the Tower as beaten men behind him, and so set forth with shouting towards the city.

CHAPTER XIII.—HOW YWAIN WAS BROUGHT INTO THE CITY OF PALADORE.

Well may you imagine that Ywain was astonished as he went, for it came upon him coldly that he knew not what he had done, nor wherefore, and moreover he saw that he had not yet come to the end of the matter. And he would willingly have questioned those that went with him, but they were every man of them abawling and a-singing, and when he spoke to them they answered nothing to the purpose, but continued praising him and giving him joy. And so with great tumult they came before the gate of the city, and there was Ywain yet more astonished, for he had thought to find it well shut and defended. But now the barriers were down and the gate was open, and upon

the gatehouse and upon the walls there stood a multitude of people past counting, and they cried, "an Eagle! an Eagle!" and shouted for joy every man louder than another.

Then Ywain and they that were with him entered the gateway and passed through it, and began to go into the city. And certain of the town-folk took the banner from between Ywain's hands and carried it before him; and others of them pressed upon the beaten men of the Tower and jeered at them by their names and cast dust upon their heads: and so they came all together to the marketplace, which was great and square, but the crowd of them filled it from side to side and from end to end, and stood

therein as close as standing barley.

Now on one side of the market-place was a high hall, with steps thereto; and those that led Ywain brought him to the steps and made him stand there upon a width of stone where he could be seen of all, and the multitude threw up their hands and waved them at him, crying that he should speak to them. And this he would have done willingly, as one not unused to speak before others, but what he should find to say to these men, that he could no more tell than a babe unborn, for he was alone in a strange world, and the time of his understanding was not yet begun. Moreover, though the secret of Solomon had been in his mouth, yet he could not have uttered it for the noise of the shouting, which came about him like the clamouring of rooks when they are fluttered, and so continued for the space of a good hour. And an evil hour it was for him, seeing that the sun was now high and

fierce, and the burden of it made his back weary, and the noise became as it were a bruise within his head.

And at the last, when it was now hard on noon, he saw that the crowd was moved and parted to right and left, and through the midst there came a train of great ones, walking slowly between halberdiers and trumpeters. And they came upon the steps of the great hall, where Ywain was standing, and saluted him with bowing; and two that were servants brought him a robe of black, brodered with gold, and they made as though they would have taken from him his cloak of pilgrimage. But that he would by no means suffer, for he remembered how he had come by it: so that in the end they covered his cloak with the robe and were content. Then two of the chief ones took him by the hand and led him into the great hall, and there went in after them all that train and many more.

CHAPTER XIV.—HOW YWAIN SAT AT FEAST IN PALADORE WITH
THE COMPANY OF THE TOWER AND THE COMPANY OF THE
EAGLE.

Now the hall was ordered within as for a feast, and the ordering of it was after the accustomed manner of feasts: for at one end of it was a high table upon a dais, and other two tables there were that came squarely therefrom as the two posts of a door come squarely from the lintel. And the napery upon the

tables was fine and white, and the dishes were of silver: but upon the dais was a cupboard, and the cups upon it and the ewers and the plates were all of gold. And up and down the hall there went six marshals who showed courteously to each man where he should be seated: and they showed to Ywain a seat at the high

table, and when he sat therein he overlooked wellnigh all the hall. Then came two pages with water to let wash his hands, whereof he thanked them without feigning. Then the marshals brought to him those that should sit on either side of him, and when they had demanded of Ywain how he should be called, then they named each to other by their names. And of those two the one was called Sir Rainald, and he was shaped like a pear and yellowed in face, and slow of speech as one upon whom men wait: and about his neck was a gold chain, and a jewel of gold hung thereby, made in the fashion of a tower. But the other of them was by name Hubert, and he was a young man and slight; and he bore upon him the scutcheon of the Eagle, and his speech was restless and full of joy.

Then stood up a great Archbishop, and a herald smote upon the table and called loudly for silence: and when the Archbishop had spoken a set piece of grace, then all men stirred and sat them down again with much clatter. And thereupon came servitors and served every man with meat and drink.

And as Ywain ate and drank his weariness departed and his spirit came again to him, and he was minded to learn the truth of all that he had seen that day. To which end he turned him first to Sir Rainald, seeing that he was manifestly of the Tower and dwelt, as Ywain supposed,

within the city. But Sir Rainald was not to be so handled: for he was such an one as would liever ask ten questions than answer two, and his manner of speaking was like water that is slow and deep, against which there is no force to stand, but only to go therewith. Yet was the man courteous after his kind, for he said how that Ywain had done well, as for so young a fighter, and might yet come to some good. And though he knew it not, yet in one matter he told Ywain that which he would have asked him: for when he began to speak he demanded to know this, whether Ywain had been in Paladore at any time past, or was only that day come among them. And thereby Ywain perceived that the name of the city was called Paladore.

Then in no long time weariness came again upon Ywain, and he left speaking with Sir Rainald, making excuse in the best manner that he could: and he set his hope upon the young man Hubert, for he saw that he bore the scutcheon of the Eagle. And Hubert told him all that he asked, and more thereto: for he said that what was done was done according to the custom of the city, whereby each year they banished all such of the young men as had come to their strength: and once in each year the young men came before the gate in a company and demanded to enter, and they were favoured of many within the city, but certain of the elders went out and fought

with them to drive them away. And this they did because of the company of the Tower: for it was a most ancient company, and they feared greatly lest the young men should change the ordinance thereof, seeing that it was fitter for men in age than in youth.

Then Ywain asked him concerning the company of the Eagle, and first, what was the ordinance of it: and Hubert said that they had no ordinance but one, and that was that every man should wear his own colours and do after his own heart: and this also, that he should always and in all places fight against the Tower. Then Ywain asked him again whether it was so that the Eagles had always the better of the Tower, as they had at this present. And Hubert said that there was no such fortune: for though they were many in number and of a great spirit, yet they were poor and poorly furnished: and there was yet another reason, and that was because they kept no fellowship together and had small knowledge of war. For as soon as one of them gathered skill or strength in fighting, they of the Tower came secretly

and offered him entrance, so that for the time to come he fought not against them. Yet time and again, he said, there would come one that could not be reckoned with; so that once in ten years, as it might be, the Eagles would have the mastery; and for the hope of such an one the horn was blown, to call him to the place of the fighting.

Then Ywain left that, lest he should seem to speak of himself, and he said how he was astonished because that he saw about him both those of the Eagle and those of the Tower, sitting and feasting together after so cruel a day's work. And Hubert answered that this also was of the custom, and great was the evil that came of it: for though a young man, he said, may become old before his time, never will an old man come back into the mind of his youth, so that it was but according with nature that through the mingling of the companies the Tower should be continually plenished and the Eagles minished.

Then the herald called again for silence, and Ywain and Hubert spoke no more together. And when the Archbishop had chanted yet another piece then all men went out from the hall.

CHAPTER XV.—OF THE GIFTS THAT WERE GIVEN TO YWAIN
AND OF A DREAM THAT HE DREAMED.

And it was now long past noon, but the crowd continued still in the market-place, and when they saw Ywain come out upon the steps they shouted

again: for above all things they loved to see fighting and to hear tell of it. Also they were glad when they saw the Eagle go before the Tower: for

men will reverence their betters and yet take pleasure to see them discomfited; moreover they of the Tower ruled continually over them and were thereby the heavier to bear, but they of the Eagle came only to make sport for them.

Ywain therefore perceived that the commons held him in honour of their own good will: but the great ones he deemed to be his friends in fear rather than in love, honouring him for the sake of the custom and because he had the good will of others. Nevertheless they spoke not so, but continued in their courtesy: for they set him in the midmost of their train and brought him through the city to a house that was made ready for him, and the house and all that was in it they gave him freely to have and to hold. Furthermore they gave him certain customary gifts in such case provided: and first, a hogshead of wine, very sweet and very drowsy, and this was the gift of the Eagles; and second, a silver collar, that all men might salute him whensoever they saw it, and this was the gift of them of the Tower, for they themselves loved such greeting beyond measure. And the third gift was a full bushel of gold, and this was the gift of the whole city and the greatest of the three, for in Paladore they have a saying that gold is the noblest of the metals, and nobleness they honour above all virtues. Then when they had given Ywain these gifts, they took their leave of him, as for that time: and

Ywain thanked him as best he might, and made fast the door of his house. And for a short space he was content to look about him at one thing and another, as a child will play with his toys when they are new: and then he thought to taste of the wine that had been given him, and when he had drawn a little of it into a cup, he drank it. And for a moment he had some joy thereof, for it was sweet upon the tongue and ran bravely through his blood: but afterwards the drowsiness in it was yet stronger than the sweetness and the bravery, so that he desired no more to live but only to dream, and instantly he had his desire.

Now in his dream it seemed to him that he awoke out of sleep and saw that the sun was set and the moon rising. And in the moonlight he saw beside him a boy weeping, and it was the boy whom he had followed and found not. Then Ywain had great pain at the heart and he asked him the reason of his weeping: and the boy gave him no word, either of reason or unreason, but continued weeping pitifully. So for comfort Ywain took him by the hand: and instantly the boy left weeping, and made to go forth, and he led Ywain from the house as formerly he had led him from the house of Sulney.

Then they two went through the streets together and came quickly to the gate of the city, that was the same by which Ywain had come in: and the gate was shut and locked, and the porter gone

within the gatehouse. But the boy laid his hand against the wicket and opened it lightly, and he drew Ywain after him, and they went out towards the place of the fighting. And the boy stayed not there, but went forward to the edge of the steep bank and looked towards the wood: and Ywain also looked with him, and he saw the river and the stepping-stones and the meadow-ground beyond them. And by the wood-side was a poplar tree new fallen, and thereon he saw under the moon that lady sitting, and suddenly in his dream he repented him that he had so left her, and he well knew wherefore the boy had wept. And they two ran down to her together and Ywain cast himself before her: and he laid his hands between her hands and swore by his faith to serve her truly. And in his dream she looked kindly upon him, and he saw her eyes, and they were grey like the dawn, and filled with coming brightness. So he

turned him about to bring in the boy, that he also might be comforted: but the place was all clear moonlight, and boy there was none, neither to right nor to left.

Then the lady rose up and went towards the city of Paladore: and Ywain went with her, and she brought him to the gate and it was shut. But with her hand she touched the wicket, and so opened it, and they entered in thereat. And in short space they came to Ywain's house and passed it by, and when they had gone some deal farther they came before a house that Ywain knew not, where was a great shield of arms beside the doorway. And there the lady stayed, and she looked at Ywain, and he at her, and when he thought that she would have said somewhat she turned her away: and she went from him into the house without word spoken. Then Ywain also went his way: and as he went in his dream the moon set, and the sun rose on Paladore.

CHAPTER XVI.—HOW YWAIN FOUND HIS LADY AGAIN, AND
HOW SHE WENT FROM HIM THE SECOND TIME.

Long time was Ywain musing on that which had befallen him by night, and it seemed to him that he had been made to live as it were in two lives, seeing that out of one sleep he had twice awaked. And of the truth of this he had no certainty, but of his service that he had sworn to his lady, of that he had certainty, for

whether in his dream or out of his dream his heart assented thereto. Moreover, he desired greatly to come again to that house where he had seen her go from him: and if such a house there were in Paladore, he doubted not to find it, for he saw yet before his eyes the shield of arms that was there beside the door, and it was

party of sable and silver, with a ship sailing therein counter-coloured.

But now while he was musing came a messenger from Sir Rainald, and entreated him of his courtesy that he would be with Sir Rainald shortly, for he had that to say to Ywain which was worth his hearing. So Ywain went with the messenger and came to Sir Rainald. Then Sir Rainald spoke to him slowly and with many words, as men speak of grave matters: and he told Ywain how he was commanded to bring him that same day before the Prince of Paladore, and he gave him joy therewith, for he said that the honour was great, and such as fell not commonly to them that were strangers, but if they were on some embassy.

Then Ywain thanked him in such words as were fitting, and so covered his thought: for in his old life he had had knowledge of princes and he was well-a-way weary even to remember them. Yet for the desire that he had to meet again with his lady, and to do her service, he was willing to pleasure Sir Rainald and the Prince and any other. So when an hour had been set, that he should meet with Sir Rainald before the door of the Great Gard, then Ywain took his leave and was gone until the evening.

And first he came hastily to his own house: for before any other thing that he might do he was set to find that house of the shield, and he thought to go by the way of his dream.

And he found the way like as he remembered it, and came before the house and saw the shield: and he entered into the house, for the door was unlatched and there was no man to stay him or to answer him. Yet he entered not so easily, for the door stood heavy against his hand and cried out upon him: and he perceived that the hinges of it were eaten with old rust. Also upon the inward side of it was much cobweb of spiders, and in the hall-way dust like grey sand upon the flags. Then he went from chamber to chamber, and they were all wide and waste in like manner: and his eyes were darkened to look upon the place, and his heart was cold within him, for he saw it as a place of the dead that was mouldering and forgotten.

Then at the last he came into a little chamber that was high above the hall: and it was the chamber of all the house that was most richly hung and furnished, and in it was a lute and a book and a frame of broidery, and upon the wall a round mirror of glass. And he came to the mirror and stood still to look into it, and when he looked the blood leapt in his heart as a horse leaps to the spur: for in the glass was the chamber made small and clear, as it were far off, and all things in order as he had seen them, save only that before the frame of broidery he saw a lady sitting at the work. And for all the bending of her head and the shadow upon her, he knew well

that she was his own lady; and he kept watch upon her where he stood, for to move him from the mirror he dare not, lest she should go from him again.

Then he saw in the glass how she raised her head, and looked: and in that same instant the mirror was filled with cloud, and he turned him swiftly about in great fear. But his fear was vain, for his lady was verily there before him sitting, and by her the book and the lute, and all things in the chamber. And she gave him no greeting, but bent still to her broidery and made as though he had been long time there with her. And presently she bade him take the lute and sing thereto: and her voice was light and careless, as of one that thought most of her own business.

Then he was ashamed, for he had no skill with the lute, and he prayed her forgiveness humbly. Then she said it was no matter, but that he should take the book and read to her. And he took the book, and opened it: but every word that was in it was written in an unknown tongue, so that he was ashamed for this time also. Then again she said it was no matter, but for a little while she was silent: and afterward she bade him look from the window and tell her of that which he saw. So he came to the window, that was an oriel and high above ground: and before it and beneath lay the ridge tiles of the city, and beyond them was a wall with battlements, and above the battlements was a long line

and dim, where the sky met with the sea.

Then he said to his lady, I see some part of the city here-under, and what shall I say of it to do you pleasure? But she answered him that he should look not upon the city, but beyond it. Then he said to her, I see above the battlements a dimness of blue, and in it is a line where the sky meets with the sea: and what more shall I say of it to do you pleasure? And she answered him not, but left her broidering and so came and stood beside him at the window, and they two looked upon the sea together. And at the last she said to him, Look well now and tell me all: for I see that of which you have not told me. And he looked again, shading his eyes with his hand and peering carefully: but nothing could he see, save one dimness upon another.

Then an evil thought came into his mind, and he said within himself, This is her will, to put shame upon me, and to make me speak of that which I see not, as though I saw it with my eyes. Then he looked once again, and as he looked he spoke, and in his voice was a little grain of anger, as small as the sand that grits between the teeth. And he said, I see nothing where nothing is: and in that instant he heard his lady sigh, there as she stood beside him; and sorrow came upon him to hear her, and he would have turned to yield himself. And he turned and found her not, for in the taking of a breath she was gone from him.

CHAPTER XVII.—OF ALADORE AND OF THE SANDS CALLED
THE SHEPHERDINE SANDS.

Then Ywain groaned inwardly, for he said, I am a fool and worse than a fool, and for a moment he hated himself and all that he had done. But afterward he considered a little and said, This comes not of folly but of newness, for I have not been used to live in two several lives. Yet by all seeming my lady does even so, and I with her: therefore she knew well that I was her sworn servant, dream in and dream out, and if I had bethought me of this I had never been angry. But now I have offended the second time, and how I am to meet with her again I cannot tell, seeing that she comes and goes like the wind among the leaves.

So he went down the house and out of it, and set his face to go toward the sea, for he thought by carefulness or by good hap he might come to perceive that which before had been hid from him. And as he went he heard one call him by his name, and he looked about and saw the young man Hubert behind him coming quickly, and he stayed for him so that they went forward together. And as they went they talked, and this time also Hubert told Ywain all such things as he demanded to know, for whether feasting or fasting he was ever the same man, and his speech was restless and joyful.

And first Ywain asked him of the house of the shield,

wherefrom he had come; and Hubert said that it was of old the house of Sir Ogier, but now of his daughter the Lady Aithne, for Sir Ogier was by his own outrageousness drowned and dead. And of the Lady Aithne he said that she was beautiful beyond telling, and therein Ywain well believed him, and then he said that she came never there, but hated them of Paladore and forsook them utterly, and Ywain laid that saying by, that he might ponder it.

Then in their talking they came to the wall of the city, and Ywain saw before him a gate that he knew not yet: and beside it upon the left hand was a castle, and a courtyard, and men afoot with halberds, and men ahorse with swords drawn, and many folk coming and going. And this, said Hubert, is the Great Gard of the Prince of Paladore, and it lies against the wall of the city and overtops it, and so runs a good furlong to the south: but on the east it stands above the city and looks down into it, as a tree may stand above a sheep-fold. Yet not so in truth, for in what place a tree stands, there will it look down on this side and on that, and not on one side only, as it is with this Gard of theirs.

Therewith he brought Ywain to the gate and so out of the city; and he turned about and showed him that on this side the face of the Great Gard was

as it were blind, and in no way looked upon the sea. And Ywain was astonished thereat, for the place was passing beautiful, with a broad way beneath the wall, and a border of great trees, and between the trees the wide water, coloured diversely with green and purple colours. Then he looked out as far as eye might see, and as he looked he forgot Hubert and remembered Aithne, for he longed greatly to know what was the thing which she had perceived and he not.

Then he turned back in his thought to Hubert, and asked of him, What place is this, and for what reason so forsaken? And Hubert answered, Well is it that you ask this of me and of none other. For the place is called the High Steep of Paladore, and it is not forsaken but forbidden: for in Paladore the sea is held for a dread thing and an evil, and the great ones and those of the Tower and those of the Prince's household will have it neither in sight nor in hearing, so that it is not so much as named with us, save now and then with women, or else with harpers and rhymers and the like.

Then Ywain said, Without doubt you make mirth of me, for I perceive that you are speaking one thing and thinking of another, as men use in jesting. But Hubert said, There is no mirth in the matter, save it be the mirth that covers aching bones. For at times we have sight from hence of that which in all the world we most desire, and well-begone is he that sees it: yet

for this desire are we shamed and slighted, as children are hushed that speak foolishly among their elders.

But what see you, said Ywain, or what desire you to see? And therewith his heart began to go to and fro, for he knew that he was near his lady's secret. Then Hubert laughed a little and made as though he would answer him: but he answered him as it were slant-wise, for he said, Their shame is a toothless dog, and again he said, They see but little that never see Aladore.

Then of a sudden he changed his manner of speaking, and went laughing and talking at great random: whereby Ywain perceived that he had done with that matter, and would have no more of it, until he should return into his former mind. So Ywain took counsel with himself to lay wait for him there, seeing that it behoved him greatly, for his lady's sake, to hear tell of Aladore.

Then they two left the way under the wall, and passed out between the trees: and they cast themselves down upon the grass and lay there for a space looking towards the sea. And below them where they lay was the high steep, grey and green: and below the steep was a beach upon the margent of the water. And as for the water, that was of two kinds, for nigh land it was unvexed and still, as a deep river is still: but a mile out it was broken and foam-flocked, as it were a great green meadow and a thousand

of white sheep thereon, and so continued as far out as eye could see. And Ywain marvelled to see the breaking of the water, for there was no wind and the tide was well nigh silent upon the strand. And Hubert told him that it was no marvel, for the water inshore was deep, so that a ship might go thereon: but out yonder, he said, no man may sail and keep his life, for the sea is full on every side with banks of sand, and the name of them is called the Shepherdine Sands, and many a one have they covered from all sight and seeking.

Then said Ywain, They are well named by the name of the Shepherdine Sands, for I see the sheep plainly; but tell me this, for what sake any man should go among them to peril of death? And Hubert said, For the sake of Aladore. Then Ywain thought to anger him that he might be the more certainly answered: so he spoke scornfully and said, What

manner of men are they that for such a sake will go to peril of death? But Hubert was no whit angered, and he said joyfully, Well worth the peril and the death; for they tell such tales of Aladore that if but the half of them be true, then may it well be the land of every man's desire. And this you believe not yet, for you have not seen it, nor can I tell you on what day or by what enchantment you may come to see it: for a man may watch half his life in vain, and suddenly in the lifting of his eyes it will be there, between sky and sea, as clear as stone in sunlight.

Then, when he heard this, Ywain was silent for a space, and continued looking out to seaward: but he saw there nothing that was new, for he saw only the still water anear him, and afar off the blue border of the sky; and between them he saw that pasture perilous of the Shepherdine Sands.

CHAPTER XVIII.—OF PALADORE AND OF THE PRINCES THEREOF.

Right so came the sound of trumpets from within the battlements: and Hubert started up upon his feet and said joyfully how it was the trumpets in the Great Gard blowing to hall. And he made Ywain also to rise up and go with him: and he brought him again through the gate and into the city, and so to his own lodging, and there Hubert would have Ywain to dine with him and with certain others.

And of those others one was named Maurice and another Bartholomy and the third Dennis, and they were all the three of them young men and restless in their speech as was Hubert himself. So they five talked together all the time of dinner, and afterward they rose not from the table but continued talking.

And as reason was, so it happened in their talk, that there was ever one that made

question and four that answered: whereby at the last it seemed to Ywain that his head span round, for they four smote him with strange sayings on this side and on that, as boys will smite a top and spin it. And when they had told him the customs of Paladore concerning war and witchcraft and marriage, then they told him of the clergy and the Court. And of clergy they said that there was scarce one to be seen in all the city, for the great ones believed them not and the commons loved them not: therefore they banished them for the most part, yet not far off, lest evil should come thereby, or some sudden need. But the Archbishop they kept still within the city, for he was of the company of the Tower, or at the least so they thought of him. And of churches they made no account, but left them there: yet for the hope of Paradise there were many that went pilgrimage.

Then they all praised the Prince some deal, but of the Court they told Ywain such things as men will tell of Courts, and in part he believed them and in part he believed them not: for in his time he also had told the like and found it otherwise. But this much he heard of Maurice and took it for truth, namely that by old custom none could be Prince in Paladore save that he were a giant of his stature and of his lineage: also must no Prince take a wife save that she likewise came of giants, to the end that the same estate and goodliness might remain

unto their children's children. And by this counsel, said Maurice, it came to pass that being no more of one kind with smaller folk, he that was Prince could not have ado with his people, neither in battle nor in love: but he had of them great reverence, for all men praised the doing of his lineage in time past. Moreover upon high days there would go lords before him, bearing a great sword and a crown of tourney: and when they of Paladore saw the Prince accompanied therewith, there was then no renown that they would not believe of him.

So said Maurice, and Bartholomy laughed and said further, It is true enough, yet this also is true, that our Prince is no free man, but lives in durance all his life days. For by no old custom, but belike by fear of his greatness, it is forbidden that he come abroad into the city without he be guarded by armed guards, lest perchance he should some time break forth and go his own ways. Moreover it is provided that in his own house also, and whether he be eating or drinking or what else doing, he shall in any case be bound with chains: and in the making of such chains they of Paladore have great skill, for they will tie a man hand and foot with bonds of no seeming substance, and yet past breaking of any, save he be strongly holpen of friends.

Then Dennis laughed also and he said Nay, but this one thing you have forgotten, how

that our Princes have leave for all manner of hunting and fowling: and they go freely into all such forests as are large enough, and strike all such game as shall come near enough. For though they ride not with hounds, lest their horses fall down under so great weight, yet will they stand in covert the day long with marvellous endurance, to shoot at such few birds and beasts as may be driven forth to them. And this is well done, for in Paladore good hunting brings good will, and the Prince thereby has the love of all his people. And their love fails not, but increases continually: for they hold this Prince that now is, to be better than his father, and he also was better, as it is reported, than any that was before him: and certainly in the old time they killed not their game so easily, nor one fourth part of the number thereof.

Then said Ywain, I perceive plainly that this is a good Prince, but I am yet to seek wherefore he should desire my presence. And Hubert and Maurice and Bartholomy and Dennis when they heard Ywain say so, they were astonished, for they knew not of the sending of Sir Rainald; and they ceased from their laughing as men cast suddenly into fear. And Hubert said, This is of the Tower, for I know their handiwork of old. Then Ywain said merrily, By seeming I also am a beast of the game. But they four laughed no more, and Ywain perceived that there was no merriness left in them: for they dreaded the favour of the Tower, whereby they might lose their man as soon as they had gained him. And in no long while after Ywain took his leave of them: and he hastened and came to Sir Rainald, for it was time.

CHAPTER XIX.—HOW YWAIN SPOKE WITH THE PRINCE OF PALADORE AND HOW HE TOOK UPON HIM THREE ADVENTURES.

So when he had met with Sir Rainald, they two went up together into the Great Gard: and when they came therein Ywain perceived that Maurice had told him truth, for the house was high and wide and full of great chambers, and in no way fit to be the dwelling of a man, save he were of a bigness beyond all other. Also he saw that the farther from the gate the taller were all those on whom he

came: and it seemed to him as though he also took some change thereby. For when he had been brought into the chamber that lay before the chamber where the Prince was, then he began to doubt of his own stature, and his bones became shrunken and his sinews weak within him.

Then came lords unto Ywain and unto Sir Rainald, and put robes upon them and so led them in. And when they were

come in they found the Prince at play, sitting upon the floor of the chamber: and beside him upon the floor were a multitude of toys, fashioned after the likeness of men-at-arms, and he made them go hither and thither as he would, so that it was a marvel to behold. And when he saw Ywain and Sir Rainald he ceased not from his playing, but he called to them lightly to come on, and take their share in his pastime. And Ywain wondered and looked hard at him: for the words were the words of a child, but he that spoke them was by all seeming a man of forty year.

Then at the last, when he had done with his playing, the Prince came to his feet, and he was nothing terrible, for all his bigness. Neither was he a child, no, not by some deal: for he asked such questions as they ask that have seen the manner of men, and of women also. But he said not many things of his own, nor new things in any sort: and it was plain to see that his bonds wearied him. And Ywain also they wearied, for he could not choose but watch them glittering upon the Prince, so that he seemed to bear the burden of them himself.

Then the Prince brought him to a window that looked upon the city, and he asked Ywain whether it were in his mind to stay in Paladore or to go from thence shortly.

Then Ywain remembered his lady Aithne, and he answered quickly that if it pleased the Prince he was minded to stay. And the Prince was pleased thereat, and he said that he looked for Ywain to take upon him certain adventures; for so did all those that had so much of skill and fortune. And Ywain answered yea, for he loved this Prince and thought no evil of him: but he knew not of what adventures he would speak.

Then the Prince looked at him pleasantly: and he considered a little, as a man considers of divers meats upon the board, every one of them sweet to his tooth. Then he named to Ywain three several adventures, that he would have him take upon himself: and he named the first thereof the adventure of the Chess, and the second the adventure of the Howling Beast, and the third he named the adventure of the Castle of Maidens.

Then it seemed to Ywain as though his stature had returned to him, and he answered lightly that he would take upon him these adventures, and that forthwith: and the Prince gave him leave to depart, and said how that he had done well and should yet do better. And this also was Ywain's thought within himself: but in the same moment he looked upon the face of Sir Rainald, and he saw it as the face of a fox, well pleased with the cunning that he has practised.

(To be continued.)

THE BALLAD OF THE MATTERHORN.

By Casey's Occidental Rooms, when the sun is getting low,
 The chattering crowds of Chinatown along the pavements go,
 And there you'll hear the wrangling gulls about the harbour-
 side,
 And see the ships come in which use the oceans deep and wide,
 And smell the smell of the water-front, the shipping, and the
 tide.

And there do meet all brands o' folk which on the Coast are
 found,
 From Behring Strait to Mexico, from Frisco and the Sound;
 The Dago and the Dutchman there, with all queer breeds that be,
 Stand up to drink with Jap and Chink beside the western sea.

And there do swear and fight and lie and leave their pay behind,
 The whalers and the tugboat men and the loggers rolling blind,
 And there the Siwash and the Sikh go jostling side by side,
 And sailormen blow out and in like drift-logs tide by tide.

By Casey's Occidental Rooms, as I was strolling by
 And thinking over this and that, and things both far and nigh,
 There chanced to meet me face to face a man I used to know,
 That sailed with me in the *Matterhorn* in a day that's long ago.

And "Oh Lord love you, Mike," I said, and took him by the
 hand,
 "Do you sail yet in the *Matterhorn*, and are you long for land?
 It's good to see your face again, these longshore lads among,
 To mind me of the *Matterhorn* and the time when I was
 young."

"If I had sailed in the *Matterhorn* it is not here I'd be,
 And thirsty as the hob of Hell as I am now," said he;
 "A bitter drink I'd sup among the cold and clammy dead
 If I had signed in the *Matterhorn* when last she sailed," he
 said.

"She's gone, and none but old Cape Stiff can tell the when and
 how;
 And them that watched the lists for her, they're tired o' watchin'
 now;
 Far down, far down in Dead Man's Bay both ship and men do
 lie,
 And the 'Lutine' bell has rung for her this many a day gone by.

"I saw her sail from Salthouse Dock—the sun was risin' red,
And 'See you next in Callao' my friends aboard her said;
'Tween Callao and Liverpool a many ports there be,
And many men I'll meet again, but them I shall not see.

"Well, safe we got to Callao, but we were long a-going,
The old tub leaking like a sieve, old Horn his hardest blowing;
The big seas swept her fore and aft, the sails they out like
steel;
Our bodies to the yards they froze, our hands froze to the wheel.

"And them that sailed before us came, and most that since did
sail,
They came all battered with the seas and broken with the gale;
And one that had been missing long, with sticks all snapped and
shorn,
Limped in to tell her tale ashore—but not the *Matterhorn*.

"So last we knew that she was gone, as best and worst may go,
The good ship and the bad likewise, the fast ship and the slow;
A fast ship was the *Matterhorn* when all them kites was spread,
A fast ship and a fine she was——" "Ay, she was fast," I
said.

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From course to skysail up she soared like a midsummer cloud;
In all this earth I have not seen a thing more brave and proud.
And she is gone as dreams do go, or a song sung long before,
Or the golden days of a man's youth when they are his no
more.

And all the shining moons of youth, and all the stars of dream
Were tangled in her topmost spars and through her shrouds did
gleam;
Now thundering like a North Sea gale, now humming faint and
low,
Came singing with her down the years the winds of long ago.

By Casey's Occidental Rooms a bitter thing I heard;
With a heavy heart I turned away, and long I spoke no word;
I bared my head there where I stood: "God rest her soul," I
said,
As if a woman I had loved in a far land was dead.

C. FOX SMITH.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

FOUR ANNAS REWARD.

I.

AHERNE is a Collector now, and the sphere of his activities—which are still great—is very far removed from Kavutapur. I very much doubt whether if you entered that club, of which he is now a shining light, and inquired for “old Hamelin” or “the Ratcatcher,” anything but vacant stares would be your reward: yet there was a time when these names stood for Aherne from Ramnad to Berhampore, and when the mere humming of “The Ratcatcher’s Daughter” would draw from Aherne such missiles as were within his reach. But that was a long while ago, and I do not think there can be much harm in raking up the story once more. As for the other people of whom we shall speak, Brash, the Policeman, is now home for good, and Peebles is in a world where naturalists with theories are, we hope, more kindly treated. What has become of Rama Reddi, his own gods—and perhaps the C.I.D.—alone can tell.

These things befell in the year when the plague visited Kavutapur, which is a district conspicuously marked on any reliable map of South India. The plague began somewhere on the Bombay side of Haiderabad and wandered over the

Nizam’s Guaranteed State Railway to the hot hillocks of Bezwada, where much varied humanity intermingles. Thence it spread in all directions; Kistna and Godavari got it mildly, but the main stream worked southwards by Guntur, and fell mightily upon Yelrud. Yelrud is the northern division of Kavutapur, and Aherne was the newly gazetted Divisional Officer. That is to say, he was a youngish man of not very long service, many ambitions, and an immense appetite for work.

Whether Peebles’ Theory of Rodent Migrations produced Aherne’s Patent Rat-Trap, or *vice versa*, or whether the gods of India, who delight above all things to make sport of the British Government, inspired them both simultaneously, I am not prepared to say. The facts within my knowledge are as I shall tell. Peebles—the Hon. Mr A. R. R. Peebles, that is—was an exalted personage in high places at Madras, a most distinguished student of natural history, especially with reference to the more domesticated types, and a man of many theories great and small. Aherne was a pushing young man with a mechanical turn of mind, already the inventor of many helpful devices in the

region of lamps, punkahs, saddlery, and the like. Peebles, for some reason, suddenly took up the subject of epidemic disease, its curious movements and wanderings, and especially its transmission by the lesser animals — rats, birds, pariah-dogs, and some others. Peebles took to worrying the Government on this topic. The plague came to Kavutapur. Aherne had the honour to address Government on the subject of his patent rat-trap. All these things appeared to follow as the night the day.

Some day, perhaps, we shall see into the mind of that odd deity who governs epidemics, and shall know why the cholera moves through regimental camps in figures of eight, and why the smallpox, overleaping six villages, falls in fury on the seventh. In the meantime we can only say that the plague having reached Yelrud, thought fit to advance no farther, but sat down quietly to decimate Aherne's division. The usual steps were taken, but the plague stayed on. It stayed on so long that the Government had time not only to read and consider Aherne's remarks anent his rat-trap, but actually to cause the manufacture of a goodly number of these instruments. I doubt if it would have got this length but for Peebles, but Peebles was neither to hold nor to bind. "A heaven-sent sphere of experiment," said Peebles repeatedly. "An opportunity not to be wasted." The upshot was that one fine

morning there arrived at Hailarpet, which is the headquarter town of Yelrud, a consignment of the celebrated rat-traps, together with a Government pronouncement, setting forth that these were to be sold throughout the division at the moderate price of two annas each, and that while the plague lasted (here shows clearly the hand of Peebles) a reward of four annas would be paid for every rodent corpse submitted for Aherne's inspection. Aherne, doling out rat-traps and proclamations, felt like a man coping with large affairs.

The only dissentient voice was that of Brash, the District Superintendent of Police, who was then on a tour of inspection of the Yelrud stations. To begin with, Brash did not approve of the trap.

"You ought to have put the spring thing at the back," said he, "and I think the whole thing's too big."

Worse than this, he went so far as to disbelieve in Peebles.

"I don't believe rats have anything to do with it," said Brash. "There are hardly any rats in Hailarpet. I never knew a station with so few rats. Mosquitoes, if you like. Or sandflies. You won't get any rats."

Doubtless he was soured by overmuch inspectioning. In any case, his expressions are of no value, as he was of an unmechanical turn, and had no views on natural history whatsoever.

II.

Apart from Aherne and his rat-traps, the progress of the plague in Kavutapur need not directly concern us. Except for its unusual persistence it was a perfectly normal plague. But the facts which attended the use of Aherne's rat-traps were very far from normal.

To begin with, no rats were caught. Aherne's own bungalow was notoriously free from vermin of any kind, and it was therefore useless for him to attempt any experiment on his own premises, but though a convenient stock of four-anna pieces lay to hand, not a soul came forward from any quarter of the division to claim them. To all appearances there were no rats in Yelrud. From noddings of the head and drawings-in of the lips Brash went on to open and offensive language. "There aren't any rats," said he openly. "Either that or your traps aren't working"—contriving somehow to imply by voice and manner that both these things were the case. Aherne bore with him because he was, for the time being, the only other European in the station, but at times he found it hard.

Then one day there appeared a certain villager, Venkayya by name, with three dead rats, professedly caught in one of Aherne's traps. As in duty bound, his neighbour promptly filed a complaint against him on the ground that two of the corpses were in truth his, and that he had been keeping them

in his house to produce. Aherne pointed out that according to the proclamation the reward was to be paid to the person producing, and informed the neighbour that he ought to have kept a better look-out. Rumour has it that he made up the reward, out of his own pocket, to one rupee.

There ensued a blank fortnight, and then began to happen those events which brightened Aherne's outlook and caused Brash a not inconsiderable dismay. There was a sudden inrush of rats. Men appeared bearing corpses, not in twos and threes, but in tens and fifteens. Brash was at first incredulous; then, being confronted with the corpses, remarked that he did not know how it was done. Aherne pointed in silence to a neat little mark on the back of each rat—the mark of the Aherne Patent Rat-Trap. Of the efficacy of the trap there could no longer be any possible doubt, for on every corpse, in almost exactly the same spot, the little triangular dint, which was the work of Aherne's patent, appeared. Brash had not a leg to stand on, but in his disagreeable way he went on finding objections.

"It's very odd," said he, looking at the reward book, "all these fellows seem to come either from Hailarpet or some of the villages just outside. There didn't use to be any rats in Hailarpet. Not to speak of."

"There didn't use to be any plague in Hailarpet either," said Aherne.

"There isn't so much now as there was," persisted Brash, "and yet you're getting more rats every day. I don't understand it."

"They're getting up to working the traps," said Aherne. "That's all."

Things began to turn steadily against Brash, for it was less than a fortnight later that Peebles made his discovery. Aherne was under orders to submit a certain number of the corpses to Madras for examination, and it was with great relish that he selected promising specimens and had them sent off. With no less relish did Peebles attend their dissection, and his reward came when one day among the latest batch he came upon a slightly different rat—a bigger, redder rat, which he at once pronounced a species peculiar to the north Deccan, and never heard of south of the Godavari river. Whether

it was or was not, it is not for me to say, but Peebles knew about rats, and he was probably right. "There's your plague!" said he, smiting the dissecting board in a way that made the carcasses jump, and went off to write a report to Government. The report was twelve pages long, and proved Peebles' Theory of Rodent Migrations up to the hilt.

"But," said Brash the inconvertible, "I don't see how he makes that out. If the rats brought the plague, you ought to have caught them when it broke out. I believe you that they came from Haiderabad. There weren't any rats in Hailarpet; that I'll stick to. But I wish you'd explain to me how it is that the more the plague dies out the more rats you keep getting."

"Oh, they're getting up to the traps, I suppose," said Aherne carelessly, "or perhaps the rats are coming out more, or something."

III.

All this time I have said no word of Rama Reddi. That is because no word of Rama Reddi was so far heard in Hailarpet.

In person this Rama Reddi was insignificant, and his antecedents were doubtful, but his course of speech and action in the past few years had made him an object of interest to the Government.

His name appeared in cer-

tain odd-looking papers, and certain officials maintained a paternal interest in his whereabouts, and glanced from time to time at his doings. Brash knew about him, and knew that he lived in a house with a piece of land attached in a back street of Hailarpet,—a street as a rule unfrequented, and liable to become blown up with sand. Brash used to ride round that way sometimes of

an evening—mostly, I am afraid, because it led to a good galloping ground—and one night he saw that which made him thoughtful.

"I passed Rama Reddi's to-night," said he to Aherne, "and there was a deuce of a lot of talking going on round his door. People were swarming about that godown of his at the back, too. I wonder what he's up to."

Aherne was only faintly interested at this time, but a week or so later Brash was at him again.

"Rama Reddi is up to something," said he; "there was a crowd at his place to-night again—especially his godown."

"What do you propose to do?" Aherne asked. "You can't very well rush in yet. He may only be holding an auction, or something."

"No," said Brash, "but I suggest a little unofficial stroll that way to-morrow evening. I think you might come with me."

"All right," said Aherne idly, thereby sealing his doom.

Hereafter I think the story may well go on in Brash's own words. He told it often, with a relish, and as he was an unimaginative man, the account varied little.

"When we got into the street"—so Brash would tell—"I suppose there would be about forty people round Rama Reddi's house, talking away like anything, and a lot more hanging about the door of his big godown. When they saw us coming some one raised the alarm and they cleared like

smoke. I didn't like it. There was a little lane place going down the side of Rama Reddi's site, and one corner of the godown stuck out into it, so I said to Aherne, 'Let's go down there quite quietly and just keep our eyes and ears open.' He thought it was a sound idea, so down we went. As we came up to the godown, going very softly in the sand, I heard an odd sound, or rather a lot of sounds. 'Hullo!' says Aherne, 'What's that? Sounds like a rat.' 'Sounds like a thousand rats,' said I. 'I'm going in.' And in we went."

At this point Brash always drank ostentatiously, or lit a pipe, or punctuated in some way.

"God bless my soul, I never saw such a sight. The whole place was lined round with little cages like a menagerie, and every cage simply hotching full with rats. The row they made was like wet cultivation at night in the rains. Aherne and I simply stared. All at once I looked round and saw Rama Reddi's son Subbayya trying to sneak out. He was an imbecile sort of fellow and ugly as sin. I hauled him back, and after a bit we got it out of him.

"'It was the order of the Government,' was all he would say at first, but by degrees, when he saw we weren't going to kill him, he expanded. 'The Sirkar people made an order to kill,' said he, 'and sent out the teraps. But the teraps did not kill. How should they?'" ["You should have seen old Aherne's face here," said Brash,

chuckling.] "Then my father, Rama Reddi, said to my uncle, Venkata Reddi, 'The Sirkar people will give money. It is a pity no one should get that money. We cannot catch rats with our hands, and the teraps are not good.' 'Alas! what an evil!' said my uncle. 'Not so,' said my father, 'I will write to our cousin Maliseti and he will send us rats, and for these the Government will give us money.'"

"How could he get rats?" said Aherne in a voice like thunder.

"He is ratcatcher to the Zamindar of Raichind, Excellency," says Subbaya. "There are many rats at Raichind. In Hailarpet there are not many."

"And Raichind's in Haiderabad," I put in. "See the 'Theory of Rodent Migrations.'"

"The rats came in a box. They were very fine rats. Some were larger than others, a different kind."

"Compare Peebles," said I.

In telling a story Brash never spared his hearers his own witticisms.

"Then my father, looking on all these rats—there were perhaps a hundred—said, 'It is a sin that such fine rats should die.'"

"Undoubtedly you are mad," said my uncle.

"Not so," said my father. "Have ye not heard the parable of the grain of seed that the crow dropped from his beak? These rats shall be just such a grain of seed. The Sirkar people will get many rats."

"Good God!" yelled Aherne,

'they've been breeding them.' And so they just had."

"But the marks of the traps?" some one usually asked at this stage.

"Oh, that was all right," Brash would say. "The dodge that made Aherne's patent was a little poleaxe thing, and they took one of these out of a trap. Subbaya explained all that. 'My father holding the head and my uncle the tail, I struck,' said he. 'In one day we killed seventy. It was hard work.' They knew poor old Aherne was keen on his traps, you see, and the more trapped rats came in the more pleased Aherne would be, and the longer the rewards would flow forth."

"It was quite fair," said Subbaya. "We sold the rats for three annas, and those who brought them to your honours got four. We had to pay for keeping the rats; also we had a syndicate to buy teraps, as the people would not buy them, and your honours would have discovered. The price was just."

"At the end of it all poor old Aherne turned to me."

"I can't expect you to let this drop," said he. "All I ask is that you won't say you told me there were no rats in Hailarpet. And don't spare Peebles."

That is the tale of the plague of Kavutapur and how the Government of India fought it with Aherne's Patent Rat-Traps. If you do not believe it there are two things you can do. You can look up, in the

Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society of Calcutta, Peebles' admirable paper on "Migratory Animals as a Factor in Geographical Change," and study the great capital cunningly made therein out of the

appearance of Haiderabad rats in Yelrud. The other—and perhaps the simpler—is to search out Aherne, and ask him if there are still any rats in Hailarpet.

HILTON BROWN.

A VILLAGE SQUABBLE.

Riding one afternoon towards the end of August from Nawa Kila to Shalozai Fort, I pulled up my pony at the foot of the levy post which watches the Lakarai defile, four miles or so from Nawa Kila and close to the village of Aza Khel. It was a real hot, cloudless day, which drew up the moisture from the irrigated fields on either side of the road in wreaths of steamy haze, till I felt that I had been steeped in a vapour bath, and I was glad to dismount and fling myself down to rest in the shadow of a big rock.

Before me, through the dancing heat haze, the whole country was submerged under a sea of green rice, which swayed in long billowy undulations to a passing breeze. A short distance to my left the snow-fed turbulent Surkhab river raced over its boulder-strewn bed, here grumbling loudly as it dashed down a rapid dotted with jagged rocks whose crest showed black and ominous above the seething waters; there broken into foaming eddies and miniature whirlpools, in whose merciless grip there was small chance for the strongest swimmer; again flowing silently in a smooth

unbroken stream like a sheet of sombre dark-green grass, some stray bit of flotsam, as it whirled helplessly by, alone betraying the strength and pace of the rushing current. On all sides, tier above tier, rose steep rocky hills crowned with pine and deodar, whilst at this time of year their rugged outlines were somewhat softened by the grass which clothed their naked spurs and precipitous slopes. Far up the valley I could see the village of Hissar nestling at the foot of the Zawoghar spur, and, guarding the bridge over the river, where the road to Swaikot and Alizai crosses the stream, grim Nawa Kila Fort on its rocky eminence, looking like a big mastiff dozing lazily in the sun. The whole countryside seemed steeped in a peaceful sleep, and it was difficult to realise that a few short years before it had re-echoed to the sound of artillery and rifle-fire, and that the plain of Teri just behind me had trembled under the hoofs of more than one cavalry charge.

As I sat in the shade I was joined by a Pathan of my acquaintance, Sharif Khan, a Malik of Aza Khel. Tall, spare, and wiry, he was a

typical mountaineer. A grim, hawk-like face, though handsome in a sinister way, was framed in a grizzled beard and shaggy locks, the latter bound round with a dirty turban. From beneath bushy eyebrows, as from a pent-house, two piercing black eyes looked out over a prominent hooked nose. He was a picturesque figure in his voluminous slate-coloured robes, and one thoroughly in harmony with the black rocks of the Lakarai Pass. A long, silver-inlaid jezail with curved butt (weapons which are rapidly disappearing on the frontier, giving place to the magazine rifle) was slung over his right shoulder. The curve was rough with notches, each notch representing an enemy's life. From a belt, black with age and dirt, hung a leather powder-flask shaped like an enormous pipe, and, cheek by jowl with it, a leather pouch bulging with slugs and bullets. Saluting me with a grave salaam he squatted down on his heels opposite me in the shade, and a humorous semi-apologetic smile played about his lips, completely obliterating the harsh, sinister expression of the face, as his small son, a half-naked urchin barely six years old, glancing shyly at me, settled himself between the old man's knees and nestled his head against his shoulder.

I had had many a conversation with him before, and he had shown me with pride a white scar on his breast earned during the attack on the Shalozai posts in 18—, when he had received a bayonet through the chest. Left for

dead in the hurried retirement of the tribesmen, he had been taken into one of our hospitals to be treated, and had eventually been discharged cured. He was always quite frank about the part he had played in the attack on the British posts, and seemed to look upon the whole affair more as a rough game, in which his side had got the worst of it, than as a serious business.

After a few desultory remarks, I began to question the old man concerning an incident which had necessitated the calling out of the movable column and the manning of all the Shalozai defences the previous cold weather, just before I had been detailed for duty at the dépôt of my regiment, from which duty I had only lately returned. The incident had caused a good deal of excitement, and on the face of it seemed serious enough. The Commander-in-Chief was in the valley on a tour of inspection, and as his tonga halted to change ponies at the entrance to the Lakarai defile, a single shot rang out from the hill above Aza Khel, followed by a regular crackle of musketry from both sides of the pass. Everybody naturally thought that a treacherous attack was being made on the Chief and his escort. The alarm was sounded, and the troops from Nawa Kila, the nearest post, were rapidly on the move towards the spot, when the Chief's tonga was seen coming out of the pass, followed by its escort of cavalry, on their road to the fort, and orders, by the

hand of a sowar despatched in advance, reached the officer in command telling him to withdraw his men. Shortly afterwards we learned that the villagers of a place called Sarozai were attacking those of Aza Khel, and that the incident had no political significance. In fact, deputations from the two villages shortly afterwards visited the Shalozai Kotal to interview Major Jerome, the Political Officer, and assure him of their sincere contrition for the unfortunate occurrence. They explained that they had no idea that the "Jung-i-Lat Sahib Bahadur"¹ was passing at the time, and that had they known of it they would certainly have postponed the settlement of their little differences. For a time Sharif Khan was reticent, and evinced a disposition to talk of the crops or the weather, but the offer of a cigarette loosened his tongue, and he began to speak freely.

"It is a long story, sahib, for it had its beginning in the days when Sadullah, the Mullah Massan, came to Zawoghar and preached the Jehad. As your Highness knows, the lashkars assembled at Sarozai, part going to Nawa Kila and the remainder against the fort and camp at Shalozai. I myself, as I have before told the Sahib, was with these last, and after we had burnt the Serai we took away much loot. It was two days later that I received the wound, the mark of which the Sahib has seen on

my breast. The Heaven-born has perhaps heard of the village of Bazdara? It lies near the foot of the Zera pass which leads into Rajgal. The men of that place are Baizais, and we of Aza Khel and Sarozai are of the Ranizai Khel, so that frequently there has been much trouble between us and them, but Sadullah had settled our differences, so that there was truce between us till we had driven the unbelievers out of Hindostan and placed Sheikh Mahomed on the Gaddi at Delhi. That was folly, Sahib, and an idle dream, but Sadullah had bewitched us with his lies, and his foolish talk that he had power to turn bullets to water so that we of the Faith should not suffer from your fire. We believed him to our cost, for, as the Sahib knows, a few years ago, from Hissar to Sher Khel, there was scarcely a full-grown man remaining, only greybeards and youths whose cheeks were yet smooth as a woman's. Some who were away in those days have come back, but to-day we can with difficulty put one man in the field where before we put two. Bazdara is a small village, Sahib, and lies hidden in a nullah, and surrounded by high cliffs; nor was it visited by the Sirkar's troops in the days when they lifted the purdah of the Rajgal country. To it, since it lay out of the way and concealed, we of Aza Khel and Sarozai sent for safe keeping the loot we gained when we seized and burnt the Serai of

¹ Commander-in-Chief.

the Shalozai Kotal. Afterwards, when there was peace again between the Sirkar and ourselves, we wished to recover our property.

"But the folk of Bazdara are liars and thieves, and though they returned to us a portion, yet they kept much more, and swore on the Koran they had nothing of ours. So at that time we returned with what they gave, but it was in our minds that we would make them pay fourfold for what they were keeping back from us. Still for the time we hid our thoughts, and spoke fair words, making as if we believed in their oaths, though in truth we knew them to be full of lies, and that they too had no thought that we put faith in them. Many times we sent spies to see if it was their custom to keep guard, and always there were watchers on the hill-tops, so that our young men made excuses. What did they say, Sahib? How can I tell, save that we did not send fools, or those whose brains were of mud, on such errands.

"At last for many months we sent no one, and then it chanced that Salim Khan, a young man of this village, was returning to his home on furlough, for he was in the service of the Sirkar. Now it happened that he had an enemy at Shergarh, an Utman Khel, Mukaram Khan, whose brother he had shot in the fields near Thabai. The Heaven-born asks what reason he had? It was an old blood-feud, Sahib, handed down from

father to son. Now Salim Khan, knowing that his enemy would have received warning of his starting on furlough, from a cousin who was of the same regiment, turned aside at Lachi, entering Rajgal, and came by way of the Zera pass. Thus it happened that he passed close to Bazdara, and near by a well outside the village he saw a maiden drawing water. She was young and fair to look on, alone and unveiled, and at the sight of her he turned out of his road if perchance he might gain speech with her. Salim Khan was a tall youth and handsome, for which reason the maiden also was not unwilling. So they two talked together, and their speech was at first as is the custom between young men and maidens. Often did Salim Khan, when the nights were dark, visit Bazdara, and the girl made plain to him a path by which he avoided the watchers, for those spawn of the devil were cunning, nor had they relaxed their vigilance. At last it happened that on a night she told him with many tears that they might no more meet, for her father, Sherdil Khan, a Malik of Bazdara, had betrothed her to one Mahomed Isa, an old man but rich, who had given her father a sahib's pistol and had promised him many rupees. Also she said that the marriage was to take place after the Ramazan,¹ which was then not many days off. Now Salim Khan was poor, and there was,

The big Mahomedan fast which lasts thirty days.

as I have told the Sahib, enmity between us of Aza Khel and the men of Bazdara. He besought the girl much that she should flee with him, but she feared.

"Therefore Salim Khan departed sorrowfully, but as he returned to his own home, the thought came into his mind that if he alone could visit the village by the path that the maiden had shown him, he could also take others with him, and that we of Aza Khel and Sarozai might, in this manner, take vengeance on those faithless ones of Bazdara, and that in the tumult he could possess himself of the maiden. So when he arrived at Aza Khel, coming to me he made plain his heart, saying that he could guide the men of the village by a path so that we might fall on Bazdara secretly by night. When I heard this I was much pleased, and sending messengers to Sarozai, their jirga arrived at Aza Khel the following evening, after the sun had sunk behind the Koh-i-Mohr, for I would not that they should come whilst it was yet light, fearing lest they might be seen, and that word reaching Bazdara should make these misbegotten pigs suspicious lest we planned aught against them hoping to take them unawares. I met the jirga outside the village, Sahib, and took them to my own house, where also were assembled the elders of Aza Khel. Then, posting a man that none might approach, I called Salim Khan, bidding him explain how he could lead us. When they

had listened to his words I spoke, and called back to their remembrance the injury that these swine of Bazdara had done to us in stealing from us the greater part of the loot taken at the Shalozai Kotal, and how in their speech they taunted us saying many covert words of insult. Then we took counsel together, and all present, being angered by my words, gave it as their opinion that we should attack Bazdara without delay, and, destroying it, thus wipe away this shame.

"But again I spoke, Sahib, and I laid before them a cunning plan, and one full of guile. For, as the maid had truly said, after a few days was the fast of the Ramazan, when, as your Highness knows, no true believer will eat or drink anything, from the time that he can see at dawn to distinguish the difference between a white thread and a black till after sunset. But the Prophet—blessed be his name and on whom be peace!—has taught that travellers and soldiers in time of war may hold themselves excused. This, then, was my plan. Doubtless those Bazdara pigs would keep the fast, but we being at war with them might consider ourselves exempt from so doing. Then, about the middle of the month, when they, by reason of fasting, were weakened, we would set forth so as to reach the high ground above the village at the hour of sunset, at the time that they, not having touched food all day, would be preparing to take their meal. So would

they be caught unawares and, by the blessing of Allah, delivered into our hands. Thus it was agreed, and we named a hidden valley west of Sarozai as our meeting-place, whilst from there Salim Khan would guide us.

"The Sahib doubtless says true. They did not know that we were at war, for we had lulled their suspicions to sleep, and since they were unsuspecting our task was the easier. Have we not a proverb which says, 'Speak good words to an enemy very softly, gradually destroy him root and branch.' For this reason we sent a jirga to Bazdara returning therewith some cattle and goats which our young men had stolen from their pastures, so that after a time those senseless ones, whom Allah willed we should destroy, had it in their hearts we had forgotten our wrongs, and indeed the tale was by then many moons old. For all that, their watchers were still posted on the hill-tops, and keeping guard over the roads leading to their village, but their youths began to grumble and say it was idle and foolish work, as there were no longer men in Aza Khel and Sarozai but only women. They said also we were faint-hearted, not daring to attack, but sitting quiet and forgetful of our wrongs.

"We waited with patience, Sahib, and on the fourteenth day of the Ramazan, at about the third watch in the evening, we went secretly by ones and

twos to the meeting-place. Then, when about an hour of daylight remained, we set out openly over the hills as though journeying to the Shahkot pass, which is about four miles south-west of the Zera. But a party of us remained behind, for it was in our hearts that the sentinels of Bazdara, seeing a lashkar departing in the direction of Shahkot, would think it was a raiding-party of our young men about to commit a foray in the low country beyond the hills. When they had well started, those of us who had remained concealed went secretly under the guidance of Salim Khan. He remained a little way in advance so that he might see if there was any danger and give us warning. At length we reached a small nullah, along which Salim Khan led us in single file, for the sides were so close together there was not room for more than one. Very silently we went, Sahib, stepping softly, for Salim Khan had told us that on the cliff above was a sangar, and if so much as a pebble rattled beneath our feet the watchers therein would hear, nor would a way of escape be left to us. After a short time, when we had passed in safety below the sangar, we turned away to the left along the bed of the nullah. For some distance we went in this direction, though it seemed as if we were going away from Bazdara. After we had travelled about a kos,¹ Salim Khan again halted, and he

¹ Kos—about one and a half mile.

showed us how, by climbing from rock to rock, we could get out of the valley on to the hillside, and he made it plain to us that when we reached the crest we should be at a spot above the village and about half a mile distant from it. From there was a goat-track leading down the cliffs by which it would be easy to surround the place.

"As he had said so indeed it was, and in a short time we were so placed that not even a rat could escape from the village unseen. For a short space further we waited till it was certain that all were in position, and then I gave the signal—the call of the chikhor in the fields at eventide. We sent forward a few men, Sahib, with torches, and shortly the roofs of the houses and cattle-byres were blazing merrily, for we had had a full month without rain. Thus we had the light we needed. We had indeed taken those sons of dogs unawares, for up to this time not a shot had been fired at us, nor had a sound of alarm been heard from the village. Moreover, as the men of Bazdara rushed out from the burning houses, we were able at first to shoot them at our ease and without danger, for they were plain marks against the light of the flames. A few escaped from the village, but not many, and some took refuge in the guard-tower, whence they returned our fire. But we, being hidden behind walls and stones, suffered no loss. Then when the first heat of the flames had died down we

entered in and looted what remained of the village.

"Soon we were on our way back, and when we came to the maidan below Sarozai, we divided the spoil. But the men of Sarozai were not content with the division, for they said we had cheated them. They were ever speakers of falsehood, Sahib. Moreover, it chanced that we were the stronger party, for many of their youths had gone with the lashkar towards the Shahkot pass, which had not yet returned. For it was agreed that, lest by ill-fortune our attack should miscarry, the lashkar should come back by way of the Zera, whereby they might fall on Bazdara from behind. Thus it was that the men of Sarozai were forced to yield, but their anger was hot against us of Aza Khel, more especially because amongst the loot was a Sahib's pistol, one which carries six lives within it. Now it was that I had found this in the house of Malik Sherdil Khan, and also it was in my heart that it was this pistol which I had taken from the hand of a Sahib whom we slew in a godown which was near by the Shalozai bazaar. So I was not minded it should go into the common stock, wherefore I concealed it; but an evil speaker of Sarozai—may he burn in hell—had been near when I took it from the body of Sherdil Khan as he lay within his house, and that son of a burnt father accused me to the men of his village, saying I had kept it by stealth. Then the men of Sarozai raised

much clamour, and demanded that compensation be made to them for the pistol. We, however, drove back those greedy and shameless ones, and they returned to their homes shouting abuse and evil talk at us, saying we were thieves and base-born.

"Afterwards it happened that they, watching their opportunity, used to drive away our cattle, so that we were not even able to send them into the fields to graze without a guard. Then on a day as I was resting during the heat of the sun in the second watch, one came running to me saying that a son of Eblis, by name Sobat Khan, had stolen two cows of mine which had strayed into his field, and was even then driving them up the nullah towards Sarozai. Hastening to a spot overlooking the nullah I found that it was even so, but by the blessing of Allah my bullet reached him, so that he fell badly wounded. His friends that were with him carried him away, but were forced to leave the beasts. Those sons of mothers without noses, however, slew the cattle before they went, pretending that the cows had been driven into Sobat Khan's crops where they had done much damage; but, I speak truth, Sahib, they had but strayed nor had they eaten one pie worth of corn. Often, too, the men of Sarozai used to shoot at us when we were in the fields, so that there was much trouble.

"At last, with many lies, they persuaded the men of Hissar, a Baizai village of robbers and

men of ill-repute, to give them help, saying that they had been led astray by our untrue words,—and the Sahib knows that we of my village always say the thing that is true. But the men of Sarozai ever speak ill of us, being jealous of our good name with the Sirkar. So they told the men of Hissar that we were responsible for the raid on Bazdara, and that they, having been over-persuaded by our lies, had joined with us in it, but that they now wished to make amends to the Baizai Khel. Thus they obtained assistance from the men of Hissar, and together they came down to attack Aza Khel. But one of our young men seeing them approach—for they came by day, being confident in their numbers—gave us warning, so that we were ready to drive back those ill-doers.

"It was at that time that the Jung-i-Lat Sahib Bahadur was in the valley, and it so chanced that his tonga had stopped to change horses just below the village. But we knew it not, Sahib. I speak truth. Had we known, we would have waited to fire till the Sahib was beyond the pass, for we had no quarrel with the Sirkar, nor did we wish for trouble with the Sahib-log. We, indeed, were greatly grieved, as we said to Major Jerome, Sahib Bahadur, when he sent for our jirgahs, and called us to Shalozai Kotal, speaking hot words of anger. Indeed we had no thought of giving trouble, but only of our own defence, and were much aston-

ished when we saw the Sirkar's troops moving out from Nawa Kila against us. It is in my mind, Sahib, that those ill-begotten dogs of Sarozai and Hissar, doubtless of intent, made the attack when the Jung-i-Lat Sahib Bahadur was in the pass, that thereby we might become embroiled with the Sirkar and incur its anger. For those accursed ones, when they saw the Sirkar's troops moving out, immediately fled away up the nullah towards Sarozai, so that it seemed that we alone had been firing; and since, when the sowers of the Jung-i-Lat Sahib Bahadur's guard searched the pass, no enemy was there, it was as if we had formed the intention of slaying the General Sahib. The plan of those hell-born swine failed, by the blessing of Allah, the all-merciful, who did not will that we, being innocent, should suffer, for we made the matter plain to Major Jerome Sahib Bahadur, so that he sent us away with words of warning. This was the whole matter, Sahib. Your Highness asks what happened to the maiden whom Salim Khan sought when we destroyed Bazdara? How can I tell, Sahib? Women also died that night, nor was she found among the living when we had left the place. But what matters it? She had shown the way to our vengeance, and we needed her no more. Are there not many women of the Ranizai in the valley of Surkhab, so that

Salim Khan had no need to seek one from the shame-begotten Baizai Khel?"

Sharif Khan stopped speaking, and for a few moments we sat silent. I was absorbed in the beauty of the scene, for the evening sun was throwing long bars of golden light across the emerald green of the luxuriant rice crop. To the west the lower slopes of the hills were already growing misty and indistinct in deep purple shade. Far away to the north, beyond the Zawoghar spur, the gateway to Upper Surkhab, masses of thick cloud were gathering over the hill-tops, shrouding them from view, but rent now and again by flashes of vivid lightning. It was one of those sudden storms, so common in the Lower Himalayas, which gather suddenly and almost without warning, and it seemed to me emblematic of the unrestrained passions of the mountaineers. I was roused from my reverie by the old man speaking again. "It grows late, Sahib," he warned me, "and your Highness has still an hour's ride before you reach the Kotal, whilst the road is lonely and there are many hiding-places amongst the rocks. No, it is not in my mind that any would try to do you harm, but there is no need to seek danger. Ohé! sais, bring here the Sahib's horse, for he would be on his way. Salaam, Sahib. May Allah protect you."

E. F. KNOX.

MAGUELONE.

A FORGOTTEN ISLAND CITY.

TEN miles from Montpellier, less than half a mile from the Mediterranean, in the midst of one of the linked lagoons that girdle the coast of southern France with their shining chain almost from Marseilles to Elne, rises a beautiful wooded island clothed with trees to the water's edge. It seems a very home of trees: there grow the oak, the elm, the ash of temperate climes, the plane, the cedar of Lebanon, the fig and the palm-tree of the tropics, the Chinese mulberry and the sumach from Japan, the acacia and the long-living tamarisk; and more abundantly than all others, the pine.

As you approach by water or by the slender band of earth that connects the isle with the mainland, you catch glimpses of a mysterious building that covers its centre and summit, but on landing this is no longer visible, so thick is the verdurous screen, and not a sound of human life can be heard. There is something almost disquieting about the silence and solitude that envelop you, as, with a touch of wonder, you make your way through the leafy avenue that leads continually upward.

Suddenly you emerge into the radiant sunlight, and there, gravely outlined against the luminous sky, sheer above you, like a huge perpendicu-

lar rock, towers the mighty double façade of a cyclopæan edifice, solemn and even awe-inspiring in its grim archaic majesty.

The all but impregnable strength of its massive roof and frowning walls, built of enormous uneven stones, curiously stained by the moist salt winds and worn into deep hollows by the fret of ages, speaks of an origin in far-off times of violence and of a supreme need of defence against ever-watchful and turbulent enemies. On one side are no windows at all, on two others there are very few, and most of these are simply meurtrières, on the fourth there is a beautiful little round-arched portal bearing the date 1178, constructed of choice coloured marbles, daintily carved in flowing arabesques and supported on either side by ancient stone bas-reliefs of St Peter and St Paul.

Passing through this lovely doorway into a vast, gloomy nave where the sombre shadows dream undisturbed, you find on the pavement records of the rebuildings or enlargements of Charles Martel in the eighth century and of Bishop Arnaud in the eleventh. The tall columns which uphold the triple arches are surmounted by quaintly sculptured capitals, representing conventional foliage and fan-

tastic creatures, animals or birds. Some sixteenth-century work is to be seen on four splendid white marble tombs of ecclesiastical dignitaries, and there are inscriptions on the slabbed floor and sarcophagi of various dates. Under a ruined arch is a mutilated altar of the fourth century, on which are ranged the skulls of six bishops of very early times. A modern altar has been erected in the apse, but it only adds an extra touch of forlornness to the haunting melancholy of this dim dwelling-place of the solitary and forgotten dead.

Dividing a portion of the building into two storeys and extending as far as Charles Martel's boundary, is a kind of vaulted chamber or upper church which contains Roman and other antiquities found in the island, and here are still the marks of the stalls and the holes in the roof from which lamps were suspended. Through this upper church a broken flight of steps leads outside to a moss-grown platform and thence to the almost flat roof, and from this high place a pageant of overwhelming beauty and grandeur is visible. On the north the eye is arrested by the magnificent amphitheatre of Larzac and the ancient Cevennes, but in other directions sight knows no limits but the limits of France herself; on the west the Pyrenees, youngest of European mountains; on the east Mont Ventoux, the advance-guard of the Alps; and on the south the wide horizons

and wind-swept waters of the Mediterranean.

Almost lost in the folds of the hills, or situated on the sea-shore or on rivers like shimmering threads, there are towns, idealised by distance, Montpellier, Cette, St Clair, Hortus, St Loup, Les Saintes Maries de la Mer, and that still unspoilt mediæval jewel, Aigues-Mortes.

Salt marshes border the lagoons, waste, desolate morasses starred by clumps of osiers and of grey-green saline plants with pallid blossoms, always half-submerged and perishing with every tempest on the coast or swelling of a river. On certain exceptional days of throbbing heat and lifeless air a haze arises, and across its magic background pass strange shifting scenes, towers and palaces, a garden of ethereal flowers, a rushing torrent, birds flying over a desert, ghostly galleons on alien seas. One shaft of sunlight, one breath of wind, and the frail illusion of the mirage is gone.

Looking down on the island from the rugged pile that overshadows it, its desolation is very striking, the only vestiges of human occupation, past or present, being a spacious ruined hall that formed part of the abbey, the guardian's home, and some low farm-buildings; and you ask in amazement what is the meaning of this great fortress-church in its sad green solitude? Happily an answer is possible, for many of the archives of Maguelone have been preserved,

and, as if by a series of flash-lights on certain epochs, we can reconstitute its history through the splendid fulfilment of its early promise to its tragic end.

It was first a volcanic isle in the open sea: later, a bar of land having formed that separated it from the uneasy waves of the Mediterranean, it became an island in the calmer waters of a lagoon. Apparently it was colonised about 600 B.C. by the Phocæans, those gifted Greeks from Asia Minor to whom France owes so much of the best in its early civilisation, and it no doubt passed from their hands into those of the Romans with the adjoining coast, but for a thousand years an all but impenetrable veil is drawn over its fate. We next catch sight of it in the fifth century, and it has then a bishop and a cathedral, founded, it is thought, on the site of a temple to Diana of the Ephesians, the favourite goddess of the Phocæans, and is in the possession of the Visigoths. In 675, inspired by its warrior-bishop, it tried to throw off their yoke, but Wamba, the Visigoth king of Toledo, speedily reduced it to submission.

Who first introduced Christianity is not known, but an old legend says it was St Simon the leper, who, with the three holy Marias and their faithful companions, when driven out of Judæa, miraculously made his way to Europe in a boat without sails or rudder, and landed on the shore of Provence. St Simon went to Maguelone, and having sowed

the seed of Christianity there, prepared to continue his journey into Spain, but the Vestal Virgins, seized with sudden fury, pushed him into the sea. He was drowned, but his work remained and bore fruit.

The Visigoths were succeeded by the Saracens, who, already practically masters of Spain and a good deal of southern Gaul, intended to subdue the whole of that country and transform the Mediterranean into a Mohammedan lake. Perceiving the excellent strategical position of the island, facing Africa and the Balearic Isles, they fortified it and deepened and enlarged its harbour. They also changed its name to Port Saracen, a name it retained until the middle of the twelfth century.

About the origin of the musical word *Maguelone* little is really known, though many derivations have been suggested, but it is generally supposed that it signifies either the dwelling by the lagoon or the solid isle: solid in contradistinction to the floating ephemeral islets of vegetation that neighbour it at certain seasons.

A more romantic explanation is that the island took its name from the fair daughter of the King of Naples, who, falling in love with the young Count of Provence, at that time in disguise at her father's court, fled with him to escape the unwelcome attentions of a richer suitor. But magic soon separated the lovers, and they wandered drearily apart, seeking each other many unhappy

days, and went through truly extraordinary adventures. At length Pierre was wrecked on a mysterious island, and there in the person of the gentle lay abbeſs of the hospital where he was nursed, he found his beauteous Maguelone and they were united. Then the relenting sea threw up numerous casks of treasure amassed by Pierre in the Soudan, and with this he built a stately church and a splendid hospital.

From the stronghold of their new port the Saracens sallied forth, devastating the coast, levying blackmail on all ships that came into their power, and filling the land with terror.

Fearing they might overrun the entire country, Charles Martel in 737 marched against these terrible invaders, and having defeated them, to prevent their return to their coign of vantage he burnt Maguelone as he had previously burnt Nîmes, Agde, and Béziers, and destroyed its fortifications. Then of Septimania (or Gothia or Languedoc, as the province comprising the seven towns of Béziers, Narbonne, Maguelone, Nîmes, Carcassonne, Lodève, and Elne, has at different periods been called) the Saracens retained nothing but Narbonne, and that was wrested from them in 759 by Pépin le Bref, when the Septimania was united to France.

Following the example of the Visigoths and the Saracens, Charles Martel left one building at Maguelone unharmed, the ancient church of St Peter. With the exception of a miserable remnant of

people, of whom the men were probably killed and the women and children carried off as slaves by the Saracens, the inhabitants established themselves partly at Villeneuve on the mainland and partly at Montpellier, where they were the nucleus of what in after years became a large and important city with a noted university which still ranks as one of the best in France. The episcopal see was taken to the old Roman station of Substantion, near the seat of the Counts of Maguelone or Melgueil, and until the eleventh century the bishops lived either there or at Villeneuve within sight of the deserted cathedral.

Then for three hundred years Maguelone lay desolate. Trees grew where human habitations had been, no sound but that of the winds and the waves and the scream of the wild sea-bird broke the silence, and the decaying church that brooded over all served only as a shelter for the wandering pirate or the strayed mariner driven in by the tremendous gales. But one eventful day in 1030, an illustrious prelate, destined to influence the whole future history of Maguelone, was appointed to the see of Substantion. This was Bishop Arnaud, a noted scholar, speaking Arabic and several other languages fluently, and a man of real piety, of unselfish and unworldly character, and of great practical energy. He was a native of Béziers, and had gained the affection of his fellow-townsmen by his

generosity to the poor and the needy clergy, in whose favour he had renounced a large portion of his estate, which had indeed once belonged to the church, but which he held quite legitimately from Bishop Bernard.

As he went about his new diocese, trying to raise it from the neglected condition into which it had fallen, he was continually coming in sight of lonely Maguelone, dominated by its crumbling cathedral, and the immense desolation of the place pierced him to the heart. He could not forget it, and he pondered over it until there arose within him a vision splendid.

He saw the ruined church rebuilt, glorified, changed into a noble cathedral, centre of a holy community, holding high a lamp of learning and religion on that dark and troubled coast; he saw Port Saracen, now the retreat of a few poor fishermen, developed into a secure harbour where rode the ships of every nation; he saw ravaged Maguelone cultivated, beautiful, populated, fortified, a haven of rest and safety for the persecuted, rich or poor; he saw the poor fed, the sick healed, and the children taught.

And it seemed to him that a Divine Voice called upon him to attempt this work. But, lowly-minded as he was, he could not at first believe this signal honour was really meant for him. Determined, however, to do what he could, he resolved to restore the ancient nave and to erect certain other buildings, and

so successful was he in this that in 1037 the episcopal seat was brought back to Maguelone, where it was now to remain more than five hundred years.

But Arnaud was not at rest, for the greater vision was still in his heart, and the Divine call had not been silenced. At length he made up his mind to go to Rome, a long and adventurous journey in those days, to lay the matter before the Pope. Pope John XX., who received him warmly, enthusiastically encouraged him to take up the good work, and furnished him with a letter requesting the faithful to assist him, and promising indulgences and other favours to those who did so.

Henceforth for Arnaud hesitation was over. From this time he gave up his whole life and all he had to fulfil the weighty responsibility laid upon him. He was assuredly a man of singularly sympathetic character, for he gathered around him and long kept together a band of helpers of the most varied kind, and inspired them with something of his own high courage and persevering enthusiasm.

The undertaking appealed in a remarkable manner to all classes, and help was given by the highest and the lowest of the people, from the Comte de Melgueil to the humblest vassal. Some sold their fields, meadows, or vineyards for its benefit, others contributed their rents or their coin, many of the poor who had nothing but their labour offered that, and fisher-

men brought their fish. All labour had either to be given or paid for, as there was not a single serf in the whole extent of the bishopric of Maguelone, the county of Melgueil, or the seignury of Montpellier, though there were three different kinds in adjacent parts of Languedoc.

The people of this region were noted for their independent spirit, and in 1284 the Seigneur of Montpellier was compelled to sign a charter in which they had inserted the haughty declaration, "*Le Seigneur de Montpellier n'a point, et n'a jamais eu droit de tolte, prêt forcé, ou exaction quelconque sur les habitants de Montpellier. Il n'a point de ce genre actuellement, et il n'aura pas non plus à l'avenir.*"

One of Arnaud's first cares was to block up by means of huge stones and baulks of timber the opening between the sea and the lagoon through which the Saracens and sea-pirates, amongst whom is said to have been Hastings, had for many ages found their way, to make another less difficult of defence more to the east, and to dredge and improve the harbour.

Anxious to connect Maguelone with the mainland, that it might be approachable by land as well as sea, he collected skilled workmen and provided them with a number of boats and rafts, by the help of which they made a solid bridge, strengthened by stone pillars, and cut by small wooden bridges under which the fishermen's barks could pass, all the

way through the lagoon to Villeneuve, three-quarters of a mile away, and so well did they construct it that it lasted until the seventeenth century, when it was purposely destroyed.

In the meantime the best builders and sculptors were attracted by generous pay, and the work of restoration went on apace.

When all was finished Maguelone must have been a perfect type of a mediæval cathedral city. It was surrounded by a high embattled wall, with a drawbridge and gates flanked by towers, and near the mother-church rose a strong fort surmounted by a donjon keep, upon which stood night and day a watchman whose duty it was to proclaim the hours by the sound of a trumpet and a bell, and to give warning of the approach of any ships supposed to be those of pirates or other enemies.

The Cathedral of St Peter, chiefly Romanesque in character, faced the east and was in the shape of a Latin cross. Its huge walls were pierced by low doors and round-arched windows, small and few in number; its roof was almost horizontal and covered with thick slabs of stone, overlapping each other, fitted to bear the heavy engines of war and to withstand the rudest storm. All round the roof ran a crenelated parapet that to some extent protected the besieged as they hurled their missiles through the curved machicoulis that filled the space between the tops of the buttresses. In time of war thou-

sands could take refuge in the nave; a well of water was sunk there and an underground passage led outside.

With its colossal masonry, noble simplicity, and entire fitness for the double purpose of worship and defence, St Peter's had a stern beauty of its own, though one far different from that of the splendid contemporary Gothic churches of the north of France; but their lofty vaulted roofs, glorious windows and elaborate carving, would have had small chance of standing against the tempests that tore at the isle of Maguelone or the fanatical fury of the Mohammedan corsairs.

On one side of St Peter's stood the church of St Augustine and on the other that of St Pancras: near it clustered the constructions necessary for the life of the community and its good works—the chapter-house, the hospital, the school, the kitchen tower, the cisterns, the mill, the wash-house, the cemetery for the laity, the dwellings for the workers, and not far from the bridge, the strangers' stables.

Some of these buildings were not erected or did not reach their full development until a hundred years later, but temporary arrangements were made, and by 1054 things were so far advanced that the solemn dedication of the restored cathedral took place. The fact, proudly commented on in the Latin Chronicle, that fifteen archbishops and bishops, who probably never met again, were present at the ceremony, testifies both

to the importance of the see and the consideration in which its bishop was held.

Arnaud, deeply concerned by the corruption in the Church, its simony, profligacy, and unbridled luxury, and convinced that these vices were largely the result of idleness and wealth, decided to protect as much as possible the young community he had founded from their snares. He therefore subjected it to the strict Rule of St Augustine of Hippo, a rule that at that date there were still few to follow. The canons, of whom there were sixty, forty always in residence, and who, after the first, were freely elected amongst themselves, were not to possess any private means, but to have everything in common, and those not vowed to solitude and contemplation were to work either with their hands or in teaching or helping the poor or in other ways. It was a very democratic foundation. The Augustinian rule, as specially adapted to Maguelone, reminded the bishops that they themselves were only members of the community, and that they must lead a life of frugality and simplicity as an example to others. The same wardrobe-keeper who provided the clothes for the canons provided those for the bishop.

Perhaps some of Arnaud's successors wished that he had been rather less frugally minded. We read that one of them had only twenty sous a-year for his clothes (and these were not gold sous, which would have been worth about

a hundred francs each), and another complained to Pope Celestin III. (1191-1198) that he had nothing to wear. The Holy Father took pity on him, reprimanded the wardrobe-keeper, and ordered him to provide the unfortunate bishop with "une chape, une palisse, deux surplis, deux chemises, deux culottes, des bas et des chausses," a not very extravagant outfit for a prince of the Church! At Maguelone in Arnaud's days rich vestments were not in use by the clergy, nor was there in the cathedral either episcopal throne or elaborate high altar. These and other costly articles of church furniture were added more than ninety years later by Bishop Raymond, the same Raymond who finished the apse, the transepts, and many of the outside buildings.

The Rule ordered the bishops to occupy themselves with the interior reforms of the clergy, the good of the cathedral and the canons, the best administration of the money, and the amelioration of the state of the vassals.

Besides the canons, there were two other orders, the *Convers*, who were not really clergy, but who followed the religious rule, and the *Donats*, simple laymen who had attached themselves to the community to participate in its spiritual benefits and were not obliged to reside. After them came the *Provost's Family*, as it was called, which comprised the servitors of all kinds, a doctor and his assistant, seven youths for the service of the canons, a

tailor and a shoemaker, each having a helper, a binder and a scribe for copying manuscripts, a lay-doorkeeper, two millers at least and two underlings, three kitchen-gardeners in summer and two in winter, two shepherds or herdsmen, workers in wood and in iron, boatmen, fishermen, extra assistants necessary for the kitchen, the almonry, and the laundry (which played a more important part than is sometimes thought), and the carers for the dead.

In addition to this large family there were always many strangers, for the duty of hospitality was really held to be sacred, and was continually insisted upon. It is interesting to have a glimpse of the way this duty was put into practice.

There were two doorkeepers, one, a layman, stationed at the gate of the cathedral enclosure, whose duty it was to receive the guest, to take charge of his baggage (and especially of his armour, which was to be rendered in good condition at the end of the visit), and to inform the other doorkeeper, a canon, whose post was at the entrance of the chapter-house, of the arrival of a visitor. This canon hastened to welcome and take him in, and introduce him to the provost. The provost put at his disposal a specially trained attendant, who must have been a delightful person if he came up to expectation, for he was supposed to be discreet, gentle, modest, polite, obliging, and discerning enough to distin-

guish what manner of man the new-comer was, that he might the more readily please him.

Thus, comments the writer of the instructions with an engaging candour, shall we gain a good renown abroad.

The guest-chamber was to be clean, sweet-smelling, and furnished with suitable candleabra, and plenty of towels, and anything inquired for was to be forthcoming if possible. Particular stress was laid on the importance of the food and wine being not only plentiful, but of excellent quality, and the salt fine and white; and when the guests went away, as much of this excellent nourishment was given to them as they desired.

The master of the hostel, and one of the servitors, slept on the spot, to ensure that visitors arriving during the night should be admitted without delay and have a comfortable reception.

In obedience to the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle held in 816 (and presided over by Benoît d'Aniane, who was a son of a Count of Maguelone, and who freed the serfs of the church), the hospice for the poor was built adjoining the cathedral, so that the canons themselves might serve; and the almoner was bound to maintain it in good order. The wall behind the table which held the food was panelled, to keep out wind and rain, and wooden benches, or wood-covered seats of stone, were provided for the humble visitors to sit upon. In front of these seats thick strong

mats were spread for the feet of the poor, and for the canons to kneel upon when they washed those travel-stained weary feet. Nothing was further from being a mere ceremonial observance than this rite at Maguelone in early days, and doubtless a wise thoughtfulness prompted the recommendation that the water used in carrying it out should be really hot and the supply of towels unstinted.

All the members of the community were exhorted to behave with even more kindness and gentleness to strangers than to their own relations. No one was to be turned away, whatever his position in life, physical condition, or nationality, or whether he had been there before or not. Before meals began, a servitor went out to see if any persons were near, and if so, he invited them in, and in case of bad weather, or infirmity on their part, helped them to enter. In very wild weather, when the poor could not safely cross the long bridge, food was taken to them beyond it. Lepers were not allowed to come nearer than a certain elm-tree, or oftener than once a week, but they were on that account given large quantities of necessaries to take away.

To Arnaud the duty of feeding and training the mind was no less obligatory than that of feeding and healing the body, and the difficult problems of education caused him deep and anxious thought.

When in 1001 A.D., Europe awoke from the horrible and

debasement into which her terrified belief in the nearness of the end of the world had plunged her, her condition was one of appalling ignorance. Even some of the monks, the guardians of learning, could neither write nor read. But with new hope arose a new spirit, and the Church shook off her preoccupied torpor, and prepared herself to fulfil her ancient responsibility of educating the people.

It was, then, to competent teachers moved by the new spirit that Arnaud was happily able to turn for help. He invited learned men from all parts, irrespective of nationality, to settle in his island home, and as many of them, thankful to have so gracious a refuge in such stormy times, willingly availed themselves of this invitation, Maguelone gained a well-deserved reputation as a centre of scholarship, and it was from her that the University of Montpellier, founded in 1289, chose her first rector and professors.

Education at Maguelone was free, not only to her own people, but to all strangers, even Jews and Saracens, and no distinction was made between the son of a prince and a serf. There was a lay side and a religious one, the former for the pupils destined to go out into the world, the latter, with a different curriculum and discipline, for the clergy. Among the subjects studied were grammar, rhetoric, jurisprudence, poetry, astronomy, natural history, mathematics, and chronology.

There is a pleasing touch in an order given to the provost at the schoolmaster's request, that a large mattress with coverlet and pillows or bolster should be kept in the choir, so that the child-canonists who were taught in the cloisters might sleep during matins!

In spite of its small area, measuring hardly more than a mile in diameter, Maguelone soon became a very rich, populous, and influential place, at one time possibly more influential than any other port on the Mediterranean, for, it must be remembered, it was the only one possessed by France in that ocean until 1242, when Louis IX. founded Aigues-Mortes. Arles, which was still connected with the open sea, belonged to Provence; Narbonne, Agde, and St Gilles to the Count of Toulouse; Marseilles was acquired in 1481, and Cette created in 1666.

The convenience of its position, the safety of its harbour, and the hospitable character of its inhabitants—as well as its powerful alliances—contributed to make it one of the most largely frequented places on the coast, and attracted a very considerable volume of commerce in all kinds of merchandise, and particularly in novelties, which were brought here before being taken anywhere else. Writing in the twelfth century, the Spanish rabbi, Benjamin of Tudela (who was travelling to investigate the condition of the Jews) says, that people from every country, both Christian and Mohammedan, were to be found here,

and that one met merchants from Africa, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Gaul, Spain, and England, and heard as many languages spoken as at Genoa or Pisa. This is corroborated by Bertrand de Trevisé, a canon of Maguelone, who, while in residence there in 1178, wrote his celebrated romance, '*Pierre de Provence et la belle Maguelone.*'

Arnaud's last years were saddened by the unworthiness of men he had trusted, and he died in 1060 A.D., without seeing the ideal vision realised, but he came nearer to that realisation than is given to most pioneers; and he probably felt, as he thought of Maguelone as he found her and Maguelone as he was leaving her, that his thirty years of unceasing work had had a rich reward.

It is in harmony with the exquisite humility of his character that his mortal remains are laid to rest in a lowly side chapel of the cathedral, within a simple grave, marked only by a slab.

Almost from the first the cathedral city was a darling child of the Papacy, and from 1085 it was not merely the chief town of a county, but a pontifical fief. A Pope in the twelfth century spoke of it as "the very port of the barque of St Peter," and another said that its least affairs mattered so much to the Head of the Church that he would as soon allow the pupil of his eye to be attacked as its interests. When Urban II. came to the island he pronounced its cathedral to be the second church after St

Peter's at Rome, and granted it the honour of using the same insignia.

We have the names of at least a dozen popes who visited it, and few went away without leaving behind some mark of their favour.

Perhaps to us the most interesting of these visitors is the one English pope, Nicholas Breakspear or Adrian IV., who completed his ecclesiastical training in the chapter-house at Maguelone, and sat in the Papal chair from the 3rd December 1154 to his death in 1159.

He showed his affection for his last Alma Mater by taking her under his special care, and in commemoration of his sojourn within her precincts she built a chapel and dedicated it to Saint Pancras.

He also protected the Seigneur of Montpellier and his brother Guillaume of Tortosa, and he ordered Bishop Raymond to defend the latter's castle and lands during their owner's absence in Palestine. Any one who interfered with the property of either brother was to be excommunicated and his territory put under an interdict, the two churches of Notre Dame des Tables and St Firmin being excepted, as it could not be permitted that a population so large as that of Montpellier should be wholly deprived of religious privileges.

The astute Bishop Raymond, hankering after Royal as well as Papal support, secured a visit from Louis VII. on his return from a pilgrimage to St James of Compostella, and

persuaded the king to establish the community's claim not only to their present possessions but to future ones, and to ratify his own title to administer criminal justice.

The last Royal visitor entertained at Maguelone, while still an Episcopal city, was Francis I., who went there in April 1533 to stay with his friend Bishop Pelissier.

More than one of those bishops of Maguelone, who were also Counts of Melgueil, took upon themselves to coin their own money, but this proceeding was distasteful both to king and pope, and was put a stop to by them. It is hardly surprising to learn that an issue bearing the name of Mohammed, even though it was in Arabic characters, excited the particular indignation of St Louis.

Some of the island's numerous papal guests were refugees, and amongst them we find several well-known names, notably those of Urban II., Calixtus II., Innocent III., and Alexander III. Alexander had a very narrow escape, for the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who favoured the rival pope, sent six Pisan galleys in his pursuit; but, luckily for him, the captain imagined he was on board a vessel of St John of Jerusalem, which was anchoring just outside the lagoon, and spent so much time in searching it that his prey escaped to a Sicilian ship and finally arrived safely at Messina.

It was while in concealment at Maguelone that Alexander

despatched the pallium to Thomas à Beckett, Archbishop of Canterbury, little thinking how short a time he would live to wear it.

A really extraordinary thing about Maguelone is the undisturbed tranquillity she enjoyed for at least three hundred years after the final expulsion of the Saracens from France. During those three unhappy centuries, racked by famine, pestilence, sanguinary warfare, and disorders of every kind, the cathedral island pursued the even tenor of her way, and was, in the words of a French writer, "a safe retreat for the erudite, a home of prayer for the religious, an asylum of charity for the poor and sick, a Christian hostelry, a sanctuary of work and an abode of peace," where everywhere else was but a monstrous field of murder, pillage, and depredation.

From the assertion of a monkish scribe that it was the one great foundation which remained absolutely faithful to the Holy Father during the time of the Albigensian heresy, we may conclude that those tenets had gained little acceptance there or were held only in secret.

However that may be, the savage war which devastated fair southern France, and left behind it memories of such intense and enduring bitterness between north and south that we catch their lingering echoes even now, touched Maguelone only indirectly when about the year 1229, in order to make peace, Raymond VII., Count of Tou-

louse, was obliged to cede his rights over Septimania or Languedoc to the king, and in this way the island was brought into closer relationship with the French Crown than before.

The pity of it is that though still prospering outwardly, Maguelone, before the end of her long period of peace, was already declining spiritually and morally. As Arnaud would have foretold, with increasing wealth a fatal love of luxury gained possession of the community, and the old simple life gradually gave way to one of extravagance, idleness, and immorality. At the same time a spirit of jealousy arose between bishops and canons that led to their disgracing themselves by continual quarrelling.

Perhaps the very immunity from external attack tended to concentrate attention too exclusively on internal affairs, and to magnify trifling disputes that would soon have been forgotten in the presence of a common danger. Probably also the serious decrease in the population of Maguelone, caused by the emigration of a large proportion of its inhabitants to the flourishing and attractive town of Montpellier, had a bad influence on the monastic community by removing from it much of the healthy lay criticism that had surrounded it before.

As the Christian virtues languished and the Rule became more and more neglected, an ugly fanaticism, from which the cathedral city had in early

years been conspicuously free, appeared, and soon showed itself in a worsened treatment of the Jews. The bishops began to exact a sum of money from all Jews and Jewesses before they were permitted to land on the island, and though not treated with the brutality they had to suffer in some places, they were very heavily taxed and oppressed in other ways.

It would be painful to watch closely the gradual extinction of the beneficent light Maguelone had bravely held up through much of the darkest part of the Middle Ages—painful and difficult, for as she waned in importance, history was less occupied with her affairs than with those of her growing neighbour Montpellier.

If she had for a long time been, on the whole, fortunate in her prelates—though from almost the first there were black sheep among them, one early bishop had indeed to be degraded for simony—she was, on the contrary, in her later days ruled over by men whose only aims seemed to be self-aggrandisement or pleasure.

Small wonder that, sickened by the corruption in their midst, many of the more earnest of the people turned their thoughts to the Protestant doctrines, hoping to find in them a purer faith and an inspiration to a purer life. These doctrines spread with such amazing rapidity that in a comparatively short time they gained the adhesion of the great majority of the lay

population, and in 1536 the Protestant party had become so powerful that the bishop and canons abandoned the island, and the episcopal see was transferred by Pope Paul III. to Montpellier.

The rest of the history of Maguelone is but a, confused and tedious record of fighting. She was taken and retaken several times, first by the Protestants and then by the Catholics, and she suffered much from the mercenary soldiers and fanatics of both sides.

In 1632 she embraced the part of Gaston d'Orleans, who was stirring up rebellion against his brother Louis XIII.; soon after she repented of this ill-advised action and submitted to the king. But it was too late. The king was determined to punish her and prevent another rising; and by the advice of Richelieu, and with the consent of the States-General, he razed her proud towers and ramparts to the ground, and destroyed most of the houses and all the edifices that encompassed the cathedral.

And then a strange thing happened. As if some mighty invisible spell protected the ancient Church of St Peter, at her rugged walls the flood of destruction was stayed, and she herself was spared by the army of Louis XIII. as she had been before by the Visigoths, the Saracens, the Catholics, and the Protestants in the fiercest passion of war.

But the end of the cathedral city was at hand. A few persons lingered on for a time, then the great hewn stones of the buildings that had been left standing and of the long bridge were taken away to make the canal between Aigues-Mortes and Cette, and Maguelone and her cathedral were left alone.

That is two hundred years ago, and Maguelone is forgotten now. You may walk down the Rue Maguelone—one of the principal streets in Montpellier—and of the first dozen men or women you meet not one will have heard of her; of the first fifty not one will have seen her; one, perhaps, ransacking his memory to please the stranger so incomprehensibly interested in unimportant things, may answer, Yes, he believes there is an old forsaken abbey down by the water near Palavas—the summer resort of the Montpellierais—but Palavas itself would be far better worth seeing.

Yes, Maguelone is forsaken, and forgotten—and yet, as you gaze upon her lonely fortress-church, unshaken and inviolate still, seated superbly on her island throne, a curious conviction steals over you that her destiny is not accomplished, that sooner or later, in a hundred years—three hundred—a thousand—she may wake and play her part again; but what strange new part under what strange new conditions will that be!

LOUISA MELLOR.

THE KING'S MESSENGER.

BY DOWHILL.

A GLORIOUS October day and unusually warm for the time of year. I was lying in a long wicker chair under the spreading branches of an old copper-beach tree, bored with my idle existence and wishing mightily for something interesting to turn up. At the time this incident occurred I was at home on a year's leave from India, where my regiment was stationed, and after a few months' idleness had found that with no shooting or hunting in prospect I was vastly bored. I sighed for the barren Frontier, ever pregnant with the unexpected, where men are men and life is apprised at its fighting value. For there each male who reaches manhood is a prize creation, finely fashioned, with bold challenge in his eye. And, consequently, as each swashbuckler is a spark liable to be ignited by a capricious wind into a conflagration, fate on that border often flings the subaltern the chance he wants of death or treble X distinction.

As I was turning over possible chances in my mind, wondering whether to forgo the rest of my leave to obey the call of the Frontier, whether to ask permission to return overland *via* Persia, or whether to try and see some soldiering in England, my meditations were interrupted by a maid walking across the lawn and

handing to me a bundle of letters. Now fate so rules that I always look last at letters promising to be interesting—*i.e.*, those whose handwriting is unknown or unexpected; a custom doubtless dating from early schoolboy days, when the empty stomach of the ever-hungry lad indicated the envelope that contained the postal order. So it happened that until I had read through that somewhat bulky dâk and down to the last two envelopes, I did not readily appreciate that my communications were of unusual interest. Of these the first was from an old pal in the Royals, a pal at Wellington and a brother half in the Sandhurst XV., whom I had had the luck to run across on the Continent, on my way home, and with whom I had spent a delectable three weeks in Rome. It told of his engagement to a pretty and fascinating French girl, whom we had both greatly admired at the Hôtel de France; and they were to be married at Christmas. She was apparently an orphan and, when we made her acquaintance, was chaperoned by an elderly Russian cousin.

"Do write, you old Hindu, and congratulate us—Marie hasn't forgotten you (that was tact!), and would be glad to get a line, which I daresay I'll

be able to decipher if she can't! I am coming back in a fortnight, when I shall have to square it up with my people. I hope I shall find favour in the eyes of my future sister-in-law, who, as you know, takes the place of M.'s mother. She—the sister—married a Pole, who is exiled or dead. M. says that she is still on her estate in Poland and can't get away, but that it will be all right, as she idolises Marie—who wouldn't?—and never refuses the latter anything. But it would be more satisfactory to see her at once. I wish M.'s father was alive—so much easier to stand up to a man if he is rude."

The letter annoyed me. Why? I suppose I had liked the girl overmuch and my pride was injured. I was jealous. However, months had elapsed since I had seen her, and so there was nothing for it but to write and congratulate him, and as I remembered the vision of that sweet little person, with the complexion of the north and the attractiveness of the south, I envied the lucky devil.

The last envelope looked interesting; it carried a large "Foreign Office" stamp in the south-west corner and a very black "On Her Majesty's Service" along the northern edge. Inside was a scrawl from another pal, who having eaten Pathan lead in a border scuffle had been invalided from the army and become a King's Foreign Service Messenger. He wanted to avoid going to St

Petersburg with the Foreign Office bags when his turn next came, and would I care to take the run for him? If so, he could arrange it. The very thing. Here at last was something to do, a new experience and off the beaten, monotonous track; something interesting, and perhaps even dangerous—who could say? On meeting him at the Rag a few months since, I had asked him to let me take a trip for him, but as he had thought sanction difficult to obtain, I had banished the idea from my mind. Yes—I would certainly accept. It would be pleasing to revisit Russia, where I had been before; and the Madrid and Constantinople beats, which also fell to him, did not equally appeal to me. A Monday evening, some weeks later, saw me call at the Foreign Office to take over the bags and later drive to Liverpool Street station, swelling with pride and stamped "Foreign Office" all over. To a body that usually travels "hard," while containing the soul of a millionaire, it is, to say the least of it, agreeable to be able to travel for once like a prince, while hungry and obsequious officials, having suddenly become anxious as to my welfare, touched their caps from Downing Street to the Dvortsovaya Naberejnaya. The explanation is simple. The route is paved with liberal tips, likening the King's Messenger to royalty travelling incognito, or to a millionaire. One had read of the dangers undergone by King's Messengers, the at-

tempts to steal their despatches by drugs, chloroform, and other penny-dreadful instruments of the determined thief. Should I be able to sleep on my important journey? Would I be subjected to interesting experiments? Indeed, I hoped for some adventure despite the cold douche turned on to me by my sister, who, at my departure, had damped my ardour by remarking in the elder sister way—

“You'll probably distinguish yourself by losing one of the bags, although I don't suppose it would matter much, as anything important is sent by post. The service of King's Messengers is as prehistoric as the poet laureate.”

We travelled *via* Flushing, Berlin, and Alexandrovo (the frontier station), reaching Petersburg on the third day, where I safely delivered over my charges at the Embassy, engaging rooms for myself at the Hotel Metropole. Alas! nothing exciting had occurred during the journey, at which frankly I was disappointed; none of my fellow-travellers had evinced more than an everyday interest in my important person, and I had regretfully come to the conclusion that once more I had pricked a glorious bubble of the imagination and that my brutally practical sister was one up! A King's Messenger's existence was as tame as that of the proverbial caged lion, and certainly not so pleasant, for, whereas the king of beasts is victualled in royal manner, the unfortunate king of mes-

sengers, unless able to speak Russian, could expect little to eat 'twixt the frontier and St Petersburg. Meals were provided at certain stations only, and he, if unable to ask for them to be brought to the train, where he was obliged to remain with his bags, must perforce go hungry to bed. Fortune, however, smiled on me more than on the ordinary foreigner travelling in this seemingly wild land, for, having been there before, I was cognisant of the evils of the road and had some slight knowledge of how to circumvent them. I had previously lived in Russia to learn the language, and had spent the usual period in a Russian family struggling to tie my rebellious tongue into the necessary knots, with ever the Damoclesian sword of failure suspended over my devoted head. But success had eventually crowned my efforts to master the language, or rather defeat the examiners, which was at the time the more important alternative; for'twas at their bidding the dreaded sword would fall, and the narrow jaws of the paymaster's stingy purse would snap with a determination of purpose unassailable.

The staff of the Embassy were most hospitable to me, a stranger, and besides lesser functions I was bidden to an English dinner-party given by the Minister two nights after my arrival. Although quite a small affair it impressed itself on my memory, because of an interesting after-dinner con-

versation on the subject of political spies, and the multi-coloured methods of the various international secret service agents. What a wonderfully absorbing book—nay, books—could be filled if a thousandth part of the history of diplomatic methods could be chronicled! The thrilling tale of how the Scot, Mackenzie, contrived to conceal himself behind a curtain on the raft on the river Niemen at that empire-making *tête-à-tête* on 25th June 1807, and how he learned first hand and alone of the devilish machinations of Napoleon and Alexander I. for the employment of the Danish fleet and the destruction of England, would dwarf in the telling beside many Bismarckian and other accomplishments of later days. And conversation drifted on to the doings of female pirates, some of whom, in the guise of beautiful women, had done great work for their countries, or the countries which paid them. History proved that they were the best tools for similar work, as the most carefully guarded political secrets owe discovery to the fair sex, so devilish well equipped are they in their beauty and charms against poor weak man. How indeed can a man, unaccustomed to the ways of women, be expected to stand on equal terms with a clever, designing, and beautiful woman? Sexless cranks may babble of sex hatred; militants may clamour for the vote and acknowledgment of their equality with man. Men-less females may

trumpet of their discontent. Alas! though such things must be, they do not alter the law of nature which makes woman want to play with man, and man interested in woman. Given time, and not long at that, the clever and attractive woman will inevitably twist him round her finger, and he, unless he runs like Joseph, will fare like Adam. And therein lies the paradox, for being by nature strong and afraid of nothing, he will scorn to leave the field, conceited in a fancied strength, which strength will be his undoing. Joseph is often quoted as the exception to the rule, but, as said above, he competed with the proverbial hare; and on Mrs Potiphar's attractions authorities are ominously silent.

To my query as to whether they were mostly noted in the archives of the Office, Hector Drummond, the 2nd Secretary, laughingly replied that there should be little need, as a proper diplomat took every woman—his wife included—as a pawn, if not a spy, in the most fascinating of games. But some of course were undoubtedly well known, had in fact an almost European reputation. Instance the late Madame St Germain, who in her time had fascinated to some effect more than one royal personage, and again the young and pretty Countess Sobieski, who feared neither God nor devil, and was believed to have done great things for the Russian Government. Her usual hunting-ground was Austria, and watering-places

in the south of France. Madame Sterekov was yet another beautiful woman, who filled a salon in London with some of the best brains in Europe, and was said to have kept certainly one Prime Minister dangling at her chain. Strange were the rumours about her source of living, coupled with curious political accidents that had befallen certain suspected Grand Dukes. And so the conversation wagged until our host took us to join the ladies, shortly after which the party separated, for which I, with a somewhat hurried trip to Moscow and back in front of me, was not sorry.

A week later I was due to return to England, and accordingly called at the Embassy for the bags for Berlin and London, signing the usual receipts. To my chaffing inquiry of Drummond as to whether I was to be entrusted with anything really secret, or whether the packages contained only a selected brand of cigarette for some friend at the Foreign Office, I was told that papers of unusual importance were in my consignment. They were in one particular bag that was not to be registered "through," but kept in my compartment under my own eye. A natural reply, but the unexpected tameness of my experiences on the outward journey had inoculated me with a sense of disappointment in the whole duty. The important despatch was doubtless "cigarettes." The ordinary precautions of the everyday

traveller were all and more than all that were necessary. Youth easily comes to conclusions, and blessed indeed it is that it knows not the dangers it escapes, or surely age would come apace.

To the "Varshavskaya jelez-naya doroga," or, in other words, the terminus of the railway to Warsaw, we drove in a hotel bus—a drive of some twenty minutes. The station was emptier than usual, and between the time of registering such of my luggage as was to be put into the van and the starting of the train, I amused myself by scanning with interest likely companions of the road. Here were two Frenchmen obviously bound for the gay city, some Russian officers for Warsaw, and a party of unmistakable Germans with their women-folk. But most were travelling second-class, observing the rule of Russia where it is said that only fools and princes travel "first." To which might have been added those who have their way paid for them. But here comes a French woman, or perhaps a Russian dressed in Paris, somewhat heavily veiled, and accompanied by a maid and an obese, elderly, and untidily bearded Russian. Something about her attracted me—what, Heaven knows! but something, an indefinable something about her made me want to see her unmask, and I—I was young. Truly the gods must have been young once, for with a sympathy bordering on an infinity of knowledge, they are

mightily merciful to the follies of youth.

I was glad to see her put into a first-class compartment in the same carriage as was my "malenkoe otdielenie," and still more pleased to see her uninteresting and corpulent male friend left on the platform. And then betaking myself to my compartment, pipe and books, I set to work to read, play patience, and generally beguile the tedium of the journey till dinner-time. There was a refreshment car on this train, and being early at my place when meal-time came, I watched my fellow-passengers entering, and amused myself speculating who they might be. The veiled lady was now unhooded, and the reward of anticipation was not in this case disappointing. She reminded me much of someone, but of whom, alas! my memory cheated me. I could not define the likeness, and yet—and yet surely I had seen those dimples and mannerisms before! There was something similar yet indefinable but, try as I would, the picture would not return. She was shown by the obsequious head waiter to a small table at the end of the car, and sat facing me where I could get a good view of her and watch her movements. She was extremely pretty—more than pretty—because there was something very attractive about her, and her colour was well shown off by the deep black that she was wearing, relieved only by strings of pearls. Crowning her small head was a mass of dark,

almost raven, hair, and under extremely well-marked dark eyebrows were a pair of large, wonderfully deep blue eyes; unlikely combination, but worthy setting for her unusual complexion, which looked for all the world like the down on a ripe hothouse peach. Needless to say, I looked at her fairly often, and more than once she seemed to catch my glance, whereby for some inexplicable reason a warm glow of satisfaction possessed me, and thump, thump, thump went the receiver below my ribs. Well—why shouldn't she look at me? I was, after all, a well-groomed, well-set-up man, and cleaner surely than many hairy foreigners around. But the likeness puzzled—and yet certainly we had never met before.

At breakfast and lunch next day we sat in the same positions, and I caught her eye on more than one occasion. When momentarily our glances met my wireless installation tapped out that she wanted to speak to me, that her modesty forbade her; and I replied with "please do—please do—please do," which she could not have failed to read. To my disappointment she left the dining-car before me after lunch, but as I returned to my compartment I was surprised and glad to see her standing in the corridor between me and it, looking out of the window, so that it was not possible for me to reach it without apologising.

"Vinovat"—"excuse me"—it was soon done, and the ice once broken, what more natural

than that two bored passengers should exchange the ordinary platitudes of the road? We talked for five minutes, we talked for ten minutes, we were still talking at the end of twenty minutes—what better way of spending the weary, shaky hours than in mental contact with a pretty adversary, sparks flying in all directions, and the glorious exhilaration of travelling fast with eyes blinded to the danger signal? Is it not the element of risk, uncertainty, and danger that makes sport, speculation, and pretty women so attractive?

Next morning as I was sitting in my solitary compartment she came out of hers, and stood at my door looking out of the window at a new bridge over which we were slowly crossing, so throwing my book in the corner, I moved out and spoke to her. She was of an inquiring mind, had travelled much, and was interested in the East, especially in those delicate problems that arise when West meets East and pretends that they are one. And then a sad thing happened—her face puckered, or whatever it does when you sneeze, and she sneezed, sneezed, sneezed; a real bad fit that made her speechless and pink of face. And between the sneezes I could just catch “maid”—“salts.” Hot foot I hastened to her compartment at the other end of the carriage, only to find the stupid maid asleep. I woke her with no gentle persuasion and asked for Madame’s salts. What a clouded brain

the woman possessed! I tried in French, I tried in German, I tried in Russian, but I might as well have spoken to her in Parvatiya for any gleam of intelligence that was produced; and then I sneezed violently once, twice, and went through the play of sniffing salts, all for the edification of this dolt whose brain was Lord alone knows where, while her sweet mistress might be choking. But success for once crowned my acting efforts; the woman hustled at her keys and Madame’s dressing-bag, and armed with the bottle we sallied forth triumphantly to the rescue of beauty in distress. Madame was seated near where I had left her, on the corridor seat outside the compartment which was next to mine, sneezing, but less vigorously. She soon recovered, apologising most charmingly, telling me that she had unfortunately been subject to these paralyzing attacks since hay fever had claimed her as a victim the year before; and I—I could only say to her that if hay fever made all women look like her, I would introduce legislation to compel her sex to sleep permanently in hay-fields. She laughed, and said men were all the same.

“Damn the other men,” I growled. “Why on earth remind me of them?”

She told me she was leaving the train at Warsaw. No, she had never been to England, it was the dream of her life—would I take her? and she switched those dazzling lights on to me so that verily I knew

not whether I stood on my head or my heels, a worse predicament indeed than that of the navigating officer who from darkness is plunged into the paralysing glare of a powerful searchlight, for he at least is conscious.

Ah! but that wouldn't be proper, would it? Besides, she had heard all Englishmen were so cold! and off went the light, leaving one shivering in antarctic cold. Then after ten minutes more of this delightful folly of light and darkness, hot and cold, the children's game of "now you're warm and now you aren't," she went to her compartment. And I, thanking the saints that there were angels in the world, turned into mine, threw myself on to my back at full length on the seat and looked at the ceiling. And then—God in heaven!—could it be true? I rubbed my eyes—yes—the small Foreign Office bag which I had placed in the rack was gone. It had been there two hours before when I unlocked the door (I had got a key out of the conductor) on returning from the refreshment car. It had been there half an hour since when I moved out into the corridor and stood at the door talking to Madame, and now, well—it must have fallen down. I got up and hunted, I turned the compartment inside out, I moved everything at least six times, and then I again lay down and thought;—thought, thought, thought. It *must* be found. I was on the high-road to lose my commission, for such disgrace I could never

face and remain in the service. Could any one have got in at the window? No—unlikely—it was screwed down; for just as in India there is an official date for barrack punkahs to be required, so in Russia there is an official date for railway windows to be openable. Who could have got in? Several passengers had passed up and down the corridor, but I had either been in the compartment or at the door. Yes—I had once been away, when I went to get the sneeze medicine; but that was for less than two minutes. Besides *She* couldn't have taken it. Impossible. Heavens—had she? Had I been fooled? Had I risked everything by talking to that woman? It couldn't be—and yet—and yet! The more I reviewed the situation the more certain I was that no one but she could be the thief. How was I to beat her? For nigh upon an hour I thought. I thought long and I thought hard—and then like a shaft of light the resemblance that I had in vain searched for came to me in my agony of despair. The same mannerism, the same dimples—those damned elusive dimples. But what had that to do with it? By all the saints, a chance, and worth trying. No time to waste; action at once was essential; the true soldier's maxim, "attack, attack, attack."

I walked down the corridor. The door of the compartment was closed, the blinds down. I returned to mine and pressed the bell button. "Nu poslu-shaete" (listen), I said to the

attendant, "You know the charming lady, the 'krasavitsa' in No. 15; she is—I want to see her," and I pressed a ten-rouble note into his hand.

"She is ill and not to be disturbed."

"Ah—then I must see her maid—any excuse you like—but *now*."

And I solemnly counted out five ten-rouble notes.

Five minutes later the maid came to my door.

"You want to see Madame—she is ill."

"But so am I—I am ill with love—your mistress is, like you, so pretty, so charming, I must see her."

"Madame cannot and will not see any one."

"Then give her this," and tearing a page out of my pocket-book, I wrote on it the words "Hôtel de France, Rome." I despatched her with it and with twenty roubles for herself.

And then I waited—waited for what seemed an infinity of time, racking my muddled brain for guidance should she refuse to see me. But women, however cruel, are curious. Even if the words I sent were not the key, as I hoped and prayed they were, curiosity might make her see me, and then Providence would help me out. The maid came out of compartment No. 15 beckoning to me, and as I passed her and entered it she remained outside and closed the door.

How clearly I remember the scene. Madame was sitting in the corner, propped up with cushions; her feet, the tiniest

surely that ever graced a shoe, rested on a lucky hat-box. She looked as charming as ever—that was palpable at a glance—and her face showed merely sufficient traces of storm to call forth sympathy and a desire to help. The scene and its curious setting comes back to me as yesterday, and as I write my heart re-echoes the bumpity-bump tune it then played as for a second I stood there uncertain of success. If she spoke first I had drawn the winning number; if, on the other hand, she were to say nothing, to wither me with contempt, then my suppositions were wrong and despair would stare me in the face. But no, as I stood looking at her, something assured me that without the smallest doubt she was the thief. Was it possible that my shaft could find a weak spot in her harness? If so, the high stakes that we played for must be mine. Then she broke the silence. What did this piece of paper mean? she hoped I would be quick and explain it, for, if a joke, it was exceedingly ill-timed; she lacked the sense of humour of my countrymen; she was tired and ill and would be alone. Saying which she held out to me the page of my pocket-book so recently sent in to her.

"I will explain at once," I said, "but I must apologise. That stupid maid of yours has given you the wrong piece of paper instead of my note. But it is all the same. You said to-day you knew Rome. I must send a most important telegram

there from the next station at which we stop—can you most kindly give me the right address—the street this hotel is in?” and as I spoke I handed her the following telegram:—

“Captain OSBORNE,
Hôtel de France, Rome.

“Your marriage impossible meet me lunch Rag one thirty Thursday. Full explanation.
—CECIL.”

“I can’t remember the street; I’d be most grateful if you’d tell it me.”

I watched her closely as she read the full address, knowing full well she’d read the message; and my heart gave one tremendous leap as, clever actress that she was, I saw the slightest possible tightening of the fingers. It was just as if a horse stumbled and recovered himself. She was beat—badly beat—and knew it.

“I am afraid I have read the message: I am so sorry, but you shouldn’t have given it to me. Poor Captain Osborne, why is his marriage impossible? must you send that wire?—so sad to think of young people unhappy—do hearts break?” and again those devilish lights switched on, but I was armed.

“Yes—it must go,” I said; and then with stern, slow deliberation, “unless—unless before our next stop I can find in my compartment a small green bag which was there this morning. I don’t want to send that message, because it will cause great pain to a very sweet girl, Marie d’Alençon,

and probably drive her to pursue the devil’s life led by her sister, whom she thinks kind and innocent and good. God! what a mockery! But there is no alternative. I am now going to the dining-car, and there is no need to tell you the number of my compartment.”

“And, if you find this—this wonderful bag of yours, will you still tell your friend the Captain that . . .”

“If I find the bag, I give you the word of an Englishman that I will tell nothing for Marie’s sake.” And with that I abruptly left her and went into the dining-car.

The déjeuner was served shortly afterwards, but Madame did not put in an appearance. The endless courses came and went; I hated every one who ate and ate and helped to spin the meal out. But everything ends in time, even the tortures of the inquisition-chamber. I cannot easily describe my feeling of fear as I walked back to my compartment, which on this occasion I had purposely left unlocked, lest she might defy me; my fear that the bag would not be returned. And yet—there it was in the identical place in the rack, looking for all the world as if it had never been moved. The revulsion of feeling on recovering it and seeing that the seals had not been tampered with was so immense that I could only say my prayers in thankfulness for so narrow an escape. It was almost impossible to realise my great good-fortune.

And narrow escape indeed it

was, for had I not by the remotest chance in the world known Marie and of the mysterious wealthy sister that lived in Poland, the sister that regarded Marie as the apple of her eye; had I not alighted on the one weak spot in her devil's armour, I should assuredly have lost my commission, while a most important despatch on the subject of Britain's attitude to the Amir of Afghanistan would have found its way into the Russian Foreign Office. I deserved indeed to fail, but was miraculously and wonderfully preserved, while that clever and infernally pretty woman encountered defeat for once in her life at the hands of a happy-go-lucky subaltern.

Till our arrival at Warsaw, where she detrained, I did not

again see her ladyship; but there she was on the platform once more, heavily veiled. Out of devilry I went up to say good-bye—or rather the pleasanter phrase of “do svidaniya”—and expressed the pious hope that when next we met she would have taken her “pension.” Could I give any message from Madame to Marie or to the Captain?

Putting up her veil, and looking at me in a most innocent and injured manner, with tears, real tears, welling up into her glorious eyes, she replied, “Tell them that with your permission the Countess Sobieski will be at their wedding.”

The Countess Sobieski!—a narrower escape indeed than I had dreamed of!

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

MR BALFOUR'S ORATORY—ARGUMENT AND VERSE—HATRED OF THE PAST—THE COMMON MALICE AGAINST SHAKESPEARE—AN ARISTIDES OF POETRY—THE FUTURISTS AND THEIR FORMULA—'THE WORLD SET FREE'—MR WELLS' REVOLUTION.

THE session, which drags on infamously to an end, has been a triumph for Mr Balfour. The speech in which he denounced the *agent provocateur* will be remembered when the general records of the House attract no more than an anti-quarian curiosity. It will take its place with that splendid oration in which Pitt prophesied the coming of another dawn at the very moment when the risen sun gleamed on the windows of Westminster Hall, with Burke's perfervid denunciation of the French Revolution, with Disraeli's heroic exposure of Peel's apostasy. If you compare Mr Balfour's recent speeches with the soulless prevarication which serves our Prime Minister in place of oratory, you cannot be content to say that they are incomparably better. They are examples of another art: they are devised to serve another purpose. Mr Asquith, speaking always to Mr Redmond's brief, limits his ingenuities to such paltry phrases as "wait and see," or "the answer is in the negative." If he has evaded an awkward question or postponed a decision, that he might wait upon his master's pleasure, he has achieved all that duty requires, all that the ambition of an advocate sug-

gests. Mr Balfour, on the other hand, is bound in no shackles. He is a free man, thinking and speaking only of his country's good, and the lightest of his utterances is marked by the plain sincerity of conviction.

And then in a moment he turns his mind to lighter themes. Even in the stress of politics he does not forget that he is a man of letters. His power of detachment is perfect. The speech which he delivered not long since before the English Association was an admirable specimen of the swift paradox and happy allusiveness in which he takes delight. He discoursed of Dryden and Pope, and that he might not divest himself wholly of the politician when he faced an audience of professors, he presently narrowed his discussion to the possibilities of argument in verse. Had he chosen any other poets than Pope and Dryden he would have found little indeed to say. Poetry and argument are ever and have ever been at variance. The nearer a writer of verse approaches to argument the farther he recedes from poetry. The poet is a *vates*, a seer, a prophet, a singer. Whatever function he discharges, it is his business to

be dogmatic; to make assertions, not to support them with reason. He should forget all the preliminary stages of his statement. Even in drama, where obviously there must be a greater licence, the argument, if such it may be called, is purely emotional. Take, for instance, the passage of dialogue between Richard and Queen Elizabeth in "Richard III.," as vivid a piece of *stichomuthia* as the English drama has to show. The contest is as closely engaged as it well could be, yet it is a contest throughout not of reason but of feeling. Richard is demanding the daughter of Elizabeth in marriage, a demand she indignantly repels. Here is a specimen of its swift interchange:—

"K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. So long as Heaven and Nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it."

With much more in the same manner and to the same purpose. Being poetry, it is inspired when Queen Elizabeth speaks by the heart not by the head, and is argumentative in form alone.

For lyrical poetry the case is far stronger. The poet who would argue in impassioned verse would be guilty of so pro-

found a *bathos* that his verse would be doomed to instant oblivion. He who has a cause to support, he who would win another over to his opinion, must choose the humbler harmony of prose, and not ask the owl to sing like a nightingale. Can you imagine an appeal to the reason enshrined in the magical shape of "The Two Corbies," a little masterpiece written by no one knows whom and no one knows when?

"As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
'Where sall we gang and dine to-day?'

'In behint you auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

'Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken whare he is gane:
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'"

There is tragedy here; there is no argument. The words awake terror and pity, if you will; they do not attempt to improve or instruct.

And even Pope and Dryden, great poets, who turned their verse, on occasion, to the purpose of argument, cannot persuade at this distance of time, even if in their own day they found converts. Their poems are remembered for their imagery, their portraiture, their fine economy of words. When you read Pope, as Mr Balfour justly says, "you are not interested in the theory that the actions of mankind are to be explained by the 'ruling passion.' What you are inter-

ested in is rather such things as the character of the Duke of Wharton and other admirable passages of that great rhetorical poem." In other words, Pope's masterpiece has survived not on account but in spite of its argument. Its main purpose was forgotten even by the generation which welcomed it fresh from the press. The form in which it was set is imperishable. The truth is that argument lives by form alone. The same law applies to it whether it be in prose or in verse. And it is in accordance with this law that philosophers die more speedily than other men: they are seldom artists. No age cares very much what its predecessors thought. Every age is interested in the style and manner of those that went before. Plato will be read unto the end of time, even by those who are indifferent to his theories, because, being not merely an artist in words, he had a sure sense of dramatic effect. Literature, prose or verse, is an art of expression. Nothing that fails in expression can hold the attention or evoke the admiration of posterity. Morals, philosophy, lessons of every kind, shift with the century. Of the theologians, those are remembered best who understood the art of eloquence. It may be that Jeremy Taylor, for instance, was no wiser man than his fellows. He outlives the others by the pomp and splendour of his prose. The doctrine of "art for art's sake" has been condemned by those who misunderstand it as in-

human. Yet when we look upon the long line of masterpieces which stretches far back to the past, it is clear that it is words not thoughts which confer immortality, that as the inexpressive wiseacre recedes dimly into the past, he still lives in the minds of men, who fortified his works against death and corruption by the sovereign antiseptic of style.

Such societies as that to which Mr Balfour imparted his views upon argument and verse deserve all the encouragement they are given, because they do their best to preserve a respect for literature in an age which, devoted to speed and material comfort, cherishes a wild hatred of the past. We are too ready to look upon all that has been already achieved with a jealous eye, as though it discredited the present or interfered with the future. Now, the old injunction that we should say none but kind words of the dead need not lie too heavy upon us. The accident of another's death does not absolve us from the duty of telling the truth, and no man is immune from criticism because he has departed booted and spurred upon his last journey. But death, if it does not silence criticism, should assuage malice. We may, without forfeit, put an amiable gloss upon the actions of those whom we have known. Those, on the other hand, who belong not to their friends but to the world, must be arraigned before the judgment-seat of each generation,

which still listens to the recital of their words and deeds, and they assuredly do not deserve condemnation merely because they are not our own contemporaries.

Yet some there are who go far beyond the limits of justice in speaking and thinking of the dead. Filled with the prevailing hatred of the past, they fall intemperately upon great reputations. They attack those who have passed beyond the reach of their hands as though they were inspired by a feeling of personal enmity. There was once a student of history who, when he left his university, declared that he knew but one ambition: to do something, before he died, to injure the fame of Martin Luther. Luther is still a reputable memory, unscathed by the acrimony of the historian. The fact that the historian, after some four hundred years, should have fed an ancient grudge, proves that he at any rate had a wholesome contempt for impartiality.

However, of all those who have incurred the malice and hatred of indiscreet persons, comes Shakespeare first. The great poet is abused and insulted in many voices and for many reasons. The Baconians, for instance, are unable to speak of him with patience, because they believe that he wears the stolen robes of their hero. With them the word "Stratfordian" is a kind of expletive, with as much definite meaning attached to it as is carried by the adjective which appears to have given a popu-

larity of scandal to a recent play. We hear of "the drunken boor," of "the illiterate clown," who has masqueraded for three hundred years as the writer of tragedies not his own. With a complete absence of humour certain solemnities, lawyers, business men, and others, lash themselves into a fury at the mere mention of Shakespeare's name. They tell us, on the one hand, that Shakespeare could not have written the plays ascribed to him, because very little is known about him. They are sure, on the other hand, that he was certainly a disreputable vagabond, who could not write his own name. This contradictory method of attack is the clearest proof of folly. If they know nothing of him, by what process do they convince themselves of his drunkenness and disrepute? Their lack of logic is explicable only on the ground of private malice. There are still many ardent souls who write and speak of Shakespeare with a bitterness which would not be justified unless he had inflicted upon them a personal injury.

Others abuse the poet for a more easily intelligible if not a better reason. They look upon him as the Athenians looked upon Aristides. The praise which has been heaped upon him irritates them beyond endurance. Away with the just man, they cry. Let us punish him for his too obtrusive virtues. There is no more room, they declare, in the realm of letters for the supreme poet than there was

in Athens for the statesman who never fell below the loftiest standard of justice. A sordid argument, which does little credit, and should inspire with no pride the sadly ingenuous persons who parade it.

But the most solid ground for the dislike of Shakespeare is the fear of competition. He is, so to say, a blackleg to the trade union of dramatists. Jealousy of the past is a common form of egoism. Shakespeare, we heard not long since, is the arch-enemy of the living. He stands in the way of the modern playwright. How and where he does this we do not know. Not in London, truly, where his plays are but rarely heard. Is it the festival at Stratford, one of the rare sentimentalities which England allows herself, that irks the dramatist of today? Or is it some vague dread that uncomfortable comparisons may be made, between "Hamlet," for instance, and the last masterpiece of modern didacticism?

Whatever it be, it is inspired, we suppose, by a kind of envy. Our dramatists clamour for a fair field and no favour. They will make no exception for the genius of Shakespeare. They show as little reverence for the past as care for the future. They live only in the present, and countenance nothing which detracts from a full till and "advance bookings." It is not the drama which is near their heart, but *their* drama. They have as little interest in the achievements of the great

masters as Signor Marinetti himself. "Shakespeare is the arch-enemy of the living." Were they logical, our dramatists should join the Futurists in preaching the gospel of destruction. Indeed it is the policy of the Futurists which best explains the fear of Shakespeare. And if you would know how far the Futurists have travelled on the road of iconoclasm, you have but to visit the exhibition of the Italian painters and sculptors now open in London. They express in a formula their detestation of tradition. They care not what they do so long as it is "something else." They believe that they have pushed the thing they call "progress" rather farther than the rest. What they refuse to see is that one formula is no better than another. It is just as easy to imitate a series of coloured cubes as it is to reproduce the waxen surface of the late Sir Frederick Leighton's suburban Hellenism. Yet hear their manifesto: "There is no more beauty except in strife. No masterpiece without aggressiveness. Poetry must be a violent onslaught upon the unknown forces to command them to bow before man. We stand upon the extreme promontory of the centuries!" It is a very small promontory on which the Futurists stand. There they are all huddled together, all using the same gesture, all expressing whatever diverse emotions they pretend to feel in precisely the same terms. It does not matter whether it is a ball of *Apaches* or the last

thing in modern poets that is represented. Whatever is interpreted by a Futurist assumes the same colour and the same form. Of what use, then, is it to talk of strife, when you reduce it to a common denominator? Whatever be the object of attack the onslaught is the same. A dull, conventional monotony pervades all that is done or said by these men, who believe themselves the first flower of progress. The Futurists fight not separately but in battalions. Not one of them lifts his hand against his neighbour for his own cause. They are already hide-bound in pedantry, and a young painter would show a finer sense of originality if he were to mimic Frith's "Derby Day" than if he sought the bubble reputation at the mouth of Signor Severini's cubic cannon.

But in order that they may play their own little antics, that they may bow all to the same strict law of folly, the Futurists would, if they could, destroy all traces of the past. They are no less desperate enemies of amenity than the Suffragettes. If they might, they would fire another Troy daily. They hate the hoarded records of the world with a mere fury of hatred. "Museums," they shout, "cemeteries! . . . Truly identical with their sinister jostling of bodies that know one another not. Public dormitories where one sleeps for ever side by side with detested or unknown beings. Mutual ferocity of painters and sculptors slaying one an-

other with blows of lines and colour in a single museum." There, in a few lines, is their doctrine,—a foolish doctrine, since in the pursuit of a new cult they have already abandoned originality, they have already outraged tradition, and they play without a smile the sedulous ape to one another.

In vain they cry aloud; in vain they outrage tradition, which happily still holds us in its iron, beneficent grasp. The time is coming, nay, it is here, when Futurism will be enveloped in yesterday, a disregarded episode of noisy eccentricity; and then in a renewed reverence for the masters shall the formal antics of the Cubists be forgotten. Then once more the world will admit that the only hope of progress lies in retrogression, that the Future, of which we insolently boast, will drift to nothingness if it be not securely and piously anchored in the past.

Yet there is no doubt that Futurism has for the moment its eloquent evangelists. Mr H. G. Wells, for instance, in his last book, 'The World Set Free' (London: Macmillan & Co.), glorifies what seems to us the grossest materialism. The amenities of life are as nothing to him. For literature, especially for the literature of the past, he appears to have a sovereign contempt. In his Utopia there is little room for poetry. He betrays a fierce animosity for Greek and Latin as a basis of education. He complains that boys "learn a few scraps of

Horace and Virgil and Homer for the confusion of cads."

Why for the confusion of cads, we wonder? Is it for so pitiful a vanity as this that the poets have outlasted all the wise men of science? Is it mere snob-bishness that has persuaded scholars for many centuries to delight in the "curious felicity" of Horace, in the majesty of Virgil, in the easy perfection of Homer, the first and greatest poet of them all? Our Futurists, no doubt, are very great men, but they must not charge others with a vain folly, when in their arrogance they pit their hastily gathered knowledge against the wisdom of two thousand years. And if the ancient tongues confuse the cads, is science wholly blameless? Has not Mr Wells observed signs of superiority in some gifted beings, who have gone through a course of analytical chemistry, or believed that they pierced all the mysteries of life by the dissection of a few blameless frogs? Surely there is here an ill-concealed malice against the humanities, which, unaffected by modern fads or new "discoveries," march triumphantly on their way.

In the same nonchalant manner Mr Wells dismisses those who practise the art of painting. He praises Leonardo da Vinci on the strange ground that "his commonplace books are full of prophetic subtlety and ingenious anticipations of the methods of early aviators." Evidently Mr Wells is indifferent to the elusive smile of La Gioconda.

That her creator should have professed an interest in the flight of men sets him instantly upon a pedestal. We had always thought of him with Raphael and Michael Angelo and Titian. We are wrong in our classification. It is his greatest glory to have been an anticipatory rival of Henry Farman and Blériot.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr Wells monstrously exalts the ingenuities of mechanical science. "Man," says he, "is the tool-using animal," and persuaded by this partial statement he proceeds to identify "progress" with practical inventiveness. He is convinced that it matters enormously by what process we are conveyed from one place to another. The mere thought of flight inspires him to a rhapsody. The motor-car, in his eyes, is not so much a convenient carriage as a human influence. Indeed, he would make man not only the user of his tools, but their slave. For those who do not believe that all human virtue resides in steam, electricity, radium, and cog-wheels, these large assumptions are unintelligible. Since the seventeenth century the human race has travelled by many vehicles. Pepys and Evelyn went from Charing Cross to the City in a barge. Then the river fell out of fashion as a highway, and the sedan-chair replaced the barge, with no other result than to throw out of work a vast mob of honest oars-

men, for whose benefit a theatrical benefit was gravely proposed. Presently wider streets and a change of habit made horses possible, and the hackney coach superseded the sedan-chair, henceforth treasured as a pleasant relic of the past in our museums. Then came the hansom-cab, the most elegant carriage that ever adorned our streets. Perfect in shape, it harmonised exactly with the landscape which it adorned. It was never out of proportion in size or form with the houses bounding the streets which it traversed. And now the hansom in its turn has given way to the taxi-cab—that is all the revolution amounts to. If we travel rather faster than we used, the mind and heart of man remain unchanged. While the transition is visible, we may observe certain hardships and certain vulgarities. The hansom-driver, crawling furtively along, laments his ruined trade, and has lost by force of circumstances the insolent power of repartee which once filled his fellow-citizens with a natural pride. The rider in a motor-car looks down with a vulgar haughtiness upon what he esteems the sad relics of a primitive age, just as once the lady in her sedan-chair despised the damp, ill-kept, and draughty barge. But there is no essential difference between travelling by horse and travelling by petrol. Civilisation is untouched; a man is a man for all that, even though he cannot bring

himself to climb to the top of a motor-bus.

The truth is, it matters not at all how we get from one place to another. All that matters is what we say and think and do when we get there. There is no inherent virtue in saving an hour that you may waste two, and it is easy to imagine a sensible community which regarded mere speed as a vice. Even if we attain the supreme glory of flying through the air, we shall effect a change of habit, not of soul; we shall not be the equal of the despised Homer or the hated Shakespeare, though all the world knows that these two miscreants walked, as God bade them, erect upon their feet. When we think of the old travellers, we think of the courage which inspired them to sail unknown seas to unknown lands. There are some who will lament, as things have turned out, that Columbus ever discovered America. All the world admires the act of discovery, and is but remotely conscious that the intrepid traveller had nothing but a favouring wind upon which to rely. He at any rate need not be despised because he did not foresee the supreme triumph of the tea-kettle.

So Mr Wells opposes to the beauty and knowledge of the past a deadly explosive, "atomic energy," which in his Utopia destroys our present society to make room for another and, as he thinks, a better one. He pits the last ingenu-

ity of a barren thing called science against the experience of all history. And even if his "atomic energy" had acquired in sixty years the power which he ascribes to it, it could not achieve the vast revolution which he pictures. When human nature had survived the shock, it would be human nature still. The influence of gunpowder, which has been absurdly exaggerated by pedants, meant no more to mankind than a change of weapons. It affected the tactics of life, not the strategy, which remains unalterable. We do not deny that bombs are deadly weapons; and Mr Wells' "atomic energy" might leave behind it the death areas of which he dreams, areas within which "perished museums, cathedrals, palaces, libraries, galleries of masterpieces, and a vast accumulation of human achievement, whose charred remains lie buried, a legacy of curious material that only future generations may hope to examine." In passing it may be noted that all the "reforms" of which Mr Wells dreams are not worth one stone of Ely Cathedral. But even if his atomic energy devastated the world and delighted the destructive soul of Signor Marinetti, those of the human race who were left would be found obstinate in immutability, and in a generation would reckon no more of "atomic energy" than their ancestors reckoned of gunpowder.

"Man is a tool-using animal," says Mr Wells. And so long as he is master of his tools, not

their creature, it is well. The moment he lives only for mechanical ingenuity, then his degradation has begun, for he is mistaking the unessential toys of life for its moral necessities. The civilisation of the Chinese is older and more expert than ours. The Chinese discovered the absurd labour-saving apparatus, in which we take so vast a pride, far earlier than we did. They also ascribed to this apparatus a virtue which it did not possess. And the result is that they seem to be on the highroad of degeneracy. So long have they been tool-using animals that they have forgotten some other obligations of life. And we shall follow along this same road of uncertainty and disquietude too, if we do not remember that man is a thinking animal also, whose thoughts sometimes rise above the tin-toys of science. To speak to a friend at a distance may save a journey or a letter through the post, but that is no reason why we should elevate the telephone to a gospel, or see a spiritual significance in its jingling bell and obscure whisperings.

Thus if you look back across the centuries you will perceive that it is not science which has profoundly influenced the mind of men. When Chaucer in his 'Canterbury Tales' fashioned a new instrument of English speech, he achieved something far more powerful in its effect than gunpowder. He helped to make Shakespeare possible, and forged a link in the chain of poetry and thought which holds the whole world together.

The influence which moulds us afresh is a thing far subtler than gunpowder or steam-engines. Dryden was born fifteen years after Shakespeare died. Doubtless he knew many who had spoken with the poet. Yet a wider gap separates Dryden from Shakespeare than disparts us from Dryden, who in thought and style might almost be our contemporary. In other words, the world underwent a larger change between 1600 and 1700 than it has undergone since. And the change was wrought by speech and ideas, not by new methods of transport nor by the invention of high explosives. These fell within the long period of uniformity.

Mr Wells' Utopia, then, fails to persuade us, because we cannot believe in his image of the future. It is nearly half a century since the rhetoricians of science promised to bring us the comfort of a new religion. And science, bankrupt in faith and hope, offers us instead the use of petrol-engines, if we can afford them. Moreover, we like the result of Mr Wells' revolution as little as we like its process. When all that we value and admire in the world, cathedrals, books, pictures, are destroyed, we are to replace them, it seems, by a drab and dull uniformity. If the world be set free it will be impossible, we are told, "any longer to deal with it piece by piece." The round globe will become one problem. All the ancient barriers of language and custom will be broken down. To save time, the English tongue will be

murdered, as the tranquillity of human existence will have been murdered. "It was not without some sacrifices," says the prophet, "that the English-speaking peoples were permitted the satisfaction of hearing their speech used universally. The language was shorn of a number of grammatical peculiarities—the distinctive forms for the subjunctive mood, for example, and most of the irregular plurals, were abolished; its spelling was systematised and adapted to the voice-sounds in use upon the Continent of Europe, and a process of incorporating foreign nouns and verbs commenced that speedily reached enormous proportions."

It is a pleasant prospect, isn't it? Within ten years from the foundation of the World Republic the New English Dictionary will swell to 250,000 words, and yet the older English Literature will still be appreciated! Here, we fear, the prophet brags. When the new language of the World Republic comes into being, will not he who dares to learn a few lines of Chaucer or Shakespeare be charged with the horrible ambition of confusing the cad?

There is no stranger thing than this passion for uniformity and universality. The diversity of speech and manner and thought, which obtain to-day in Europe, adds colour to what might be a dull existence. He who masters a foreign tongue adds another life to his own, a life far more gracious than will ever be imparted by aeroplane or motor-car.

And shall we sacrifice all the varieties of fashion and food, which give a spice of pleasure to foreign travel, merely that the World Republic may harbour no rebellious citizens? If Mr Wells' nightmare—it is not a dream—ever came true, we should never cry, perhaps; but we should never laugh, and the vaunted Republic would surely end in a general boredom. We should attain at last a universality—of suicide. The nightmare will not come true, and we shall go on living a life of reasonable happiness, committing follies and paying for them, and doing our duty in the

old fashion, indifferent whether it is a horse that we ride behind or a steam-engine that wafts us on our way. For whether we like it or not, we carry in our veins the blood of all the ages. We cannot shake off the past, even if we would. We respect its principles and its prejudices by a wholesome instinct. The proud inventions of a day are, as we have said, powerless against the accumulated wisdom of a thousand years, and even the atomic energy imagined by Mr Wells would be powerless always against the unbroken traditions of the human race.

IN an article of our last number, entitled "A Page of History," we ascribed to Sir Charles Fergusson a letter on the Ulster Crisis. A reference to Hansard has shown us that this ascription, made under due reserve and in reliance upon an imperfect report, is incorrect. The letter, which was read by Mr Bonar Law in the House of Commons, came from a young officer, a near relative of a Member of Parliament, and purported to give an account of what Sir Charles Fergusson said to him. Our attention has been called to this error, and we are glad to make the necessary correction.

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